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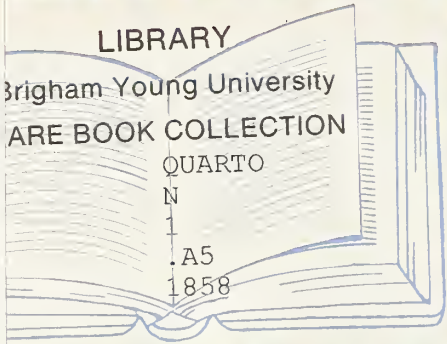
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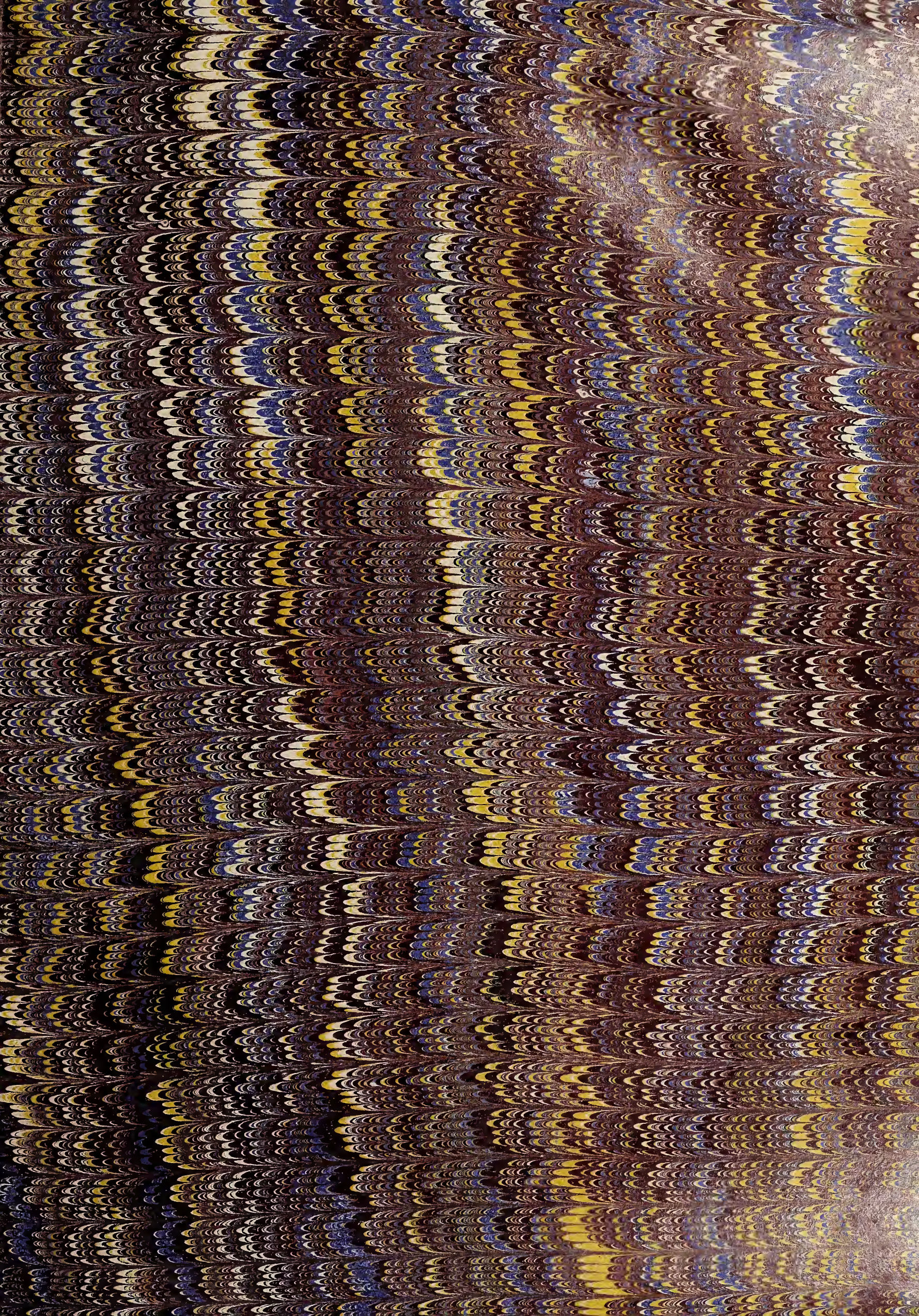
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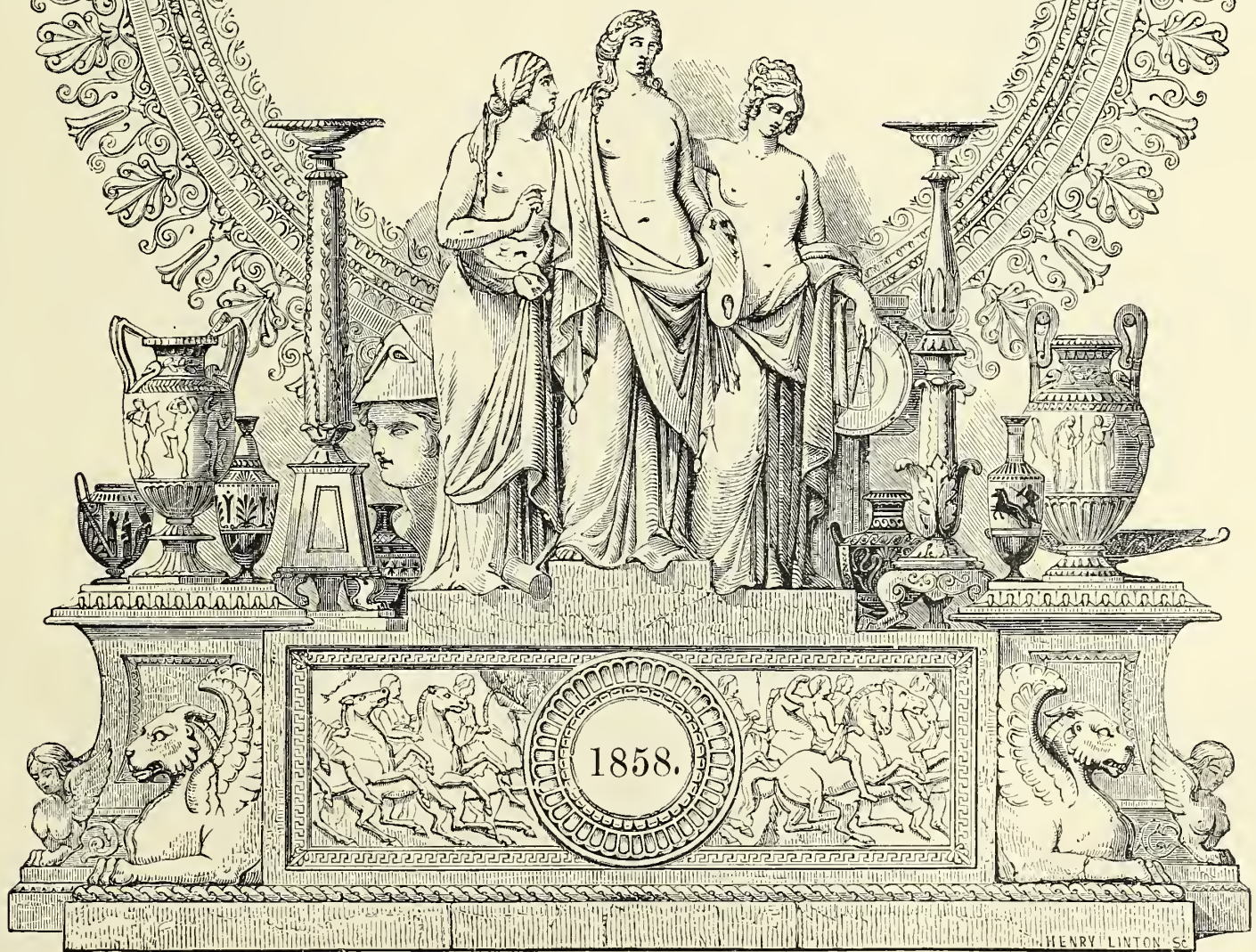
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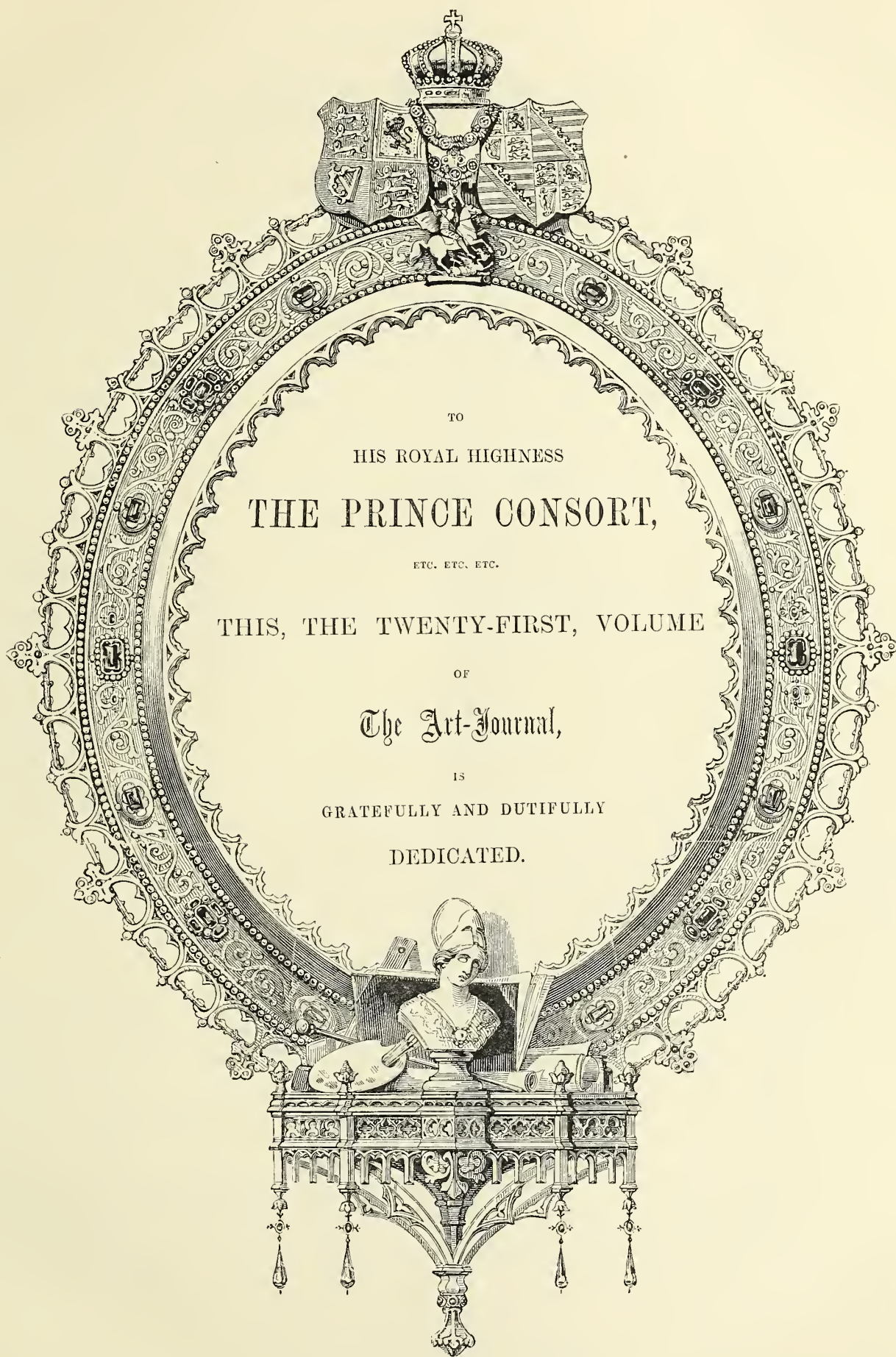


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**THE PRINCE CONSORT,**  
ETC. ETC. ETC.  
THIS, THE TWENTY-FIRST, VOLUME  
OF  
*The Art-Journal,*  
IS  
GRATEFULLY AND DUTIFULLY  
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## LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

### ENGRAVINGS FROM THE ROYAL PICTURES.

	PAINTERS.	ENGRAVERS.	PAGE
1. DISARMING OF CUPID . . . . .	W. E. FROST, A.R.A. . . . .	<i>P. Lightfoot</i> . . . . .	4
2. OPENING OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE . . . . .	C. STANFIELD, R.A. . . . .	<i>T. A. Prior</i> . . . . .	16
✓ 3. THE SPANISH LETTER-WRITER . . . . .	J. PHILLIP, A.R.A. . . . .	<i>L. Stocks, A.R.A.</i> . . . .	36
✓ 4. KILCHURN CASTLE . . . . .	G. H. FRIPP . . . . .	<i>R. Wallis</i> . . . . .	56
✓ 5. THE KING AT HOLYROOD . . . . .	SIR D. WILKIE . . . . .	<i>W. Greatbach</i> . . . . .	68
✓ 6. THE NOON-DAY WALK . . . . .	H. JUTSUM . . . . .	<i>R. Brandard</i> . . . . .	92
✓ 7. THE SPRING HEAD . . . . .	F. ZUCCHERELLI . . . . .	<i>E. Brandard</i> . . . . .	108
✓ 8. THE YOUNG FALCONER . . . . .	F. TAYLER . . . . .	<i>C. W. Sharpe</i> . . . . .	120
✓ 9. THE GOOD SAMARITAN . . . . .	SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A. . . . .	<i>S. Smith</i> . . . . .	131
✓ 10. SIR WALTER SCOTT . . . . .	SIR T. LAWRENCE . . . . .	<i>J. Horsburgh</i> . . . . .	144
11. THE NEGRO PAGE . . . . .	CUYP . . . . .	<i>J. Godfrey</i> . . . . .	172
12. FAMILY OF CHARLES I. . . . .	VAN DYCK . . . . .	<i>H. Bourne</i> . . . . .	180
✓ 13. ISCHIA . . . . .	C. STANFIELD, R.A. . . . .	<i>R. Brandard</i> . . . . .	197
✓ 14. THE INFANT CHRIST . . . . .	CARLO MARATTI . . . . .	<i>Lecomte</i> . . . . .	212
15. IL PENNEROSO . . . . .	J. C. HORSLEY, A.R.A. . . . .	<i>T. Garner</i> . . . . .	230
16. THE STORM . . . . .	W. VAN DER VELDE . . . . .	<i>W. Miller</i> . . . . .	240
✓ 17. MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE . . . . .	VAN DYCK . . . . .	<i>W. Ridgway</i> . . . . .	260
18. FARM AT LACKEN . . . . .	RUBENS . . . . .	<i>A. Willmore</i> . . . . .	272
✓ 19. THE OLD MILL . . . . .	HOBBEWA . . . . .	<i>J. Cousen</i> . . . . .	292
20. THE FOOT-BATH . . . . .	A. E. PLASSAN . . . . .	<i>P. Pelée</i> . . . . .	300
✓ 21. THE JÄGER'S WIFE . . . . .	F. FOLTZ . . . . .	<i>C. H. Jeens</i> . . . . .	324
✓ 22. CROSSING THE FORD . . . . .	N. BERGHEM . . . . .	<i>J. Cousen</i> . . . . .	336
✓ 23. THE BUNCH OF GRAPES . . . . .	G. METZU . . . . .	<i>G. Levy</i> . . . . .	354
24. THE WATERFALL . . . . .	F. ZUCCHERELLI . . . . .	<i>E. Radclyffe</i> . . . . .	364

### SCULPTURE.

	SCULPTORS.	ENGRAVERS.	PAGE
1. THE LAST DREAM . . . . .	J. EDWARDS . . . . .	<i>R. A. Artlett</i> . . . . .	24
✓ 2. THE WOUNDED AT SCUTARI . . . . .	T. PHYFFERS . . . . .	<i>J. H. Baker</i> . . . . .	48
✓ 3. THOMAS CAMPBELL . . . . .	W. C. MARSHALL, R.A. . . . .	<i>W. H. Mote</i> . . . . .	88
✓ 4. HELEN FAUCIT . . . . .	J. H. FOLEY, R.A. . . . .	<i>J. Brown</i> . . . . .	124
✓ 5. THOMAS MOORE . . . . .	C. MOORE . . . . .	<i>W. Roffe</i> . . . . .	156
✓ 6. WILLIAM WILBERFORCE . . . . .	S. JOSEPH . . . . .	<i>J. Brown</i> . . . . .	190
✓ 7. JOHN HAMPDEN . . . . .	J. H. FOLEY, R.A. . . . .	<i>W. Roffe</i> . . . . .	220
8. SIR J. C. NAPIER . . . . .	G. G. ADAMS . . . . .	<i>R. A. Artlett</i> . . . . .	252
9. THE YOUNG HUSSAR—LORD FITZGIBBON . . . . .	P. MACDOWELL, R.A. . . . .	<i>W. Roffe</i> . . . . .	284
10. WILLIAM PITT . . . . .	P. MACDOWELL, R.A. . . . .	<i>W. H. Mote</i> . . . . .	308
11. J. M. W. TURNER . . . . .	E. H. BAILY, R.A. . . . .	<i>W. Roffe</i> . . . . .	340
12. GEORGE STEPHENSON . . . . .	E. H. BAILY, R.A. . . . .	<i>J. H. Baker</i> . . . . .	372



## CONTENTS.

ALBUM for the Princess Frederick William, 94

American Art in Germany, 92

Anderson, A., Biography of, 271

Angelico da Fiesole, 349

Antonio, Sale of Engravings by Marc, 254

Antwerp Bourse, 283

Antwerp Exhibition, 310

Architects' Institute, 158

Architectural Exhibition, 54

Architectural Museum, 55, 127

Architectural Photographic Association, 47

Architecture of the Streets, 29

Arsenic in Paper-Hangings, 240, 306

Art in Continental States:—

Amsterdam, 370

Antwerp, 310, 311

Australia, 307, 364

Berlin, 16, 48, 250, 337, 370

Cologne, 276

Dantzic, 311

Dresden, 276

Düsseldorf, 122, 181, 337, 370

Hamburg, 337

Hanover, 48

Jena, 16

Meiningen, 370

Moscow, 16

Munich, 276, 345, 369

Nuremberg, 311

Paris, 16, 47, 92, 122, 148, 181, 218, 250,

276, 311, 337, 369, 371

Rome, 122, 181

Stuttgart, 337

Tasmania, 319

Venice, 48,

Vienna, 47, 370

Worms, 311

Art in the Provinces:—

Banbury, 136, 221

Belfast, 124, 221, 276

Birmingham, 89, 125, 136, 189, 244, 276,

310

Bridgewater, 368

Brighton, 89, 337

Bristol, 158, 221, 368

Cambridge, 300

Cheltenham, 8

Cloumel, 319

Devonport, 125

Dublin, 124, 221, 254, 276

Dudley, 8

Dundee, 45, 221

Dunfermline, 45

Edinburgh, 100, 136, 221, 276, 368

Ely, 254

Exeter, 189

Glasgow, 45, 283

Halifax, 136

Hexham, 300

Leeds, 276, 300

Liverpool, 29, 89, 136, 244, 300, 309, 347

Llandaff, 276

Manchester, 8, 45, 124, 189, 309

Midland Counties, 276

Newcastle-under-Lyne, 125

Norwich, 136, 189

Nottingham, 368

Oxford, 30, 62

Scarborough, 136, 276

Sheffield, 89

Southampton, 276

Art in the Provinces:—

Stirling, 276

Sunderland, 89

Taunton, 45, 189, 337

Torquay, 189

Warrington, 8

Wolverhampton, 45, 276, 300

Worcester, 45

Yarmouth, 221, 300

York, 189

Artistic Copyright, 53, 95, 125, 205, 285, 336, 369

Artists' and Amateurs' Conversazione, 61, 93, 127, 190

Artists' Benevolent Fund, 158, 190

Artists' General Benevolent Institution, 126, 158, 287

Artists of Florence, Early, 289, 321

Art-Manufactures Association, 319, 373

Art-Season of 1858, 296

Art-Society, Proposed New, 374

Art-Treasures Exhibition:—

Lectures on, 29

Memorial of, 127

Sale of the Building, 189

Art-Union of London, 183, 221, 283

Art-Union Societies, New Act on, 287

Aston Hall Picture Gallery, 244

Australia, Picture-Jobbing in, 307

BAILLIE'S Picture Collection at Antwerp, 311

Baily, E. H., 287

Ballarat, Art in, 364

Bellini, G., 65, 97

Birmingham Society of Artists, 89, 189, 310

Black-Paper Pictures, 62

Bonifazio, V., 257

Bordone, P., 258

Botany, as adapted to the Arts, &c., 37, 237, 293, 333, 362

Bridge in St. James's Park, 14

British Artists:—

Bonington, R. P., 137

Etty, W., 233

Harvey, G., 73

Hulme, F. W., 101

Le Jeune, H., 265

Lewis, J. F., 41

Linton, W., 9

Roberts, D., 201

Taylor, F., 329

Wilkie, Sir D., 301

British Association, 324

British Institution:—

Exhibition of Modern Art, 77

Exhibition of Old Masters, 217

Pictures lent for Copying, 317, 378

British Museum, 29, 319, 374

Bunch of Grapes, The, 354

CAMPBELL, THOMAS, 88

Canadian Crystal Palace, 317, 374

Canterbury Hall, 367

Carriek's Photographic Pictures, 318

Colours obtained from the Animal Kingdom, 45

Colours (Vegetable) used in the Fine Arts, 70

Copeland's Statuary Porcelain, 95

Correspondence:—

American Art in Germany, 92

Arsenic in Paper-Hangings, 306

Drawing-Master, The, 307, 367

Hardinge, Foley's Statue of Lord, 232

Landscape-Painting, New, 157

Correspondence:—

Obelisk as a Feature of Art, 306

Picture Copyright, Law of, 336

Picture-Jobbing in Australia, 307

Ruskin and Constable, 198

Varnish, Porcelain, 367

What is a Taste for the Fine Arts? 108

Costumes, Weigel's Book of, 347

Crimean Monument in St. James's Park, 255

Crimean Pictures, Barrett's, 191

Crossing the Ford, 336

Crystal Palace:—

Arrangements, New, 212

Art-Union, 287, 319

Boutell's Lectures, 254

British Sculpture, 253

Ceramic Court, 53

Christmas Revels, 61

Director, New, 158

Foreign Pictures, 30

Picture Gallery, 286

Resignation of Manager, 125

Winter Campaign, 319, 347

Crystal Palace at New York, Destruction of, 373

DECORATIVE ART, Examples of, 57, 117, 269

Devon and Exeter Graphic Society, 189

Disarming of Cupid, 4

Drawing-Masters, 307, 367

Drawing-Pencils, Tubular, 62, 318

Drawing School, Paris Imperial, 371

Dresden Museum, 276

Dublin Art-Union, 368

Dublin National Gallery, 254

Dulwich College, Catalogue of Pictures, 127

Düsseldorf Exhibition, 337

Dyes procured from Guano, &c., 153

EASTLAKE, SIR CHARLES, 158

Egypt and Palestine, 229

Electro Bronzes, French, 374

Elkington's Dinner-Service for Duke of Brabant, 95

Elliotype, The, 148

Emanuel's Prize Plate, 287

Exhibition of Engravings, Proposed, 62

Exhibition of 1851, 62, 93, 125, 223

Exhibition of 1861, Proposals for, 127, 158, 319

Exhibitions:—

Bonheur's (Mdlle.) Pictures, 191

French Pictures, 176

Inkermann, Protais' Pictures of, 189

Proscribed Royalist, &c., 287

Rippingille's Pictures, 95

Werner's Drawings, 189

Winter, 354

FAMILY OF CHARLES I., 180

Farm at Lacken, 272

Faucit, Helen, 124

Flaxman's Bas-Reliefs at Covent Garden, 255

Florentine Artists, Early, 289, 321

Foot-Bath, The, 300

French Gallery, Exhibition in, 112, 287, 354

GAINSBOROUGH'S Paintings in Pall Mall, 347

Giorgione, 257

Glasgow Art-Union, 283

Good Samaritan, 131

Government Offices' Prize Designs, 29

Graphic Society, 127



Green Park, 158  
Guildhall on Lord Mayor's Day, 374

HAMLET, Facsimile Early Edition, 347  
Hammersley, Pictures by J. A., 45  
Hampden, 220  
Hampstead Conversazione, 61, 93, 126  
Havelock, Bust of, 126  
Home for Gentlewomen, 94  
Houses of Parliament, 17, 317, 373  
Hunt, Portrait of Mr. Robert, 373

ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE, 60  
Illustrated Newspaper, New, 30  
Il Penseroso, 230  
Infant Christ, 212  
Irish Institution, 276  
Irish National Gallery, 254  
Iron Castings, 220  
Ischia, 197

JÄGER'S WIFE, 324  
Joubert's Patent for Steel Plates, 319, 356

KENSINGTON MUSEUM :—  
Additional Contents, 190, 255  
Engravings, Mr. Sheepshanks's, 373  
Examples of Decorative Art, 57, 117, 269  
Exhibition of Manufactures, 223, 251  
Gobelin Tapestry, 62  
Lectures, 20, 47  
Sculpture Room, 318

Kilchurn Castle, 56  
Killarney : its Attractions for Tourists, 241  
King at Holyrood, 68  
Kiss's Statues of Prussian Generals, 16  
Kügler's Handbook of Painting, 191

LANGHAM CHAMBERS SOCIETY, 126  
Last Dream, The, 24  
Lectures, Boutell's, 29  
Leeds Fine-Arts Gallery, 300  
Leggatt's Fine-Art Gallery, 112, 374  
Lessing, Professor, 122  
Leviathan, Stereoscopic Views of the, 255  
Levien's Furniture, 255  
Liverpool Academy, 29, 89, 309  
Liverpool Architectural Society, 29  
Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, 136, 244, 309, 347, 368  
London Crystal Palace, 366

MANCHESTER INSTITUTION, 309  
Marriage of St. Catherine, 260  
Marriage Presents to the Princess Royal, 250  
Mendelssohn, Monument to, 337  
Merchant Tailors' Hall, 223  
Minton, Mr. Herbert, 157, 189, 223  
Monumental Commemorations, 181, 281, 319, 368  
Moore, Thomas, 156  
Munich Art-Festivities, 345  
Murillo, Picture by, 318

NAPIER, Statue of Sir C. J., 252

National Gallery :—  
"Compromised," 219  
Days of Admission, 373  
Glazing the Pictures, 158  
New Pictures, 61, 184, 262, 355  
Parliamentary Committee, 93  
Parliamentary Debate, 285  
Travelling Agent, 254, 287  
National Institution Exhibition, 109  
National Portrait Gallery, 55, 159, 222, 243, 286  
National Ruins, 373  
Negro Page, The, 172  
Nelson Column at Yarmouth, 300  
Nelson Column in Trafalgar Square, 158, 317, 373  
Niépce's Photographic Phenomena, 15  
Nightingale, Miss, 48  
Noonday Walk, The, 92

OBELISKS, 254, 306

Obituary :—  
Bartholomew, E. S., 197  
Blacklock, W. J., 157  
Butler, W. D., 24  
Campbell, T., 107  
Cureton, H. O., 336  
Dwyer, J., 336  
Ford, R., 300  
Garneray, A. L., 24

Obituary :—

Hamilton, T., 157  
Havell, W., 24  
Hogan, J., 157, 254  
Holme, A., 24  
Kearney, W. H., 253  
Kügler, F., 157  
Loudon, Mrs., 282  
Minton, H., 157, 189  
Owen, S., 62  
Rauch, C., 24  
Scheffer, Ary, 223, 252, 370

Old Mill, The, 292

Olympian Games, 356

Opening of New London Bridge, 16

Original Designs :—

Bellows (G. Sykes), 211  
Candlesticks (H. Fitzcook), 146  
Chair (H. Fitzcook), 146  
Cornice (H. Whitaker), 147  
Cruet-Frame (H. Fitzcook), 211  
Decorations (W. J. Muckley), 210  
Floral Ornaments (V. Howard), 22  
Inkstands (G. Sykes), 91  
Ironwork (H. Schultz), 339  
Lamp (H. Fitzcook), 146  
Lectern (Raimbach), 211  
Letter Headings (W. H. Rogers), 23  
Looking-Glass (W. S. Coleman), 23  
Looking-Glass (H. Schultz), 338  
Papier-Mâché Plate (W. S. Coleman), 23  
Playing-Cards (W. H. Rogers), 90  
Table (H. Whitaker), 147  
Teapot (G. Sykes), 147  
Toasting-Fork (W. H. Rogers), 90  
Vases (H. Schultz), 338

Ottley's Lectures, 61

Oxford New Museum, 30

PANORAMAS :—

Delhi, 94  
Lucknow, 158  
Mount Righi, 346  
Paper Hangings, Arsenic in, 240, 306  
Perfumery as an Art, 62  
Photographic Exhibition, 120  
Photographic Phenomena (Niépce's), 15  
Photographic Pictures, Carriek's, 318  
Photographic Society Club, 94  
Photographic Views of Ireland, 254  
Photographic Views of the Holy Land, 30  
Photography applied to Wood-Engraving, 335  
Photography considered in relation to its Educational and Practical Value, 261  
Photography for Portraits : a Dialogue, 273  
Photo-Lithography, 127  
Picture Dealing, 29  
Picture Dealing, Romance of, 311, 369.  
Picture Exhibitions, 126  
Picture Jobbing in Australia, 307  
Picture Sales :—  
Baillie's (Col.) Collection, 218  
Grundy's Collection, 123  
Harewood's (Earl) Collection, 217  
Hope's Collection, 217  
Lloyd's Collection, 217  
Miller's Collection, 218  
Miscellaneous, 20, 123, 148, 218  
Mordaunt's Collection, 255  
Morgan's Collection, 123  
Pemberton's Collection, 148  
Sandars's Collection, 217  
Sanderson's Collection, 148  
Veron's (Dr.) Collection, 148  
Wallis's Collection, 89, 123

Pictures :—

Baptism of Christ, Wood's, 346, 374  
Battle of Waterloo, 347  
Cavalry Charge at Balaklava, Smyth's, 94  
Crimean Pictures, Barrett's, 191  
Cromwell refusing the Crown, Maguire's, 374  
Epsom Day, Frith's, 93  
Evacuation of Kars, 94  
Frederick the Great, Leutze's, 92  
House of Lords, Nash's, 223  
Immaculate Conception, Murillo's, 318  
Preparing for the Start, Barker's, 126  
Windor Castle, Rieck's, 95  
Picture Selling at Birmingham, 123  
Pitt, William, 308  
Polytechnic Institution, 56

Portfolios, Harvey's, 347  
Poulszky Gems, 318  
Pre-Raffaellite Art in Oxford, 62  
Pre-Raffaellite Painters, 374  
Pre-Titianites, 129, 177  
Princess Royal, Bust of, 62  
Princess Royal's Marriage, 61, 250  
Princess's Theatre, 180, 297

QUEEN'S COLLEGE :—Professor of Painting, 254

RACHEL, Mdle., 253  
Radetzky, Monument to Marshal, 311  
Raffaello Plateau, 61  
Raffaello, Mr. M. Moore's Picture by, 159  
Raffaello's Cartoons, 347  
Ramazonoff's Statue of the Emperor Nicholas, 16  
Ransome's Monuments and Memorials, 361  
Ransome's Process for Preserving Stone, 312

Reviews :—

Alphabets, Ornamental, 224  
Altar-Piece at Holyrood, 96  
Antiquities of Kertch, 95  
Aquaria, 375  
Architecture, Secular and Domestic, 17  
Art : its Scope and Purpose, 256  
Art-Treasures in Great Britain, 8  
Art-Treasures of the United Kingdom, 159  
Arundel Society, Publications of the, 253  
Battle of Trafalgar, 288  
Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life, 63  
Biddy Dorking, 32  
Birthday, The, 192  
Bonheur, Portrait of Madlle, 375  
Boy's Adventures in Australia, 128  
Boy's Own Book of Industrial Information, 256  
Bridal Souvenir, 64  
British Artists, Portraits of, 255  
British Moths, 160  
British Museum Reading Room, 160  
British Sculpture in Connection with the Department of Science and Art, 224  
Building News, 64  
Burns's Poems, 21  
Butterfly Vivarium, 224  
Calling of James and John, 348  
Campbell, Sir Colin, 192  
Caxton showing a Specimen of Printing, 320  
Chefs-d'Œuvres de l'Art Chrétien, 127  
Chester, Mediaeval Architecture of, 288.  
Children's Bible Picture Book, 64  
Christ teaching Humility, 160  
Christian Gellert, 256  
Chromo-Lithographs after Turner, 63  
Chromo-Lithographs after T. M. Richardson, 376  
Church Bells, 64  
Clara Hope, 32  
Comus, 31  
Crucifixion, The, 348  
Curiosities of Science, Past and Present, 376  
Departure : Return, 30  
Diary of Three Children, 32  
Dorking, Handbook of, 288  
Egypt and Palestine, 229  
Evening Gun, Haulbowline, 192  
Every Man his own Trumpeter, 320  
Fables of Æsop and others, 31  
Falstaff, Life of Sir John, 224  
Favourite Poets, 348  
Fred. Markham in Russia, 32  
Galeries Publiques de l'Europe, 127  
Gardeus of England, 348  
German Love, 256  
God in his Works, 192  
Goldsmith's Poems, 375  
Gothic Model-Book, 223  
Grave, Blair's, 376  
Guide-Books, Longmans', 256  
Havelock, Portrait of Sir H., 192  
Highland Nurses, 192  
Historical Acting Charades, 32  
Ilome Pastimes, 32  
Illustrated Books for the Young, 370  
India, British Empire in, 31  
Infant Jesus, 348  
Infant Prayer, 320  
Interlaced Ornamentation, 288  
Jack and the Giants, 32  
Jack Frost and Betty Snow, 32  
Kavanagh, 31



## Reviews:—

Landscape Painting, Theory and Practice of, 96  
 Last of the Brave, 64  
 Last Supper, 224  
 Lays of the Holy Land, 60  
 Lectures and Essays, Gibson's, 160  
 Leonilda, 64  
 Le Pèlerinage de l'Homme, 320  
 Lily of the Field, 192  
 L'Imitation de Jésus-Christ, 128  
 London and Westminster, Ancient Maps of, 192  
 Loves of the Poets, 32  
 Lyrics of Ireland, 96  
 Mantegna's Triumph of Cæsar, 288  
 Many Pictures by Comic Hands, 32  
 Many Thoughts on Many Things, 31  
 Maud Summers, the Sightless, 32  
 Men of the Time, 64  
 Merrie Days of England, 376  
 Miller's Daughter, 32  
 Monumental Memorials, 256  
 My First Voyage, 192  
 Nineveh and its Palaces, 31  
 None but the Brave deserve the Fair, 192  
 Odes and Sonnets Illustrated, 375  
 Orthographic Projection, 64  
 Outlines of Creation, 376  
 Oxford, Handbook of, 288  
 Paradise Lost, 192  
 Parting Look, 125  
 Pastoral Poems, 32  
 Perspective, Treatise on, 64  
 Photographic A B C, 376  
 Photographic Album, 192  
 Photographic Manipulation, 224  
 Photographic Teacher, 376  
 Pilgrimages in Paris, 31  
 Play-Ground, The, 223  
 Political Economy of Art, 63  
 Pottery, History of, 121, 154  
 Prince and Princess Frederick William, 96  
 Princess Frederick William of Prussia, 160  
 Princess Royal, The, 64  
 Printing; its Dawn, Day, and Destiny, 224  
 Proverbs of Solomon, 60  
 Reveley Collection of Drawings, 96  
 Reynolds, Catalogue of his Portraits, 95  
 Sanctity of Childhood, 192  
 School-Days of Eminent Men, 224  
 Seddon, Memoir and Letters of T., 287  
 Shepherd's Prayer, 192  
 Siberia, Travels in, 30  
 Slide, The, 320  
 Soldier's Return, The, 160  
 Stereoscopic Magazine, 255  
 Sunbeam, The, 64  
 Telegraphic Map of Europe, 256  
 Three Weeks' Scamper through the Spas of Germany, &c., 96  
 Titania and Bottom, 192  
 Trésors d'Art exposés à Manchester, 128  
 Ulysses deriding Polyphemus, 128  
 Venice, Bellini's Pictures, &c., 63  
 Virgin and Child, 348  
 Wild Flowers, 192  
 Winged Words on Chantrey's Woodcocks, 31  
 Wordsworth's Poems, 375  
 Year Nine, 32

Ross, Sir William, 29

## Royal Academy:—

Alteration of Laws, 61, 253  
 Award of Medals, 29

## Royal Academy:—

Dinner, 190  
 Early Catalogues, 325  
 Election of Members, 61  
 Exhibition, 161  
 Hangers, 158  
 Honorary Members, 255  
 Past and Present Position, 132  
 President's Address, 105  
 Proceeds of Exhibition, 286  
 Projected Removal, 252, 286  
 Rejected Pictures, 159  
 Soirée, 286  
 Studies from Nature, 254  
 Royal Hibernian Academy, 254, 255  
 Royal Scottish Academy, 100  
 Royal Scottish Association, 191, 221, 276  
 Royal Society's Portraits, 374  
 Rubens, Papers concerning, 94  
 Ruskin and Constable, 198  
 Ruskin and the Pre-Raphaelites, 62

St. JAMES'S HALL, 94, 127

St. Paul's Cathedral, 253

Sarl's Establishment, Messrs., 95

Sea-Weeds as Objects of Design, 5, 85

## Schools of Design:—

Banbury, 221  
 Belfast, 124, 221, 276  
 Birmingham, 125, 136, 276  
 Bridgewater, 368  
 Brighton, 337  
 Bristol, 221, 368  
 Cambridge, 300  
 Cheltenham, 8  
 Devonport, 125  
 Dudley, 8  
 Dundee, 221  
 Dunfermline, 45  
 Glasgow, 45  
 Manchester, 124  
 Newcastle-under-Lyne, 125  
 Norwich, 136  
 Nottingham, 368  
 Scarborough, 136, 276  
 Southampton, 276  
 Taunton, 45, 189, 337  
 Warrington, 8  
 Wolverhampton, 45, 276, 300  
 Worcester, 45  
 Yarmouth, 221  
 York, 189  
 Scott, Sir Walter, 144  
 Scottish National Gallery, 136, 221  
 Sculptures by Chevalier Pettrick, 94  
 Shakspeare's Birthplace, 30  
 Sketching Societies, 61, 308  
 Smithies (Mr.), and the "British Workman," 62  
 Society of Arts:—  
 Prizes, 255  
 Soirée, 190  
 Society of British Artists, 141, 159  
 Society of Female Artists, 143, 254  
 Society of Water-Colour Painters, the New, 17  
 Society of Water-Colour Painters, the Old:—  
 Election of Associates, 93  
 Election of President, 126  
 Exhibition, 173  
 Soulagés Collection, 29, 72, 94, 126, 183, 222  
 Spanish Letter-Writer, 36.  
 Spring Head, The, 108  
 Stained Glass in Ely Cathedral, 254

Stanfield, Mr. Clarkson, 346

## Statues:—

Brooks, Archdeacon, 200  
 Cœur-de-Lion, 222  
 Eagle-Slayer, 347  
 Edward VI., 255  
 Fitzgibbon, Lord, 29, 284  
 Hardinge, Lord, 191, 232  
 Havelock, General, 89, 94, 223  
 Leicester, Earl of, 319  
 Luther, at Worms, 311  
 Melville, Lord, 61  
 Steele, Mr., 254  
 Turner, J. M. W., 126, 191, 340  
 Statues, on Colouring, 18, 69, 179, 230  
 Statues, Weight of Blows on, 39  
 Steam Yacht, "Said," 374  
 Steel deposited on Copper-plates, 319, 356  
 Stephenson, George, 372  
 Stereoscope and its Improvements, 305  
 Stereoscopic Company, 95, 254  
 Stereoscopic Views:—  
 Elliott's, 373  
 Howlett and Downes's, 255  
 Negretti and Zambra's, 347  
 Ogle and Edge's, 191, 374  
 Storm, The, 240  
 Swiss Chalets, 232  
 Suffolk's (Lord) Stolen Pictures, 94

TABERNACLE OF ISRAEL, Model of, 374

Temple Bar, 222

Thames, Book of the, 25, 49, 81, 113, 149, 185,  
 213, 245, 277, 313, 341, 357

Timbs, Mr. John, 126

Titian, 193, 225

Titian's Successors, 257

## Tombs of British Artists:—

Bewick, T., 140  
 Blake, W., 236  
 Cosway, R., 268  
 Etty, W., 12  
 Flaxman, J., 76  
 Gainsborough, T., 332  
 Hogarth, W., 104  
 Reynolds, Sir J., 204  
 Woollett, W., 304  
 Wyatt, R. J., 44  
 Turner, J. M. W., 191, 340

VARNISH, Bentley's Porcelain, 367

Vegetable Gums and Resins, 365

Veronese, Paul, 1, 33

Victoria Bridge, Montreal, 372

## Visits to Private Galleries:—

Chapman's, J., 39  
 Joyce's, W., 13  
 Newsham's, R., 322

WALLIS, Mr. G., 158

Warrington State Bedstead, 30

Waterfall, The, 364

Wellington Monument, 126, 145, 249, 284, 374

Westminster Abbey, 30, 62

Wilberforce, W., 190

Windsor, and its Historic Associations, 327

Wood-Carving, Bryer's, 127

Wood-Carving Company, 29

Wounded at Sentari, 48

Wyld's "Great Globe," 347

YOUNG Falconer, 120

Young Hunsar, 284

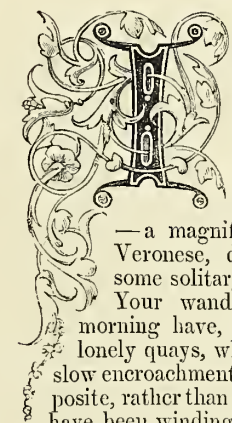


## THE ART-JOURNAL.



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## PAUL VERONESE.



None's peregrinations at Venice few things afford a livelier pleasure to the imagination than the suddenly lighting upon—what has now become a somewhat rare object there—a magnificent picture by Paul Veronese, deep in the recesses of some solitary palace or silent church. Your wanderings throughout the morning have, very likely, been along lonely quays, which seem expecting the slow encroachments of the sandy shoals opposite, rather than any other visitors; or you have been winding and turning through a labyrinth of narrow canals, between mouldering palaces, which, in their desertion or degradation, remind you continually and mournfully of the great ones of the past,—a race that seems gone for ever. You would fain summon up some most lively image of them; but no, it seems as if the worthies of ancient Greece and Rome had not passed away more utterly. Nevertheless, your fancy still wanders in quest of them, as with eyes bent stedfastly on the ground, you proceed up some whitewashed nave or trumpet-tarnished choir or other, when, all at once, looking up, you see them vividly before you, in breathing light and sunshine, fixed—firmly fixed—by the enchantments of Paul Veronese's pencil. There they are, in lovely splendour, lighting up that obscure and dull interior, like the precious hues found deep in the cup of some exteriorly unattractive humble flower, or like its golden stamina themselves—genuine Venieros and Morosinis, most evidently! and the fair ladies of the lagune with them, in the very bloom and heyday of their life, and, moreover, richly adorned with the courtly pomp and quaint finery of their age, such as reminds one not a little here and there of similar things which their contemporary, our own Queen Elizabeth, was wont to look round upon, over her starched lace ruff. Titian's comparatively temperate gravity is here succeeded by far lighter and more lavish splendour. With Veronese the blooming and handsome blonde young Dogaresa, who adores the Madonna, or personates St. Catherine, or Esther, wears more gorgeous brocade: she nets and *pagodas* up her flaxen curls with gold thread or pearls; she bends her charms with a more courtly and self-conscious dignity, amidst the very handsome ecclesiastics, cavaliers, and senators, who dispose themselves around her with an equally stately and aristocratic port. And how brilliantly does this painter here commemorate that love of show and pageantry which was so prominently characteristic of Venice during his days, and especially during that part of them when she enjoyed her thirty

years of rest after the peace of Cambray, and shortly afterwards, her crowning period of triumph and prolonged festivity after the great victory of Lepanto! These were her evening glories, illustriously attended by the radiant setting of her highest Art; for Paul Veronese was the last of her great triad of painters, and his school, notwithstanding its own intrinsic cheerfulness and festive splendour, derives something even of a deep and pathetic interest from its being the last true and really great one of Italy. Whilst all her other schools were sunk low in mannerism, and unconsciously caricaturing those mightiest painters who had recently passed away from her, the true, noble nature, and splendour, and lusty life in Paul Veronese, looked like a fresh new vernal dayspring of Art, rather than the last full glories of its setting, soon to fade for ever.

Our theme is welcome to us, for Paul Veronese, one of the most magnificent of painters, is sometimes a truly delightful one. He had not, it is true, so powerful an imagination or such depth of insight and feeling as Titian, or such daring conceptions and versatility as Tintoretto; but confined himself more than even they did to painting the persons and the passing adornments around him. He did not, for instance, as Titian sometimes would, forget his own times to realise the most glowing visions of Ovidian or Catullian poetry, but remained especially the painter of that which was most handsome, stately, picturesque, and magnificent of his own age; grouping such objects, indeed, into splendid tableaux of mythological and sacred subjects; but chiefly urged to this, no doubt, by the expediency of ministering to that demand for immense allegorical and church pictures, which had become a leading fashion of the day. Keenly delighting in, and thoroughly satisfied with, the things about him, Paulo Caliarì troubled his head but little or not at all with the peculiarities of any former age, or with the reviving classicality of his own days. The substantial charms, and even the splendid brocaded farthingales of the ladies Moncenigo and Vendramini, were far more fascinating in his eyes than any thinly ideal notions, such as faintly glimmered through his brain touching Europa, St. Catherine, or Pharaoh's daughter; and, therefore, he very frankly and gallantly substituted the former for the latter in his pictures of mythological and saintly subjects. And even with regard to the objects of his own time, he did not, it must be admitted, look with so close and refined a discrimination as Titian into the intellects of princes, senators, captains, and scholars, or upon the pensive yet luxurious tenderness of ripe sunset-tressed Venetian beauties. Yet had the cheerful Veronese a truly dignified and noble conception of life; nor, though his magnificent superficiality—that is to say, his fine appreciation of picturesque and imposing lines, and of every delicate modulation of light and colours—tempts him too often to neglect expression, and (his besetting fault) his stately grace frequently degenerates into self-conscious affectation and pomposity, are his noblest works by any means wanting in pathetic, exalted, spirit-stirring poetical conceptions; and in colouring and a glorious power of the brush he can scarcely be said to be surpassed by any one. He excels pre-eminently in his own true noontide brightness—his *argentine* delicacy—suffusing and harmonising sometimes a whole garden-royal of beautiful variegated hues; and he shines, also, in an aristocratic dignity and magnificence which render him, *par excellence*, the painter of the splendour and living nobleness and hand-someness of Venice in the times of Famagosta and Lepanto, when noble blood yet mantled high in her veins, and before she sank far down into those depths of effeminate vice and pro-

fligacy which made her, in the words of the sympathetic poet,—

“The revel of the earth—the masque of Italy.”

With this painter the true greatness of Italian Art finally set at Venice.\* It threw a gleam, in its dying hour, of a rare cheerfulness and delicacy of splendour on the terraces of the wonderful City of the Sea, such as were built by Sansovino, and his friend Sammicheli, where her stately nobles were assembled in all their wealthy pomp and keen lusty enjoyment of life, yet assuredly condescending to no unseemly mirth or levity the while; inhaling the Adriatic breeze in their hour of calm relaxation,—or celebrating with festivity some great triumph of the Republic,—or bending in pious thankfulness before the Madonna. What a flood of silvery radiance, bright as at noon-day, or anon of *fair* golden warmth—like an *April* sunset, when the sky emulates the primroses and the cowslips in hue, as the autumnal heavens in the evening vie harmoniously with the roscate leafage—lighted up that multitudinous bravery of brocaded robes and brodered doublets, and turbans of barbarian guests—the holiday array of Portia and all her suitors brought to sup forgivingly together at Bassanio's wedding feast.† It suffused stately porticoes and loggias, soaring and shining in the background aerially, like sunny ivory, adorned with flowery trees from Nicosia and Alexandretta, from Ormuz and from Ind, and companies of handsome, noble, and yet brighter faces—an assembly and a pageant, indeed, such as was soon afterwards to vanish away from the earth, and leave no other record of itself except these invaluable ones, which this magnificent painter has bequeathed us.

Of course I have my eye now chiefly on one of Paul's “Suppers;” especially I have it on his “Marriage at Cana,” at Dresden—a picture far finer, by the bye, in colour and execution than the vast composition on the same subject in the Paris Louvre. You there encounter a numerous company of bright and handsome faces with keen, intelligent looks, sparkling with life and health, and a cheerful consciousness of existence. But if haply a stranger to such works, you are very much surprised, by and bye, to discover all at once the Saviour seated in the midst of them, scarcely distinguished from the rest, and to find out that these pompous

\* It is true that Tintoretto survived him six years, and died at the age of eighty-two; but Paul Veronese, who was the younger man by sixteen years, came after Tintoretto, and consequently may be called the last of the great Venetians. After him there were many painters in Italy of eminent talents, at the head of whom may be placed Domenichino, Guido, and the Caracci, but even these eclectics, admirable as their works sometimes are, cannot be called *great* painters in the high sense in which the religious idealists were, or those noble poetical “naturalists,” the Venetians, of whom P. Veronese was the last great representative.

† A captivating subject for a picture! One would like very much to see it painted, something on P. Veronese's principles, on a scale of about 14 feet wide by 8 high. What a goodly assemblage of Venetian faces there ought to be at the supper table!—Antonio standing up conspicuously to pledge Shylock, on whose finger Jessica is tenderly replacing his “tourquoise,” which Lorenzo has recovered for her. The Prince of Aragon and his suite, though guests, retain something of their Spanish stiffness and pride; but the Prince of Morocco, howbeit also a disappointed suitor, is generously bent on laying at Portia's feet all the wedding presents he intended for her in the event of his success; and, consequently, his swarthy attendants are bearing along the terrace in procession the stuffs, the gems, the tropical animals, the gazelles, the monkeys, and the beauteous birds he had brought across the seas for the Princess-elect of Morocco. Other men are landing more such treasures from the barque on the Grand Canal below, beyond which rise several of the finest Venetian palaces in a line, all tender in the softly luminous air. But who have we amongst us to paint all this with the requisite nobleness of beauty and temperate harmony of splendid colouring? Surprisingly clever bits of accessories we might have; picturesque costumes, not altogether unworthy of Mabuse or Van Eyck in force and particularity, however inferior in purity of painting. Unimpeachable silks, and satins, and parrots, and monkeys, we might revel in; but where, for the present, could we hope to find Bassanio, and Portia, and the Moroccan Prince, and the warm transparent Venetian air that unites and blends the whole in marriage ties (or rather tones, I ought to say) of genial harmony?



Gradenigos and Grimanis are ministering to no less than Him, and being the personal observers of His first miracle, which it must be confessed they contemplate with unbending composure, as if miracles were too much a matter of daily occurrence to excite any undignified degree of surprise. This discovery of sacred circumstances involves an anachronism which used to disconcert the more matter-of-fact observers exceedingly, and in former days I have seen them turn away almost immediately with evident signs of slight esteem for productions so preposterously inerudite. And, indeed, it might perhaps be wished that Veronese had confined himself entirely to the representation of his own times, instead of thus just coasting and touching only, as it were, at Scripture events. But then, as we have said, his subjects were prescribed for him by the general fashion of the age, and others too would have been at variance with its tastes and purposes. And if we have not here religious works of the most imaginative and ideal kind, we have at all events an invaluable thing—very noble and genuine authentic earth. And however startling at first Veronese's anachronisms, who would willingly spare these genuine illustrations of a bygone time, so remarkable for historical interest, magnificence, picturesqueness, and, as it here seems, also for living beauty itself? Who would part with these aristocratic sea-captains, who lost Cyprus, it is true, but heroically, and revenged themselves on the Ottomites, at Lepanto, divinely? Who would dispense with these grave and venerable senators, and these swarthy turbaned strollers of the Piazzetta, freshly arrived from the ports of Mahomet or Selim, and invited, as no doubt important business connections of the noble merchant-host, to share his great marriage festival. They must be genuine saints indeed for whom one would readily exchange or barter them, nothing much short of Raphael's—certainly not those cold reminiscences of statues of Greek philosophers and Roman orators which were so long accepted as the orthodox kind of sanctities in the works of the later Italians, and of the very great, but too often erroneously antique Poussin. And how beautiful in this and other pictures are Paul's wide range and tuneful variety of colours! Sometimes he gives you, as it were, quite a *dance* of them, in which they recur at intervals like the same notes in a melody; and such is the noble manner and high consummate mastery of this painter that in *his* hands the mere accessories and finery become really quite grand and poetical objects, vehicles for exquisite hues and lines, and for the freest, lightest, and most graceful precision of touch that ever animated canvas.

And still finer than that "Marriage at Cana,"—I think even finer,—is the companion picture, at Dresden, of the "Adoration by the Magi." The venerable Magus kneeling, in his long gold brocade robe (on which Veronese's pencil has played with such easy and graceful precision), supported by kneeling pages, looks like some doge of Venice in his mantle of state. But oh! the barbaric picturesqueness and grave dignity of those two swarthy turbaned figures who, seen in profile, are solemnly approaching after them in this long processional picture, having journeyed across their far deserts with offerings for the Infant Saviour! Caliri, perhaps—at least I cannot help fancying so—copied them from the emissaries, or agas, of Sultan Selim, or of some Moorish bey who came in his time with precious offerings from the east, or south for Venice, and, landing at the Molo, proceeded along the Piazzetta amidst acclamations from crowded quays and balconies, beauty-embellished. Their presence is even as a fine chapter in old Marco Polo, which tells us of the far-off glories of Kublai Khan. Magnificent as Venice herself, and every way worthy of adorning the Sala del Maggior Consiglio of

the conquerors and explorers of so much of the magnificent East—the devout pilgrims to the remotest shrines of Mammon, far within the golden gates of Sunrise. One imagines this picture as in its original place, in a hall of sombrely-superb ornate Cinque-cento, traversed by flitting waves of golden light, reflected from the sunshine on the Grand Canal outside, admitted down a window-divan, or platform, between the richest old Byzantine capitals, or Arab-Gothic traceries.

And beside this is yet another Veronese, in which my lady the Dogressa, taking her recreation on the shady banks of the Brenta, or Tagliamento, with her pet dwarf and guard of halberdiers, is being presented by the ladies of her suite with a little foundling, which they have just picked up amongst the reeds of the river. The only irrationality with regard to this picture is the startling name—"The Discovery of Moses!"

Such were our ante-Venice notions concerning Paul Veronese, inspired first and most warmly by those two pictures at Dresden (which I still think he very rarely equalled), and confirmed by *one or two* amongst his injured and faded works at Paris, and still more strengthened by several very beautiful argentine visions of courtly elegance and handsomeness, seen but too hastily in that scarcely-rivalled collection of Venetian pictures in the Vienna Belvedere. But at Venice, until we went to St. Sebastian's and the Ducal Palace, most of his works which we met with there disappointed us, and tended somewhat to chill our admiration for his genius. In many of them, without making sufficient amends by any very remarkable display of technical power, he is cold and ostentatious in expression to a degree that renders him altogether unattractive; and in not a few other instances, even his colour is strangely dull and disagreeable—heavy greys and dull opaque reds unpleasantly prevailing, especially in those works which he executed towards the close of his career, when the splendour and delicacy of his feeling seem to have become considerably impaired. Few amongst his numerous works in the Academy are highly interesting; by far the finest being his grand ostentatious altar-piece from San Zaccaria,—the vigorously animated and somewhat attitudinizing figures in which must have originally presented a very notable contrast to the Bellini there. The Madonna standing on an altar is some beautiful and majestic high-bred lady of Venice, and the handsome richly-attired priest (some prelate saint or other) who bends forward at her feet, and looks round in an effective posture, seems one well fitted for the stately church business. The freedom and full broad manner of the picture, and the brilliant, though most tender colour, are altogether superb. In these respects it is surely one of the finest of pictures. Another work of Veronese, which especially should not be missed, is a "Marriage of St. Catherine," the chief altar-piece of the church of the same name, in which, notwithstanding the coldness and insipidity of the expression, the exquisite lightness and tenderness of the handling, and delicate brilliancy of the hues, lend a peculiar interest. But excepting these two pictures, and the one at the Palace of the Pisani a S. Polo, we did not find in our Venetian rambles any pictures by Paul Veronese worth running much out of our way to see, until we came to St. Sebastian's, and the halls of the Ducal Palace, to the first of which places we will now without further delay repair.

It is just by the south-west corner of the city, in a dull and thinly populated quarter, where the general shabbiness of the buildings, as well as of the outside of the church itself, is strikingly contrasted by the magnificence of that which follows. At the same time the pre-

vious year I happened to be in our own Lake District; and I well recollect a discovery of similarly secluded splendour, then made in the midst of a somewhat rude and humble landscape, which, even at the moment, reminded me of the impression entertained on entering this very Church of San 'Bastiano on a former visit, when comparing the richness of the gilded roofs, and sumptuous paintings by Paul Veronese with the meanness of the exterior, and the neglect and dulness of the neighbourhood through which we had just threaded our way. And now, on a second visit to Venice, and a renewed acquaintance with the same spot, the self-same comparison occurred again; and the inside of the Venetian church reminded me with a reciprocal and equal force of the splendid and luminous hues which we saw that bright and happy day the year before, gleaming and flitting along in the depths of the Westmoreland brook, and appearing far more beautiful and more *regal* (if I may use such a word), because contrasted with the barren, stony, and somewhat impoverished character of that little branch of the mountain valley through which it takes its course. How well I remember it—how well! Immediately beneath us, where the sun shone on the stream, its stony bed was alone displayed, brightened, not hidden, by the invisible water, which heightened its hue to a rich warm umbery splendour, travelled over by a wavering network of light reflected from the viewless flitting crystalline current above. A little aloof, and where the shadows fell, *there* the blue of the sky, and the cool reflections of the trembling boughs prevailed; and the snowy light of passing clouds glimmered away in a silvery aerial contrast, and blending with the warm transparent richness nearer. Will it be deemed strange that this should remind me of the great silvery colourist, Paul Veronese, and, especially (having regard to the humble landscape) of the first rich shining of the interior of San 'Bastiano, as contrasted with the shabbiness outside? Indeed, such was the beauty of the colours and of the light in the nameless little brook, that they might really, I think, have set Veronese sighing for an hour on the feebleness of the resources of Art, and have made him for the moment believe that his own processions, and long-flowing streams of festal and triumphant splendour were, after all, but flimsily magnificent, but coarsely gay. And a little below, this same stream, after suddenly leaping down a few feet with a bright silver laugh, and then soon becoming as quiet and placid as ever, displayed a more luxuriant beauty in the vegetation which appeared within her clear glassy seclusion. Long subaqueous grasses of various greens (bright and olive) here lay prone under the swift smooth-flowing current, waving with its wave, like fish who hesitate in their course; and there was one rich train of them, of tawny crimson, with yellow flowers on it, like a stealthy imperfect gleaming of a Naiad's tresses florally wreathed; just such colours and ornaments as one of those great Venetian painters would have liked to give to the hair of a Lombardy water nymph introduced by him into some fine patriotic public-spirited allegory. Indeed his magnificent powers might have been well employed for a week at least in striving to give some true notion of the multitudinous graceful wavy forms and harmoniously splendid hues which appeared that brilliant morning within the humble confines of the mountain rivulet.

And now, hoping to be pardoned this little excursion up the Westmoreland vale, let us return to the Venetian church, only stopping briefly at Verona on our way, in order that we may there contemplate for a few moments the youthful Caliri at the outset of his career, before accompanying him to the spot where first victorious over neglect and poverty he obtained



his earliest considerable employment. He was but little encouraged in his native city on the first manifestations of his genius. A school of numerous artists already existed around him deriving much of their knowledge from the study of the Venetians, but not without their separate and independent characteristics, since they adopted livelier expressions, and a lighter manner of painting, and evinced a still greater fondness for classical mythology and poetical pomp and pageantry, which they introduced in rich and fanciful abundance in the decoration of villas and palaces—tastes derived in considerable measure from the influence of Andrea Mantegna, and, no doubt, in their turn communicating themselves to Paul, and thus in no slight degree accounting for some of his predilections. At the time of his first appearance, Batista del Moro, Il Brusasorei, and Paolo Farinato, the three most distinguished of the Veronese artists were invited by the Cardinal Ercole Gonzaga to exhibit each of them an altar-piece as competitors in the Cathedral at Mantua. But with them came an unknown young aspirant, and, according to Ridolfi, his picture was the best. Fashion, however, thought otherwise. As ever, enamoured of fame, not excellence, she adhered exclusively to the three established artists, and young Caliarì, notwithstanding his utmost endeavours, found himself rapidly sinking to penury. So he packed up his colours and went off to Vicenza, and thence after a while proceeded to Venice. There, applying himself to the improvement of his colouring by studying Titian and Tintoretto, and to the development of some of his other powers by working from the engravings of Parmigiano and of Dürer, and from casts after the antique, he made such progress as soon drew general attention, and procured him the commission to paint the Sacristy of this church. Here, accordingly, on the ceiling, he executed fine recumbent figures of the four Evangelists, with the Coronation of the Virgin in the middle between them. They are not like his subsequent works, and of course have not that consummate freedom which he could only gain by practice; but they are noble and beautiful figures; in their refined and more ideal dignity and grace reminding one of the Parma lunettes, of Parmigiano and Correggio, rather than of Veronese; and in this showing the germs of a power which it was perhaps a pity not to cultivate further. The ceiling of the church itself, painted some time after, though still early in his career, displays, on the other hand, his own peculiar characteristics in almost their full perfection. The arches of the nave, too, once glowed with his frescoes; but, alas! they are now nearly obliterated. Amidst dingy obscurity and white spots of naked plaster, only a few vestiges of some very noble heads remain, as if time and decay themselves respected them. But his several altar-pieces, and paintings on the wings of the organ, and magnificent pictures hanging on the walls, still retain much of their brightness; so that what with their lively beauty, and the splendour of the roof, the whole interior seems but his precious though much-decaying mausoleum; and his bust seems indeed to repeat the old epitaph:—"My ashes are beneath; but my spirit yet breathes and shines everywhere around you."

To whose declarations it might be also added, that his works are often memorials of pious liberality, since in dealing with religious fraternities he was wont to adorn their altars and refectories with pictures, for a price little more than the cost of materials—a fact which might well be remembered by an epithet in his epitaph.

His most delicate production here is a small Madonna and Child, exquisitely painted, in a tender silvery gray tone. In a Crucifixion near it, Paul's naturalistic tendencies descend somewhat lower than is common with him. The

Madonna, though *veritably* fainting, is evidently some coarse low-born Italian woman, and so also is the female who uncovers her head and opens her drapery for air. The Magdalen standing above them with upturned glistening eye, and profuse dishevelled golden auburn hair, is a vivid remembrance of Titian's well-known Magdalen. As commonly in Venetian "Crucifixions," the Saviour is entirely weak in expression and character: neither patience nor suffering, nor death being depicted, but mere ordinary composure. One of the painter's most considerable works is his large picture in the choir, of Saint Sebastian encouraging his converts Marcus and Marcellianus, who, as they are being led forth to martyrdom, hold back from fear and momentary doubt. It is a crowded composition of many figures, full of Rubens-inspiring splendour, vigour, and life. Saint Sebastian, a manly cavalier in the armour of Veronese's times, with a somewhat stern and careworn expression, rebukes his two disciples as he hurries forward, pointing to heaven, and exhorting them to follow him. Of those whom he thus addresses, one already recovering himself, gazes at him with tenderness, and reviving faith; but the other, with an irresolute troubled look (admirably expressed) turns towards his dumb mother, who is imploring him with gestures to remain. A blind and venerable father seconds her entreaties, supported by other relatives of the different sexes and ages, who throng, for the purpose, an elevated terrace on which the event is taking place; whilst numbers of by-standers, clinging to pillars and crowding the balustrades above, look on more calmly. Ladies, however, are not wanting in the principal group, who kneeling around, do not forget in that exciting moment, to assume a conspicuous elegance of posture, and to bear in mind that amongst the spectators, some may have leisure enough to admire them, and the tasteful adjustments of their drapery; and even the little gaily doubleted boys they hold, seem to have quite a precocious turn for the same courtly gracefulness. Thus we have here again something of that affectation and self-conscious display, a fondness for which was the besetting bane of this great victor of the brush; but in other respects the picture is very admirable. It has more vehemence and action than is usual with the painter; and the colouring and painting are extremely vigorous and brilliant: perhaps the former in parts is somewhat gaudy, too parrot-like variegated, too much like a society or conversazione of macaws, in its sudden and numerous contrasts; but the restorer has evidently been here so hard at work, his thick coarse paint so manifestly bestreaks the transparent purities of the original in almost every part, that we should pause before attributing any defect of this kind to Paul Veronese himself.

The companion picture opposite, "St. Sebastian on the Rack," is opposed in other respects, being one of the feeblest shadowings forth of the painter's hand; a collection of ugly inanimate figures, tricked out in the most unsightly of those eccentricities of costume in which he was but too prone to indulge; a poor caricature of his manner by himself. Several of his other pictures here, abounding in very high merit, we must for want of space reluctantly pass over, but we may not leave the church without pausing for a few moments to call the most marked attention to the paintings on the ceiling of the nave, since they are the most delightful things here—and to be numbered amongst the most precious ornaments that the Adriatic Queen still retains in her broken, half-unjewelled diadem. They are small pictures illustrative of the story of Esther, in which Caliarì's own peculiar romantic magnificence and grace of fancy are displayed with charming effect. In one, Ahasuerus is represented as crowning

the chosen maiden, who kneels before him with courtly grace—her green dress contrasting splendidly with the shadowy glow of red colour all about the king and his royal state. He bends over her like a shadowy tiger-lily over a verdurous plat of lawn; and dusky knights are gleaming around them. The simple and most picturesque composition, and light and shade, are excellent; and the *sotto in su*, or ascending perspective, in this and the companion pictures, by means of which the figures seem to stand vertically away from the spectator who eyes them from beneath, is managed with consummate skill. In the next gilded oval two horses, represented in this way, are boldly pacing and trampling forth over you, one with a serene king, and the other with a darkly-shining warrior on his back; the royal barb being held with muscular stateliness by a vigorous man who comes before on foot. Two tiers of balconies, one over the other, overhang them, ascending into the soft blue sky, and crowded with ladies and other animated spectators, who hail the procession below, and are seen quite from beneath with the utmost boldness and truth of perspective. In these fine inventions Paul has shown himself the very Ariosto of the brush; and his pencil, like the enchanted lance of the Knight of the Silver Panoply (in a certain fiction of my own, which has not yet issued forth from my brain), opens for us some delightful visions of the halls and castle-courts of old Romance.

Precious vestiges! yet shining amidst damp and decay, like the last flowers of some lonely spot which was formerly a king's pleasure, but is now a neglected wilderness, choked with rank grass and weeds! even as were those gardens of the Peruvian Incas, when closed up and left to perpetual solitude after their deaths. Beautiful as these pictures still are, very few of the tourists seem to think them worth a steady glance. Whilst we were there, they just came and went again in frequent succession, as if it were a relief to have done with so much more of the burdensome obligation of sight-seeing.

Our next object must be to repair to the Palace of the Pisani a San Polo, to see that most celebrated picture by Paul Veronese, which has acquired much additional interest since the time of our visit, from the circumstance of our Government having given something more than £14,000 for it. Our course through the labyrinth or net-work of narrow courts took us, on the first occasion, I well remember, across the Exchange by the Rialto, where our attention was arrested for a moment by a pawnbroker's auction going on in that old scene of the bargainings of princely merchants and disposals of wealth-laden argosies. Old women, seated on chairs in a row, were handing from one to another the articles under the hammer—linen-irons, kettles, blankets, and pipkins, utensils from the kitchen, and sometimes, also, from the upper apartments, with countenances grave and deliberate as those of judges—*sic transit gloria Venetia*, truly! The ratings which Shylock bore on this spot are well avenged. The Pisani Palace, on which we at length issued forth, looked almost like one of the deserted ones, as if left very much in the hands of the sullen domestic who had to open the shutters, and show us what was inside. We were admitted into two handsome saloons, in the Louis Quatorze style, with painted ceilings and mirrors in flowery gilt paellings. The first of these apartments has no less than nine glass chandeliers to illumine it; the second, *our* picture—the "Alexander receiving the suppliant family of Darius," one of the painter's most characteristic and important works. On one side, a group of handsome and noble cavaliers stands in profile on a terrace; and on the other, several



ladies are kneeling to them on the steps. But it is not Sisymbria and Statira, Alexander and Hephæstion—no, not a bit of it. Some noble Venetian ladies and gentlemen (the Signor Pisani, for whom the picture was painted, and his family and personal friends) are here disposing themselves into a grand and most picturesque tableau of a great event in ancient history, the greatness of which they look as if they could themselves rival on occasion, they seem so noble and so dignified. There is, as usual, very little indeed in the costume, and nothing in the faces to carry your fancy away from Venice; but the result is not a whit the less interesting for that; the conquerors not the less look like conquerors, indeed, benign and stately; and the ladies, with their fair hair braided with pearls, their brocaded farthingales and somewhat broad bodice-disdaining Venetian charms (scarcely less stately though suppliants), are pretty much, no doubt, like those whom the Dalmatian pirates ran away with in Venice's romantic morning hour, but very soon lost again, with all their own lives, when the Doge Candiano and the fierce and fell bridegrooms swiftly overtook them in the lagoon of Caorlo, and made them, every man, pay the fatal penalty of the astounding outrage. In the picture, these members of the aristocracy, not merely of Venice, but of human nature, have their dignity, as is usual with the painter, enhanced by contrast with swarthy barbaric figures of inferior race, and lap-dogs, a dwarf, and a monkey; indeed, no large work of his seems altogether complete without some such specimens of his favourite foils. The arrangement of the colours, and light and shade, is also according to his favourite and highly characteristic plan, consisting of powerful and widely-varied hues overspreading the large groups in the foreground, which are disposed in broad masses of highly-studied noble form before a pompous, architectural background, suffused altogether with aerial tenderness and light. It is, verily and indeed, a strikingly similar composition of chiar'oscuro and colour to one which we admired in nature, the morning before, whilst looking towards the Ducal Palace from the Canal Orfano—with this chief difference, that instead of "Dieciotto," our glowing gondolier, we have Alexander; instead of my somewhat gaily-coloured wife, Statira; in lieu of the shadowy orange and green of the lazy fishing fleet in the middle distance, some obscurer figures of very similar tints; and, finally, in place of the distant light-suffused arcades and piazzas of the Signory, we have here some stately arches and colonnades of ancient Roman architecture, not much less tender and bright of hue and tone. Thus, in gliding about in a gondola, it is not difficult to conceive whence the Venetian painters must have derived some of their favourite ideas; and certainly, on bearing in mind to what perpetual picturesqueness, splendour, and beauty they were habituated—in what a very atmosphere of them they lived, and breathed, and had their being, one's wonder at their triumphs, if not one's admiration, is a good deal lessened.

With regard to the expression of the figures in this picture, it will not be overlooked that the suppliants exhibit nice varieties and gradations of it, such as are highly suitable to their different ages and characters. Sisymbria, despoiled of confidence in fortune and in the generosity of man, seeks pity with anxious, distrustful eyes; but Statira, less shaken by thoughtful experiences, looks forward more gently and hopefully. To ascend in this interesting scale of youthfulness, the eldest daughter, a courtly young lady of fourteen, still holds in her hand the crown which she may wear no longer. She kneels, indeed, but with a stiff, proud air. She does not yet

understand why a daughter of Darius should pay homage to any one. Her little brother, on the other hand, has, far less royally, sought security in his grandam's arms, and seems to feel that he has found it there; but his yet younger sister, the youngest of the family here seen, still lives unmoved and all apart, in the simplicity of childhood. She seems, instinctively, to have much of the family pride too, but not enough experience to appreciate her present position; and so she looks with animation towards her pet spaniels, rather angrily, it would seem, for Ponto and Dash, brought to add obsequiously their homage to that of the rest, are refractory in the hands of the slaves, and she is evidently not pleased with their management of them.

Goethe alludes with warm approbation to this truthful and happy gradation of expression. Mr. Ruskin, I find, in a letter to the *Times*, considers this the finest of all Veronese's works.\* It is undoubtedly, in general conception, an admirable specimen of his talents; but to the best of my judgment, decidedly inferior in brilliant beauty and delicacy of colour and execution, to many of his productions. Compared with many of them, the colour is somewhat rusty and coarse; and the execution, though solid and forcible, is for the most part hard and heavy for Veronese, if indeed the whole is by his hand, which may well be doubted. The heads especially are not well painted. In the works wrought in happier moments, what a beautiful—what a peerless, light, crisp touch he has!—light as the fall of a rose-leaf, or the momentary settling of a butterfly, but, withal, of the most perfect precision, and showing consummate intelligence with regard to the form and character of the thing portrayed.

A delightful tradition is there respecting this picture, to the effect that Paul Veronese, having received much hospitality and kindness during a long illness whilst on a visit to the Pisani family, at their country seat, secretly painted it after his recovery, in a space of eight and thirty days, and left it rolled up under his bed, as a present to his host,—an act of his heart (if the fact be so, which one would willingly believe) scarcely less splendid than the picture itself is of his head.

\* He says it is more highly finished than the "Marriage at Cana" in the Louvre. From this reference, and from his saying, in another place, that the painter is "gloriously represented by the two great pictures in the Louvre," it is clear he has a very high opinion of the Louvre "Marriage at Cana." Yet it certainly by no means gloriously represents Paul Veronese's powers of execution, or, in its present state, his colour. Highly to be respected as are the artistic resources and energy exhibited in that vast picture, it were a great injustice to the painter to accept it as a specimen of his best work; and this undistinguishing allusion to it I cannot help considering as another instance of Mr. Ruskin's careless, flyaway manner of settling things, or else as a judgment furnishing an additional reason for suspecting that he does not in reality know what good painting is; for, otherwise, would he not rather have been anxious to guard his readers against forming an estimate of one of his most favourite painters by such a comparatively stiff, feeble, and heavy specimen of his handicraft as this? No doubt the picture has suffered deplorably from the destructive damp of the Seine, and still more from the periodic redaubings to which the Louvre pictures have unhappily been subjected so long. The faces, especially, abound with coarse touches of dirty grey and brick red, as if the wine, by-the-by, were taking effect. These, of course, are not of Veronese's laying on, any more than the chilliness and heaviness of so much of the rest are his; but it must be added, that a general stiffness and constraint are observable both in the design and execution, and that many of the heads are absolutely poor in character, and wooden in look and posture. These remarks (humbly offered) may be of some slight use in tending to prevent the disparagement of the painter by those who end their knowledge of him in the Louvre. The Veronese there are, indeed, for the most part, uninteresting on general grounds, and now, furthermore, faded and flat. But one most vigorous, brilliant, and admirable work by him there is in that collection, at all events—the little picture (No. 100) of the Madonna and Child with St. Benedict, &c. Look well at that, and compare it with the "Marriage at Cana," and then you will see that the latter, now, at any rate, "gloriously represents" Veronese in nothing but composition and general arrangement.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE DISARMING OF CUPID.

W. E. Frost, A.R.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. by 4 ft.

ALLEGORY is a valuable ally of the painter who knows how to employ it discreetly: to all else it is but an *ignis fatuus* which tempts into absurdities or puerilities. To the ancients allegory was a truth—a fact—an integral portion of their life and faith: and being such, the artists of Greece and Rome treated it as they would treat any subject of religious belief or of ordinary occurrence. Their cities, their temples, their houses, courts, and groves, were haunted with spirits whose existence had no other foundation than that laid for them in the imaginations of priests and poets; but it was through this ideal medium that Art found its expression, and the very highest of which it is susceptible. Indifferent to, or incapable of appreciating those other elements which are included in the subject-matter of more modern Art, the pagan painters and sculptors glorified their deities and fabulous heroes by rendering to them the homage of their genius.

Modern artists and modern poets, since the revival of Art and Literature, have frequently done the same: the field of classic allegory is so vast, oftentimes so beautiful, and so well calculated to develop the imaginative faculties of the mind, and the powers of the pen, the pencil, and the chisel, that it must always attract many within its ample boundaries in search of what they require; while the abundance and variety of what it has to offer is a sure guarantee against disappointment or exhaustion. Of our own school of painters none have resorted to it more frequently and more successfully than Etty and his young friend and follower, Frost; while of all the allegorical pictures painted by the latter, the "Disarming of Cupid" must take precedence; with one exception, however, that of "Una," also in the Royal Collection, and which is now in the hands of the engraver.

The "Disarming of Cupid" is the property of the Prince Consort, who gave the artist a commission for the work: it was exhibited at the Academy in 1850. Frost found his subject in one of Shakspeare's sonnets:—

"The little love-god lying once asleep,  
Laid by his side his heart-inflaming brand,  
Whilst many nymphs that vowed chaste life to keep  
Came tripping by; but in her maiden hand  
The fairest votary took up that fire  
Which many legions of true hearts had warmed;  
And so the general of soft desire  
Was, sleeping, by a virgin hand disarmed."

No one, it must be presumed, can look at this work without being at once arrested in his attention by the exceeding elegance of the composition as a whole, and the study and care bestowed upon the arrangement of the several parts, so as to produce such a balance of lines in the respective groups as render the whole most agreeable to the eye: the centre group, where the lines take a circular form, is supported by a group on either side, each of which shows a similarity of curved lines, though the figures in each are variously disposed and occupied. Again, if we study the forms and attitudes of this "bevy of fair women," there is not one of the figures but is characterised by truthful drawing, graceful form, and delicacy of feeling. But far above these excellences, considering the nature of the subject as one admitting of some license, is the purity of expression exhibited in the face of each figure; not an idea is suggested that need offend the most scrupulous; nor can the most enthusiastic admirer of female loveliness point out one whose beauty would fail to make him a champion in a cause that demanded the services of a brave and chivalrous knight errant. These nymphs are not all of "Attic growth;" they seem to have been reared in various climes, and to have congregated together, as if with one intent—to rid themselves of a tyrant—from the shores of the northern seas to the islands of the western Archipelago.

In colour this picture is very rich; the flesh tints are most delicate and refined: where the draperies admit of it, the colouring is bright and powerful, and carefully studied with regard to harmony. The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.





DISARMING OF CUPID

FROM THE PICTURE BY CARLO MARCOZZI, 1660

W. E. F. 1860







SEA-WEEDS,  
AS OBJECTS OF DESIGN.

BY S. J. MACKIE, F.G.S., F.S.A.

As in the world of human life, so in the world of Nature—from the humblest and meekest the greatest lessons may be learned; and there is often as much worthy of admiration and study in the neglected as in the known and appreciated. The pure metal lies not on the surface, but the gold is extracted from the solid rock, or picked up, after much labour, among the common sands; and many things lie out of the beaten path from which the artist and the student might gather fresh fancies. Twice a day rises and falls the great tide of ocean, and its heavings were not less constant when the trilobite and astrolepis were inhabitants of primordial depths; still twice a day it ebbs and flows, and the stony mountains have treasured the fragments of the weeds it plucked from pre-adamic shores in memory of its ancient toil.

Bright are the flowers of the earth, the first and choicest of ornaments. Pure, simple, and holy, their charms can never decay, though familiarity and inconsistency may vulgarise, and innumerable misappropriations make us sometimes wish for the contrasts that other less showy objects would afford. While the fields are radiant with their beauty, and the gentle zephyrs fragrant with their scented odours, the great tide ebbs and flows over the flowerless plants of the sea. Around the huge rocks the perennial fringes of olive fuci undulate in graceful folds among the swelling waves, and the tall tangle bows its pliant stem as—

"The ocean old,—  
Centuries old,—  
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,  
Paces restless to and fro,  
Up and down the sands of gold."

For ages have the weeds of the sea been heedlessly disregarded or despised. The vilest epithet the polished Roman knew was *alga projecta vilior*. Horace, too, wrote *alga inutilis*; and there may yet be many to exclaim with the Scotch professor of the last century, "Pooh, pooh, Sir! only a bundle of sea-weeds!" But when the apostle Peter slept at the house of Simon the tanner, he dreamt a great dream—a dream memorable to the end of time—a dream that was a waking truth to be set in golden letters, and engraven on the hearts of rich and poor, wise and unwise—"There is nothing common nor unclean."

The Chinese believe there is one word expressive of all excellence, so exquisite that no one can pronounce it, although it can be written and perceived by the eyes. That word is stamped alike on "the vile sea-weed" and on the lovely flower. I do not claim for both an equal rank,—the cottage may be charming, and not vie with the palace; and "the pride of the village" may want the grace of "the lady of high degree,"—but I do claim for the neglected vegetation of the sea-side an elegance of form and structure, a suggestiveness of mathematical designs, a poetry of association and typical expression, a simplicity and modest gracefulness, which well entitle them to the best efforts of the designer.

World-wide in their distribution, they are accessible to every one; and it is not the rarest that are, for ornamental purposes, the most valuable. The beauty of a manuscript tempted England's greatest monarch to the acquirement of letters, and the commonest weed may be the incentive to the perusal of one of Nature's choicest books. Wherever the briny waters wash the coasts, in marshes even where the salt sea penetrates but seldom in the year, on rocks and stones, and piers and piles, winter or summer, from the land of gold to the Canaries, from the soil of the Hottentot and Caffre to the ice-bound country of the Lapp, from the floating meadows of the tropics to the snowy regions of the poles—there grow the crisp sea-weeds—there may be gathered in endless variety the chastest patterns of simplicity. All the associations of the sea are grand and glorious, and the goddess of beauty came from the foam of its waves. In the sublime language of ancient mythology, the Ocean was the first-born of Heaven and Earth, that was wedded to the child of the Land and the Sky. Are there no gems of classic

imagery in the bronzed belt that girdles its giant form? Have the thousand daughters of Atlas and Tethys all taken to groves and cities, and have the Nereides become the attendants of Flora? Are the tears of Calypso and the loves of Amphitrite forgotten, and has the memory of Sappho passed for ever away, and have the green and olive nurslings of the surge no affinity with the crystal phoenix that arose from their ashes in the Phœnician's fire?

There is a point whence life and vegetation seem to diverge—the simple cell; where the algae meet the monads, and most mysterious processes and elaborations are carried on by means the simplest but most astounding. Of cell upon cell are the sea-weeds built, and by cells or spores cast loose from their substance are their species reproduced, as certainly and as surely as plants by the marriage of the flowers. Of cellular tissue entirely does the seaweed consist; of cell upon cell alone is woven all the varied drapery of the deep. A mere sac, empty, or containing a fluid or granular substance, absorbs the surrounding fluids, assimilates them in its membranous walls, consolidates their carbon and nutritious substances, grows, divides, each portion swells again to its parent size, each again divides, and thus the splitting cells increase and multiply. The rapidity with which some of the common conservæ of our ponds are thus developed is well known; and it is not unusual to find loathsome pools, that were black at dawn with decomposive filth, covered at eve with a floating verdure rapidly and energetically extracting its nutriment out of the pollution, and liberating the gas of life—oxygen—into the atmosphere, in lieu of pestilential effluvia. The snow-plant, the *Protococcus nivalis*, is perhaps the best known instance of the rapid development of cell plants properly so-called. In a few hours whole tracts of the white snow of northern lands will assume the hue of the battle-field; and from another species the waters of the Arabian Gulf have acquired their memorable name of Red Sea.

Above the limits of the lichen encrusting the peaks of mountains, and in the unplumbed abysses of the deep below the region of the nullipore, there the cell plants swarm by myriads,—and even the air powders the ropes of ships at sea with the atomic dust that had vegetated among the clouds.

I have claimed for the sea-weeds the attractions of simplicity, and I claim beauty of outlines and gracefulness of forms even for the simplest of the simple—the cell plants. Forms! outlines of cell plants! would not a single species content the naturalist? The ever-varying Hand that is traced in all around has touched these lowly objects with charms and wonders in the most exquisite modifications of form, and the most delicate sculpture. The invisible is not the less beautiful that it is unseen; the physician owes much to these little things—why not the artist? Are there no laws of symmetry in natural objects as there are of mechanics and of force? no sympathetic principles of harmony of colour with form as of structure with locomotion or fixity? Even in these humble plants there are traces of that divine delicacy which may be observed and appreciated—an expression of that one word which cannot be spoken.

For the present our remarks are confined to those forms of algae which exhibit the second stage in the development of vegetation—the linking of these cells, or cell plants, together, which is naturally effected by their self-division and growth, without actual separation of the parts. And here the transitional exhibit those almost insensible gradations which have led some powerful minds to view the highest structures, and even intellectual man, as the consummation only of previous states and changes. But whatever ideas may be entertained of the manner by which the creative energy has worked, the results and the power, the ends and the means, are alike astounding, whether the monad or the cell were elaborated into the animal or the plant, or both were produced by a thought to fulfil their purposes in the economy of life. The globular membranous sacs or cells divide in a linear direction, and a string of the tiniest beads results. In the cylindrical cell—for the forms of the cells are in themselves various, both naturally as well as by the exercise of mutual pressure and other influences—a transverse partition is formed, the two ends are produced; in each of these again the same process is repeated, and a thread-like species is formed. Other globules adhere side by side, developing the membranous

expansions of cellular tissue, in which we recognise the first appearance of the leaf. In the clinging together of the cylindrical fibres we perceive likewise the first rudiments of the branch and stem; in such cases when the elongated cells of the fibres are of an unequal length a continuous stem or cord is produced, varied only as it is enlarged or swollen by the methodical aggregation of greater numbers, or tapering by the prolongation of the central threads beyond the rest, or by the less robust condition of the young cells.

If the cell cylinders are of equal length, nodes and internodes, like the joints of a reed, are produced, and by the bifurcation of the cells of the extremities branching fronds and ramuli result. Thus, by this cell-splitting, are formed the delicate branching forms of the rhodospiræ (red sea-weeds), the paper-like membranous expansions of the ulvaceæ, the jagged fronds of the fuci, and the stout trunk of the gigantic lessonia. Thus the progress of the general plan, from the conception within the ovule, is traced, species by species, and genus by genus, until we pass ashore with the zostera, and a few other similar plants, and ascend through the mosses, ferns, and grasses, to the flowering plants and trees, and reach the summit of the second organic kingdom, where mind alone seems wanting to complete the conditions of life. Indeed, were it not for the perfection of all things around us, we might regard the formation of beautiful flowers and massive trees as arising from an imperfection—namely, the incomplete separation of the primitive cells in their self-division, and that Nature had turned the hint to most admirable and wonderful account—that she had improved upon it, and not only joined firmly together the sides of the connected cells, but in many of the thread-like species had inclosed them for their better protection from disjunction in gelatinous or mucous cylindrical sheaths, which may be fancifully, if not really, regarded as the first symptoms of the cuticle or bark. Most of the filiform species are fresh-water, but many of them are marine; and among the filaments of the conservæ in brackish pools, or floating on the surface of polluted water,—along the muddy sides of ditches, as well as coating



Fig. 1.—OSCILLATORIA NIGRO-VIRIDIS.

damp rocks and spray-splashed cliffs,—upon decaying heaps of sea-wrack,—on floating planks, drifting ashore in fleecy masses, or bearding with silky hairs the fronds of the sea-weeds themselves,—we shall find abundant illustrations of such primitive types for our present purpose—that of slightly tracing some of the variations and adaptations of particular parts and organs by which Nature effects the beautification of the objects themselves. Nor as we regard these objects under the microscope,—for it will require the high powers of that instrument to develop their minute structure,—can we avoid being struck with the elegance of the twistings and contortions, the lacings and interlacings, of even the most simple threads, as they congregate and combine to form those dense masses, velvety tufts, or

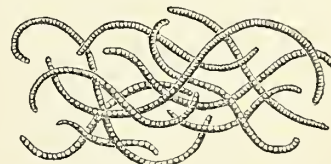


Fig. 2.—OSCILLATORIA SPIRALIS.

hazy films, by which their myriads are made evident to the human eye. The development of certain cells into spores, and the wonderful generative processes by which the algae are propagated, belong, however interesting, more to the domain of natural history than to our present inquiry. Suffice it to say that, by the impregnation of the endochrome of one cell by that of another, the spores—or seeds, as for expressiveness they may here be termed—are produced by the granulation of the mixed matter. Now, in the different aspects and conditions of these spore-cells, arises that first divergence from the mere thread of beads, by which Nature, while she retains the principle and object of the organ itself in its adapta-



tion to special conditions, seems to vary in every possible manner and way, not only in form and sculpture, but often in colour, her most primitive

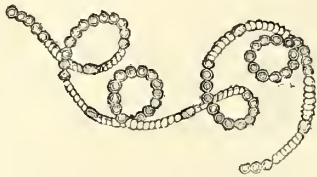


Fig. 3.—SPERMOSIRA HARVEYANA.

organisations. Even the contraction of the endochrome itself, in the granulating process, by the production of intermittent vacant spaces, adds a

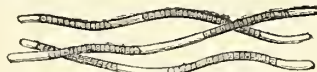


Fig. 4.—CALOTHRIX SEMIPLANA.

pleasing variation to many of these moniliform filaments.

In some species of this class the continuity of the congregated cells is interrupted, besides by the spore cells, by a connecting cell, or heterocyst, differing in



Fig. 5.—SPHEROZYGA BERKELEYANA.

form from either, and not unusually of an entirely opposite and contrasting colour. Such is the case with the *Spermosira Harveyana*, a very minute species of nostoc, found on dead leaves in the summer month of June. The rudimentary cells of its exquisite curved filaments are small cylinders, the spore capsules completely spherical, and



Fig. 6.—SPHEROZYGA CARMICHAELII.

the heterocysts subquadrate, inclining to oval. The colours, which we are of course unable to express in our woodcut, vary in each, and are in the first of a translucent bluish green,—of course, therefore, the prevailing hue,—which is charmingly relieved by the deep brown of the second, and the pale pink of the last.



Fig. 7.—SPHEROZYGA THWAITESII.

These constitutional forms, in their varieties and adaptations, their manner of growth and development, constitute the entire structure of the whole tribe of sea-weeds; and therefore we ought to find the chief features of any elegance these humble forms possess, continued and elaborated, as they really are, in the more complex conditions of the higher fuci. In the sections of the sea-weeds, therefore, even as made for the scientific elucidation of their structure, we may expect to find, as we undoubtedly shall do, many hints and lessons.

The true form of the cell is perhaps the globe, but it is more commonly presented to us as the cylinder, the conditions and outlines of which are varied almost *ad infinitum*, as by the various effects of growth and pressure the cells are forced into hexagons, pentagons, and other mathematical shapes, or their lines of junction are disposed in undulating tracery of the most elegant and intricate patterns.

Of the few sections we have engraved as illustrations, the first is that of a pretty knotted sea-weed, rather rare, but still not uncommon on the southern coasts of our island in the summer and autumn seasons—the *Arthrocladia villosa*. Around the tubular axis the larger cells are disposed,—to which

circle upon circle of the smaller succeed to the verge of the periphery, yielding to the forms of the intermediate cavities in numerous appropriate shapes.



Fig. 8.—MAGNIFIED TRANSVERSE SECTION OF ARTHROCLADIA VILLOSA.

In the second we have given a cross section of the compressed frond of the *Desmarestia ligulata*, an inhabitant of the tidal pools at extreme low-water on most parts of our coasts. An internal jointed tube passes up the centre of the frond, and gives rise to

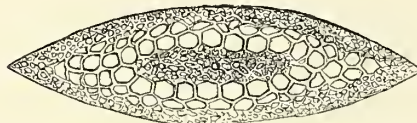


Fig. 9.—MAGNIFIED TRANSVERSE SECTION OF FROND OF DESMARESTIA LIGULATA.

the obscure midrib perceptible on the surfaces of the sides; on either side the larger cells are disposed in two opposing flat arcs, and compressed into shapes more or less hexagonal, outside of which, in the second row, the pentagonal form prevails, and then the intermediate exterior and interior spaces are filled by smaller cells of more irregular outlines.

The third section is made across one of the spore-bearing receptacles which tip—as yellow warty excrescences—the flat olive fronds of the common bladder-weed, *Fucus vesiculosus*, so common in

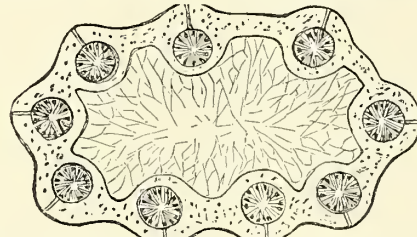


Fig. 10.—MAGNIFIED TRANSVERSE SECTION OF SPORE-BEARING RECEPTACLE OF FUCUS VESICULOSUS.

dense meadows everywhere on our shores. The interior, filled with mucus, is traversed by a network of jointed fibres, which communicate with the spherical conceptacles immersed in the outer substance, and containing the spores and the antheridia. That there are other, and many sections, far more intricate and beautiful, any one can testify who has ever turned over the fine plates of Professor Harvey's "Phycologia Britannica," his admirable papers in the publications of the Smithsonian Society, or the noble folio volume of Postel and Ruprecht: but in these simple ones we have chosen—and we have selected them on that very account—we find Nature contriving elegant and pleasing devices by the mere repetition and combination of the circle, the hexagon, or the pentagon, and producing by such means a pleasing unity and richness of effect instead of a sameness or a poverty. At any rate, whenever Nature does produce a beautiful object, we shall never be the worse for examining the principles by which she has worked, and it is in the least complicated that we must first hope to find the rudimentary laws of her beauty-building. With rule and compass we can excel her in accuracy—with reason, experience, and remembrance, we can improve upon her labours in our artificial productions; but, notwithstanding the many exquisite objects of Art produced by our modern jewellers, there is by far too much conventionality and routine in the more ordinary bijouterie of everyday wear; and we might from these sections alone acquire many novelties in the setting of gems, pearls, and pebbles, as well as gain many advantages over the arbitrary whims of an unguided, although it may be a cultivated, mind. Not only might the real be thus improved by adopting the mathematical solids or

tracery thus suggested, but there are numerous articles of mock jewellery in which shells, fictitious agates, and inferior cameos, are largely used, the designers for which might be advantageously employed for a season by the sea-side, where their eyes would become accustomed to the sober olive of the weeds; and it might be found that a bronze setting would not only be more truthful, but more useful and chaste than the hypocritical gilt surface, that reveals at every touch the baser metal beneath. And here, with these few words of explanation and suggestion, for the present we leave this unworked vein,—merely adding that the longitudinal sections are as fanciful as the transverse, and in viewing the latter we may oftentimes imagine we are examining fairy ribands and laces of the most delicate texture.

But however complicated the combinations of the cellular and vascular tissues become as we ascend in the scale of creation, the development of forms and tints in every natural object are as dependent upon fixed laws as the beauty and colouring of a picture on the skill and innate genius of the artist. Few artists, however, if any, work by rule; in their studies they attain instinctively, as it were, a conceptive knowledge of the beautiful; they find Nature ever varying, and they find variety the source of beauty; they find that an object composed of lines contrasts pleasantly with circles; that the upraised hands of a speaker should be opposed by the folded arms of the listeners,—the energetic by the prostrate; and so they go on, acquiring a science by perception, of which the more ethereal portion has never yet been reduced to written rules, and is so subtle, that perhaps it never will be. That designers work more usually by their innate taste and manual skill is evinced by the many elegant absurdities that one constantly meets. And now I would arrest the first objection that could be raised against the seaweeds as objects of design—their inapplicability on the ground of appropriateness. There is an appropriateness, the world will say, about flowers; they have a language of their own, in which they speak the rarest poetry; the saints of all the days of the year have their dedications of these gems of the fields; the nymphs of the forest and dell, the Naiades and mythological celestials, without end, have patronised them; besides, it is so natural to paper our walls with roses, to have garlands woven in our dresses; and our maidens only deck their hair with the artificial because the real will fade. What more proper than a plate of leaves for fruit, or a decanter ornamented with grapes? True! but what more absurd than a vase of cabbage-leaves, supported on the flourishing tails of twisted dolphins! or a jug composed of a gigantic egg, from which we pour the contents through the perforated body of a swan, with its neck immersed in a sturdy flag, and of such reversed proportions and of such diminutive size, that a whole flock might roost in the interior of the egg, without any of them experiencing that unpleasant inconvenience which nursery rhymes attribute to the old lady who lived in the shoe! These are broad absurdities, although the objects themselves are elegant, and of costly ware, thus showing at once that the grace of natural objects is dependent upon the laws of mathematical form, for there is nothing in the subjects we have noticed to interest—no hidden allusion—and all that is pleasing arises from the lines of contour. But there are more subtle misapplications, which ordinarily escape detection. Is it quite correct to bind the tendrils of the vine round the unpretending jugs which are dedicated to the pure fluid of the tectotalter, or those that are charged with foaming ale? to defend our butter with a belt of hissing snakes, or pass jets of sweet water through fountains of gigantic cockle-shells and marine monsters? And yet many of these things we constantly forgive; then surely we might extend some of that mercy, if they required it, to the seaweeds, which we do not withhold from reptiles, especially if it can be shown that they are available for more artistic purposes than for pretty picture-making in albums and herbaria, or for fancy baskets, with a hackneyed apologetic legend, in bazaars. It cannot be expected that the designer should carry on the laborious researches of the man of science, or make the delicate sections which the naturalist finds necessary for the determination of species, and the comprehension of the phenomena of structure and vitality; that he should have one eye for the microscope, and the other for his pencil; nor that



the philosopher should have all the accomplishments of the artist; but as the boundless universe is dependent upon everything that exists for its unity

and harmony, so Art cannot neglect even natural sciences with impunity, or at least every branch is capable of adding an expression or a charm. Pardon,

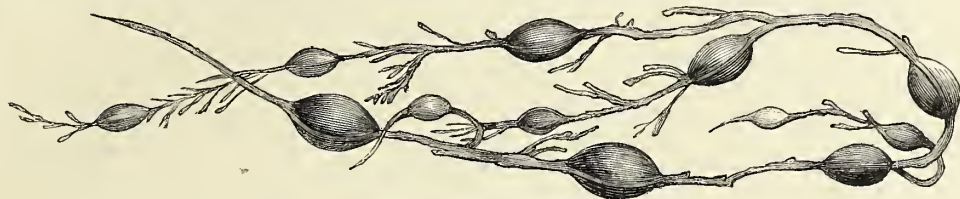


Fig. 11.—FUCUS NODOSUS.

therefore, the simple belief that even the rudiments

of a plant, are not unworthy of inspection for artistic purpose, and that they may suggest, if not actually exhibit, exquisite combinations of mathematical figures which are not inappropriate decorative ornaments for most varied purposes.

Along high-water mark, as high as the spray



Fig. 12.—ULVA LINZA.

of vegetable structure, and the section of a sea-weed



Fig. 13.—FUCUS SERRATUS.

bedews the rugged beds of stone, grow the green confervæ; within the tidal zone is the territory of the olive fuci; and the deep is the home of the red weeds, sometimes to be found at dead low-water, and even higher on the shore, in like manner as algæ of vivid green are traced to depths of thirty, forty, and even fifty fathoms; for although the rules hold



Fig. 14.—HALIDRYS SILIQUOSA.

generally good, there are exceptions—as it is said there must be to all rules, to prevent their becom-

ing axioms. Such, too, of olive, red, and green, is the artificial arrangement by which botanists have

classified the algæ, the colours and characters being sufficiently associated and distinctive for even scientific grouping.

We have glanced already at the species of lowest organisation, and as we cannot in this paper get by any possibility through a proper review of the three classes, and the ornamental forms they present, we will apply the remainder of our allotted space in giving one other instance of the applicability of sea-weeds as objects of design. A dozen collected at random, in our walk from the edge of the beach to the rim of the tide, would more than suffice for many different applications and manufactures; and the very commonest are equally valuable, and often better, than the rarest. Take, then, the first handful you can collect. Among the gatherings of such a pacing are sure to be found some very applicable forms, such as the *Ulva linza*, *Fucus nodosus*, *F. vesiculosus*, *F. serratus*, *Halidrys siliquosa*, *Dictyota dichotoma*, *Laminaria Phyllitis*, *L. digitata*, *L. saccharina*, &c.

It is not in the herbarium, not in drawings, not when dried and shrivelled, and black and contorted, that we can see the beauty of sea-weeds; such are no more than the bleared and withered mummies of Egyptian men to the fresh vigour of youth: it is while free and waving in the waters that we must search for the best elucidations of their habits and gracefulness. Years ago Ray wrote in his earnest and noble manner:—"Let us then consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands. Let us take notice of, and admire, his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them: no creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing besides man, and yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, or a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material—I mean natural history, and the works of creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so: I only wish that *this* might be brought into fashion among us. I wish men would be so equal and civil as not to disparage, deride, and villify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in; no knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul, in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seem to me insipid and jejune." How he would have rejoiced at the popular movement introduced by Mr. Mitchell at the Zoological Gardens, and so powerfully backed up by the other naturalists of the day; and what results would he not have predicted when, in walking through the mammon-tainted streets of the great metropolis, he passed dozens of shops for the sale of aquaria, vivaria, glass jars, syphons, prawns, mussels, anemonics, efts, and sticklebacks? All these, and many more living things, cannot be kept and nourished, watched and fed, without the spread of that knowledge which is known, and the acquirement of a vast deal that is new. Naturalists will no longer be able to write books on things they have never seen; and hasty jumpings to conclusions, and closet speculations, will be rarer as the chance of detection becomes the greater, and the spirit in which all true men of science do labour, and ever have done, is the more rightly appreciated. The Merry Monarch's little spaniel has its collar of red morocco, with its silver plate, and the imprisoned songster of a warmer clime is confined in a pretty cage. The love of natural history is not

the cherished *taste* of the poor—it is not bounded by the circumscribed limits of the middle ranks, who find in a glass jar of living objects from the pond or sea a refreshing pastime from the heavy cares of daily bread, and a cooling relief of the feverish anxieties of money-making; but the love of natural history lives in high places—delicate minds, whose susceptibilities have been heightened by every kind of culture, gaze with delight on the glittering armour of the scaly fish, and watch with interest the actions, motions, and habits of the thousand charming objects to be collected at any time in a single tide. Could not we give a little elegance to the trans-

parent homes to which we consign our new-made pets? Need we confine ourselves to bad glass and



tin fountains? Could not we use a little white marble and bronze with good effect, and bring our favourites into the drawing-room? Look at the festoons of fuci on the rugged rocks; have not worse things been chiselled and cast? and at that tall bundle of crisp *Laminaria Phyllitis*, as it stands erect in the transparent water. How charmingly a crystal vase would rest upon its slightly diverging crests, like the abacus on the leaves of a Corinthian pillar! how delicate the slight frillings of the margins of its translucent fronds!

Various other applications are at once suggested by the little group we have figured: such are mouldings, beadings, tracery, and cornices, and for the sculpture of mahogany and other dark woods; and in our progress through the more elaborate forms of sea-weeds, we shall find very much to admire as elegant and as applicable to manufactures and to the ornamentation of various objects,—often of opposite purposes.

### ART-TREASURES IN GREAT BRITAIN.\*

HOWEVER incredulous foreigners may have been, previously to the recent gathering at Manchester, as to the position of Art in this country, and the amount of Art-wealth it contains, that exhibition must have cancelled, in the mind of every enlightened and unprejudiced person who examined it, all doubtful feelings; it could not possibly have failed to satisfy them that England, great as she is confessedly in arms, science, industry, and intelligence, is also great in her appreciation, and liberal in the acquisition, of those productions of genius which it is the glory of nations to possess, and the pride of individuals to consider their own. But if no such exhibition as that at Manchester had been placed before us and them,—if pictures and sculptures, bronzes and carvings, had been suffered to remain hidden in their respective homes, scattered over the length and breadth of the islands, instead of being collected in imposing array under one roof,—still the appearance of four thick octavo volumes as a kind of *catalogue raisonné* of the works of Art found in Great Britain, would prove an unanswerable argument to all objectors. No higher compliment could be offered to our Art-treasures than that a distinguished foreign connoisseur, one who is an authority throughout Europe on such matters, should—as Dr. Waagen has done—devote a considerable part of several summers to examine and make his report of the pictorial and sculptured wealth that generation after generation has accumulated from abroad, and the monetary wealth of the country has created and fostered among us.

It was in 1838 that Dr. Waagen first appeared as a writer on this subject, in a work published in three small volumes, entitled “Works of Art and Artists in Great Britain;” it was chiefly founded on letters addressed to his wife, in 1835, when visiting this country, and with these letters were incorporated the contents of his journal. In 1854 he published his three larger volumes; yet, as he now remarks, “No sooner had these three somewhat bulky volumes appeared, than I was invited to visit collections and inspect pictures, of the existence of which I had previously been unawares.” Hence the need of a fourth, or supplemental volume—to permit him to record what had hitherto been left unnoticed, and to perfect a work which, so far as it was carried, had been most satisfactorily accomplished. “My visit to England in 1854, followed up by one in 1856, and another in 1857, enabled me to collect fresh materials, the abundance of which will astonish all who have hitherto taken interest in my researches.” We can readily believe that none have been more astonished than Dr. Waagen himself with the abundance and value of our “Art-treasures.” “In truth,” he says, “though I may justly lay claim to have done all in my power to make myself acquainted with the treasures of Art in this country, yet I am

well aware how far I am, even now, from having had cognizance of much that is worthy of notice; so that a follower in the same path, who may bring more knowledge and equal love to the task, will still reap a considerable harvest.”

This fourth volume consists partly of critical remarks on the additions to collections previously described, and partly is descriptive of collections Dr. Waagen had not seen on former occasions. It opens with some comments on the new arrangement of the sculpture in the British Museum, and on those works which he had omitted in his preceding volumes; many of the ivory carvings acquired by the exertions of Mr. Franks; the addition to the Collection of Miniatures, especially the Byzantine MS. in quarto, purchased, in 1853, at the sale of Mr. Borell’s collection—to this work several pages are devoted; the Italian, German, and Netherlandish drawings, and the German and Italian engravings, are all noticed. He then passes on to the more recent acquisitions made by the trustees of the National Gallery, including the legacies of Lord Colborne and Mr. Rogers, and the purchases of the “admirable works of the great Italian masters of the 15th century—Perugino, Mantegna, G. Bellini, &c. The author shows his appreciation of these pictures by his designation of them; of the Perugino altar-piece, purchased in 1856, of Duke Melzi, at Milan, he says:—“These pictures possess in the highest degree the feeling for beauty, purity, and earnestness, in which the essence of Perugino’s art may be said to consist—combined at the same time with a depth and warmth of colouring, a delicacy of modelling, and a carrying out of detail, such as is rarely met with in the works of this master. In both the side compartments, especially, the forms of the school peculiar to this master are developed with an animation which led both Rumhor and Passavant to believe that the hand of the youthful Raphael had been engaged upon them. I agree with them as to the co-operation of the great master, though inclined to assign to it a more definite limit,” &c. &c. From the National Gallery, Dr. Waagen proceeds to notice some new acquisitions of the Spanish and Italian Schools made by Lord Elcho; Lord Yarborough’s town collection; the additions to Mr. A. Barker’s Gallery; a large number of pictures in the possession of the Marquis of Hertford, some of them not noticed in the previous volumes, others recently acquired; the important additions made by Mr. T. Baring to his gallery, by the late Mr. Morrison, and by several other collectors.

Lord Overstoue’s gallery in London having been omitted in the former work, the foreign pictures in it are described at considerable length; a few only of the numerous English works which it contains are alluded to: this is followed by Lord Caledon’s gallery, Mr. H. St. John Mildmay’s, Mr. A. Roberts’s, Lord Wensleydale’s, Mr. E. Cheney’s, the Rev. C. H. Townshend’s, Mr. A. J. Beresford Hope’s, Mr. J. Tulloch’s, and Mr. Henderson’s, rich in water-colour drawings by Catermole.

The collection of pictures in Kensington Palace, formed by Prince Wallenstein, and purchased by the Prince Consort, come next under Dr. Waagen’s criticisms: our readers may remember that we described these works at some length two or three years ago.

There are few mansions within an hour’s ride by rail of the metropolis, which would so well repay the lover of art or of nature to visit, as Belvedere, near Erith, in Kent, the seat of Sir Culling Eardley. Dr. Waagen says no more than it deserves, when he writes,—“This is one of the most pleasing country-seats I have seen in England, which is no small praise in a land which surpasses all others in the number and beauty of its country residences.” The collection of pictures was formed principally towards the end of the last century, by Lord Eardley, father of the late baron, from whom Sir Culling inherited the property. The most notable painting in the gallery is a magnificent Murillo, “The Assumption of the Virgin.” Often, when a boy, has the writer of this brief article stood before this fine picture, gazing on it with admiration, though unable to define a single point of the beauty it possesses, or to tell why it made so marvellous an impression on his mind. Dr. Waagen speaks of it in the highest terms. The “Flight into Egypt,” by the same artist, and two portrait groups, by Vandyck, are among the gems of this comparatively small, but well-chosen, collection.

The pictures at Longford Castle, the seat of Lord Folkestone; at Somerley, the residence of the Earl of Normanton; at Kingston Lacy, the mansion of Mr. E. G. Bankes, of whose collection the author says, that he knows “no other in England containing so many valuable pictures of the Spanish school,”—are among the other principal collections visited and described by him in this volume. But there is also a very considerable number of which he writes that we have not space even to point out; in fact, the aggregate is so large, that did we not know to the contrary, it might be supposed he had exhausted the whole Art-treasury of the United Kingdom: certainly, the contents of this single volume will suffice to show, were we without other proof, that England is abundantly rich in pictorial wealth.

As we have already stated, this and the former volumes contain little else than a running comment upon the works brought under notice, except in some cases of very remarkable pictures; to write a lengthened critical examination appears never to have been the author’s intention, and, moreover, it must have extended his publication tenfold or twenty-fold. It would be unfair towards him to scan too closely the style in which it is written, the frequent repetition of terms, and the foreign idioms, almost untranslatable, which in their anglicised version are not very clear; the difficulty of describing a single gallery of paintings, without employing the same words and phrases again and again can only be known to those who have attempted; how far more difficult then is it to avoid repetition, when thousands of pictures are spoken of? As a matter of course, every educated or ignorant connoisseur will have his own opinion of whatever work of Art he examines; but there are few, it may be presumed, who would be disposed to differ, in the main, from the judgment pronounced by Dr. Waagen, or would refuse to consult his work for information on a subject which generally he has most faithfully executed. These volumes must, we think, prove indispensable to all who are interested in England’s “Art-Treasures,” to which it forms a valuable introduction.

### ART IN THE PROVINCES.

CHELTENHAM.—A conversazione, to which the friends and pupils of the Cheltenham School of Art, and the members of the Literary Institution, lent their joint assistance, was held in the rooms of the latter society on the evening of the 24th of November. The president of the evening was the Rev. C. H. Bromley, Principal of the Cheltenham Church of England Training School. The large room of the Institution was decorated with a number of paintings and drawings by the School of Art pupils, with engravings, photographs, &c.; and on the tables were stereoscopes, microscopes, with a mass of subjects and objects applicable to them, ivory carvings, scientific apparatus, &c., &c. During the evening, Mr. J. P. Knight, master of the School, read a paper on “Schools of Art;” and another, on “Photography in connexion with the Fine Arts,” was read by Mr. Pottinger.

MANCHESTER.—It is proposed to undertake a complete restoration of the Cathedral of this city, which, though not to be compared with some of the chief ecclesiastical edifices in many other bishoprics, is not without interest as a specimen of architecture. The sum required for the purpose is about £20,000, the whole of which there are a score of men in Manchester who might singly contribute, without causing him to feel much the poorer for his gift.

WARRINGTON.—Mr. G. Wyld, Government Inspector to the School of Art, paid his annual visit to the Warrington School during the last week in November. Since his last visit, the old and inconvenient premises in Academy Place have been exchanged for others in every way more commodious, and better adapted for the purposes of the institution. Mr. Wyld testified his sense of the attention of the pupils to their studies, and of their progress, by awarding twenty-six medals to them, thirty being the largest number that can be given to one school. Of the thirteen medals given to the male class, eleven were presented to working men and school apprentices; thus showing that the advantages offered by the school are received by those for whom they are more especially intended.

DUDLEY.—Mr. Wyld also visited the Dudley School in the month of November, and awarded nine medals to the students whom he considered worthy of such distinction.

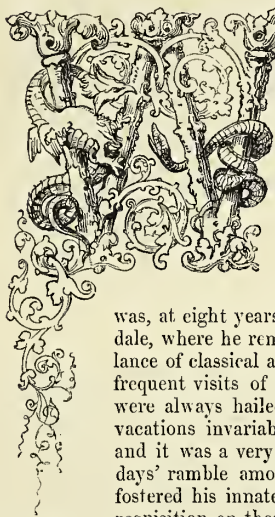
\* GALLERIES AND CABINETS OF ART OF GREAT BRITAIN: being an Account of more than Forty Collections of Paintings, Drawings, Sculptures, &c., visited in 1854 and 1856, and now for the first time described. By Dr. WAAGEN, Director of the Royal Galleries of Pictures, Berlin. Being a supplemental volume to the Treasures of Art in Great Britain, 3 volumes. Published by John Murray, London.



## BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXI.—WILLIAM LINTON.



WILLIAM LINTON is one of those landscape-painters to whom we are so greatly indebted for adding to our stock of information respecting foreign scenery, and especially of a land in which ages ago the Arts flourished in their highest perfection. He was born at Liverpool, towards the close of the last century, but, when yet an infant, was removed to Lancaster, in the more immediate vicinity of his maternal relatives, whose domains were situated in the picturesque valley which ascends from the foot of Windermere Lake.

After the usual schooling of childhood, he was, at eight years of age, placed in a large academy near Rochdale, where he remained upwards of six years under the surveillance of classical and mathematical "Dominies," relieved by the frequent visits of the drawing-master, whose days of attendance were always hailed with no common anticipation. Half-yearly vacations invariably found him at the old domicile in Lancaster, and it was a very rare occurrence for him not to secure a few days' ramble among the mountains of Windermere. Here was fostered his innate love of drawing; his pencil was in constant requisition on these excursions, as may be supposed, for the beautiful scenery of this locality could scarcely fail to call forth the imitative efforts

of the most incompetent tyro in landscape art.

At this period, however, no idea was entertained by the friends of the boy that his fondness for painting would grow into a life-ruling passion, or it would have been crushed at its commencement; for even at that distance of time, and among a community whose especial end and aim seem to be the accumulation of wealth, trade and commerce turned, as they do now still more frequently,

the scale against all other arts whose object is to satisfy the mind and please the imagination, rather than fill the purse.

Having completed his term at Rochdale, an additional course of instruction in mathematics was deemed needful, in order to complete his education; so he was dispatched into Westmoreland for six months, where a system of meagre diet and quadratic equations combined to give a more exquisite relish than ever he had before experienced to a study of the great volume of Nature, as it lay opened out in the lakes and mountains around. On his return to Lancaster his love for the Arts was stimulated by making the acquaintance of three resident artists: one a portrait-painter, who had been a schoolmaster, a worthy man, for whom young Linton entertained much respect, and whose great delight it was to talk about "Sir Joshua," that "paragon of painters" having allowed him the range of his studio in his youthful days; the second was a fidgetty, self-satisfied drawing-master, expert with both tongue and pencil, but of small artistic power; the third was a landscape-painter and cobbler, who, to considerable talent as an artist, added social qualities, united with intelligence, which gained him many friends among the more educated and wealthy of the community. From the two latter individuals Linton gained some useful knowledge in Art-matters. A year and a half having expired from the time he quitted school without anything having been determined upon relative to his future career, he was at length urged to decide upon some profession or business, and, moreover, with no very gentle hint that commerce was the field in which he was expected to labour. Finding all opposition to the wishes of his friends useless, he gave an unwilling assent to their desire, and submitted to be articled for five years to a mercantile house in Liverpool; but as the engagement offered no pecuniary advantage to the youth, he took the liberty of absenting himself, as often as he could make his escape, from the desk, and running to his easel, till at last he fairly broke away, leaving shipping and commerce behind, and returned, after losing four years of precious time, to Windermere valley, heartily weary of a calling for which certainly he was not fitted. During his residence in Liverpool, Linton was a frequent visitor at Ince, then the seat of Henry Blundell, Esq., but now the residence of Blundell Weld, Esq. In this capacious and beautiful mansion, besides a fine collection of sculptures, is a numerous assemblage of paintings, and among the latter very many examples of Richard Wilson. Some of these Linton carefully copied; their simplicity and breadth of style, combined with their truth and richness of colour, made a strong impression on his mind, and convinced him that to rival such works, Art must be pursued as a profession, and not as a mere amusement. The large Claudes at Holkar Hall, near Windermere, now the seat of the Earl of Burlington, contributed



Engraved by]

VENICE: L'ISOLA BURANO.

[Butterworth and Heath.

no less to confirm his enthusiasm for painting; while frequent sketching tours in North Wales, and among the scenery of the English lakes, tended still further to excite his love of Art. Once again at home in the Windermere valley, his old and more severe school studies were resumed and persevered in; nevertheless, the pencil ruled supreme, and had abundant materials for exercise in the vicinity of his abode.

Finding that no change of occupation, or of place, could overcome his attachment to painting, his friends permitted him to come up to London, and try his

fortune among his contemporaries. He commenced his career as an artist,—reaping, of course, the usual harvest of disappointments for a considerable period. The ground tilled by most painters requires many seasons of careful, wearisome husbandry ere it becomes productive, and it not unfrequently happens that the labourer gathers little of its fruits until he is himself almost ripe for the sickle of the last great reaper. Not very long after Linton's arrival in the metropolis, his new artistic acquaintances enforced on him the necessity of curbing his imaginative spirit by sketching from nature in oils.

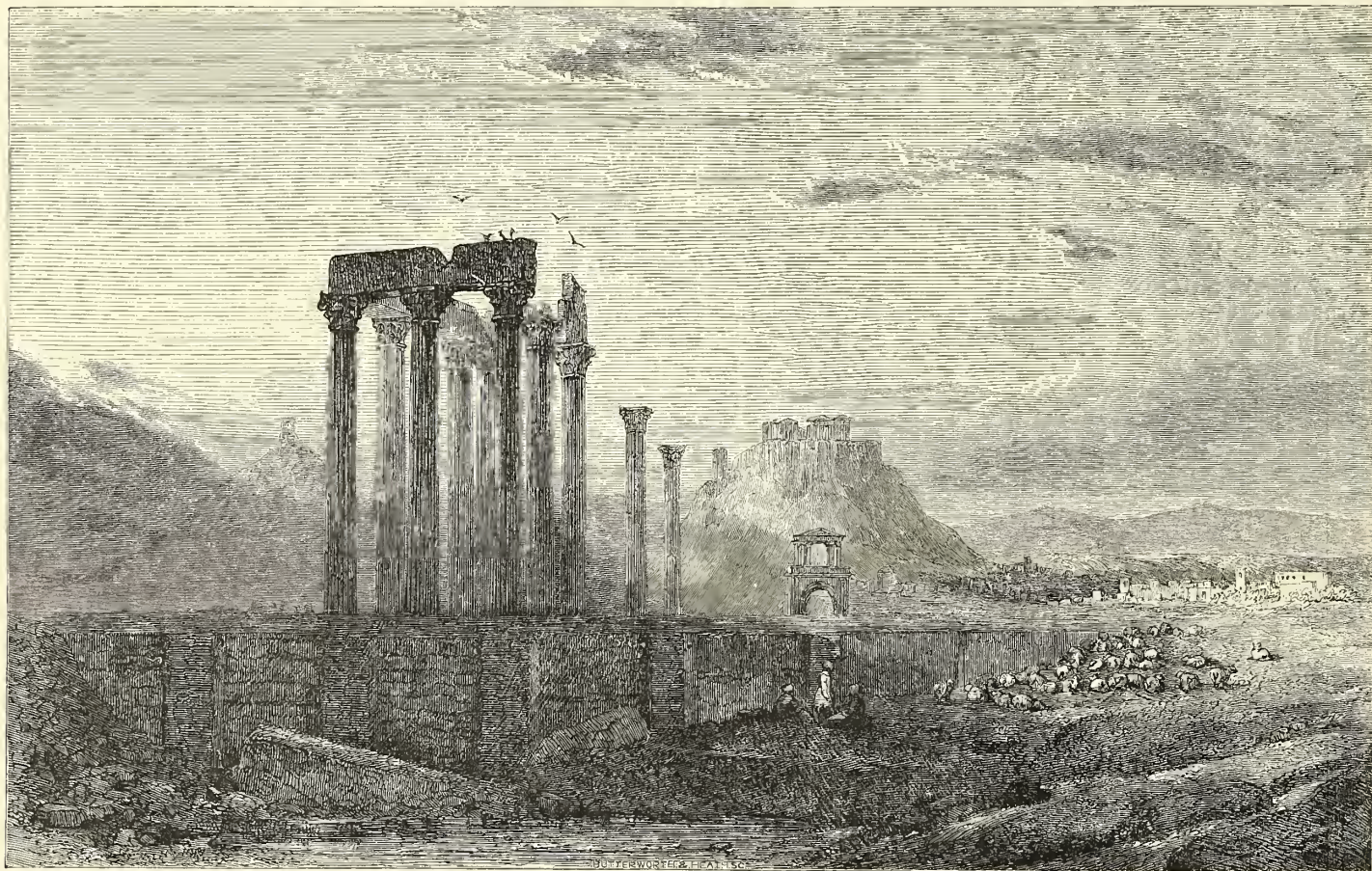


This practice soon found in him an ardent lover, so that he never went out into the country, or explored the suburban beauties of Hampstead Heath, without his palette and millboards. At the latter favourite place of resort with the artists of those days, several well-known painters were accustomed to assemble; and the "Bull and Bush," at North End, could boast for many a summer of catering for coteries, in which not only landscape students, but figure painters and sculptors, barristers and men of letters, with others interested in the Arts, were to be found in search of fresh air and relaxation. Hastings, the Isle of Wight, and the southern coast of England furnished the earlier years of Linton's *real* professional study with Art-materials; but Devonshire, in the rocky shore of a place whose name is similar to his own, was the scene of the first large picture which obtained notice,—*"The Morning after a Storm"* had an honourable position assigned to it in the north room of the British Institution: and was purchased by Mr. S. Berry, of Bolton-le-Sands. The date of its exhibition was the year 1820, or 1821.

One of the most active originators of the Society of British Artists was Mr. Linton. This institution was supported in its infancy by many of the promising young artists of the day—Roberts, Stanfield, and others. To the first exhibition of the society, in 1824, Linton sent a large picture of *"The Vale of Lonsdale,"* which was purchased by Sir William Fielden; and in 1825, the *"Vale and Lake of Keswick,"* bought by Mr. J. Hargreaves, of Accrington, and *"Delos,"* bought by Mr. Broadhurst, of St. John's Wood, at the instigation of our great Turner, as the purchaser told the

artist. This picture was the means of obtaining for Linton a commission for an *"Italian Scene"* from the Duke of Bedford, which is fixed, as a panel, over the fireplace in the room at Woburn Abbey dedicated to British artists: the *"Delos"* subject was repeated, with some difference in the composition, for the gallery of the painter's friend, Mr. J. Muspratt, of Seaforth Hall, Liverpool. About this time he was engaged by Lord Northwick to paint several views of scenery in his lordship's estates, Northwick Park and Harrow on the Hill: the subjects are not of a high pictorial character; the most effective picture is the view of Harrow, Lord Northwick's manor, from the fir-trees on Hampstead Heath. In 1826 he produced his large picture, *"An ancient Greek City, with the Return of a Victorious Armament,"* a fine poetical composition, the details of which show a thorough knowledge of Grecian customs, &c.; it was bought by Mr. Hick, of Bolton-le-Moors, and was engraved for *"Finden's Gallery of British Art."* Another picture, somewhat similar in character, *"Venus and Aeneas in sight of Carthage,"* was exhibited in 1828: it is the property of Mr. Dobson, of Bath. The Earl of Egremont purchased a third, painted about the same time, *"A Grecian Seaport—Evening,"* very beautifully engraved by E. Goodall for the *"Anniversary."*

Having familiarised himself with much of the most interesting scenery of his native country, Linton started on a continental tour, which included France, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland, and Italy; in the last country he remained fifteen months, working diligently, and filling his portfolio with a variety of sketches of its most remarkable scenery. There, too, he met daily,



Engraved by]

TEMPLE OF JUPITER: ATHENS.

[Butterworth and Heath.

for some time, a large party of distinguished artists, his fellow-countrymen, whose company helped to cheer the otherwise dreary nights of a short winter: among these artists was Turner, who, for once at least in his lifetime, threw aside his usual taciturn and reclusive habits, and became a social being. In the summer of 1829 Linton returned to England, and exhibited the following season *"A View of Naples and Vesuvius from the vicinity of Virgil's Tomb;"* it was succeeded in the next year by *"Civita Castellana."* Then followed *"Marius at Carthage,"* a picture that deservedly attracted great attention; it was the first work engraved, by J. T. Willmore, for *"Finden's Gallery of British Art."* *"Jerusalem at the Time of the Crucifixion"* appeared soon after; this was finely engraved, by Lupton, in mezzotint: singularly enough, the print was especially honoured by the heads of the Anglican and the Romish churches respectively, the first name on the list of subscribers being that of the late Archbishop of Canterbury, while Pope Gregory XVI. presented the painter with a case of silver medals. In 1839 he exhibited *"THE EMBARKATION OF THE GREEKS FOR THE TROJAN WAR,"* a very large picture, so truly classic in feeling that one can almost imagine the artist was an eye-witness of the imposing spectacle. The painting, with many others by this artist, is in the possession of Mrs. Fearenside, of Lancaster; we have introduced an engraving from it as an example of his ideal *"Grecian compositions."*

The compositions painted by Linton were not denied the advantages which a long course of sketching from nature enabled him to infuse into them, for the colouring was most anxiously built upon natural truth. It must be remembered that almost all the works of Claude, Poussin, and Salvator, which

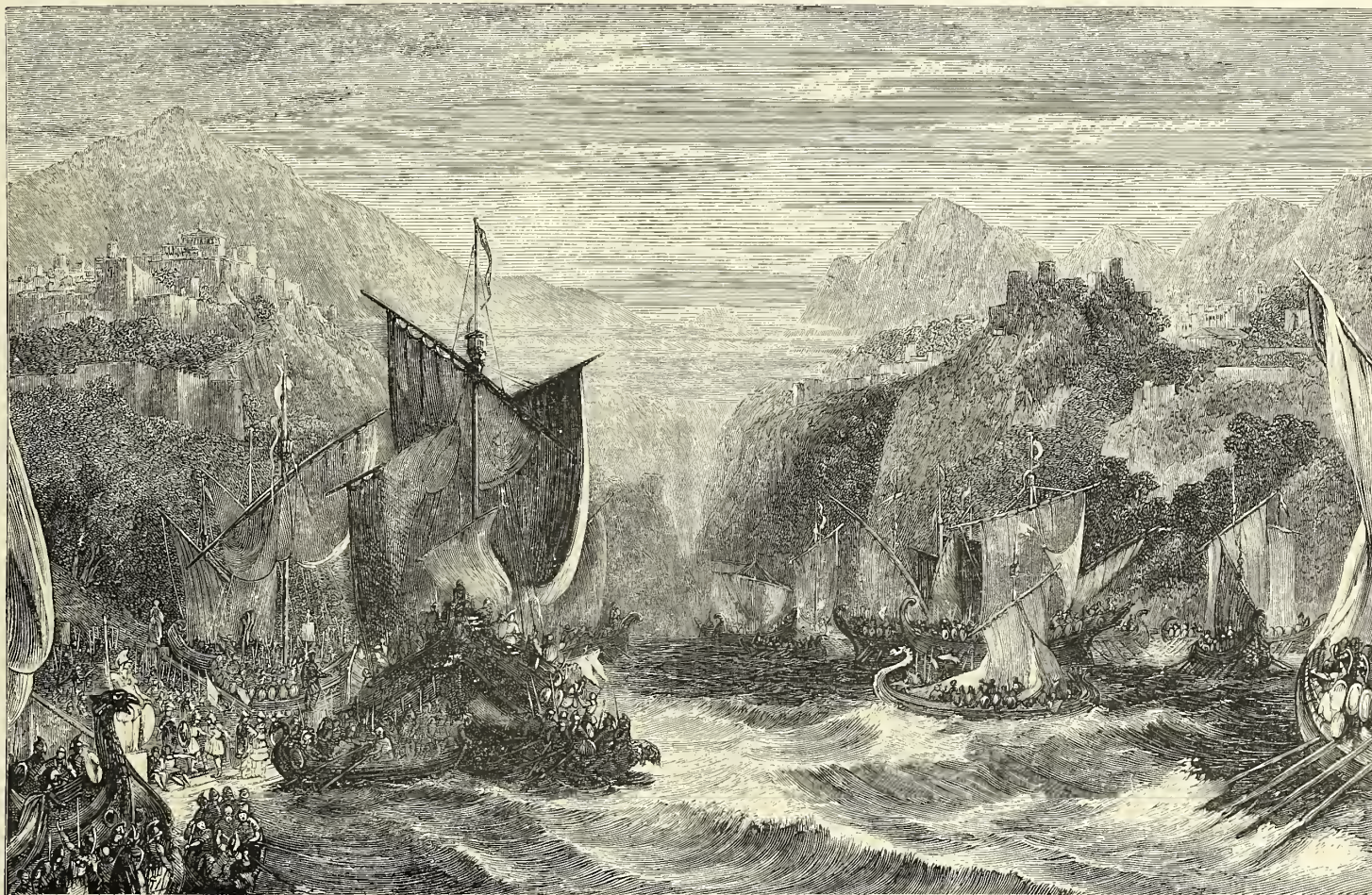
we possess, are compositions, or rearrangements, from sketches to suit some historical or poetical theme, united to colour strictly true and natural, otherwise the landscape student would only be throwing away his time in using them as models. Having formed his style on the study of these still pre-eminent painters, it was natural that he should desire to visit the countries wherein they had flourished, and wherein he had laid the scenes of his classical subjects. Accordingly he set out, in 1840, on a tour through Greece, Sicily, and Calabria, taking Italy in his route. Fifteen months were occupied on this journey, and between two and three hundred sketches, many of a large size, were the result of it. On his return to England, he opened a private exhibition of all his foreign sketches at the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, in Pall Mall; the exhibition attracted a large number of visitors, and was considered highly honourable to the artist. A third visit to Italy, in which he explored and sketched very many of the picturesque scenes between Nice and Spezia, engaged him for nearly twelve months in the years of 1843-4. When the exhibition of pictures was opened in Westminster Hall, in 1847, Linton sent his *"Greek Embarkation,"* together with a new large painting of the *"Temple of Paestum."* To the exhibition of the Royal Academy, the same year, he contributed the *"Lake of Orta,"* and *"Bellinzona:"* the latter picture was purchased by Mr. Arden, of Cavendish Square, and is referred to in our notice of this gentleman's collection, published in the October number of last year. Turner, when visiting Mr. Arden, was accustomed to speak in very complimentary terms of this work, and it may not be out of place to remark here that whatever failings or peculiarities Turner showed, the love of his art was so sincere



he would never seek to depreciate the merits of a brother landscape-painter under any circumstances, while he has been known to use, when on the hanging committee, every effort to secure to their works favourable positions.

It has already been stated that Linton took an active part in the establishment of the Society of British Artists, and in their gallery, in Suffolk Street, the larger number of his early pictures were exhibited, including his famous imaginary Greek compositions. The first picture, we believe, he exhibited at the Academy after his return from his Italian tour was a view of "Zagarolo, in the Campagna of Rome—Mount Soraete in the distance." An interval of seven years then elapsed, when he contributed "The Valley of Aosta, with Mont Blanc and Great St. Bernard." The first picture exhibited from his sketches in Greece was in 1841, a "View of Corinth." The year following he sent "The Temple and Acropolis of Corinth," and in 1843, six pictures, the largest number he ever exhibited at one time: they were, with one exception, Italian views. From this period only one year (1854) has passed over without some contribution to the annual exhibitions in Trafalgar Square, by far the larger majority of the landscapes being taken from his Italian sketches: now and then he has produced a picture of English scenery. At the British Institution, too, he has also been a regular exhibitor for very many years past:—"The Temple of Jupiter Olympus at Athens;" "Giornio, in the St. Gothard Pass," bought by a gentleman at Stourbridge; "Town and Rocks of Scilla, in Calabria," a picture with a wild evening effect,—it was painted for Mr. H. Bradley, a gentleman resident in Worcestershire; "Positano, on the Sorrentine promontory, in the Bay of

Salerno," a commission from the late Earl of Ellesmere; "Venice," painted for Mr. R. Stephenson, M.P.; "Aetna and Taormina, from the Theatre," a large picture commissioned by Mr. R. Ellison, of Sudbrooke, Lincolnshire; "The Temple of Minerva Medica;" "Temple of Female Fortune, with the Acqua Felice," purchased by the late Sir Robert Peel, and the last work he selected from the Academy exhibitions; "Venice," a large picture, bought as an Art-Union prize by Mr. Alderman Wire; "Mentone, in the Cornice Pass," a commission from Colonel Pennant, of Penrhyn Castle: all these paintings bear date prior to the year 1851. "Venice on a Gala Day—the Grand Canal," exhibited in the last-mentioned year, is a fine picture, full of life and incident, with the architectural beauties of the old "city of the sea-kings," most skilfully brought out: the prize of £50 was awarded to this work, when exhibited, after its appearance at the Academy, at the Manchester Royal Institution. In 1852 his contributions to the Academy were "Ruins near Empulum in the Apennines," and "The Foseari Palace, Venice;" in the following year a "Mountain Town in Calabria, with Brigands driving away a Herd of Bulls;" in 1855, "Ruins of the Castellum of the Julian Aqueduct, Rome," and a "Scene near the Mouth of the Po, on the Adriatic;" in 1856, "The Tiber, with the Church of St. Andrew the Apostle, and the Vatican;" and last year, a large view of "Derwentwater." There were two English subjects exhibited by this artist at the British Institution in 1856, which ought not to be omitted from this list; the one, "An old Sloop on the Sands of the Dee," the other, "Maryport, Cumberland;" each of these works, as well as the



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EMBARKATION OF THE GREEKS FOR THE TROJAN WAR.

[Butterworth and Heath.

"Derwentwater" picture just mentioned, shows that Linton's familiarity with, and love of, the scenery of Greece and Italy, have not incapacitated him from feeling and appreciating the picturesque beauty of his native landscapes.

In consequence, it may be presumed, of the attention which, as was generally known, Mr. Linton had paid to the chemistry of colours, he was appointed an Associate Juror of the Chemical Class in the Great Exhibition of 1851, for the examination of the colours exhibited there: and in 1853 he published a small work on "Ancient and Modern Colours, from the earliest periods to the present time, with their Chemical and Artistical Properties." The book received most favourable notices from the periodical publications of the time, our own among the number: we are glad of the opportunity to refer to it again, and to recommend it to any artist who may not have seen and studied it: it should be in the hands of every Art-student, more especially when, as now is the case, too many artists seem to paint as if they cared little what may be the fate of their pictures after the lapse of a few years: they appear to forget that their fame can only be coeval with their works, and that if these perish, so will the reputation of the men who produced them.

In 1856, Mr. Linton brought out a very beautiful illustrated book, "The Scenery of Greece and its Islands," containing fifty views, executed on steel by himself: a volume of singular interest and beauty in regard to its illustrations, and exhibiting in the accompanying letter-press a very considerable amount of classic knowledge: the author both writes and paints well.

The great charm of Linton's pictures is their unaffected truthfulness,—we are speaking now of his subjects from nature,—and the picturesque character which he gives to the most simple subject that invites his attention. When his pencil is busy with mountain scenery, it can assume a grandeur worthy of the occasion, without "o'erstepping the modesty of nature:" it never aims at producing those extraordinary effects that are so apt to gain the applause of the many who consider such a style of painting as "fine Art." His tone is firm and decided where such qualities are necessary, while his distances are represented with an aerial delicacy that few of his contemporaries can, or do, attain.

Were we in a position to form a picture-gallery of our own, we should undoubtedly select, as examples of this artist, his Grecian views in preference to others; not, however, because we consider them superior as works of Art, but because we feel more pleasure in contemplating those scenes of past glory and magnificence. Moreover, the painter seems most at home in these subjects; his mind is imbued with the immortal memories that cling to every foot of ground on which the Athenian, Spartan, and Theban have trodden; and he invests these pictures with the grandeur and dignity befitting the histories they recall. The large painting of the "Temple of Paestum," in the Westminster Hall Exhibition, is a fine specimen of this class of Linton's works. In his ideal compositions, such as the "Greek Armament," the "Caius Marius," the "Venus and Aeneas," he shows a poetical imagination, in harmony with the heroic verse of Homer and Virgil.







VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES  
OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.THE COLLECTION OF W. A. JOYCE, Esq.,  
TULSE HILL.

THIS collection—which consists entirely of works of the British school—has been formed of late years, and contains examples of the feeling and manner of a numerous catalogue of our most eminent painters. The pictures are, for the most part, small in size; but they have been selected with sound judgment by Mr. Bates, the landscape and marine-painter.

'Drawing for the Militia,' J. PHILIP.—This is the finished sketch for the picture which Mr. Philip exhibited now some years ago—before he remodelled his style according to the spirit of foreign subject-matter. It will be remembered as a humorous subject, similar in its point to another, 'A Country Fair,' painted about the same time.

'England,' T. CRESWICK, R.A., and R. ANSDALL.—This is the composition which was exhibited under this title in 1850. It is essentially rural, presenting a wide expanse of cultivated country, painted in part as if from the sunny fields of Surrey. Mr. Ansdall's portion of the labour is a team of well-conditioned plough-horses, with figures on which perhaps the brushes of both painters have met. The landscape is grey and airy, deriving mellowness and harmony from the opposition of these horses, a black collie, and a small society of very tame crows. It is most carefully worked throughout.

'From the Bourgeois Gentilhomme,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—The sketch for the picture painted by Frith from that scene in which Madame Jourdain surprises her husband at the *petit diner*, which he gives to the belle Marquise and the Count Dorante. It is small, and as an essay in colour perhaps more striking than any other production of the painter.

'Boy watching Butterflies,' H. LE JEUNE.—This little work must be remembered by all who have seen it. The subject is a simple, every-day incident—a boy seated under a hedge, for the purpose of scaring the birds from the corn, has his attention attracted by the playful sallies of a couple of butterflies, at which he is just upon the point of throwing his hat. It is most captivating in colour.

'Penelope awaiting the return of Ulysses,' W. ETTY.—A nude study, presenting the figure in profile seated on a rock on the sea-shore. The flesh-tints—in the management of which ETTY was equal to the best of the elder or younger masters—are broad, clear, natural, and therefore simple; and the figure altogether, round and substantial.

'Lago di Garda by Moonlight,' J. HOLLAND.—A small picture, and of course low in tone, but infinitely rich in colour, strongly reminding the observer of Titian and the most luxurious of the Venetian masters. The existence of the *locale* is forgotten in the enchanting sweetness of a representation which seems to be a remembrance of the unreal scenery of a poet's dream.

'Labour,' G. SMITH.—A single figure, that of a boy studying his lesson. It is one of a pair, of which the other is called 'Rest,' wherein we find the same boy, who has fallen asleep. Both pictures are interesting from their truth and the perfection of their manipulation.

'Griselda,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A.—The sketch for the large work now in the possession of Mr. Mann, and showing Griselda being attired for her marriage with the Marquis.

'Italian Lovers,' A. ELMORE, R.A.—Two half figures in costume which may be referred to the 14th or 15th century. Both figures are remarkable for pointed and earnest expression.

'Cromwell discovers his Daughter receiving the Addresses of his Chaplain,' A. L. EGG, A.R.A.—The hero of the story is Jerry White, who is discovered by the Protector on his knees, kissing the hand of Lady Anne Cromwell. The story is pointedly told.

'The Lace-maker,' D. W. DEANE.—A dark, but effective picture.

'The Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle,' C. BAXTER.—A composition of three figures painted with the artist's usual excellence.

'Ehrenbreitstein,' H. BRIGHT.—Painted in 1842.

'The Fern-cutter's Daughter,' F. TAYLER.—A study in oil, very much more carefully wrought than the water-colour works of the artist. A pen-

dant to this is entitled 'The Gamekeeper's Daughter,' by the same hand.

'The Brook,' J. LINNELL.—This picture, which has never been exhibited, was painted in 1851, from material somewhere near Bayswater, and in the best manner of the artist.

'The Student,' J. SANT.—A study of the head and bust of a girl reading: very earnest in expression.

'Roveredo,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—This is the small version of a subject painted and exhibited about six years ago.

'All Fours,' W. HUNT.—The subject consists of two boys playing cards: the group is treated with all the artist's accustomed humour.

'Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—A subject most congenial to the taste and feeling of this painter, next to his marine material. The buildings are picturesque, and very effectively placed on the left of the composition, which on the right opens to the mountainous scenery by which the lake is encompassed. The picture, which is small, was painted in 1854.

'Sion, Canton Valais,' G. STANFIELD.—This picture is minutely finished, with a prevalence of grey and sober tints. The subject is one which is indebted for the attraction of its rendering to the earnestness with which it has been brought forward.

'On Hampstead Heath,' A. CLINT.—This locality—the essay-ground of all London landscape-painters—affords an endless variety of combination, and should it ever be inclosed, the loss will be irreparable to artists residing in the metropolis.

'A Fresh Breeze on the Maes,' J. J. WILSON.—A small picture exemplifying satisfactorily the facile handling and simple treatment resorted to for effect. The proposition of the title is well sustained.

'Entrance to Sunderland Harbour,' G. CHAMBERS.—This picture is dark, inasmuch that but little of the known circumstance of the place is presented. The principal object is a collier brig, which is going out, or, it may be, in. The work is very freely painted,—so much so, that it has probably been either sketched on the spot, or recorded on canvas immediately after having witnessed the effect.

'The course of the Adige between Trent and Verona,' J. V. DE FLEURY.—A small version of the subject, grey and full of atmosphere. The scene is extremely attractive, and the artist has brought it forward with much sweetness and natural truth.

'Nant Mill, North Wales,' J. B. PYNE.—This is the pendant to the preceding picture. It was painted in 1847, and is, consequently, more substantive in character than the more recent works of Mr. Pyne.

'The Holy Well,' J. TOPHAM.—This is one of the few oil pictures we have seen by this artist. Sometimes the transition from water-colour execution to oil-painting extinguishes those little individualities by which we recognise the painter in the thinner material; but here there is the same breadth and personal point which occur in Mr. Topham's water-colour works.

'The Young Maiden's Reverie,' H. O'NEIL.—A small figure presented in profile; she is seated at the foot of a tree, in an open landscape composition.

'The Lesson,' G. SMITH.—This was, we believe, one of the earlier works which assisted in founding the reputation of the painter. The scene is a humble interior, in which appears a girl who, while tending the cradle of a sleeping child, instructs her little sister. Every object in the composition is rendered with the most scrupulous fidelity.

'On Wimbledon Common,' J. V. DE FLEURY.—A small picture, characterised by a reality of definition which suggests that it has been painted on the spot.

'The Balcony,' A. E. CHALON, R.A.—This is the best of the oil pictures we have ever seen by Mr. Chalon. The figures are carefully drawn and harmoniously coloured.

'Gipsies,' O. OAKLEY.—Substantial, characteristic, and well drawn.

'Fruit,' G. LANCE.—This is a water-colour drawing, powerful and very solid in manner—the only work of this class we have seen by the painter.

'The Howdah,' F. WYBURD.—Two female figures, remarkable for delicacy of colour and finesse of execution.

'Scheveling Beach,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.—The subject is so well known that we need not describe it. The interest centres in the boats and figures.

'The Lesson,' G. B. O'NEIL.—An interior with small figures.

'The Secret,' A. SOLOMON.—This is an episode from the picture painted some years since by this artist, entitled 'The Discipline of the Fan,'—a subject derived from the "Spectator."

'The Procession to Church,' G. CATTERMOLE.—This drawing was made about 1830; it is full of skilful manipulation, and is distinguished by more of veritable locality than more recent works.

'South Transept of Melrose Abbey,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—A drawing made in 1830 for engraving: very simple in colour.

'The Discipline of the Fan,' A. SOLOMON.—This is a small version of the subject—perhaps that which the artist painted to prove his composition.

'The Lesson,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—This work is in treatment very like a Dutch picture: the figures are an old woman and a child, who do not entirely harmonise; but the picture generally is of high merit.

'La Filatrice,' M. ANTHONY.—A study of a single figure: freely painted, with a fine feeling for colour.

'The Woodman's Return,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—A passage of cottage life painted in 1853; it remains as brilliant as when in the exhibition.

'Hark!' W. H. KNIGHT.—Another highly finished episode of humble life—the title being the exclamation of the cottager, who holds his watch to the ear of his wondering child.

'The Rustic Artist,' W. HEMSLEY.—The subject of study is a dog, which is sitting up in a chair. The artist has succeeded in representing most accurately what he has seen.

'Cattle,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.—These are two sheep, a goat, and a cow, more carefully painted than more recent pictures.

'Court-yard, near Naples,' T. UWINS, R.A.—An interesting example of the earlier manner of our school.

'Three different effects on the Thames,' G. WILLIAMS.—These are, moonlight, sunset, and a winter subject, all rendered with striking truth.

'The Rose of Grenada,' C. BAXTER.—A lady singing, accompanied by her guitar: sweet in expression, and beautiful in colour.

'The Bridal Wreath,' E. M. WARD, R.A.—This picture has not been exhibited: the subject is a figure removing the bridal wreath from her hair.

'By the doubtful Breeze alarmed,' W. E. FROST, A.R.A.—A small nude study, wrought with all the nicety of miniature.

'Near the Undercliff, Isle of Wight,' S. R. PERCY.—The subject is a gentle upland, rough with weeds and ferns, and closed by trees.

'A bit of Fun,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—The group consists of a girl with a pail of milk, accompanied by a child, and a kid which playfully rises on its hind legs: this was painted in 1841.

'Welsh Scenery,' F. HULME and H. B. WILLIS.—An extremely bright and effective passage of landscape art, containing a herd of cows, each individual of which is drawn with much accuracy.

'Wayside Gossip,' E. J. COBBETT.—This is a discourse between two Welsh girls, who have casually met in the course of their wayfaring. It was exhibited in the British Institution in 1852.

'Dover,' G. CHAMBERS.—A spirited view of this place from the sea.

'The Reprieve,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—An early picture, dated 1835.

'The Refectory,' S. A. HART, R.A.—This was exhibited in 1848: it is one of the artist's best productions.

'Shiplake Mill,' A. WILLIAMS.—The locality is at once determinable; the aspect of the sky is dark and menacing.

'Venice,' J. HOLLAND.—Much of the reputation of this painter is based upon his transcendently coloured Venetian essays.

'The Larder Invaded,' T. FAED.—This small picture, which is characterised by much of the feeling of Wilkie, was painted in 1849.

'Interior, Brittany,' E. A. GOODALL.—Most harmonious in colour.

'Spaniel,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This is an early picture, having been executed when Sir E. Landseer was about nineteen years of age.

'Wiltshire Interior,' A. PROVIS.—One of a series of studies distinguished by much originality of feeling.



'Near Hastings,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—This was painted about fifteen years ago: the subject, which declares itself at once, is assisted by boats, and a heaving sea. It has been engraved.

'The Pet Lamb,' W. COLLINS, R.A.—This is one of Collins's best works—deep in tone, but very carefully worked throughout. It is an early picture, and is well known from the engravings which have been executed from it.

'Nant Mill,' H. BODDINGTON.—Painted in 1847.

'Windsor Forest,' A. GILBERT.—There is much in this study to remind us of the earlier efforts of our school.

'Betws-y-Coed,' J. W. ALLEN.—Very like the place in its freshest aspect.

'Don Quixote and Sancho Panza,' G. COLE.—A dark picture of whimsical conception.

'Hardwick Hall, Derbyshire,' J. D. WINGFIELD.—This is apparently a very faithful representation: the details are at least circumstantial.

'St. Valery-sur-Mer,' W. E. BATES.—The view comprehends a breadth of coast and cliff on the left, with boats and other incidents brought forward under an afternoon effect.

'Reigate Heath,' C. SIMS.

'A Horse, Cows, Poultry, &c., the property of Mr. Joyce,' G. COLE.—These animals are effectively grouped, and very carefully drawn.

'Lavinia,' J. MARTIN.—A water-colour, exemplifying the feeling of the artist.

'On the Coast of Normandy,' S. PROUT.—A drawing in the best manner of the master.

'Lane near Streatham,' W. BENNETT.—A study of trees, extremely full and rich.

'The Fruit-Bearer,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—A study of a girl carrying a dish of fruit: an early picture.

'Mouth of the Rother,' J. WILSON.—This was painted about twenty years ago: the subject is treated for a high and broad effect.

'The Letter,' F. STONE, A.R.A.—This water-colour drawing was made when Mr. Stone was a member of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, and was purchased from the Bernal Collection.

'Lago Lugano,' G. HERRING.—A bright and harmonious picture, coinciding in feeling with the 'Bay of Lari,' by the same hand.

'Avenue in Marden Park, Kent,' J. WILSON.—A work full of that natural freshness which can only be communicated to pictures executed on the spot represented.

'On the Rhine,' H. BRIGHT.—A crayon sketch of great power, accompanied by another, 'On the Moselle.'

'Haymaking near Reigate,' C. DAVIDSON.—A water-colour drawing, accompanied by another, entitled 'Hay-field near Reigate.'

'Durham, from the South Side,' T. M. RICHARDSON.—Another water-colour drawing, presenting a view of the cathedral and the most striking features of the city.

'The Meal,' J. F. HERRING.—The subject is a horse, feeding on turnips, some pigeons, a lantern, &c.; and forming a pendant to this there is another by the same hand, of which 'sheep' are the subject.

'Coast Scene, Sussex,' W. SHAYER.

'Abbeville,' L. J. WOOD.—This is a richly-coloured version of the well-known cathedral; and a companion to this is formed by another subject from Abbeville, showing the Rue de la Poissonnière.

'The Minstrel,' J. WOOLMER.—A favourable example of the manner of this painter.

'Sheep and Donkeys,' W. F. KEYL.—The animals are most accurately drawn, and the whole composition is elaborately finished.

'On the Maes near Dort,' A. MONTAGUE.

'Wallenstein's Camp: The Thirty Years' War,' J. ZEITLER.—Full of picturesque forms; the best work we have seen by the artist.

'Old Bridge near Godalming, Surrey,' J. C. BENTLEY.

'Homeward Bound—off Dover,' G. CHAMBERS.—In this work is seen the rapid and decided manner of the artist, much of it having been apparently painted at once.

'Pegwell Bay,' W. E. BATES.—This view has been taken from a point immediately under the well-known shrimp-house, representing the place with perfect fidelity.

'Contentment,' A. RANKLEY.—The scene is a cottage, which contains an assembly rather numerous, a principal figure being what may be assumed

an Oxford gownsman—as an edifice, seen from the window, very much resembles Christ Church. It was painted in 1850, and is as careful as the best of Mr. Rankley's works.

'Whitby,' J. C. BENTLEY.—This is a water-colour drawing, forming a pendant to another, 'Near Whitby.'

'Spring,' G. DOUGLASS.—This has been engraved in some current publication; it is a composition of elegant taste.

'Near Windsor,' J. STARK.—A river subject, with pollards and other trees; eel-pots are also added to the auxiliary forms, the whole exhibiting unmistakable features of English river-side scenery.

'The Gipsy Mother,' C. DUKES.—A substantially painted and well-coloured picture, to which there is also a pendant by the same hand, entitled 'Courtship.'

'Old Mills near Antwerp,' J. P. PETTIT.—This is forcible in effect, and reminds us much of Bright.

'Cattle,' J. WILSON.—A class of subject which the artist has forsaken for marine scenery; although he paints these rural themes with more substantive reality than coast subjects.

'Evening—North Wales,' T. DANBY.—Warm, luminous, and silvery—equalling many of the best qualities of Calcott.

'Watering Place,' J. WILSON.—The materials of this composition are a cottage, a stream, with cattle and trees on the left, and a glimpse of upland, all brought together in a harmony of low tones.

'The Sound of the Shell,' E. H. BAILY, R.A.—This is a piece of sculpture, of which the subject is a child seated, and holding a sea-shell to his ear. The figure is elegant and classic, yet well qualified with the every-day nature which is familiar to us. To this there is a pendant by PAPWORTH, a 'Boy with a Bird's Nest.' These figures are of small life-size, a dimension by no means too large for a drawing-room: and we cannot help thinking that if the sculptors of our school would occupy themselves more with smaller works, they would serve themselves by promoting a taste for the art. We have given them on former occasions similar hints, feeling assured that, if acted upon, Art and artists would be benefited thereby.

## NEW IRON FOOT-BRIDGE

IN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

THE influence of official tradition is a very curious thing. In practice, it may be defined to be the science of perpetuating abuses; or, perhaps, by some persons it would be described as successful perseverance in doing things badly under difficulties,—the difficulties arising solely and exclusively from the superabundance of facilities for doing the said things well. This influence is exercised in various methods, and in every direction, so that it has become one of those recognised entities that we are in the habit of regarding as national institutions. Thus we are so habituated to the established system of producing public works "by authority," that it requires some performance of unusual enormity to excite our attention. Hence it is only on particular occasions that the operations of one by no means unimportant department of the public service obtain any share of public regard.

This department—the "Department of Works"—has been particularly active of late; but, as its energies have chiefly been expended upon certain competitions, with which it dealt after its own most approved fashion, and which have as yet resulted only in a useless and absurd expenditure of public money, why, as a matter of course, the excitement aroused by these competitions in due time died away, and so that matter rests. It is true, indeed, that certain rumours of Wellington Monuments in actual progress, and of Government Offices in some degree of preparation, have been floating about: all such rumours, however, are too vague at present to do more, as regards ourselves, than stimulate a watchful thoughtfulness respecting these subjects to still more anxious vigilance. One thing is certain—the department has not yet professedly and openly set to work, either to build the required offices, or to produce the expected monument. Had these great

works been actually in hand, it is probable that so comparatively trifling an affair as a new foot-bridge thrown across the ornamental water in St. James's Park would not have elicited more than a few words of passing notice. But, in the absence of works of greater magnitude, this bridge assumes an important character as being *the* new government production of the day, and our thoughts are not diverted from it into other channels.

We rejoice to be able to do full justice to this truly remarkable structure—that is to say, it is a matter for congratulation to us that nothing interferes with an attempt on our part to do it full justice—though we confess that we have misgivings as to our success. Who, for example, can adequately estimate the struggles which were necessary to prevent this bridge from being that light, elegant, and consistent specimen of our present skill in the working of iron, which every one would naturally have expected it to be? Or, who can trace out the successive transmutations by which an unknown number of bundles of red-tape were developed into the ponderous and unsightly mass of plain iron bars, that seem to have been put together for the express purpose of showing how badly a government work may be executed? A bridge at the spot where this unlucky blunder has been perpetrated has long been needed, and it now proves a great convenience to be able to cross the water at this point. Yet, when a bridge was in the first instance seriously proposed, the idea was by no means favourably received, because it was apprehended that even the lightest structure would have the effect of cutting in halves the ornamental water, and so causing a very serious injury to the beauty of the park. The objection was over-ruled on the plea of public convenience; and it was also argued that a bridge intended solely for foot-passengers, and not for the passage of artillery, might be almost a fairy fabric, and thus the continuity of the sheet of water would remain unbroken, and a beautiful (as well as eminently useful) object would be added to the scene. Any intimation of a doubt as to the Art-character of the proposed new bridge was silenced at once by a significant reference to Marlborough House and its "Department of Science and Art," which had not then been transferred to South Kensington.

The bridge was made accordingly. No expense was spared—it never is spared. The preparations were great, and the construction of the actual fabric occupied a considerable time. But, what has been the result? What has the "Science and Art" done for the "Public Works?" Mr. Skidmore, of Coventry, is showing in the new museum at Oxford with what admirable skill iron may be wrought after the most exquisite designs by a private individual,—to what higher degree of excellence has the Government attained in the iron bridge in the metropolitan park? In reply to such questions we are compelled to declare that, without any exception, this bridge is the most outrageous affair that even a department has ever succeeded in accomplishing. Ridiculously heavy, devoid alike of all taste and any pretension to design, exactly effecting, too, what ought to have been judiciously avoided, this bridge is formed of massive iron bars, which are flat and quite plain, and are set very closely together, crossing each other diagonally. The framework is equally ponderous, out of character, and—there is no other word—ugly. A stone wall would not have divided the water, or destroyed the view more effectually, and an object more unsightly in itself it would have been difficult indeed to have devised.

In sober sadness, we ask why is this? With such works as this bridge before our eyes, what are we to expect from the Government when it takes in hand operations of far greater importance? On the part of the public the inquiry is inevitable—"How could such a bridge have been built by a government which has at its command a special department of Science and Art?" A few more such "public works," and the inquiries of the public will be concerning the use of "departments" in general, and of the "Science and Art" department in particular.

It is humiliating enough to see a wretched intruder such as this bridge spoiling a beautiful park in the metropolis, but it is still worse to know that it has been produced at a great cost, and with what would seem to have been a resolute determination to set Art and propriety equally at defiance.



# NIÉPCE DE SAINT VICTOR'S DISCOVERY OF NEW AND REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPHIC PHENOMENA.

THE recently published discoveries of M. Niépce de St. Victor are certainly the most important which have been made since the discovery of photography itself. To the philosopher they are of the utmost importance; they will lead him to seek yet further into the conditions of radiant force, and they may probably compel him to adopt new views as to the actual state of light itself. To the artist and photographer they offer new and beautiful results, by which he may be enabled eventually to reproduce in darkness the images of objects which have once been exposed to the light. The importance, therefore, and the extreme novelty of the communication made by M. Chevreul to the Academy of Sciences, on the 16th of November, induces us to present, with as little delay as possible, the subject in full before the readers of the *Art-Journal*.

The conditions now determined are—that any body, after having been exposed to light, retains in darkness some impression of this light. M. Niépce remarks—“The phosphorescence and the fluorescence of bodies are well known, but I am not aware that any experiments have ever been made on the subject which I am about to describe.”

Expose to the direct rays of the sun, during a quarter of an hour at least, an engraving which has been kept many days in obscurity, and of which one-half has been covered by an opaque screen; then apply this engraving upon a very sensitive photographic paper, and, after twenty-four hours contact in darkness, we shall obtain, in black, a reproduction of the white parts of the engraving, which, in the process of insulation, has not been sheltered by the screen.

If the engraving has been kept for many days in profound darkness, and we then apply it upon sensitive paper, without having previously exposed it to light, it is not reproduced. Certain engravings which have been exposed to light are reproduced better than others, according to the nature of the paper; but all kinds of paper, even the filtering paper of Berzelius and the *papier de soie*, with or without a photographic design, and others, are reproduced more or less perfectly after exposure to light. Wood, ivory, parchment, and the living skin, are reproduced perfectly under the same circumstances; but metals, glass, and enamels, are not reproduced. If an engraving is exposed to the rays of the sun for a very long time, it is saturated with light: and the intensity of the impressions obtained by contact in darkness is so great, that M. Niépce hopes to arrive at a process by which, operating upon very sensitive papers,—as paper prepared with the iodide of silver, for example, or upon the dry collodion or albumen tablets, and developing the image with gallic or the pyrogallie acid,—to obtain proofs sufficiently vigorous to form an original, from which impressions may be taken. A new means for reproducing engravings will thus be secured.

It may be satisfactory to our photographic friends to give some of M. Niépce's experiments, as described by M. Chevreul.

If we interpose a plate of glass between the engraving and the sensitive paper, the whites of the engraving are no longer impressed upon it. The same interruption of the radiations takes place if we interpose a plate of mica, or a plate of rock-crystal, or of yellow glass stained with the oxide of uranium. We discover further that these substances arrest equally the impression of the phosphorescent rays when placed directly in front of the sensitive paper.

An engraving covered with a film of collodion or of gelatine is reproduced; but an engraving covered with a layer of varnish or of gum is not reproduced. An engraving placed at three millimetres distance from the sensitive paper is very well reproduced; and if the design is of a bold character, it will be reproduced at the distance of a centimetre.\* The impression is not, then, the result of action of contact, or of chemical action. A coloured engraving of many colours is reproduced very unequally; that is

to say, the colours imprint their image with different intensities, varying with their chemical nature; some producing an impression which is very visible, whilst others scarcely tint the sensitive paper.

It is similar with characters printed with different inks. Printer's ink, whether it be such as is used with type or for copper-plate printing, and the ordinary writing ink, formed of a solution of nutgalls and sulphate of iron, do not give images; while certain “English inks give impressions sufficiently strong.” Vitriol characters, traced upon a plate of varnished porcelain, or covered with enamel, are imprinted upon the sensitive paper without the porcelain itself leaving any trace of its presence; but a porcelain not covered with varnish or enamel, such as *biscuit china* or “la pâte de kaolin,” produces a slight impression.

If, after having exposed an engraving to the light during one hour, we apply it upon a white card which has remained in darkness during some days, and if, after having left the engraving in contact with the card during twenty-four hours at least, we put the card in its turn in contact with a leaf of sensitive paper, we shall have, after twenty-four hours of this new contact, a reproduction of the engraving; a little less visible, it is true, than if the engraving had been applied directly upon the sensitive paper, but yet distinct.

When a tablet of black marble, lightly strewn with white spots, after having been exposed to the light, is applied at once to a sensitive paper, the white parts of the marble only are imprinted upon the paper. Under the same conditions, a tablet of white chalk will produce a sensible impression, while a tablet of charcoal will produce no such effect. When a black and white feather has been exposed to the sun, and applied in darkness to a sensitive surface, the white parts alone imprint their image. The feather of a parrot—red, green, blue and black—has given scarcely any impression, acting as if the feather had been black. Certain colours, however, have left traces of a very feeble action.

Experiments have been made with textile fabrics of different natures and of various colours. The following are a few of the results:—

Cotton—White impressed the sensitive paper.

„ Brown (by madder and alumina). Nothing given.

„ Violet (by madder, alumina, and iron). Scarcely anything.

„ Red (by cochineal). Nothing.

„ Turkey Red (by madder and alum). Nothing.

„ Prussian Blue, upon white ground, is the blue which produces the best impression.

„ Blue (by indigo). Nothing.

„ Chamois (by peroxide of iron). No impression.

Linen, silk, and woollen cloths give equally different impressions, according to the chemical nature of the colours.

M. Niépce calls particular attention to the following experiment, which is, as he says, curious and important:—

We take a tube of metal—of tin-plate, for example, or of any other opaque substance—closed at one of its extremities, and cover the interior with paper or white card: the open end of the tube is exposed for about an hour to the direct rays of the sun. Then apply this open end to a sheet of sensitive paper, and preserve it in this state for twenty-four hours, when the circumference of the tube will have designed its image. More than this. If an engraving upon china paper is interposed between the tube and the sensitive paper we find the same reproduced. Reproduced, be it remembered, by the radiations which have been absorbed and re-developed from the interior of the tube. “If we close the tube hermetically as soon as we cease to expose it to the light, we shall preserve, during an indefinite time, the faculty of radiation, which the insulation has communicated, and we shall see that this is manifested by the impression produced when we apply the tube upon a sensitive paper, after having removed the cover by which the tube was closed.”

Niépce then informs us, that he has repeated upon images formed in the camera-obscura, similar experiments to those which he has made with the direct light. A piece of card which had been kept in darkness was placed in the camera-obscura for about

three hours, and on it was projected an image brilliantly illuminated by the sun. Then the card was applied to sensitive paper, and after twenty-four hours there was obtained a reproduction of the primitive image of the camera-obscura. There must be a long exposure to obtain an appreciable result.

It will be remembered that some few years since Professor Stokes drew attention to some peculiar conditions of light, to which he gave the name of *fluorescence*. M. Niépce has made several experiments with substances which possess this peculiar property. A design was traced upon a sheet of white paper with a solution of sulphate of quinine, one of the most fluorescent bodies: the paper was then exposed to the sun, and subsequently applied to the sensitive paper. The fluorescent parts were reproduced in black, much more intense than that of the paper upon which the design was formed. A plate of glass interposed between the design and the sensitive paper prevented any impression. A plate of glass, coloured yellow by the oxide of uranium, produced the same effect. If the design in sulphate of quinine has not been exposed to light, nothing is produced upon the sensitive paper. M. Niépce then tells us that a design traced with phosphorus upon paper will, without being exposed to light, impress very rapidly the sensitive paper. This impression is, beyond all doubt, due to the formation of phosphide of silver—it is a chemical change quite independent of the luminous effect, and has nothing in common with the other phenomena. He says, however, that the same effects are produced by fluide of lime, rendered phosphorescent by heat.

Such are the principal matters to which M. Niépce now directs attention; and if his results are confirmed by further experiments, they must materially change our views of luminous variations.

Many readers may possibly remember the experiments of M. Moser, which excited much attention at the time of their publication (1842), and to those it may appear that the results above described are of a similar character. It is important that the agreement and the differences between them should be pointed out. M. Ludwig Moser stated that light of a peculiar degree of refrangibility is absorbed by all bodies, and that they radiate it again in darkness. This expresses nearly the same facts as those now discovered by M. Niépce, but a second statement by the Königsberg professor separates the two sets of experiments widely from each other. Moser says—“If a surface has been touched in any particular parts by any body, it acquires the property of precipitating all vapours which adhere to it, or which combine chemically with it, on those spots, differently to what it does on the other untouched parts.”

These facts, and the experiments upon which they were founded, were published in two memoirs in Poggendorff's *Annalen*, under the titles of “Some Remarks on Invisible Light,” and “On the Power which Light possesses of becoming Latent.” These memoirs were afterwards translated, and published in the *Scientific Memoirs*, vol. iii., Part xi., February, 1843.

Having first stated the peculiar phenomena of the Daguerreotype process—in which the vapour of mercury is deposited on the silver along defined lines—he proceeds to show “that contact is capable of imitating the action of light.” Placing upon a plate of silver, stones, horn, glass, wood, and other similar bodies, Moser found, after contact for a short time, that they had all left traces of themselves on the metal, and that the images could be developed by the vapour of mercury. It was also shown by Moser that a mezzotint engraving would, if placed very near, but not touching an iodised silver plate, in the dark, produce eventually a copy of itself, which might be developed by the vapour of mercury. The author of this paper had, however, previously published in the *Philosophical Magazine*, for November and December, 1841, another process which appeared to explain the causes of the singular result: the following was the author's process:—A well-polished plate of copper is rubbed over with the nitrate of mercury, and then well washed, to remove any nitrate of copper which may be formed; when quite dry, a little mercury, taken up on soft leather or linen, is rubbed over it, and the surface worked to a perfect mirror. The engraving to be copied is to be placed smoothly over the mercurial surface, and a sheet or two of soft, clean paper being placed

\* The millimetre is 0.03937 of an English inch. The centimetre is 0.39371 of an English inch.



upon it, it is pressed into equal contact with the metal by a plate of glass or a flat board; and in this condition the arrangement is allowed to remain for some time. Then the plate of metal—the print being removed—is placed in a closed box prepared for generating the vapour of mercury. The vapour is to be slowly evolved, and in a few seconds the picture will begin to appear: the vapour of mercury attacks those parts which correspond to the white parts of the printed page or engraving, and gives a very faithful but a somewhat indistinct image. The plate is now removed from the mercurial box, and placed in one containing iodine, to the vapour of which it is exposed for a short time; it will soon be very evident that the iodine vapour attacks those parts which are free from mercurial vapour, blackening them: hence there results a perfectly black picture, contrasted with the grey ground formed by the mercurial vapour. (See "Researches on Light," second edition, p. 261.) To this process, being at that time convinced that the result was due to heat radiations, the author gave the name of Thermography. Though still convinced that a very large number of the results obtained by Moser were due to the power of the bodies employed to absorb and radiate heat, the author thinks it is not improbable that some of the phenomena observed may have been due to the conditions now developed by M. Niépce. However this may be, it is clear that the French photographer has opened out a most important line of investigation, and, without doubt, many of our younger philosophers will seize upon this new ground, and determine the problem as it relates to the *luminous*, the *calorific* or the *chemical* principles of the solar radiations.

One of the earliest investigators of the chemical solar radiations was M. Nicéphore Niépce, who was the uncle of the present investigator, M. Niépce de St. Victor. An exile from his country, M. N. Niépce continued his investigations at Kew; and, judging from the brief records which he has left behind him, he appears to have made some important additions to the sum of human knowledge. Amongst other statements which have been recorded, we find that M. Niépce said,—"The sunlight cannot fall upon any body without producing either a chemical or a molecular change; and that, during the hours of night and darkness, all bodies possessed the power of restoring themselves to the same condition in which they were previously to the destructive action of the sunshine." The results obtained by the nephew fully confirm the views of the uncle, and prove him to have been one of those far-seeing philosophers by whom the knowledge of natural truths are greatly advanced.

There has been, from the earliest period of chemical research, an impression that light was absorbed, and that important changes were due to that absorption. The alchemists taught that "*gold only differs from silver in being interpenetrated and pierced through with the sulphureous principle of the sun's rays.*" Consequently, following out this hypothesis, they exposed everything to solar action, and hence discovered the peculiar blackening of horn-silver (*luna cornea*), chloride of silver, and some other similar facts. Step by step we are advancing towards a correct knowledge of the influences of solar radiations on matter, and the researches of M. Niépce de St. Victor appear to teach us that the alchemical speculation was more philosophical than we have thought it to be. Here we have the evidence that certain bodies possess in a remarkable manner the property of absorbing the solar rays, and of emitting them again in darkness.

Now we must entertain one of two considerations, in which we must be guided by our preconceived notions of the nature of light. On the one hand, it may be supposed that a material element, *luminiferous ether*, has been absorbed, and that it is again radiated in darkness; on the other hand, it will be conceived that the luminous undulations establish in the bodies exposed to the sunshine *motions*, which, so far from returning to a state of rest when removed from the exciting cause, continue in this state of disturbance, and become new sources of radiant force.

The researches of M. Niépce clearly show that the three phenomena united in the sunbeam—heat, light and chemical power, *actinism*—are absorbed and radiated differently according to the physical condition of the surfaces upon which the solar radia-

tions fall. The laws regulating these absorptions and reflections have yet to be determined.

Within a few years, we have learnt that the moment a solar ray falls upon a chemically prepared tablet, a chemical change is set up; and hence we have the Daguerreotype, the calotype, the collodion, and all the other photographic processes. Pictures of the utmost beauty and unerring truth are produced in an exceedingly short time. Not only are we enabled to catch the play of the human countenance, and the varying aspects of light and shadow in a landscape, but the ever-changing and fleeting cloud is made to impress its own image; and ere the wave breaks in billows on the shore, its reflecting surface may be made to paint it on the tablet within the camera-obscura.

We have now advanced beyond this: engravings may be exposed for a short time to the sunshine, and become saturated with that principle which produces *chemical* (photographic) change. We have seen that this principle may be hermetically sealed up—that we may indeed bottle the solar rays, and employ them at some convenient time to produce pictures in actual darkness. We appear, indeed, to be advancing towards a proof of the correctness of the remarkable words of Dr. Taylor, who in his "Scheme of Scripture Divinity," in 1762, wrote that "light was a substance distinct from all other, existing in darkness, expanded through all things at all times (in a latent and invisible state), and rendered visible by being properly excited."

ROBERT HUNT.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A statue is being executed by M. Jules Cordier, for the principal square of Algiers; it represents "France—Christian, Civilized, and Warlike."—Among the paintings purchased at the last *salon*, by order of the Emperor, were, "Cæsar passing the Rubicon," by R. Boulanger, for the museum of Amiens; the "Salutation of the Muse," by Frillé, for the museum of Aix; the "Banks of the Rhone," by P. Flaudrin, for the museum of Lyons; and the "Battle of the Tchernaya," by Charpentier, for the museum of Versailles.—The Academy of Fine Arts has elected M. Achille Fould an honorary member.—A picture by Murillo, representing the "Prodigal Son," has been presented by the Queen of Spain to the Pope, who has sent in return a superb mosaic.—Mr. Louis Fould has presented the Academy of Inscriptions and *Belles Lettres* with 20,000 francs, which is to be given as a prize to the author or authors of a work entitled "History of the Arts of Design; their Origin, Progress, and Transmission to the various people of Antiquity, up to the Period of Pericles." The award to be made in the *séance* of 1860; foreign authors are admitted as candidates. The essays are to be delivered to the secretary of the Institute before the 1st of January, 1860, they must be written in French or Latin.—The colossal statue of "Ceres," found in the campagna of Ostia, is destined for the Louvre.—A new medal by M. Depaulis, on the capture of Sebastopol, has just been issued.

Moscow.—M. Ramazonoff, a Russian sculptor of celebrity, is engaged upon a monument to be erected in this city, to the memory of the late Emperor Nicholas. It will be ornamented with four bas-reliefs, representing important epochs in the history of the monarch; one, a scene in the revolt of 1830, when, rushing into the midst of a band of infuriated peasants, he frightened them into submission, by exclaiming, in a loud voice, "On your knees!" another bas-relief also represents an incident in the same outbreak; the third, Georgey, the Hungarian leader, capitulating to the Russians; and the fourth, the first arrival of the imperial family, by railway, in Moscow.

BERLIN.—Professor Kiss has been commissioned to execute six statues of Prussian generals, to replace the old figures which stand on the Wilhelmsplatz, at Berlin. These statues are portraits of Keith, Schwerin, Winterfeldt, Dessauer, Seidlitz, and Ziethen, who commanded in the Seven Years' War. Those of our readers who have visited Berlin will recollect that three of these figures appeared in Roman costume, but the whole will hereafter be seen in the military uniform of the period of their time.—Wredow's group of "Nike carrying the Dying Warrior to Heaven," in marble, has been placed on the Schloss Bridge: it is the eighth and last group intended for this structure.

JENA.—A statue of the Elector John Frederick of Saxony, will be erected here next summer; it has been cast at the iron-foundry of Lauchhammer.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE OPENING OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE.

C. Stanfield, R.A., Painter. T. A. Prior, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 8 ft. 0½ in. by 5 ft.

LONDON of fifty years ago, and London of the present day, are almost two different and distinct cities; so dissimilar are they that the staid citizen who, in close-curl'd wig, deep-lapell'd vest, and grey worsted stockings, perambulated the metropolis at the commencement of the century, would now, if alive and desirous of going "on 'Change," be scarcely able to find his way there, or indeed to know in what place he was at all. Improvements or accidents have removed all his old landmarks—highways have expanded, byways disappeared, churches been levelled with the ground, others, heretofore more than half concealed, are laid open to the gaze of the passenger; warehouses, externally gorgeous as palaces, have risen up everywhere; and shops, glittering with wealth exceeding a prince's ransom, would meet his astonished eyes at every turn he took, in lieu of the old, dark, and dingy edifices over whose doorways hung a golden lamb, or grasshopper, or "sign" of some sort, denoting the business carried on by the tenant. Bow Church and the Monument he would find much as he knew them at first, except that the former looks sprucer and more cleanly, and the latter has lost the inscription concerning which Pope wrote—

"London's huge column, pointing to the skies,  
Like a tall bully, lifts its head—and lies."

Yet the church and the column would only be recognisable in themselves; around each all is changed. "But where," asks the old citizen, "is the Exchange, and the newsvendors' shops, that seemed as if hewn out of the arches that formed the colonnade? where all the old inns at which I used to take coach for business or pleasure—the 'Saracen's Head,' 'Belle Sauvage,' 'Gerard's Hall,' 'Cross Keys,' 'Golden Cross'? what has become of them all? Where is St. Stephen's Chapel, in which I once heard Pitt and Fox in animated debate? What have you been doing to the Tower? I don't see the old Armoury: and where is London Bridge?" Such, and a score other similar remarks, would naturally be made by some octogenarian who had not visited the metropolis for half a century, or even less: he would find "old things have passed away, all things have become new;" the London of his youth is old London to us; and there is no surer sign of the restless, innovating, changing spirit of our times—restless for evil as well as for good, though not in matters to which reference is now especially made—than is exhibited by the works that the engineer, the architect, and the builder, are erecting everywhere around us.

Old London Bridge was not taken down till its removal became a necessity: independent of its condition through age (the foundations were laid in 1176), and the peculiarity of its structure as an impediment to navigation, its dimensions were too contracted for the living stream that, in the latter years of its existence, in annually increasing floods passed over it, and which the erection of other bridges scarcely tended to diminish. The foundation-stone of New London Bridge was laid on June 15, 1825; it was opened to the public August 1, 1831. The late Mr. Rennie designed, and partly carried out the structure, but it was completed by his sons George and Sir John, at the cost, including approaches, of £1,458,311 8s. 11¼d. these odd farthings have the appearance of very close calculation in a work of such a nature.

Mr. Stanfield's picture of the opening ceremony was a commission from the king, William IV., who ordered a boat to be at the service of the artist during the day: the view seems to have been sketched from the centre of the river, "above bridge," and on the Surrey side. There is quite a pageant on the bosom of the Thames; royal state barges, and civic state barges, and barges of all sorts and all colours, float around and beneath the new bridge, over which the procession of royal, noble, and official personages makes its first passage: it is an animated scene, skilfully placed by the artist on his canvas.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.





C. STANFORD R.A. PINT.

## THE CELEBRATION OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE

14 AM. THE QUEEN TO THE LONDON BRIDGE

—JAMES W. B. PINT.







## SECULAR AND DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE.\*

THE revival of Gothic architecture at the present day has been distinguished by several circumstances, all of which demand thoughtful consideration. Of these circumstances, not the least remarkable or the least characteristic are, on the one side, the efforts by which the movement has been sustained and carried forward, and the resistance, on the other side, that has striven to check, and, if possible, to put a stop to all farther advance. Of the efforts, it may be sufficient to remark that they have uniformly been earnest, quiet, serious, the result of deep thought—determined also, persevering, and not to be diverted from their purpose. Very different from this has been the resistance. Continually overthrown, it has continually sought for fresh ground upon which to form its plans and carry out its operations. At the first, the Revival was met with a comprehensive attack upon the entire range of Gothic Art. Signal failure, however, in this grand scheme for the complete discomfiture of the hostile style (as a style now living and at work), has since led to an altered order of battle, and one which has appeared to give promise of success. The Gothic has been admitted to be a good ecclesiastical style, perhaps the best style for erecting churches, with their adjuncts of schools and parsonage-houses; but for all secular and domestic purposes (except in the instances just specified), Gothic architecture has been pronounced absolutely unfit, and every proposition for adopting it, in the case of buildings of these two classes, has been ridiculed as nothing short of being absurd.

To those persons who would take only a superficial view of the subject of controversy, this might perhaps appear to be a plausible theory. There is something specious in the idea of a style of Art being devoted exclusively to ecclesiastical purposes; and it is easy to set forth certain essential distinctions between churches and all other public edifices, together with every variety of domestic buildings; nor does it require any peculiar brilliancy of genius to draw telling pictures of extreme instances in which it would appear a desecration to use the church-building style of architecture. And such views attract attention, and they exercise a certain amount of influence. It is, indeed, but very recently that any decided steps have been taken to counteract this system of reasoning. The Gothic, as it has risen up into energetic life amongst us, has been principally employed in the restoration of old churches and the erection of new ones. The greater number of the mediæval examples, which have remained to our own day, are churches; and hence the opinion has gained ground that the Gothic must be only an ecclesiastical style. But the true character of this great style is gradually becoming better appreciated through being gradually better understood. Men are beginning to see that Gothic architecture possesses qualities which enable it to adapt itself, as well to the special requirements of one class of buildings, as to those of any other: they are beginning to understand that a Gothic house, and a Gothic town-hall, and a Gothic church are three distinct creations of the same art,—all of them being alike true to the style, and yet each one characterised by an individuality and peculiar fitness of its own. And, moreover, the use of a separate style of architecture for ecclesiastical edifices alone, is found to be an absolute innovation in Art, and without any precedent in History. It is felt also to admit of a just comparison with that species of Christianity which is restricted by its professors to their Sundays, and left out altogether from the greater proportion of their lives. In these days men are but too much led to sever their religion from their ordinary occupations; and it would be, indeed, a practical recognition of such a severance, were it to become the rule that there should be no community of style even in the architecture of our houses of business and habitation and our houses of prayer. It is singular, however, to observe the tenacity with which the anti-Gothic party adhere to their position, as to the exclusively ecclesiastical character of the Gothic style. At the same time, it

must be confessed that in this, their favourite position, they have not hitherto experienced any very serious opposition. Little has been done, and less has been either said or written, in support of the universal applicability of the Gothic; and so the theory has gained strength that, in our own hands and in our own times, this great Art must be consecrated for the production of churches alone.

But, at length, a powerful blow has been delivered, upon this very point, from the front rank of the men of the movement. Mr. Scott has published a volume devoted to the subject of "Secular and Domestic Architecture, Present and Future," in which he deals with the entire question without reserve or hesitation, and, meeting his opponents at every turn in their own argument, he fairly inflicts upon them a complete and conclusive overthrow. Mr. Scott's book possesses these two important elements of success, in an eminent degree,—it is thoroughly well executed, and it appears at the very time in which such a book was urgently required. In a word, it is the right book at the right opportunity.

It is always a pleasant thing to find a professional man dealing with the practical details of his profession in a manner which is at once scientific and popular, which descends into technical details, and yet is both simple and attractive. This is by no means a process easily to be accomplished; but that it is practicable, Mr. Scott has given ample proof in the volume before us. The great value of the book consists in its strictly practical character; and it is equally true that its attractiveness results from the same quality. Mr. Scott takes into consideration the existing condition of what during the last century has passed for architecture in our secular and domestic buildings; he gives a masterly sketch of the Gothic revival, viewed in its bearing upon buildings of these classes; he enters fully into particulars respecting the materials of these buildings, with their leading features and characteristics, both external and internal, and their decorations; he distinguishes the peculiar requirements of buildings erected in the country from those of the same class in towns; he classifies public and commercial buildings and discusses their several specialities; and then having carefully and judiciously investigated the necessarily difficult subject of restorations, he sums up his work with a clear, earnest, and explicit consideration of the architecture of the future. As every person is in some degree interested in the general architecture of both the present and the future, we would urge upon our readers of all classes the careful perusal of Mr. Scott's volume. They may not be predisposed in favour of the style of which he is the able and consistent advocate; still, let them observe what he has to say in support of his own views. It is more than probable that they have never before heard the subject of secular and domestic architecture fully discussed—discussed, that is, as well in favour of the Gothic as a style for general adoption, as in opposition to it. In Mr. Scott's book they will find what there is on the side of Gothic art; and we are convinced that they will find more on that side than they had expected. They probably never have entertained any real affection or any genuine admiration for the domestic houses and public buildings commonly erected around them, nor have they felt that these buildings were calculated to convey any impressive illustration of the Art-knowledge and Art-feeling of the day; and, consequently, they may not be altogether indisposed to discover that in Gothic architecture there is something more worthy of our present state of civilisation and our present condition of knowledge. At all events, the most prejudiced opponent of the Gothic will find it difficult to maintain the ecclesiastical theory of the style, now that Mr. Scott has so thoroughly disposed of that fallacy. Nor will another favourite allegation of the anti-Gothic party be able to stand before the explicit and candid declarations of Mr. Scott,—that the revival of Gothic architecture is not (as has been objected to it) simply an antiquarian movement, that seeks to reproduce the obsolete edifices of ages long passed away. On the contrary, the fundamental principles on which the revival is based and carried on, have reference only to the noble and comprehensive spirit of early Art, and they require that the old style in its renewed capacity should be ever ready "to adapt itself to every change in the habits of society, to

embrace every new material or system of construction, and to adopt implicitly and naturally, and with hearty good-will, every invention or improvement, whether artistic, constructional, or directed to the increase of comfort and convenience."

To many persons who have been in doubt both as to the secular and domestic capabilities of Gothic architecture, and also as to the real sentiments on these points of the promoters of the Gothic revival, this book will be no less welcome than to those who will receive it in the fulness of the spirit in which it has been written. They will see in it a plain statement of facts, coupled with a clear development of principles. They may not adopt all its views, but they cannot fail to sympathise with Mr. Scott's warmest friends in admiring the ability and honesty of the book itself, and the manly candour and thorough earnestness of the writer.

## THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

IT is now some time since we noticed the progress of the Decorations; but although a considerable interval has elapsed, little has been effected in Fine Art; this, however, results from patent causes. It is understood that limited votes of money would be applied, not to the decorative, but to the substantial parts of the edifice. All the pedestals, however, in St. Stephen's Hall are filled, with one exception; the statue of William Pitt was placed about the end of November. And now that these are finished, we may say how much we rejoice that, one and all, they are as nearly personal identities as the sculptors could make them—allowing for certain refinements which the artists effect more in honour of themselves than as attributive to their subjects. There was a time, and that not very remote, when the sculpture of our school might have set before us some of these famous statesmen—

"Scant of attire—less than Mercury yclad,"

like the Johnsonian Hercules in St. Paul's; but we live in a time when the common-sense version prevails. It satisfied the sculptors of the 17th century to represent their subjects as Roman emperors, but artists of a later period placed their sitters among the nudities of the classic mythology. It would be an insult to the intelligence of the times to have represented John Hampden as a Roman patriot, and to make Lord Brougham a Solon or Cicero when his time comes for the immortality of marble. When the long-coated statue was placed on the column in the Place Vendôme, it was pronounced by the artists of that day a contemptible impertinence; but the principle has prevailed, and we wonder that even as late as the latter days of Chantrey, that such a work as the equestrian statue of George the Fourth, at Charing Cross, notwithstanding its many beauties, should have been accepted by any public commission. There is in all works of this order a dignity and earnestness, showing that, at least, the intention of the sculptor was personal resemblance. Many of us remember the series of national statues which, some years since, were placed on the bridge that leads across the Seine to the Chamber of Deputies in Paris, but which are now, we believe, removed to Versailles; in these statues generally, but in some particularly—as the Dugay Trouin—the dramatic sentiment was carried to excess, inasmuch as to give to the statue rather the colouring of romantic fiction than the semblance of a man who had been busy in the grave realities of life. When those works were commenced, now twenty-six years ago, the French school of history was but slowly recovering from the exhaustion of its classic orgasm, in the most extravagant theatrical essays of a more modern kind, notwithstanding the grave admonitions of the statue in the Place Vendôme. In comparing the first statues that were placed in St. Stephen's Hall with those of the more recent execution,—we mean those of Hampden, Lord Falkland, and a few others, with the figures of Fox, Grattan, and Pitt,—it is found that the sculptors have approached the impersonations of the earlier statesmen with a certain degree of timidity which is not apparent in the last statues. It would have been better that this were not felt, although the men of the 17th century were not so well painted as those of the 18th.

\* REMARKS ON SECULAR AND DOMESTIC ARCHITECTURE, PRESENT AND FUTURE. By George Gilbert Scott, A.R.A. London: John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1857.



The peculiar features of William Pitt are never to be mistaken; they are here very truthfully pronounced, although much refined by a delicacy of treatment which has been carried into the dress, perhaps inconsistently with the character of the man, for Pitt was not a beau. This minister lived at a time when the maxim of Chesterfield was in full force—"That every gentleman should dress in the morning for the day." We find him, therefore, wearing the ordinary coat of the period, for there was then no variety; the choice being that of the famous Cambridge horse-dealer, to whose narrow proposition there was no alternative. In the right hand is placed a scroll, and over the left arm is thrown a cloak, which, passing behind the figure, is ingeniously settled into a support for the statue. In a portrait-statue of Pitt we look for a firm status; we think that more resolution might have been given to the attitude with advantage, as allusive to the character of the man, and benefit to the statue as a work of Art; but witbal, the identity at once impresses any, even idle, observer, who may at any time have seen in portraiture these remarkable features. The impression sought to be conveyed by Baily in his statue of Fox is the very reverse of that which we receive in contemplating MacDowell's work. The figure is heavy, but yet the head looks too large. The action—that is, the uplifted right arm—is energetic and resolute; but the feeling is lost as soon as the eye passes down to the lower limbs, which are to a degree ponderous. We live in days not so remote from the time in which Charles James Fox flourished, but that persons of ordinary inquiry know his personal points; but the statue will occupy its present site for a long hereafter, and the sculptor should have addressed himself to those who, without inquiry, will, now from this statue, conceive Fox to have been a coarse and vulgar-minded man. Mr. MacDowell has attributed to Pitt too much exterior refinement: Mr. Baily allows Fox too little, although a man of eminently refined sentiment. The statue of Grattan, by Carew, is a felicitous effort. The relief communicated to the figure, the pose and expression, place him at once *en rapport* with the spectator, with whom he seems rather to converse than to be in the act of addressing the House. The dress is a successful study; it is judiciously broken by lines, and all these lines are probabilities, and mean something. A most impracticable thing is a new coat to deal with, either in painting or sculpture. Grattan was not, in the simplest sense, *studiosus rerum novarum*, and yet his dress is that of a gentleman. A few of the first of these works may be too pictorial, and it is extremely difficult to avoid such a result, as the materials from which the sculptors have worked have been but meagre and unsatisfactory. But the last works generally of the series must be considered as the men themselves, allowing for that increase of stature necessary to sculptural effect. When the twelve in St. Stephen's Hall are complete, we cannot stop here, there is yet much to be done.

To the frescoes we turn with pain, though not with disappointment; for as soon as even these corridors were built it was obvious that they were not suited to show pictures. For the Commons' corridor Mr. Ward has painted two subjects; one is the execution of Montrose in Edinburgh, the other "Alice Lisle sheltering the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor." We will not do these works the injustice to attempt to describe them, for the light is so insufficient that they are very indistinctly seen, especially the "Alice Lisle" subject. The execution of the latter is less obscured, but still the light is by no means that whereby works of Fine Art can be examined. We observe, however, that the pictures are movable; that is, they are executed upon frames prepared with mortar, and fitted into the spaces left for their reception; and we trust that their location here is only experimental, unless the windows of the corridor be enlarged, and the stained glass removed. In the Lords' corridor is placed Mr. Cope's picture—"The Embarkation of the Early Emigrants for New England." The composition of this is seen, perhaps, as well as Mr. Ward's Execution of Montrose; but we repeat that, in their present state, these corridors are not suited for pictures, they are worse than the Poets' Hall. Under the very intense colour of the stained-glass windows any picture would look feeble; indeed, it cannot be gainsaid that wherever, as yet, pictorial decoration has been tried in the Houses of Parliament, the light has signally failed.

## COLOURING STATUES.

THIS question, as usually discussed, is a double one, of which the first consideration is "Did the Greeks colour their statues?" the second "If they did, should we?" These, however, run so naturally into each other, that I shall make no effort to keep them distinct. In conclusion I purpose to submit a few remarks as to some modes in which I conceive that colour may, at the present day, be advantageously associated with statues.

In 1836, a committee was appointed to examine whether any evidences of colour remained on the Parthenaic marbles in the British Museum. The committee consisted of Mr. Hamilton, Sir Richard Westmacott, Sir Charles Eastlake, Dr. Faraday, Mr. Cockerell, Mr. Angell, Mr. Donaldson, and Mr. Sales. Before them the following evidence was adduced by Mr. Bracebridge, in a letter:—"In the winter of 1835-6, an excavation was made to the depth of twenty-five feet at the south-east angle of the Parthenon." There was discovered a great mass of architectural and sculptural refuse, and "many pieces of marble," and among these, fragments of triglyphs, of fluted columns, and of statues, particularly a female head. "These last-mentioned fragments were painted with the brightest red, blue, and yellow, or rather, vermillion, ultramarine, and straw-colour, which last may have faded in the earth." "These curious specimens are carefully preserved in the Acropolis, but much doubt is entertained of their retaining the brightness of their highly contrasted colours for any length of time." "The colours are laid on in thick coats." "The female face had the eyes and eyebrows painted." No mention, however, is made of any colour, or remains of colour, on the flesh.

As regards those sculptural remains from the same spot possessed by our Museum, the Report sums up in the following words:—"Upon consideration of all the facts in the preceding minutes, it appears to the committee that there remain no indications of colour artificially applied upon the surface of the statues and bas-reliefs—that is, upon the historical sculpture: that according to Dr. Faraday's opinion, those portions of the marbles, which from the tone and surface might be supposed to be the result of colour applied thereon, are the original surface of the marble, stained by the atmosphere, the presence of iron in the marble, or by some such natural cause."

It was stated, however, by Mr. Sarti, who was then engaged in taking moulds of the whole series of the Parthenaic marbles, "that the whole surface of the marbles had been twice washed over with soap leys, subsequently to their having been moulded on former occasions, as that or some other strong acid is necessary for the purpose of removing the soap which is originally put on the surface, in order to facilitate the removal of the plaster mould from the original. Dr. Faraday was of opinion that this circumstance was of itself sufficient to have removed every vestige of colour which might have existed originally on the surface of the marble."

The Report thus had left the question of colouring statues—as far as regards the Parthenaic remains in our possession—as it was, were it not for this appended note of the committee, relating to a fragment of the upper part of the head of Minerva, of which it thus speaks:—"This fragment alone may perhaps be considered as an exception to the previous statements, inasmuch as the hair appears to have a red tint, which becomes distinctly apparent on the application of water." In speaking of the Apollo in the Louvre, Quatremere de Quincy makes the same remark, only that in that case the tint extended almost all over the surface of the flesh, instead of the hair.

Now it is well known to sculptors that in the application of soap leys or soda to marble, which are efficacious in removing grease or any foreign substance or tint from the surface, that they sometimes leave a colouring effect of their own, and that after their use a faint ruddy tint is apt to arise on the surface of the marble, analogous to what would be produced by the use of a coat of vermillion, and then not thoroughly cleaning it off afterwards. As these preparations have been long used for cleaning marble, it therefore appears probable that their effect may occasionally have led to false conclusions. This

effect of these preparations is not, however, of constant occurrence. The cause of this irregularity of action is a question for the chemist.

The Report on the Parthenaic marbles goes on to say—"But although the statues and bas-reliefs of the Parthenon—at least those portions of them preserved in the Elgiu collection—do not afford any evidence of the use of colour, yet there is a constant repetition of small circular holes in the horses' heads and manes, and in one hand of each rider, showing that there had been originally bridles to the horses, 'probably of metal.' Similar holes for the purpose of affixing bracelets, buttons for the draperies, &c., are also to be observed in the fragments attributed to representations of Proserpine and the Hours, and one of the Fates. In the back of the Victory are holes for affixing her wings (probably of bronze gilt), and also in the head of Minerva, for attaching the helmet; and, what is still more obnoxious to our ideas, the sockets of the eyes are hollow, for the reception of enamel or gems, which have fallen out or been removed. The agis of the goddess in this pediment had also apparently some metal serpents attached to it by rivets. The above shows that although there may exist now no remains of colour on the surface of these marbles, that their effect in their original condition was by no means monochrom.

It appears strange that we should have so little direct information, nay, even so little collateral literary illustration in regard to the practice of the Greeks in this respect, with whose life Art—especially Art connected with the temples—was so intimately entwined. That there were at the time explicit treatises on a subject of so much interest as the modes in which colour was united to sculpture there can be no doubt; but unfortunately they are not among those which have come down to us. It more behoves us to be careful of those remnants of information which we still possess.

The subject of painting statues is thus incidentally introduced (Plato de Repub. lib. iv.) in the following rejoinder of Socrates:—"Just as if," he says, "when painting statues, a person should blame us for not placing the most beautiful colours on the most beautiful parts of the figure—inasmuch as the eyes, the most beautiful parts, are not painted purple but black: we should answer him by saying, 'Clever fellow, do not suppose we are to paint eyes so beautifully that they should not appear to be eyes.' Socrates was the son of a sculptor, and practised the art as a profession until he withdrew himself wholly to the subject of philosophy; and Plato lived in Athens, probably in intimacy with its great sculptors; and the word in the original, "*andrias*," without doubt signifies a statue, and not a picture on a flat surface, as has been suggested by some to whom the idea of painting statues was especially abhorrent. The passage evidently alludes to statues and the painting of them, and this about the time of Phidias, but it does not designate the class of statues, nor does it mention colouring the flesh. It is, however, the more to be remarked as it adverts to the imitation of nature in such works, in preference to mere decorative treatment, which there is good reason to believe extensively prevailed at that time, even, as we have seen, to the extent of putting gems and precious stones into the eyes. Taken in connection with other data on the subject of Greek Art, it would induce us to beware of the idea of Greek taste being absolutely fixed at any time on this subject, and would rather lead to the belief that various styles were followed in the association of colour with sculpture.

It is evident that at this period there was a great demand for statues for various purposes and situations, and it is probable that they were finished in a great variety of ways: some, probably, fully painted, in imitation of nature, some half painted, and some not painted at all. Besides these modes there was one that evidently widely prevailed, in which variety of material, not hidden by paint, did the part of colour. Such was indeed the activity of sculpture among the Greeks that all kinds of possible materials were pressed into the service. Besides marble, not only white but coloured, they used all the metals with which they were acquainted; also the more durable woods; also amber, and all the gems of a manageable nature. These were sometimes used in combination and sometimes separately, and it is but natural to suppose, in cases where valuable material was used, that the true surfaces were not



hidden by paint, where paint could not make them more beautiful or more precious; while we may well fancy that coarse stone or wood might be painted over even with a full opaque colour, without detriment, in as far as such materials would not lose by such treatment: but it is difficult to conceive that a Greek, especially a Greek artist, thrillingly sensitive to everything beautiful in creation, would ever wholly conceal the poetry of Parian marble by any artificial covering.

Pausanias, in his time, speaks of statues made of gypsum as being painted, or at any rate as being "ornamented with paint;" and the *Æginetan* statues, which are crude and archaic in character, had evidences of strong colour when discovered. The habit also prevailed of dressing in highly decorated garments the figures of divinities, as is done occasionally now with images on the continent. Altogether the association of colour with statues among the ancient Greeks is certain; but there appears to be no evidence whatever in any of the passages that have come down to us, of the flesh of any first-class statue, in marble, of ancient Greek art having been coloured, although Pausanias expressly describes a statue, of Bacchus, made of wood, which had all those portions not hidden by drapery painted vermilion.

Virgil, in the seventh eclogue, speaking of the statue of Diana, describes it as of marble with scarlet sandals; and, in an epigram, offers Venus a marble statue of Amor, the wings of which, he promises, shall be many-coloured, and the quiver painted: but there is no mention made of the flesh. This, however, alludes to works either made at Rome or for Romans, and does not bear direct reference to the purest style of Greek art.

But the most remarkable of all the quotations brought to bear on this subject is a passage from Pliny (lib. xxxv. cap. 2), in which he says, speaking of Nicias, that Praxiteles, when asked which of his marble works best satisfied him, replied, "Those which Nicias has had under his hands:" "so much," adds Pliny, "did he prize the finishing of Nicias"—"*Tantum circumlitioni ejus tribuebat.*"

Nicias was an encaustic painter, and the finishing he gave was probably therefore only in wax, and the word "*circumlitio*" by no means necessarily implies the going all over the surface, although it frequently signifies polishing. It might also, however, allude to decorations about the principal parts of the statue, as the borders of the draperies, adjuncts, ornaments, base, &c.; for let it be remarked that, in this case as well as others, no reference is made directly to the flesh, which is the chief charm of both sculpture and painting, and to the adjustment of the various tints of which, had Nicias performed this office, Praxiteles would probably have specially alluded.

It is well known that the Greeks delighted in oiling their bodies at times of festivity; and it is possible that in this case, as well as in others, alluded to by Plutarch, the marble might have had a similar shining surface given it by the means of wax; but it would not require an accomplished painter to do this. As regards, indeed, the whole of this celebrated passage, on which so much stress is laid by the advocates of colouring statues, it seems very possible that it is only the record of a chance graceful expression from the lips of Praxiteles in regard to his friend Nicias, addressed to a third person, evidencing the sculptor's kind-heartedness and modesty of character in praising his friend at expense of himself. When a phrase is *ad captandum*, down it often goes in the record of time, however false may be the general impression it may convey, especially after the lapse of years. Even in cases when truthful in itself, it may be stretched far beyond the original intention, and lead to eventual conclusions quite erroneous.

The most ardent advocate of colouring statues could not, one would think, extend his faith to the fullest extent of the words of Praxiteles, or conceive that the excellence of his work really depended on the "*circumlitio*" of encaustic paint, however much or however little it may have been applied. No doubt if any adjuncts of colour had been put on in bad taste, they would have had a very evil effect; and harm might by this method have been done much more easily than good could have been effected. Doubtless, also, whatever it was that was done by Nicias was well done, but that the intrinsic value of the work much depended on such

additions, is a very different matter. The story thus appears to me to have arisen from a graceful and amiable expression of the sculptor, and to be valuable not so much in throwing any real light on the colouring of Greek statues, as in evidencing the friendly feeling existing between the artists.

Difference of treatment in statues would naturally arise from the difference of the situation in which they were to be placed. When they were to stand alone, the sculptor would be comparatively left to himself, but in other cases, where his productions were but to form part of a whole, and especially where they were closely connected with architecture, it was requisite that the treatment of the statue should harmonise with the art with which it was combined. This may be well conceived, and led, doubtless, in connection with architecture, to the frequent introduction of variety of materials in one work, or of tinting parts of the material itself if uniform, even when the sculptor, as regarded his own art, would have preferred a simple surface. It is especially recorded of Phidias, that, although eventually overruled, he wished to have made his colossal Minerva, in the Parthenon, of marble, instead of in ivory and gold.

Temple Art, which formed the major portion of Art among the Greeks, was of course subservient to their creed; in this architecture and sculpture were usually reciprocal. Architecture subserved the precious statue of the divinity within, and sculpture in turn subserved the architecture in exterior decorations especially. Painting was applied to the surfaces of the work of both arts, either in spaces left free and flat on portions of the architecture for the purpose, or uniting together in one harmony the productions of the two sister muses, Architecture and Sculpture.

We are, I think, bound to admit this, as it is indicated not only by the evidences that remain, but by the principle of harmonious unity existing in Greek Art, viz., that, when colour was introduced on the columns, capitals, mouldings, cornices, and other parts of the buildings, the same style was in degree carried into the sculptural decorations. This, however, offers no precedent for the introduction of colour into the sculpture, when the associated members of architecture are left untouched, as has most strangely been done in some modern instances. Indeed, as may be remarked, such treatment is wholly at variance with the spirit of Greek Art, which aimed at unity.

Possessing in this country the inestimable relics of the sculpture of the Parthenon, one naturally recurs to the evidence, so near at hand, which they afford, that at any rate a monochrom effect in such enhancement of a building was not always adhered to; on which point the report of the committee on the Parthenaic marbles in the British Museum directly hears, inasmuch as it shows that metallic bridles and straps were affixed to the horses in the frieze, and that huttons, necklaces, and wings, were also affixed in metal, and by rivets, as also the helmet of Minerva; and even that the eyes of this figure had some foreign, probably brilliant, material introduced.

In accordance with this, that the architecture of the Parthenon was partly coloured—as it were picked out with colour in portions—there can be no doubt; but that it was more than so enhanced, and that the whole surface was coated over—which has been advanced by the most ultra of the polychromists, and which would point to a similar treatment in respect to the statues associated—we have every reason to disbelieve: indeed, there is no evidence on which to found such a supposition.

The subject, however, of the colouring of Greek sculpture—so much of it having been closely associated with architecture—is so closely connected with the colouring of the architecture, as not to be comprehended without it. Mr. Penrose's dissertations on the more delicate contours of Greek architecture, especially of the Parthenon, are well known; and there is a passage by this author, apropos of the discussion on the subject that took place in the Crystal Palace, so clear on this point that I cannot do better than quote it. "I have seen," he says, in speaking of the Parthenon, "no reason to alter my opinion that the surface of the marble played a considerable part in the general effect, and that it was not concealed with paint." "An extensive and careful examination of the Pentelic quarries by the

order of King Otho has shown that large blocks, such as were used in Athens, were very rare indeed. The distance also from the city is considerable; whereas there are quarries on Mount Hymettus, at little more than one-third of the distance (and most convenient for carriage), which furnish immense masses of dove-coloured marble (much prized, it would seem, by the Romans, Hor. ii. 18), and inferior in no respect but that of colour to the Pentelic. It could therefore only have been the intrinsic beauty of the latter material that led to its employment by so practical a people as the Athenians. With respect to the use of outline traced with a sharp point as a provision for re-paintings, its absence from the Doric *echinus* [at the summit of the shaft] is at least conclusive that there was no ornament painted on that member; for on no part of the architecture would the difficulty of reproducing the pattern have been greater. But since these outlines are found indifferently both on small and large mouldings, it seems a sound conclusion which limits the painted ornaments to the parts so outlined." Mr. Penrose further states that he thinks that the surfaces which were unpainted and unornamented, were yet "tinged or stained in some manner to the proper tone." He merely, however, gives this as his opinion: he adds—"It is unreasonable to suppose that the ancients entirely concealed, or even materially altered in appearance, the general surface of the white marble, which they made a great point of obtaining whenever possible; but that no one who has witnessed the painfully dazzling effect of fresh Pentelic marble, under the Athenian sun, will deny the artistic value of toning down the almost pure white of its polished surface, and the more so when considerable portions of the architecture were painted in the most positive colours."

This opinion of Mr. Penrose, from observations on the spot, has much weight, and appears to point not only to certain enhancements of colour throughout the building and its decorations, but also to the whole surface of the marble itself, where not coloured, being yet in some degree toned. Still, in the latter respect, it suggests no more than that the Athenians probably anticipated, by some slight stain or wash, that did not lessen the transparency of the material, the effect of time on the marble of their structures and of the sculpture—an idea in no degree abhorrent to modern views. Canova used to do the same thing, and tea, coffee, and rust water, and various other simple preparations, were tried by him and others for the same purpose.

From all the above, however, it does not appear probable that the Athenians could have done more than tone down in some degree the over-glittering effect of the fresh-hewn marble of his many temples, or more than pick out and enhance portions with positive colour. These temples were chiefly on the height of the Acropolis, and had they been covered with paint, would have lost that shining, celestial appearance which they must have had from the plain below, and to the returning mariner. The glistening of the marble in the sun must have made them look like true abodes of the gods,—an idea so in accordance with the fancy of the Athenian, that we may be sure the toning and painting of the exterior of the temples was not carried out to a degree to destroy this effect, but only to mellow it.

In the interior of the temples a larger portion of colour was probably used, although the clear portion of the marble might not have been so much tinged. Brighter contrasts were allowable where the direct light of day was absent. That is, the more the light was lessened by situation, and by other artificial means, the more painting was admissible as an adjunct to the architecture; and this is borne out by what scanty data on this point we possess with respect to the Parthenon. Thus it appears that there is no sign, as stated above, of any enhancement of paint on the *echinus* of the range of Doric columns that went all round the outside of the building, but that there is on the analogous caps and on the mouldings beneath the colonnade; and evidences remain of ornamental colour to a still greater degree on the compartments of the ceiling within the building, where the light was still further modified.

In following this view as regards the sculpture connected with these several portions, we are led to the impression that, firstly, those sculptures which were on the outside, as those in the tympana and the metopes, were very little treated with colour (which



was probably confined to the polychromic effect obtained in portions by the variety of materials, a little gilding here and there, and the backgrounds being of a faint blue; that, secondly, the frieze might be so somewhat more so, although the smaller scale of the parts, compared to the outside statues, would cause their appearing more decorated, even if they were done in a similar manner; and that, thirdly, the greatest degree of enhancement was reserved for the statues in the interior. The cruseo-elephantine statue of the Minerva, in the *penetralia*, was, as its name informs us, and as accounts specify, covered with ivory,—a material not superior to marble in imitation of flesh in itself, but far superior as a substance for receiving the enhancements of the most delicate colour. We know that both the Jupiter at Elis, and the Minerva of the Parthenon, and various other cruseo-elephantine representations of divinities in temples, were elaborately decorated with painting on the robes and accessories, and although there may be no distinct evidence of the flesh being painted to imitate nature, even in these cases, yet I am inclined to think that such a practice, carried out at least in degree, affords the sole satisfactory explanation of the use of ivory at all in such works; and this, notwithstanding my belief that the masterpieces of ancient Greek sculpture in marble were not in general coloured at all, for which I shall submit my reasons when considering the accounts we have of the Venus of Cnidos by Praxiteles.

We may not like the idea, and nothing can be more unworthy than to bow down to precedent, but there is no absurdity or presumption in believing the Greeks to have been wrong in this point, as there is more than one way of accounting for such treatment of the statues of their divinities, besides that of its being the pure result of their artistic taste; but both the data extant, and the principle perceptible in the gradations of their colouring reached in the building, from the exterior to the interior, lead to the idea that the divinity itself would be elaborated to the highest acme.

Ivory is certainly not a more beautiful material for the imitation of flesh than marble,—less so, probably it will be admitted, than Parian marble; and the mere idea of greater expense, as showing more respect to the gods, cannot be received as a sufficient reason for its adoption, especially as it was a most perishable substance in the way it was applied. But marble is not a suitable material for tinting, and ivory is. Surely the latter must have been adopted by the Greeks for some especial and substantive reason. All the relations of the questions appear to me to lead to the conclusion that these vast ivory idols, when covered with ivory, were so covered for the purpose of being tinted at least very nearly up to the hues of nature.

But even supposing that the natural tint of ivory were considered superior to that of marble for the representation of flesh, at any time it must have been to a very small degree preferred—not sufficient to counterbalance its perishing nature, and the extreme trouble and intricacy of its employment. That these were very great, is shown by Müller in Division 312 of his well-known work on Ancient Art. "In the studios of the ancients," he says, "with the tosenitic art was also connected working in ivory, which it was a favourite practice throughout antiquity to combine with gold in statues, as well as in all sorts of furniture. The ancients received from India, but especially from Africa, elephants' teeth of considerable size, by the splitting and bending of which—a lost art, but which certainly existed in antiquity—they could obtain plates of from 12 to 20 inches in breadth. In executing a statue, then, after the surface of the model was distributed in such a way as it could best be reproduced in these plates, the individual portions were accurately represented by sawing, planing, and filing the ivory (this material is too elastic to be wrought with the chisel), and afterwards joined together especially by the aid of isinglass over a kernel of wood and metal rods. The holding together of the pieces of ivory, however, required incessant care; moistening with oil contributed most to their preservation. The gold which represented hair and drapery was embossed and fixed on in thin plates."\*

JOHN BELL.

\* To be continued.

## THE LECTURES AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE very clear, comprehensive, and well-considered Introductory Lecture on the "Functions of the Department of Science and Art," by Mr. Cole, was followed, on the evening of the succeeding Monday (Nov. 23rd) by an equally able and appropriate address, by Mr. Redgrave, R.A., upon the "Gift of the Sheepshanks Collection, with a view to the Formation of a National Gallery of British Art." Mr. Redgrave gave an explicit statement of the views of the munificent donor of this most interesting collection of pictures and drawings; he pointed out the peculiar facilities with which the collection is available by the public for the purposes of examination and study; and he associated with graphic and eloquent encomiums upon various groups of the pictures given to the nation by Mr. Sheepshanks, some sound remarks upon the value of Art as a public teacher. The tone of Mr. Redgrave's lecture was eminently calculated to conciliate popular good-will to the South Kensington establishment; indeed, if Mr. Redgrave could but demonstrate that it is only half a mile from Charing Cross to South Kensington, he would not leave a single inch of ground upon which any adversary to the Kensington site for a National Gallery could take up a position. The want of a suitable *habitat* for the Turner and Vernon national bequests of pictures was touched upon with much effect; as was the absurdity of the existing system of admission to another national Art-gallery, that at Dulwich. Mr. Redgrave illustrated very happily the excellent qualities of the Kensington Gallery for showing the pictures, and he very judiciously did not claim any admiration for the architectural features of the building.

The next lecture of this opening course was by Dr. Lyon Playfair, and it was delivered on Nov. 30th. The subject, one of the utmost practical importance, was, "Scientific Institutions in Connexion with the Department of Science and Art." Popular Scientific Institutions, without any sort of connexion with any "Department" whatever, have been tried again and again, and but too generally they have been found wanting. Dr. Playfair entered manfully into the subject before him, dealing with it in its own most comprehensive range, analysing the great question of popular education of a superior quality, and setting forth with equal candour and earnestness his views with regard both to the value of such education to all classes of society, and to the duty of the State to aid in providing it. This lecture cannot fail to be read with interest, and it will assuredly excite much of thoughtful and also of hopeful reflection.

The next Monday evening (Dec. 7th) was devoted to the fourth lecture, on "The Central Training-School of Art," which was very appropriately delivered by Mr. Burchett, the head master of the school. Like those who had preceded him, Mr. Burchett spoke out strongly, without reserve, and to the purpose. He demonstrated the universal value of drawing, as well as its universal applicability: he showed how this faculty is capable of exercising both a direct and an indirect influence for good upon all who possess it: and then he entered at length upon the means which the Government has adopted for establishing Art-teaching as an element of all sound and complete popular education.

The fifth lecture of this first series was delivered on the evening of Monday, Dec. 14th, by Mr. J. C. Robinson: the subject was, "The Museum of Ornamental Art," of which Mr. Robinson is the keeper. The lecture was cast in the same mould with its predecessors, being earnest and practical. The value of ornament in all productions of the hands of man was well demonstrated, and the advantage of bringing the mind of the workman to bear upon his works was illustrated in a manner at once convincing and agreeable. Mr. Robinson, however, had a difficulty to contend with, which necessarily rendered his lecture but a comparative success; and this difficulty arose from the constitution of his Museum of Ornamental Art. It is very well as far as it goes, though even within its narrow range of Art it contains many objects which must be regarded rather as warnings than as models. Ornamental Art, or, as the more popular phrase is, Art-Manufacture, does not mean merely Renaissance productions: but the South

Kensington Museum is almost exclusively restricted to this period of Art. We do not now give any opinion upon the merits of this period as a model and an authority, though we have an opinion of our own on that subject: what we do urge is, that in claiming for a Museum of Art-Manufacture that deference which ought to be rendered to a National Institution, it is absolutely necessary that the museum in question should exemplify and illustrate various periods and styles of Art, should thus afford scope for a wide comparison between the productions of different eras and dissimilar systems, and should build up its own teaching upon the concentration of all that the past has transmitted of the noble, the beautiful, and the true.

The series of lectures will be concluded by Mr. Fergusson, who will treat of a "National Collection of Architectural Art."

These lectures, we trust, will be printed as a volume, adapted for general circulation, in addition to the able reports of them which appear periodically in the columns of our contemporaries, the *Builder* and the *Building News*. In the latter publication the lectures are printed *in extenso*.

## PICTURE SALES.

As a kind of prelude to the great performances of the season, Messrs. Foster sold at their rooms, in Pall-Mall, in the early part of last month, two small collections of English pictures. The first sale consisted of water-colour drawings only, by many artists favourably known in this branch of Art, as well as by several of our distinguished oil-painters. The highest prices realised were—"The Harbour at Rhodes," by MULLER, 40 gs.; "Plums," &c., W. HUNT, 34 gs.; "Apricots," &c., W. HUNT, 49 gs.; "Fruit," G. LANCE, 51 gs.; "Sheep in a Landscape," T. S. COOPER, 58 gs.; "College of Stonyhurst," and "The Chateau of La Belle Gabrielle," by TURNER, 130 gs. each.

The second sale, on December 9th, included pictures by MacIse, Creswick, Herbert, Webster, Mulready, Uwins, Frith, Sydney Cooper, F. Goodall, Etty, Hurlstone, Poole, Roberts, Cooke, Lance, Müller, Pye, F. Dauby, Linnell, T. Faed, J. Philip, Ansdell, Hering, Gröenland, &c. There were in all eighty lots, which realised a little under £5000. Whether the present state of monetary affairs influenced purchasers, or whether the dealers in modern Art are taking a more rational view than they have recently done of the fair value of such works, it is certain that the price of pictures is declining, unless they are of a very high order of merit. The paintings just sold by Messrs. Foster were, with a few exceptions, comparatively inferior examples of the artists whose names were appended to them, and were generally small in size. The principal lots were the following:—"The Cymbal-player," ETTY, 58 gs.; "Dead Stag and Eagles," ANSDELL, 50 gs.; "London from Greenwich Park," PYNE, a beautiful picture, 135 gs.; "Group of Sheep in a Shed," T. S. COOPER, 54 gs.; "The Amazon," ETTY, 75 gs.; "Fisherman's Dog in a Landscape," SIR E. LANDSEER, 72 gs.; "Ariadne," MACLISE, 140 gs.; "The Sunbeam," J. PHILIP, the Dog painted by ANSDELL, 115 gs.; "Rebecca," HERBERT, 56 gs.; "Highland Drovers, with Cattle, Sheep, &c., emerging from a Mountain Pass," T. S. COOPER, 135 gs.; "Twilight," MULLER, 63 gs.; "Fruit, a Wild Duck, Ivory Tankard," &c., LANCE, 125 gs.; "Twilight," ANTHONY, 77 gs.; "The Early Lesson," T. FAED, 84 gs.; "Dutch Pilots warping their Craft out of Harbour," E. W. COOKE, 152 gs.; "The Village Choir," the original sketch for the Sheepshanks picture, T. WEBSTER, 86 gs.; "Hampton Court in the Time of Charles I.," F. GOODALL, 270 gs.; "Group of Cattle in a Meadow," a fine composition, T. S. COOPER, 250 gs.; "Ruins of Elgin Cathedral," D. ROBERTS, 117 gs.; "Fruit and Flowers," GRÖENLAND, 150 gs.; "Gulf of Spezia," PYNE, 150 gs.; "Rest by the Way," POOLE, 135 gs.; "Cottage Piety," a very charming specimen of the pencil of an artist, T. FAED, whose works have now placed him in the highest ranks of modern genre-painters, 440 gs.; "Woodland," J. LINNELL, 220 gs.; "A Brawling Stream," CRESWICK, 100 gs.



## BURNS'S POEMS AND SONGS.\*

A BRIEF allusion was made last month to this publication: we are now enabled to go more into its details, and to offer examples of the illustrations. A complete edition of all Burns's poetry would not be such a book as one would desire to see on the drawing-room table of a well-regulated family: the publishers, feeling this, have very judiciously suppressed in this edition whatever they deem objectionable, so that it may now be opened and perused without any hazard of the eye lighting on some passage offensive to propriety. It is much to be regretted that one who could write so sweetly, so naturally, and often under an inspiration that seems to belong to a higher and holier sphere than our own, should, at the same time, so frequently have marred the beauty of his verse with unhallowed and pernicious thoughts, and still more frequently with vulgarities. However, we have here the "refined juice of the grapes," without the dregs. But it is our chief business to speak about the illustrations, fifty in number, drawn by C. W. Cope, R.A., Harrison Weir, Birket Foster, J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., J. Archer, R.S.A., S. Edmonston, G. Thomas, A. Johnston, J. Drummond, R.S.A., F. W. Topham; the ornaments and tail-pieces are designed by W. Harry Rogers.

Mr. Cope's four designs to the "Cotter's Saturday Night" are the least interesting in the book; they are in the hard, crude style of the German school: there is considerable feeling in them, but it is not agreeably expressed. Mr. Weir also contributes four subjects; the "Auld Farmer's New Year's Salutation to his auld mare Maggie" is capital; the farmer and his horse perfectly understand each other: the "Twa Dogs" is a gem of its class, admirable in drawing; this cut is exquisitely engraved by Mr. Greenaway. The "Water-fowl" are scared from a delicious little bit of reedy landscape; and the lines to a "Mountain Daisy" are preceded by a prettily arranged view, in which the poet's plough and pair of horses form prominent features.

Mr. Birket Foster contributes largely; there are eighteen designs from his pencil, each one of which is characterised by the usual taste of this poet-painter: our favourites are, "As I gae'd down the water-side," a bit of moonlight scenery, calm and soft as a summer night; a "Winter night," dark and gloomy; "Now, westlin' winds;" "The Rigs o' Barley," another moonlight; "Cassilis Banks;" "Bonnie Jean," introduced in this page; and "Flow gently, sweet Avon." Mr. Horsley has added four designs, the "Lament of Mary Queen of Scots," the "Lass o' Ballochmyle," "What can a young lassie," and "Phyllis the Fair;" all are very clever, but we should select the last two in preference to the others. There are seven subjects by Mr. Edmonston, of which we single out as especially worthy of commendation, "Man was made to mourn," and "Duncan Grey;" his two illustrations of "Hallowe'en" are full of honest, racy humour without vulgarity. Mr. Thomas has two; one of these, "Tam o' Shanter," appears on this page; the other is from the same poem, and shows how

"Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills of life victorious:"

both are sketched with a vigorous, ready pencil, and with a just appreciation of the character of the poet's fancy. Of Mr. Drummond's two designs, "Highland Mary," and "Bannockburn," the former is the more pleasing composition, looked at only as a work of Art: the latter is spirited and well drawn, but the lights are so scattered as to render the engraving comparatively ineffective. Mr. Archer's four contributions are good, but rather too bold and heavy for a work of this class: his illustrations are "Captain Grose's Peregrinations," "Death and Dr. Hornboock," "To Mary in Heaven," and "Lord Gregory;" the first and the last claim especial attention.

The four figure subjects by Mr. Johnston please us better than any others of a similar class in the volume; they are excellent in composition, very delicate in pencilling, and are treated altogether most artistically and effectively; they illustrate "When wild war's deadly blast was blown,"

"Whistle, and I'll come to you, my lad," "The Highland Widow's Lament,"—the gem of the volume among the figure-subjects, exquisitely pathetic in feeling, and beautifully engraved by H. J.



Linton,—and "Last May a braw wooer." Mr. Topham has but a single design, "The youthful, charming Chloe," and a very "charming" lassie she is; it is admirably engraved by J. Cooper. The



\* POEMS AND SONGS, by Robert Burns. Illustrated with numerous engravings. Published by Bell and Daldy, London; J. Menzies, Edinburgh.

other engravers to whom the designs have been committed are E. Evans, Bolton, Hammond, Wright, Harral, and W. Thomas; all have done full justice to themselves and the subjects of the artists.



ORIGINAL DESIGNS,  
AS SUGGESTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS, ETC.

WE have announced our intention to give, as often as circumstances enable us to do so usefully and with effect, a series of original designs, such as may be suggestive to manufacturers and producers in several departments of Art. Our readers will recollect that some years ago—so far back, indeed, as the year 1848—we acted on this principle; and we have reason to know that the subjects we then engraved were made largely and profitably available by many,—less in reference to the actual designs published than as a means of introducing the manufacturer to the designer, and so assisting the one to supply his requirements by the taste and ingenuity of the other. It is obvious that any design published in this Journal is common property; but, as may often happen, where it appears to meet the want of the producer, he may consider it desirable to apply to the artist, in order that it undergo such alterations as may render it exclusively his: with this view, we print the name and address of the designer with each design, so that the manufacturer will know where to make application for such subjects as he directly needs. In course of time we shall thus furnish him with examples of the skill and ability of several persons, from whom he may select those who seem best suited to his purpose.

It is probable that a considerable proportion of these designs will be derived either from students in the several schools of Art, of which between forty and fifty are now scattered throughout England, Scotland, and Ireland, or from persons who, having been educated in these schools, are deriving the benefit of their studies in the establishments where they are employed. We may, and do, however, anticipate also assistance from the masters, who will rightly and properly consider it an especial part of their duty to circulate the knowledge they have acquired.

It remains to be seen whether we can effectually accomplish our purpose by supplying suggestions of practical utility. There can be no doubt of our success to some extent. We shall do our utmost to render that success largely and generally beneficial, but we must depend in a great degree on the aid we receive. If the schools are, as we believe they are, really training scholars who will give to the produce of our factories the character they have hitherto mainly derived from foreign auxiliaries, we shall do much by the co-operation of the Department of Science and Art, and its several branches in England, Ireland, and Scotland.

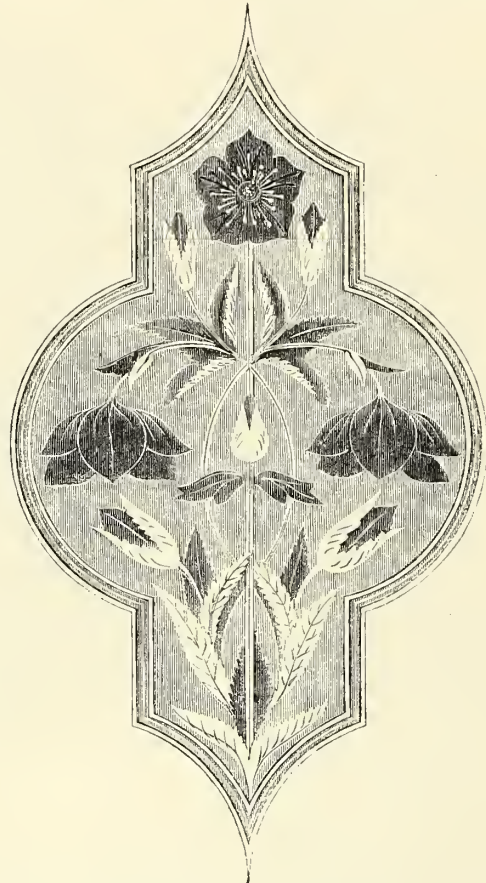
It is scarcely necessary to say that our scope is almost without limit. Any subject, in any way treated, that may be suggestive to any branch of Art-manufacture, will be suitable for introduction into these pages. We may furnish examples not only for the fabricant to follow, the artizan to study, and the ornamentalist to consider, but such as may convey ideas to the amateur—to those who, in the pursuit of elegance and taste, are often at a loss to obtain *models*, so to speak, which may be accepted as instructors. We consider it by no means apart from our duty to engrave even such “patterns” for what is termed “ladies’ work” as may substitute that which is pure and good, and derived from “authority,” for that which is paltry or base, and which is adopted frequently less from ignorance of what is excellent than from inability to resort to sources where excellence is to be obtained.

We desire, therefore, to address these pages not only to those who labour in the workshop and the factory, but to those who, in the parlour and the drawing-room, seek and study good and true models, and who are prepared to accept as a solemn truth the sentence we have long laboured to render an aphorism—that “beauty is cheaper than deformity,”—in other words, that a larger amount of labour and cost is very frequently expended to render objects ugly and repulsive than is required to obtain purity and taste.

We shall, then, do our utmost to render this portion of the ART-JOURNAL generally attractive and practically useful. As we have intimated, the result is not entirely with us; much of the issue will depend upon the response we receive from the many to whom this invitation is addressed.

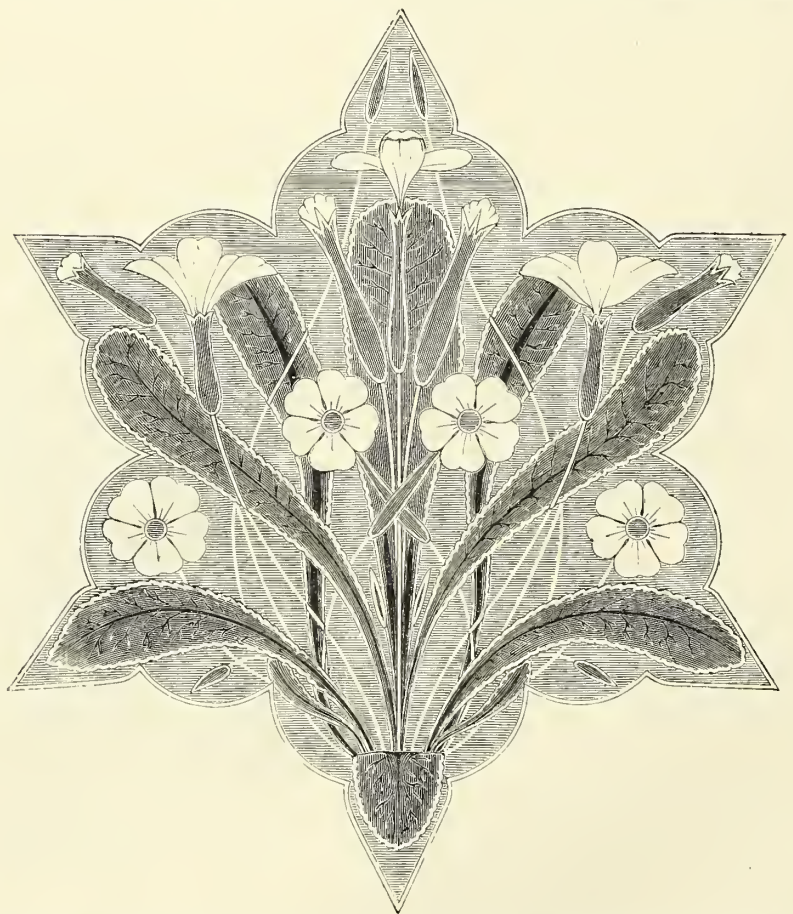
The two engravings which occupy this page are from the designs of Mr. VERNON HOWARD (5, Earl Street, Blackfriars), one of the students in the cen-

tral school at South Kensington. They are simply adaptations of natural flowers, and are not designed with any special view, although it is obvious they



are suggestive for several branches of Art-manufacture. The first, Mr. Howard considered perhaps applicable to wall paper; it is borrowed, we believe, from the hellibore. The second is taken from the primrose,

the natural growth of the plant being somewhat strictly adhered to, a leaf having been skilfully turned down to hide the root from which the flowers and petals spring. Frequently, in cases such as



this, the design must be left to make its own way, the artist having no direct purpose in producing it—no other, that is to say, than a general idea of

service to those who require suggestions for ornamentation to which studies of this description are more or less especially applicable.



On this column we print eight designs for letter-headings, designed by Mr. W. HARRY ROGERS



(Wimbledon). The practice of engraving addresses, accompanied by crests or monograms, or both, on



note paper, has of late become general, and seems to be increasing. We have therefore considered it desirable



to supply a few suggestions, in order to assist in rendering these headings as far as possible auxiliaries



to Art, which considers nothing, however trifling and evanescent, beyond or below its reach. It is



unnecessary to observe that frequently they are either very commonplace in character, or outrageous



departures from elegance and taste: it will be seen, however, that they may be rendered graceful and



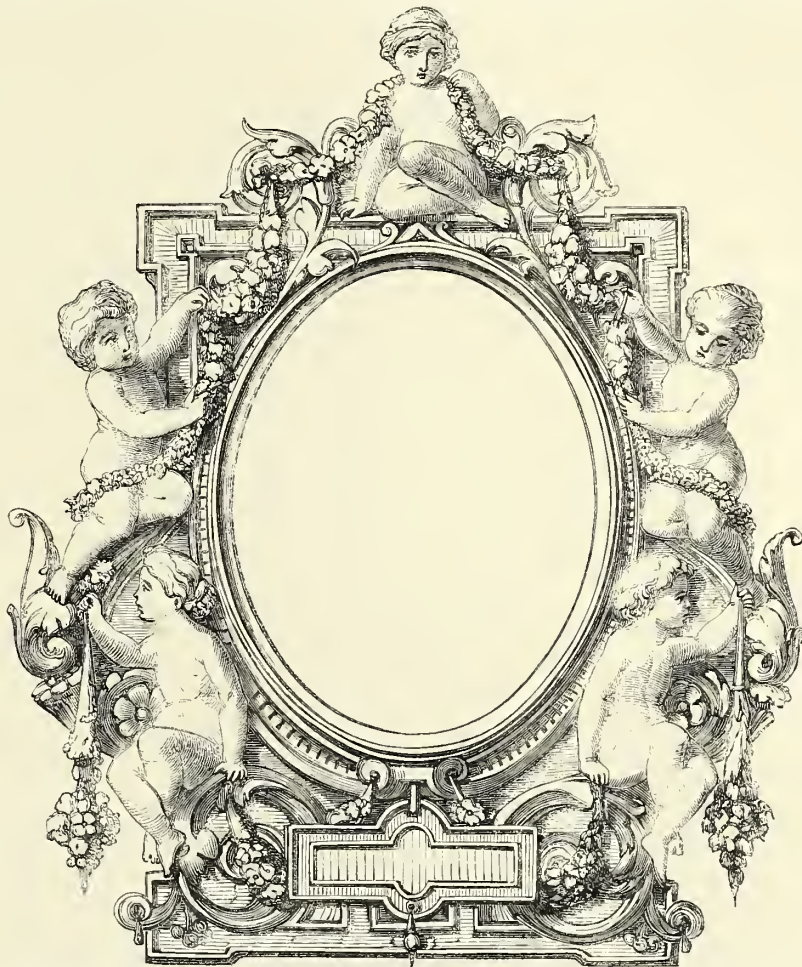
interesting, while accomplishing the object of conveying information. These designs are introduced



as examples of what may be done in Art-matters of comparatively minor importance.

Mr. JOHN WILLIAM COLEMAN (No. 8, Harper Street, Lamb's Conduit Street), to whom we are indebted for the two designs which occupy this page, although an artist whose abilities have not

been generally addressed to the requirements of the manufacturer, has produced several drawings which have been adopted and worked out by producers of Art-objects. His skill and taste may be



beneficially employed by those whose requirements are such as he can supply. The first object he designs for a looking-glass; it is somewhat too

elaborate for general use, but is calculated chiefly for the worker in "compo" or papier-mâché. The second object is intended mainly as suggestive of



the ornamentation of a table plaque—a comparatively recent introduction, but now extensively used for drawing-room tables, as stands on which to rest flower-pots, urn-stands, and so forth. Although

Mr. Coleman has broken his design by the introduction of miniature groups, to give variety to the ornamentation, it is obvious that the floral design may be continuous as a border.



## OBITUARY.

## CHRISTIAN RAUCH.

This venerable and distinguished German sculptor died at Dresden on the 3rd of December last, having attained to within a few weeks of the eighty-first year of his age.

In the *Art-Journal* for August, 1855, appeared an engraving from his statue of "Fame," in the possession of the Queen; it was preceded by a brief biographical sketch of the sculptor, to which we would refer those of our readers who may be desirous of learning the career of this great artist. His principal works are—"Phædrus and Hippolytus;" "Mars and Venus wounded by Diomed;" the monument to the late Queen of Russia, erected in 1813 at Charlottenberg; statues of Schornhorst and of Bulow, at Berlin; of the late Emperor Alexander, executed for Count Ostermann Tolstoi; two statues of Marshal Blucher, one erected at Breslau, the other at Berlin; statues commemorative of the "Battle of La Belle Alliance," and of the occupation of Paris by the Allies; a statue of Albert Durer, at Nuremberg; of Dr. Frank, at Berlin; of Maximilian, King of Bavaria, at Munich; six allegorical figures, each representing "Victory," in the interior of the Walhalla, Munich; the group of "Duke Mieczylas, and of his Son Boleslaus, King of Poland," in the cathedral of Posen; a "Danaid," for the late Emperor of Russia; a "Girl holding a Cup in her Hand," for the Marquis of Lansdowne; and a grand colossal statue of Frederick the Great, which is generally regarded as his finest work—it is at Berlin. His latest sculptures are statues of the Generals Gneisenau and Yorck, and a group of Moses supported by Aaron and Hur.

Rauch long filled the office of professor of sculpture at the Academy of Berlin: among his numerous pupils were Kiss, the author of the "Amazon attacked by a Tiger," exhibited in Hyde Park in 1851, Wredow, Wolff, E. Rietschel, and F. Blake.

An interesting memoir of this great and excellent man has been published in the *Times*; we should have transferred it to our columns, but that we have so lately treated the subject fully. He lived to "a good old age," enjoying for half a century fame and fortune, honoured, respected, and beloved: his destiny was therefore auspicious, and his memory will be honoured by his country and mankind. He was liberal in all ways, and especially in his judgment of foreign contemporaries in sculpture; no little-minded jealousies ever influenced his thoughts. We have placed on record his high estimate of British sculptors: he considered them above all the world in that class of Art which derives excellence from the study of nature, purity, and truth.

## M. AMBROISE LOUIS GARNERAY.

Under the head of Paris news in our November number we announced the death of this artist, perhaps the most distinguished marine-painter of the modern French school. We find in a recent number of the *Revue des Beaux Arts* the following particulars of his life and works.

M. Garneray was born in Paris in 1783. Like our own Stanfield, he possessed considerable advantages in his art over his rivals, from having entered the naval service of his country before engaging in the profession of an artist.

At the age of thirteen, Garneray entered with ardour into the study of design, under the direction of his father, J. P. Garneray, a pupil of David, and who has left many good works behind him in portraiture and *genre*. Soon, however, he was actuated by a spirit of adventure to go to sea, and accordingly embarked on board a vessel commanded by a relative, and sailed for India. Between the years 1796 and 1806, he had served in more than a dozen different ships, had been in several engagements, had suffered shipwreck more than once, and at length was taken prisoner in the frigate *Belle-Poule*, near the Azores, by a British squadron under the command of Sir J. B. Warren, on March 13, 1806, and was brought to Portsmouth: here he remained till the peace of 1814. During his long captivity of eight years he resumed his pencil, working assiduously; and we are told by his biographer that many of his early pictures are in this country, especially at Portsmouth and its

vicinity. On his return to France, he felt strongly disposed to pass the necessary examinations for advancement in the naval service, but he gave up the idea and resumed his pencil, Louis XVIII. and his family being among his earliest and most liberal patrons. He made his first appearance in the exhibition of the Académie des Beaux Arts, in 1816, by contributing a "View of the Port of London," which was bought by the "Society of the Friends of Art."

In 1817, Garneray was appointed painter to the Duke d'Angoulême, and, in 1833, was nominated to the directorship of the Museum of Rouen; which post he relinquished at a subsequent period to enter the porcelain manufactory at Sèvres, where he continued six years painting pictures, to be copied by other artists on the manufactured works. In 1819, at the close of the exhibition of that year, a gold medal was awarded to him, and in 1852, he received the decoration of a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour. An annual pension was also granted to him by the government for the discovery of a new kind of canvas for painting, which received the approbation of the French Academy, and for which, at the Universal Exposition of 1855, a medal was awarded to him: the "Society of Encouragement" also voted him a silver medal.

The pictures of this artist are found in many of the public galleries of France, especially those in the maritime towns: Nantes possesses an "Incident in the Battle of Navarino;" the Museum of La Rochelle contains "The Capture of the *Kent* by *La Confiance*;" Marseilles has a "View of the Straits of Farnes;" Rochefort, "The frigate *Virginie* attacking an English squadron;" Rouen, "Cod-fishing on the Banks of Newfoundland;" at Versailles is the "Combat de Duquesnes." A very short time only before his death he had completed for the French Government a picture of considerable dimensions, representing "Napoleon I. and his companions quitting the Isle of Elba, and steering their course towards France."

Many of Garneray's pictures are engraved; Jazet has engraved more than twenty-five. The painter himself studied the art of aqua-tinting in the studio of Debucourt; he designed and engraved sixty-four views of the principal ports of France, and forty views of foreign ports, which were published in a volume, with descriptive letter-press by M. Jouy.

During the latter years of his life-time, Garneray wrote an account of his adventures during the period of his naval service, especially of the expeditions and actions in which he was engaged when under the command of Captain Surcouff, in the *Confiance*, at Madagascar and on the coast of Malabar. This history, which originally appeared in the columns of the Paris journal *La Patrie*, has since been published in separate volumes, with the title of "Voyages of Louis Garneray"—"The Captivity of Louis Garneray," with numerous engravings from drawings by the author.

## MR. ARTHUR HOLME.

The Liverpool papers announce the death in the early part of last month of Mr. A. Holme, an architect of good repute, and of considerable practice in Liverpool. His principal works are stated to be St. Paul's Church, St. Matthias's Church, All Souls Church and Schools, St. Aidan's Church and Schools, All Saints Church, all in Liverpool; St. Mary's Church, Grassendale; the Music Hall, Bold Street, Liverpool; a church at Crosby; the mansion of Mr. Jonathan Peel, at Knowlmore; and other buildings of lesser importance. Mr. Holme died in the prime of life, his age being forty-three.

## MR. WILLIAM DEANE BUTLER.

This gentleman, also an architect of high standing, in Ireland, died suddenly at Dublin on the 28th of November. His chief public works, according to our contemporary, the *Builder*, are the "Roman Catholic Churches of Roscrea and Monasteraven, both important edifices, in the Gothic style; the terminal buildings at Dublin, of the Dublin and Drogheda Railway, in the Italian style; the new cathedral at Kilkenny, recently consecrated, and the façade of the Palatial Mart, Sackville Street, Dublin. . . . The profession in Ireland may reasonably be considered to have lost its 'father,' as we believe Mr. Butler was its oldest member."

## THE LAST DREAM.

FROM THE MONUMENT BY J. EDWARDS.

THERE is a class of sculptured works to which the term "pictorial sculpture" may not inappropriately be applied; for it assumes the character of a picture, and conveys to the spectator the idea that he is contemplating something which stands in the same relation to his thoughts as would a painting: all the attributes of the latter are in it except colour, and colour is not absolutely necessary to the constitution of a picture.

To this class of sculpture would we assign Mr. Edwards's very beautiful monumental group erected to the memory of Miss Hutton, of Sowber Hill, Northallerton. It is a picture carved, indeed, out of the coldest and hardest material, but glowing with the warmth of devotional feeling, and speaking with an irresistible eloquence of the victory over death. Such Art is not mute; it has "a thousand living tongues" to make itself heard and felt. The nature of the design is not original; it is one frequently adopted in sepulchral commemorations, though under various forms or types. Poets, from Homer to the present day, have often described the separation of the soul from its earthly tenement with watching spirits hovering over, and its flight to the unknown world under their safe guardianship; and if such descriptions, and such representations should be nothing more than the fancies of poets and artists, there is that in them which is soothing and pleasant to the feelings, and not inconsistent with the doctrines of Christianity. Shakspeare's dream of Katherine, in "Henry VIII.," may probably have suggested to Mr. Edwards the idea he has so successfully carried out in the monument to Miss Hutton, though he has referred to far nobler writings than those of our immortal bard for the essential spirit of his work. In preparing the design his purpose was, as he explained it to us, to give a high and fine tone to the subject, so as to keep it in harmony with the mind of the deceased lady, and to "make it interesting, in its way, both to the philosopher and the believer among the admirers of the mute language of sculpture." These combined objects he hoped to attain by treating the subject as a *dream* only, but yet such a dream as might to some extent embody one of the most beautiful and possible revelations, both of Imagination and of Faith, at a moment when the eyes of the departing spirit can pierce through the heavy shadows of death, and, seeing light beyond, can say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh." With this view of the subject, he has supposed the lady to have fallen asleep, during her last illness, with the sacred volume she has just perused resting on her bosom: while sleeping she dreams that clouds "dark as death" are approaching her. These quickly disperse, and light streams down from above, in the midst of which two angelic forms appear, and, with words of hope and comfort, invite her heavenwards:—

"Hark, they whisper, angels say,  
'Sister spirit, come away.'"

It must be evident to any who examine this composition, that the religious feeling it is intended to convey is well maintained throughout; and those who look at it only as a work of Art, without reference to its especial purpose,—though neither painting, sculpture, nor any other Art-design should ever be considered distinct from its object,—must acknowledge its claims to approbation. The repose of the recumbent figure is perfect; it is sleep, but not death, for as yet not a muscle has relaxed, nor a limb assumed rigidity; the entire arrangement of the figure, with its costume and the accessories, is elegant; the drapery is especially worthy of notice from the delicacy of the lines, and the natural, easy sweep of the folds; the only disturbing point is at the knee, where the lines require more softening down. The two celestial messengers, or visitants—a part of the composition most difficult to represent—are gracefully designed, and their mission is well shown by their action.

It would be unjust to Mr. Artlett not to draw attention to his very exquisite engraving of the subject; he has, indeed, made a picture of it by bringing to his work the true feeling of an artist.





F. K. ROFFER DEL.

W. ARTIST C. 1868

## THE LAST DREAM

FROM A MONUMENT BY J. EDWARDS

20, 11th St. - MRS. MORTON OF DORSET, 1811 NEAR NORTH ST. BOSTON







## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

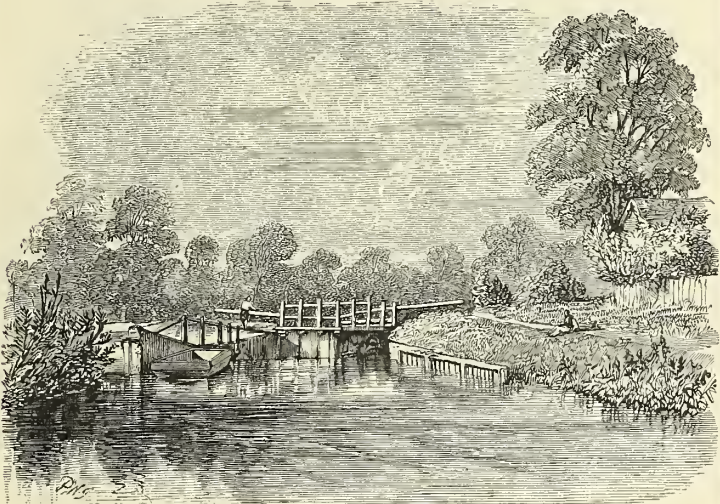
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XIII.

AVING the bridge that connects Windsor with Eton,—the Castle to the right, in Berkshire, and the College to the left, in Buckinghamshire,—we pass a long and narrow and prettily wooded ait, Romney Island, so well known to Etonians, and dear also to brethren of the angle,—for here good old Izaak passed many pleasant days of spring and summer with his beloved friends, Cotton, Donne, and that great and excellent man, Sir Henry Wotton, appointed by James I. Provost of Eton, “as the fittest place to nourish holy thoughts, and afford rest to his body and mind,” after his busy life as an ambassador. We may fancy the four high and pure souls luxuriating under the shadows of refreshing trees, their simple enjoyments augmented by rare converse concerning Nature and her works: kindly, and loving, and gentle hearts; all in their decline (for Sir Henry was sixty when he took orders and office there), yet fresh and green, and *young* in age; each illustrating that passage which he who was “chiefest” among them so sweetly and so truly wrote:—

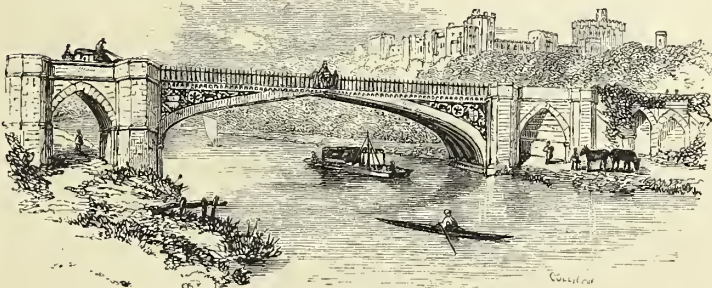
“This man is free from servile bands,  
Of hope to rise or fear to fall;  
Lord of himself, though not of lands—  
And having nothing, yet hath all.”

We soon pass through WINDSOR LOCK, still lonely and retired although so much of business and bustle is close at hand.\*



WINDSOR LOCK.

Under the railway bridge of the Great Western we then row, between another ait—“Blackpott’s”—and “the Home Park,” until we arrive at VICTORIA BRIDGE, a new and exceedingly graceful structure, which connects Windsor with the pretty and picturesque village of Datchet.



VICTORIA BRIDGE.

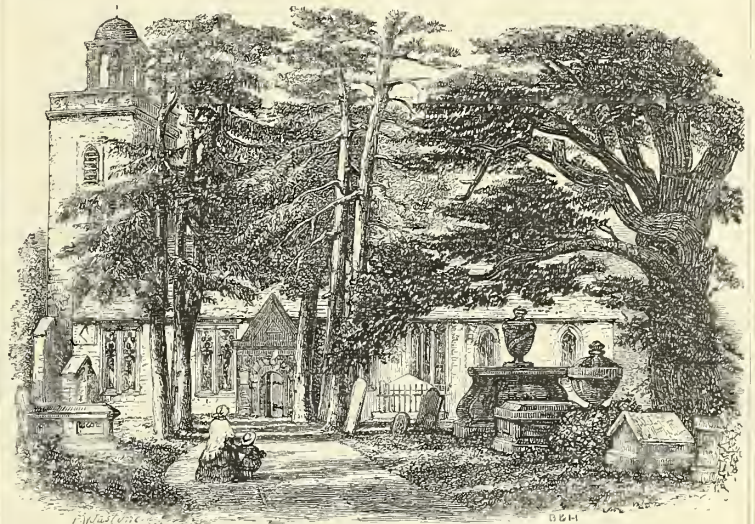
The bridge, which has its companion a mile or so lower down the stream—the Albert Bridge—was built in 1851, from the design of Thomas Page, Esq., civil

\* For the sketch we engrave we are indebted to Commander King, the gallant son of one of “the military knights,” who, by the gracious kindness of his sovereign, “reposes” here in happy tranquillity, after a long life of honourable and active labour. Captain King is well known to, and highly respected by, all artists and lovers of Art. He was for many years a regular contributor to the walls of the Royal Academy; and his copies of Claude are among the best that have been made from the pictures of that great master.

engineer, the acting engineer of the Thames Tunnel, and the engineer for Westminster Bridge. Passing other pleasant places, and some graceful islets, which give their charms to the river scenery, we arrive at Old Windsor.

Old Windsor—as the village is still called, although Windsor proper has gradually lost its prefix of “New,” by which it is distinguished in all earlier documents, and by which it is indeed even now “officially” described—was formerly a place “of consequence.” At the Conquest it contained a hundred houses, “twenty-two of which were exempt from taxes—out of the rest there went thirty shillings.” It was a manor belonging to the Saxon kings, and they are conjectured to have had a Palace here from a very early period. It is certain that Edward the Confessor sometime kept his court here, and it was that sovereign who presented the manor to the Abbot of Westminster, to increase the wealth of the monastery he had there founded. When the Conqueror was firmly fixed upon the throne, he obtained the land from the monastery in exchange, and “set about” building the Castle of Windsor on the elevation in the vicinity so peculiarly adapted for the site of a castle, according to the established rule of these defences. But the palace at Old Windsor was not deserted by royalty until long after the castle was built. The probability is, that this castle was a simple military defence, and had no convenience for residence until Henry I. completed, in 1110, additional buildings, and royally opened his home at Whitsuntide; after which we hear little of Old Windsor, except that the manor passed into a variety of hands, by whom it was held from the king by the service of finding a man with lance and dart to attend the royal army. Since the fourteenth century it has been held on lease under the crown.

Perhaps there are not so many dwellings in Old Windsor now as there were when the Norman took possession of England: and naturally and rationally preferring the height to the dell—to overlook the Thames rather than submit to its occasional inundations—commenced the fortress that has endured for eight centuries and a half, without having encountered any of those “battles, sieges, fortunes,” to which so many other “strong places” have succumbed. Yet in Old Windsor there is nothing old; we search in vain for any indications of antiquity; there is no “bit of ruin” to carry association back: a new road from Windsor leads partly through the Long Walk, beside the model farm of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and a turn to the left conducts to the venerable church. It is a by-road, rarely trodden except by those who worship; a group of noble trees, and some yews of great age, completely



OLD WINDSOR CHURCH.

surround and almost hide the sacred edifice. It is not, however, of very early date, and is rather picturesque than beautiful.

In the church-yard was buried that unhappy lady—fair and frail—who, as an actress and an author, obtained some share of notoriety at the close of the past century, and who was celebrated by the wits of her time under the name of “Perdita.” A tomb covers her remains, but it is overgrown with nettles; there have been none, for half a century and more, to care for the last resting-place of unhappy “Mary Robinson.” An unpretending grave-stone, near at hand, honours the memory of another who is there buried—one who was neither more nor less than a simple shepherd.

A sensation, difficult to describe, oppressed us when, after a lapse of many years, we found ourselves in the ever green church-yard of Old Windsor; we felt a loneliness that was not tranquillity—an undefined longing it was for perpetual repose: all around us was so still that even the song of the robin, and the footfall of the little wren upon the crisped leaves, disturbed our musing. It was a bright, glowing, autumn day: there was no wind, no breeze, not enough to send another brown leaf from the oak: hardly any air to breathe; a very bright day for England, for the soft vapours, so thin and gauze-like, which here and there veiled the azure firmament, could hardly be called “clouds”—a cloudless autumn day: yet no shine of sun could penetrate the matted branches of the grand outspread yews. It flooded them with light; their luscious berries were of more than coral brightness. It was wonderful to stand off at a little distance from these resolute, unyielding trees, presenting the same outline, the same tone of colour, to one century after another, and note how their uppermost platforms—tier after tier of firm-set boughs—rejoiced in that great sunlight, while beneath reposed the dark ground, carpeted by accumulated spines of countless years. “Old Windsor!” fallen from its ancient state, and but a suburb to the glorious pile beyond it! So “old” it is,



that every vestige of its antiquity has mouldered into dust—the sacred dust that cherishes the roots of grand old trees, and yields nourishment to the very grass whereon we tread!

There was a change: the fitful autumn had called up a dark, heavy sweep of clouds, so suddenly, that we knew not whence they came: yet there they were, hanging like a mighty pall across the hemisphere, obscuring the full-faced glory of mid-day, and casting a grey, filmy hue over all the landscape. But we were compensated for the loss of light by the variety of shadows that passed over the church and trees, and we sat on a tombstone to watch their progress. All the tombs in this quiet field of graves have a green-grey tone of colour, caused, perhaps, by age or damp, or a mingling of both; they are in wonderful harmony. Upon some of them are time-honoured names; some are railed in, but the iron has lost its hard and exclusive character—it is either enwreathed by ivy or overgrown by moss. You would rather not believe that those who desired to preserve those particular graves were cold, *defiant* people, who wished to protect what belonged to them from the contamination of vulgar dust and ashes, but loving, tender folk, who “honoured their dead” with fervour in simplicity. How we cling to the desire of being remembered *here*, as if we doubted how we should be recognised hereafter! yet how few are the bright names that endure even ten years after their owners have removed into the narrow house—how few of the many swept away by the surges of “TIME,” obtain an immortality derived from Heaven!

“It be a goin’ to rain,” said an old labourer, who had wheeled a barrow, heavily laden with autumn prunings, up the broad gravel walk, close to where we sat: until he spoke we were unconscious of his presence. We looked up, not knowing whether the words were addressed to us or muttered to himself. Although he had that neglected look we too often observe in aged peasants, as if circumstance ignored the poet’s notion of “a brave peasantry, their country’s *pride*,” his wrinkled skin was fair, and the red tint of the winter apple was on his cheek; there was unextinguished fire in his light blue eye; the face and form were alike Saxon. In his youth the old man must have been conspicuous for strength and beauty. He had withdrawn his hands from the barrow, and wiped his furrowed brow with the remnant of a spotted handkerchief. “It be a goin’ to rain,” he repeated, in answer to our look of inquiry, “though the clouds are drifting towards the Castle, and may break over there: but there’s no telling at this time o’ year—they’re here one minute, and gone the next. There’s not much in the church-yard to please you, only maybe, like the rest of the gentry, you want to see what we used to call the tomb of the fair shepherdess. Lor! when that tomb was put up first, what numbers came to see it! but there’s nothing changes its object so much as curiosity—what people think so much of to-day, they don’t care about to-morrow. I’ve seen such loads of lords and gentlemen gazin’ at that tomb—but not so many ladies. She was a play-actor once, and they called her the Fair Perdita, which is shepherdess, you understand, the fair shepherdess—but to see how one may go from bad to worse! They say a king’s love fell upon her like a mildew, and, for all her beauty, withered her up; and then she died, poor thing,—bad enough off too. And her daughter,—she has been to see her mother’s tomb often, as I know well, for I have been on the spot, and opened the gate to her: and she’d bow and smile like a real lady: but always—and I minded it well—always she came either at early morning or in the gloom before night. She’d hang over the railing, even in winter, like a wreath of snow: it always seemed as though she loved, yet was ashamed of her; and she died just eighteen years after her mother. She could not have been more than five years old when the poor foolish mother died. I can tell over the inscription to you—I learnt it all by heart years and years ago, to repeat to the poor who could not read, and the rich who could not see; but, lor!” he added in a somewhat peevish tone, “everybody reads and sees now.—‘Mrs. Mary Robinson,’—that’s the Perdita,—‘Mrs. Mary Robinson, author of poems, and other literary works: died on the 26th of December, 1800, at Englefield Cottage, in Surrey, aged 43 years.’ And then the daughter—not married, you understand—‘Maria Elizabeth Robinson, daughter of Mary Robinson, of literary fame, who died at Englefield Cottage, January the 4th, 1818, in the 23rd year of her age.’—Two young deaths, and that’s the end on’t. Why, you’ll hardly believe it, *now*, when the gentry come and ask which is ‘Perdita’s’ tomb, and I tell ‘em, maybe they’ll hardly damp their shoes to look at it; and ask each other what poems ‘twas she wrote, and no one knows—not one can tell! But, some fifty years ago, I’ve seen some, and from the Castle too, who would tell them all over plain enough.”

We sought to divert the old man’s attention from a painful theme by remarking that there was another tomb in the church-yard of such natural and simple interest that we should be glad to know if “Thomas Pope,” whose grave was close to the church door, had been one of his friends.

The expression of his face changed in a moment: we felt at once that we had fallen in his esteem. “Tom Pope,” he said, in an indignant tone, “was only a common shepherd—just as *he* himself was; only a day labourer—nothing more than that! Those who put up the stone needn’t have faced it right by the church door, in the very eyes of the congregation: for his part, he didn’t know what the gentry could see in such a headstone, to stand gazing at it, as they often did, on the Sabbath—exalting one poor man above another.”

We told him we thought he ought to feel proud of such a distinction for one of his own class, and that we honoured the memory of the *real* shepherd far more highly than that of the make-believe shepherdess: the one had left an unsullied name, and an example worthy of imitation; the other—poor, fluttering butterfly!—no woman could look on *her* grave without a blush and a tear. Could he repeat the epitaph on Thomas Pope?

“Ah, ah, ah!”—what a cackling, bitter laugh it was! so contemptuous—“No—ah, ah!” the gentry who liked might read *that* for themselves. He had nothing to say against Tom Pope!—Tom never had a coat on his back in all his life; nothing but a smock-frock,—and, ah, ah! to put a tomb over *him*! ‘Faithful and honest,’—why, to be sure, many as ‘faithful’ were left under smooth grass: to think of *his* being exalted on a tombstone!”

We were so foolish as to persist—though the old man had resumed his barrow—in the attempt to reason him out of his nature,—a nature by no means peculiar to a Berkshire labourer. “Surely he ought to feel proud of a distinction conferred upon one of his own people.”

Alas, alas! Tom Pope was none of *his* people: *his* father died at ninety-two—no one put a tomb over *him*. He himself would be eighty come Easter; and full sure he was no one would put a tomb over *him*. It was evident he considered the record of Thomas Pope’s virtues an insult. He found no fault with the homage rendered to the gandy imitation; the mock shepherdess had his sympathy,—she did not belong to his race: the real shepherd had his contempt. “Why should he have a tomb, *when no one would put a tomb over him?*” The old peasant wheeled away his load without further parley.

This is the touching inscription on the headstone to the memory of a *real* shepherd, conferring distinction and honour on the church-yard of Old Windsor—

#### THOMAS POPE,

SHEPHERD,

WHO DIED JULY THE 20TH, 1832,

AGED 96 YEARS.

CHEERFULLY LABORIOUS TO AN ADVANCED AGE.

HE WAS MUCH ESTEEMED BY ALL CLASSES OF HIS NEIGHBOURS,  
SOME OF WHOM HAVE PAID THIS TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY  
OF A FAITHFUL, INDUSTRIOUS, AND CONTENTED  
PEASANT.

ALSO,

PHOEBE, WIFE OF THE ABOVE,

WHO DIED MARCH 2ND, 1843,

AGED 90 YEARS.

A passage through the church-yard leads to the Thames, and just at the corner is a quaint old house, which the artist thought it worth his while to copy, less for the mansion, however, than for the scenery about it.



AT OLD WINDSOR.

A mile or so from Old Windsor and we enter the county of Surrey, on the right bank—Buckinghamshire remaining with us some way further on its left; the two great metropolitan counties then continuing on either side until, east of London, they meet the shires of Essex and Kent. The first object that arrests the eye of the tourist is the spire of the church at Egham; but his attention is soon directed to an object of even greater interest—COOPER’S HILL. The hill is indebted for much of its fame to the poem of “majestic Denham;” it has other, and earlier, claims to distinction: although little more than “a steep,” its slopes are gradual and ever green; it is beautifully planted—perhaps was always so—in parts; and is now crowned by charming villas, lawns, and gardens: it was, however, altogether a poetical fancy which thus pictured it—

“his shoulders and his sides  
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows  
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows;  
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat—  
The common fate of all that’s high and great.”

Denham, although born in Dublin, where his father was some time Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was “native” to this neighbourhood: here his ancestors lived and were buried. At Egham Church there are several monuments to their memory: his own dust reposes in Westminster Abbey. If he bestowed celebrity on Cooper’s Hill, he derived hence the greater portion of his fame: the poem was published at Oxford in 1643, during the war between the King and the Parliament; its popularity was rapid, and has endured to our own time. Dryden described it as “the exact standard of good writing;” and “Denham’s strength” was lauded by Pope.

But Cooper’s Hill has an advantage greater even than that it derives from the poem—

“The eye, descending from the hill, surveys  
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays.”

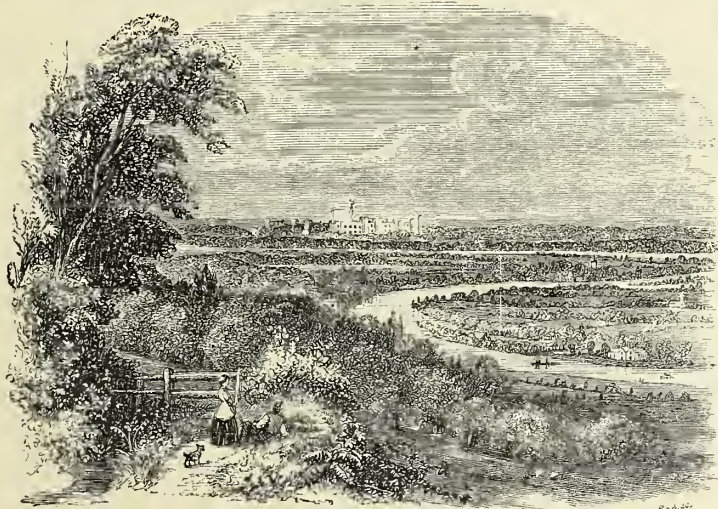


for at its foot is immortal Runnymede, and midway in its stream is the little island on which, it is said, John, the king, yielded to the barons, who there dictated to the tyrant terms that asserted and secured the liberties of their country. Runnymede is still a plain level field, unbroken by either house or barn, or wall or hedge. We know not if by any tenure it has the right to be ever green; but we have always seen it during many years as a fair pasture—upon which to-day, as seven centuries ago, an army might assemble.

The small ait or island—MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND—is situate midway between Runnymede and Ankerwyke—now a modern mansion of the Harcourts, but once a nunnery, founded by Sir Gilbert de Montfichet and his son, in the reign of Henry II. Even the walls are all gone; but some ancient trees remain, under one of which tradition states the Eighth Henry met and wooed the beautiful and unfortunate Anna Boleyn.

It is a mooted point whether the barons held the island, or the king selected it as the place where the eventful meeting was to take place. It is certain that John "took refuge in Windsor Castle in 1215, as a place of security against the growing power of the barons;" nor did he quit the protection its walls afforded him, until after the signing of Magna Charta, which took place on the 15th of June of that year. The barons had refused to obey the king's summons to attend him in his own castle; and a convenient place, sufficiently distant from, yet near to, Windsor, was appointed as the spot on which to hold a meeting, the result of which is one of the events in the world's history. Hence, as Hume but coldly writes, "very important liberties and privileges were either granted or secured to every order of men in the kingdom: to the clergy, to the barons, and to the people."

Magna Charta may be considered as a general condensation of the laws for the proper guidance of the kingdom, and the liberty of its subjects, which had descended from the time of Edward the Confessor, and had been confirmed by other kings, particularly the Conqueror. The severe forest laws, and other obnoxious introductions of Norman usage, were always distasteful to English-



VIEW FROM COOPER'S HILL.

men; and on the accession of Henry I. the celebrated Charter of liberties abolished many vexatious enactments, and placed the right of the subject on a clearer basis. Stephen and Henry II. both confirmed these laws; but the troublesome days which succeeded supplied excuses for their infringement, and the gradual encroachment of the crown on the general privileges of the subject, induced the barons and people to demand from John a clear and full declaration of their rights, to be solemnly confirmed for ever.

There has long been preserved in our British Museum, an ancient Charter which purports to be that which John signed at Runnymede. It is part of the manuscript treasures so industriously collected by Sir Robert Cotton; there is a somewhat curious history of its discovery by Sir Robert at his tailor's, just when he was about to cut it into strips for measures. The story is related by Paul Colomies, who long resided in England; but the indefatigable historian of Magna Charta, Mr. Richard Thomson, inclines to doubt the truth of the anecdote, and prints a letter from Sir Edward Dering, at Dover Castle, in 1630, to Sir Robert Cotton, in which he states that he possesses the document, and is about to send it to him. This famous parchment was much injured by the fire that took place at Westminster in 1731, and destroyed the building containing the Cottonian Library; it is greatly shrivelled and mutilated, and the seal reduced to a shapeless mass. Mr. Thomson is of opinion, that though this famous copy "has been considered of inferior authority to some others brought forward by the Record Commission, on account of its deficiency in certain words and sentences, which are added for insertion beneath the instrument, yet the same circumstance may very probably be a proof of its superior antiquity, as having been the first which was actually drawn into form and sealed at Runnymede; the original whence all the most perfect copies were taken."\* It was fortunately engraved in facsimile by Pine, before the fire had injured it; and one of the most important clauses is given in our woodcut; it is that which provides for the free and immediate dispensation of justice to all, in the words:—"No freeman shall be seized or imprisoned, or dispossessed, or out-

lawed, or in any way destroyed; nor will we condemn him, nor will we commit him to prison, excepting by the legal judgment of his peers, or by the laws of the land."\* By this important clause the liberty and property of the subject were preserved until after open trial.

There is another fair copy of this document in the Cotton Library. The Record Commissioners, however, seem to attach most importance to that preserved in Lincoln Cathedral, which is supposed to be the one sent by Hugh, then Bishop of Lincoln, to be placed among the archives there. This is very carefully written, and contains all the words and sentences noted for insertion in the body of that preserved in the British Museum. There is another among the archives of Salisbury Cathedral, which is thought to be the one entrusted to Herbert Poore, the Bishop, or William Longespee, the Earl, of Salisbury, for preservation there, in accordance with the old custom of placing copies of such

*Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut dissaietur, aut utlagetur, aut aliquo modo destruatur, nec super eam ibimus, nec super eam mitimus, nisi per legale iudicium parium suorum, vel per legem terre.*

A CLAUSE OF MAGNA CHARTA.

important documents in the great clerical depositories. These are the only ancient examples of this great grant; but there are many early entries of it in old legal collections, reciting the whole of its clauses, and verifying their accuracy. These were confirmed by other English sovereigns; and the Great Charter was thus the foundation of English liberty.

It is to be regretted that no monument marks the spot, at Runnymede, where the rights and liberties of the people of England were maintained and secured, although several attempts have been made to raise one here. The very name, however, is a memory imperishable: the ait and meadow are places



MAGNA CHARTA ISLAND.

of pilgrimage to all who boast the Anglo-Saxon blood; and few are they who cross the Atlantic to visit Fatherland, without offering homage to their great ancestors in this meadow of eternal fame—repeating, with raised and hearty voice, the lines of the poet:—

"This is the place  
Where England's ancient barons, clad in arms,  
And stern with conquest, from their tyrant king,  
(Then render'd tame), did challenge and secure  
The Charter of thy freedom. Pass not on  
Till thou hast bless'd their memory, and paid  
Those thanks which God appointed the reward  
Of public virtue."

\* The Charter purports to be given "under our hand at Runnymede between Windsor and Staines." The signature of the king was in all probability "his mark," as was usual with the uneducated nobles of his era. It is a curious fact that no sign-manual of a British sovereign is known to exist before that of King Richard II. The usual sign-manual was a rude cross placed before the name written by some "learned clerk."

\* The original abbreviated Latin would read in full thus:—"Nullus liber homo capiatur, vel imprisonetur, aut dissaietur, aut utlagetur, aut aliquo modo destruatur, nec super eam ibimus, nec super eam mitimus, nisi per legale iudicium, parium suorum, vel per legem terre."

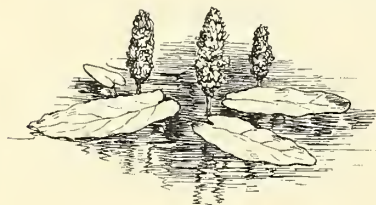


In the island which forms so charming a feature in the landscape, the Harcourts have built a small Gothic cottage—an altar-house so to call it. It contains a large rough stone, which tradition, or fancy, describes as that on which the parchment rested when the king and the barons affixed their signatures to "the Charter." It has the following inscription: "Be it remembered that on this island, in June, 1215, King John of England signed the Magna Charta, and in the year 1834, this building was erected in commemoration of that great event by George Simon Harecourt, Esq., Lord of the Manor, and then High Sheriff of the County."

A little below Ankerwyke, the Coln, which divides the counties of Buckingham and Middlesex, joins the Thames. The river rises near the small market town of Chesham, Bucks, and passing by Cherreys, waters the town of Rickmansworth, Herts, reaches Uxbridge, flows by the once famous village of Iwer, refreshes the villages of Drayton and Harmondsworth, and, gathering strength, "goeth," to borrow from old Leland, "through goodly meadows to Colnbrook, and so to the Thames."

There is little to interest the voyager after he leaves this interesting neighbourhood, gradually losing sight of Cooper's Hill, until he approaches Staines; we have leisure, therefore, once again to admire the rich foliage of the river—that which ornaments its surface or decorates its banks. We direct the reader's attention to some of the objects that here gratify and instruct.

A pretty little weed that decks the still recesses of the river is the amphibious *Persicaria* (*Polygonum amphibium*), a plant that seems to thrive equally well on land or water; in the former situation being one of the most troublesome of weeds to the river-side farmer, but when it takes to the water forming one of its greatest ornaments; the green and red shaded leaves floating on the surface, above which rise the bright pink flower-spikes in groups, that wave



PERSICARIA.

and dance with every ripple of the water, are always pleasant and cheerful.

In no place do we remember to have met with that most elegant of plants, the Forget-me-not (*Myosotis palustris*), in such beauty and luxuriance as in some of the fresh grassy nooks that we every now and then come upon in the course of our voyage. This is the true Forget-me-not, the *Vergiss-mein-nicht* of the Germans, with whom originated, if we mistake not, the romantic knight and lady story to which it owes its name—a name that is often given erroneously to other commoner and less beautiful species with small blue flowers. The glossy green foliage and thick waxen flowers of the true flower sufficiently distinguish it from others, independent of the scientific distinctions. In all European countries, but more especially in this country, the forget-me-not has been a favoured theme of the poets. There is hardly one of them who has not made it a subject upon which to build some sweet theory of remembered friendship or love. It is attractive, not alone for its own peculiar grace and



FORGET-ME-NOT.

delicacy, but because it is found everywhere in England; there is no flower more "common," yet there are few more beautiful and none more suggestive.

The tall, rosy-flowered plant that makes such a show among the river-side herbage, is the Large-flowered Willow Herb (*Epilobium hirsutum*), called by the country folks "Coddings and Cream," from a supposed resemblance to those luxuries in the smell of the young foliage of this herb. As cattle are fond of eating it, it has been recommended for cultivation as fodder in wet places where other useful plants will not grow, and where the willow herb flourishes luxuriantly.



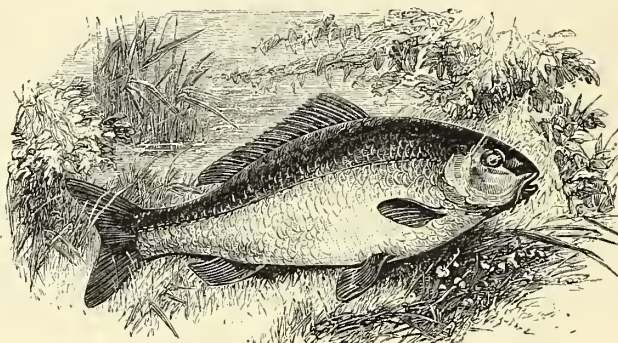
LARGE-FLOWERED WILLOW HERB.

This is one of those conspicuous plants for form and colour that tell with such charming effect when introduced in the foreground of river pictures, in company with the dock-reeds, loosestrife, meadow-sweet, the yellow flag, and other water-nymphs so dear to the landscape-painter of the school of nature. Happily that school is increasing in numbers and in strength: happily too, there is a growing disposition to avoid those evils which arise from a willingness to copy deformities rather than to seek and find

beauty in combination with truth. We cannot too frequently impress on the artist the exceeding value of the charming and graceful "bits" he will continually encounter on the banks of the Thames.

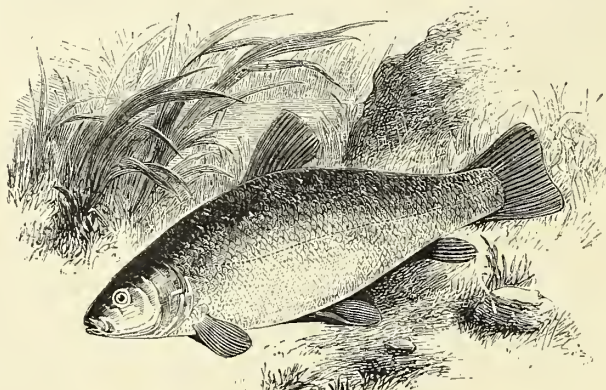
While revelling among historic sites, and enjoying the rare banquet of foliage, of which Father Thames is so profusely lavish "hereabouts," we may not,

however, forget that we have yet much to say of the fish that abound in his waters. The Carp and Tench are of his produce, although they are not found in quantities sufficient to tempt the angler, and do not often come to his bait. We describe them nevertheless, for they belong to our river. The common Carp (*Cyprinus carpio*) inhabits most of the ponds, lakes, and rivers of England, always preferring muddy to clear bottoms; it is very tenacious of life, and grows to an enormous size, sometimes weighing between fifteen and twenty pounds. The mouth is small, and has "no apparent teeth;" the body is covered with large scales; the general colour is a golden-olive brown, "head darkest;" the fins dark brown; the belly a yellowish white. In the "Boke of St. Abans," by Dame Juliana Berners, printed by Wynkyn de Worde in 1496, the carp is mentioned as a "deyntous fische;" and in the privy purse expenses of Henry VIII., in 1582, various entries are made of rewards to persons for bringing "carpes to the king." It is, however, not a native, although the period of its introduction to England is not ascertained. The



CARP.

Prussian carp is much smaller than the common carp. The carp with which we are most familiar is the "golden carp;" of late years it has become, so to speak, domesticated, and adds essentially to our home enjoyments in vases and drawing-room tanks, where it is usually associated with minnows and other "small fry" of the river, being kept in health by water plants, which grow freely in comparative confinement. The date of the first introduction of "gold and silver fish" into England is "differently stated by authors," as 1611, 1691, and 1728. Yarrell does not attempt to fix the period. There is no doubt that they were first imported from China. In Portugal, and, indeed, elsewhere, they are completely naturalised, inhabiting many of the streams and rivers; it is probable they will be so ere long in England, for they breed freely in many of our ponds, and seem to require no especial care, either in winter or summer. "The extreme elegance of the form of the golden carp, the splendour of their scaly covering, the ease and agility of their movements, and the facility with which they are kept alive in small vessels, place them among the most pleasing and desirable of our pets." They become exceedingly tame, frequently taking food from the hand, and appearing to distinguish clearly between an acquaintance and a stranger.



TENCH.

The Tench (*Tinca vulgaris*) differs essentially in character from the carp, although its habits are similar, frequenting the same localities, and delighting in muddy bottoms; its origin is also foreign; and it is exceedingly tenacious of life. The scales of the tench are exceedingly small; the head is rather large and "blunt;" the general colour of the body is a greenish-olive gold, "lightest along the whole line of the under surface; the fins darker brown;" it grows sometimes to a large size, not unfrequently weighing from five to seven pounds. The angler finds it very difficult to make prey of this fish; they are usually shy, and "take to the mud" when alarmed; occasionally they bite freely. We have ourselves taken out of a pond five or six dozen in a day, each of the average weight of three pounds; finding on that occasion a small pellet of new bread the most effective bait. Yarrell, however, states that "the best bait for them is the dark red meadow worm," and that the time when they are most readily taken is "early morning." They are not numerous in the Thames, and are there never fished for expressly, although every now and then one will make acquaintance with an angler's hook. The Thames, however, as we have often said, has other fish besides the carp and tench to tempt the brethren of the gentle craft.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

ROYAL ACADEMY.—On Thursday, December 10th, being the eighty-ninth anniversary of the foundation of the Royal Academy of Arts, at a general assembly of the Academicians, the following gold medals were awarded:—

- To Philip Richard Morris, for the best Historical Painting.
- To George James Miller, for the best Historical Group in Sculpture.
- To Francis Trimmer Gompertz, for the best Architectural Design.
- To Neil Oliver Lupton, for the best English Landscape, THE TURNER GOLD MEDAL.

Silver medals were likewise awarded—

- To James Waite, for the best Painting from the Life.
- To Henry Garland, for the best Drawing from the Life.
- To Joseph Mosely Barber, for the next best Drawing from the Life.
- To Samuel Lynn, for the best Model from the Life.
- To Ebenezer Bennet, for the next best Model from the Life.
- To Thomas Vaughan, for the best Architectural Drawing.
- To Henry M. Eyton, for the next best Architectural Drawing.
- To Alexander Glasgow, for the best Painting from the Living Draped Model.
- To William Holyoake, for the best Drawing from the Antique.
- To Frederick Perey Graves, for the next best Drawing from the Antique.
- To John Constant Worman, for the best Model from the Antique.
- To Thomas Vaughan, for a Perspective Drawing in Outline.
- To George M. Atkinson, for a Perspective Drawing in Outline.
- To Thomas Vaughan, for a Specimen of Seicography.

In the above list we find three silver medals awarded to Mr. Vaughan, student in the architectural classes. Mr. Morris, who has this time received the gold medal for the best historical painting, had the good fortune to gain, in the competition of 1856, silver medals for the best painting from the life, and also for the best painting from the living draped model. Although experience has too often mocked our expectations with regard to the future of successful academy-students, we will not anticipate such a result in the case of Mr. Morris, whose career we shall now watch with some interest. Mr. G. J. Miller, another gold medallist, for sculpture, had awarded to him in the preceding year, a silver medal for the best model from the life. The third gold medallist, Mr. Gompertz, gained a silver medal in 1855. Mr. Worman and Mr. Atkinson, silver medallists in the above list, had the same honours awarded them on the last occasion of distributing prizes. Mr. Lupton may be congratulated on receiving the first "Turner" gold medal for the best English landscape.

THE DISTINGUISHED SCULPTOR, MACDOWELL, R.A., has recently executed a statue of young Lord Fitzgibbon, the eldest son of the Earl of Clare. The gallant youth was one of those who fell during the memorable charge of Balaklava; and the statue is to be erected to his memory in his native city, the city of Limerick. The dress is that of the Hussars, and he is represented in the act of charging, sabre in hand. Consequently this work is a bold effort, and assuredly it is a most successful one, to combine the heroic with the common-place. It is strictly a portrait—nothing exaggerated in attitude, costume, or character: yet the sculptor was fortunate in finding all three more than usually favourable. A tall, slight, handsome youth, in a picturesque dress, at the moment of daring excitement, supplied excellent materials,—better could scarcely have been found if all had been left to the imagination, or the pages of Greek and Roman history had been searched for a becoming theme.

THE PRIZE DESIGNS for the Government Offices are removed to Edinburgh, to afford our countrymen north of the Tweed the opportunity of deciding upon their merits. Apropos of this, there is a rumour afloat that Mr. Pennethorne, the government architect, is, by order of the authorities, preparing designs for these public edifices, which will be carried into execution.

THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.—It is understood that this collection has been again submitted to Government, with a view to its becoming the purchased property of the country. We cannot readily comprehend the motive of this new "move." It was certainly sold to Manchester—that is to say, to the committee of the late Exhibition. They may pos-

sibly now dislike a bargain which was made probably when they had no reason to expect the wealth they obtained in gratuitous contributions: but they have a surplus fund sufficient for its purchase. It will be a fitting monument to remain in the great city of cotton-lords,—and that whether the people value, or do not value it, as they would a bale of raw produce. It is not unlikely the committee have found out that in the rich and intellectual city of Manchester such "goods" are as "caviare to the general;" but they must keep what they have got, even though they see no ready market by which it may be reissued at a profit. At all events, there is little chance of their being relieved of the "incumbrance" by an appeal to Government to take it off their hands, in order that the country at large may pay for it.

SIR WILLIAM ROSS.—We lament to learn the very serious illness of this estimable gentleman and accomplished artist: there are few men living whose loss will be more severely felt by a large circle of friends, who respect and regard him with feelings more than commonly warm and strong.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM has recently undergone a transformation of a most curious kind. The grand portico has been filled in with a sort of glazed framework, reaching half-way up the pillars, and utterly destroying the appearance of the whole building. It resembles a series of cheap photographic establishments, and the visitor may be excused some fears lest the officials rush forward and annoy him with offers of "your portrait for a shilling," so complete is the rivalry of appearances. Surely the fragments under this hot-house are not delicate exotics that the open air could injure. Nothing can excuse the tasteless and vulgar character of this excrescence, and it is most marvellous that we cannot allow a public building to remain many years without injurious meddling for the worse. We have too few already to allow us to wantonly injure what we have. It is as bad as the old plan of cutting names on sculpture.

WOOD CARVING COMPANY.—We have reason for believing that a powerful company, under thoroughly able direction, is being formed, for the purpose of carrying out the capabilities of improved machinery for carving in wood. It is probable that we shall shortly have more to say upon this subject.

THE LIVERPOOL ARCHITECTURAL SOCIETY inaugurated their present session with an address from Mr. Huggins, their president, which was of unusual excellence. In the most eloquent language Mr. Huggins took a comprehensive survey of the true character of Architecture as an art, and a practical art; and he delighted his numerous audience no less with the soundness of his views than with the earnest and able manner in which they were set forth.

PRE-RAFFAELISM.—The friends and professors of this, the most forbidding mechanism of the art, have always been most tenderly sensitive. It has been asserted that the Liverpool Academy is too favourable to pre-Raffaellite art; whereon Mr. Rosetti writes in defence of his injured order to the journal in which such a denouncement was hazarded, that it is true that last year, to Mr. Millais's "Blind Girl" was awarded the prize of £50; and that, in some previous years also, prizes have been so awarded. To go no farther, this is an admission that the Liverpool Academy has bestowed a very liberal share of patronage on the pre-Raffaellite section of the profession; and, while making such statement, Mr. Rosetti (*splendide jocosis*) shows how few works of the natural school the Liverpool artists have selected. If the pre-Raffaellites have held a *petit comité* on this subject, their decision, as evidenced by thus thrusting their champion into the arena, is wrong—they should be satisfied with the notoriety which they achieve by their works; and if the Liverpool Academy award all their prizes to the pre-Raffaellites, they have an unquestionable right to do so, but as to whether they are right in doing so or not, is another question. We have all yet much to learn, and that experience which serves us the most faithfully is that we acquire at the highest cost.

LECTURES ON THE ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION.—A course of three lectures has been delivered during the last month at the London Institution, Finsbury Circus, upon the Art-Treasures Exhibition, at Manchester, by the Rev. Charles Bontell. It was the object of the lecturer to give a brief descriptive notice of the aim, contents, and general arrangements of the collections which formed this remarkable

assemblage of Art-treasures, and then to discuss the results which might have been and ought to have been thus produced, together with those which were actually realised. In the opinion of the lecturer, the exhibition failed signally to accomplish what was well within its grasp, through it being at Manchester instead of London, and because of the absolute inability of the "authorities" to deal practically with the collections they had been so successful in forming,—an opinion in which we fully coincide. The formation of another collection of Art-treasures in London, which should contain no single thing that is not a treasure, and which should be ably and efficiently handled, as well as judiciously arranged, was strongly urged, as a thing to be anticipated as well as desired. The Art-festival of the day would require it, and public opinion would confirm the sentiment. The lectures, which were received with marked attention and approbation by large audiences, were interspersed with critical notices of pictures and other works of Art, and they earnestly advocated the sound study of Art as a most valuable means for advancing the cause of public education. Having spoken in terms of high admiration of the collections of etchings and engravings at Manchester, and urged the formation of such collections, which might be always available for public instruction (all the examples being framed and hung up), the lecturer exhibited, on the occasion of the concluding lecture, a highly interesting series of specimens illustrative of the various processes of engraving, from the time of Albert Durer to the present day, together with the series of photographs from the Art-treasures published by Messrs. Colnaghi, and a selection from the engravings after the Royal pictures, which have appeared in this Journal. We would specially remark upon two observations made by Mr. Bontell, both of which were very cordially approved by his audience,—the one that the national collection of portraits now in the act of formation should include fine engraved portraits, and the other that in all exhibitions of pictures, every work should be plainly labelled with the name of the artist, the subject of the picture, and the collection of which it forms a component. Lectures of this kind might be given with great advantage in all our cities and more important towns.

STREET ARCHITECTURE.—A step in the right direction is being taken in this matter on the eastern side of Bridge Street, Blackfriars, by the Crown Life Assurance Company, in the new building for their offices. The windows are of the same height and width, and the same relative positions that they occupied in the old buildings; and thus they will in these respects range with the windows to the right and left of them as heretofore. But here all sympathy between this edifice and its neighbours will cease, and a very decided contrast will become apparent. Architecture, in the worthy and appropriate sense of the term, has devised and executed this new structure: granite and various marbles form its external decorations, and the sculptor has been at work upon it with a powerful chisel. Thus, at last, the stucco system and the old style of street brick-building has in the midst of it a specimen of genuine street-architecture. We shall look forward with much interest to the practical influence of this work, the production of Messrs. Deane & Woodward. We should like to know what the designers of the pretentious monstrosities which have very recently displayed themselves in some of our metropolitan streets will think of this new insurance office. We can anticipate what they will be ready to say,—but that is altogether a different matter.

THE PICTURE DEALERS AT THE OLD BAILEY.—Closs, who was convicted at the Old Bailey, has been released from "durance vile" in consequence of a legal quibble, which determines that forgery is not always forgery. For all valuable purposes, however, the conviction is as good as if the convicted had endured an imprisonment of three years instead of three weeks. We have little or nothing to say further than we have said on this subject. Buyers of pictures, and dealers in pictures, have both had their "warning,"—that is enough.

MR. WILLIAM HAVELL, the landscape-painter, died on the 16th of December, at the advanced age of seventy-five; his pictures—of Italian scenery chiefly—were for many years regularly exhibited at the Royal Academy and British Institution: his style was peculiar, and, at one time, had many admirers.



AN EXPERIMENT IN PHOTOGRAPHY is about to be made by Mr. Virtue: if successful (and we can scarcely doubt its being so) it will pave the way to other publications on a scale not hitherto attempted. The work referred to is descriptive of Egypt and Palestine; and the illustrations consist of the very large number of *seventy-five* views—all in photography! "The Holy Land" is, perhaps, the theme of all others best calculated for treatment by this art: it is especially requisite that here *facts* should be strictly adhered to,—any object found in this deeply interesting locality would lose by being subjected to fancy; and we should deny to the artist even an atom of his ordinary privilege—introductions for effect. This series will consequently be of surpassing value; for we shall *know* that we see things exactly as they are. We content ourselves with merely noticing this work as among the valuable Art-novelties of the coming year: it will be our duty ere long to describe it at length.

MR. ALBERT SMITH has resumed his entertainments at the Egyptian Hall, and with as much attractive power as he possessed three or four years ago. Every evening of performance nearly as many go away disappointed as are received and amused. The novelties consist of some beautiful views—striking and true—of Vesuvius, quiescent and active, and some new routes.

A NEW WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER is about to appear; preparations on a very large scale have been made for its proper sustenance; and we are given to understand that a fully competent staff has been engaged, so as to render as perfect as possible each of its several departments—those more especially which have reference to its Art-illustrations. Success can be achieved only by exceeding excellence: it is not likely that the rival with whom it is sought to share public favour will be content to stand still. Competition suggests activity; and even the sluggish, if excited by no other call, is aroused by a cry of danger. The only true way to defy competition is to do that which cannot be surpassed. Those are much mistaken who think that, "having gained a name they may go to sleep;" it is often easier to obtain a position than to maintain it; and there is always peril in cherishing a notion that, having surmounted the hill Difficulty, we may take rest on its height. The only motto which ought to be accepted by those who would secure the success they have achieved is, "Better—still better!" Our business is not to deal with the circumstances out of which this new illustrated newspaper has arisen; it is unquestionable that the old will receive—as it ought to receive—a wholesome stimulus from the new.

NEW STAINED GLASS WINDOWS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—Five new windows, forming the commencement of a grand series illustrative of the *Te Deum*, have been recently fixed at the easternmost end of the clerestory of the nave of Westminster Abbey, on its southern side: they are the production of Messrs. Bell & Clayton, under the general direction of the Abbey architect, Mr. G. G. Scott. These very fine works, notwithstanding the great height at which they are placed, are seen to great advantage in this noblest and most venerable of our English churches. In themselves, these windows are distinguished by the highest qualities of that peculiar expression of Art which is consistent with painting on glass; and in their most happy combination of high qualities, they are equal (if not superior) to the most admired early examples. They possess all the lustrous depth of hues, and all the rich harmony of colouring which characterise the glass of the 13th century; and at the same time they show that truthful drawing and genuine artistic feeling are not to be sacrificed to an imaginary conventionalism, because the painting is on glass. Glass-painting has—and to be noble and worthy glass-painting must always have—a system of treatment peculiar to itself; but this system is not incompatible with excellence in its broadest acceptance. Messrs. Clayton & Bell have here shown that they know how to deal with glass, and that they are real artists. We shall expect much from these gentlemen: and indeed it is full time that really first-rate glass should be produced amongst us.

FOREIGN ART AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Since our last notice of the Fine Art at the Crystal Palace, there have been many accessions, especially to the French pictures. Those of the other schools remain

generally as they were. It may be that certain distinguished painters of the French school have not contributed; there are, nevertheless, among the smaller works, many productions very nearly approaching the highest excellence. No living school is more liberal in its tutelage than the French—even among these additions we find German, Russian, Polish, Italian—nay, names bespeaking every European nationality. Among the prominent pictures are those especially of Peers, Balfourien, Fichel, Malphen, Lemann, De St. François, St. Marcel (landscape), Jacquard, Deveria, Joseph Beaume, Louise Guizard, Plandin, Eugene Smits, Garcin, Gambogi, Foirestier, &c.; and besides the works of these artists, which are principally figure compositions, there are numerous landscape, marine, and other subjects of various interest.

SHAKSPEARE'S BIRTHPLACE, at Stratford-on-Avon, is now undergoing the isolation supposed to be requisite for its due preservation. The houses on one side have been levelled, and it is proposed to do so on the other. The effect at present is not particularly good, nor do we feel quite sure of the wisdom of depriving such walls of extraneous support. There is an idea of covering the whole after the fashion of Peter the Great's house abroad; the policy of this is very questionable. The house certainly seems to "age" more rapidly under the "care-taking" of the last few years.

THE WARRINGTON STATE BEDSTEAD, that attracted so much attention at the recent Manchester Exhibition, is, we see by advertisement, about to be disposed of by shares, or, in other words, by lottery, we presume,—under the patronage of the mayors of Manchester and Warrington, some members of Parliament, and other influential persons, who have, no doubt, so arranged the scheme as to keep within the limits allowed by law in matters of this kind. The bedstead is the work of a skilful and ingenious mechanic, of the name of Charles, residing at Warrington. It is a most elaborate specimen of decorative furniture, in the Renaissance style, of oak and other woods, sculptured with great taste and boldness in designs of figures, fruit, and flowers, to which ornaments appropriate mottoes or inscriptions are added. The exterior of the cornice bears twelve fine carvings of the signs of the zodiac, and the inside displays a number of carved bells and emblematical designs. Altogether this bedstead is a grand specimen of modern Art-manufacture, and a monument of the industry, talent, and skill of its producer. The value set upon it is £800, and the purchaser of a one-pound share will have the chance of securing such a couch for his weary body as a monarch might repose on right royally.

MR. SAMUEL LOVER, who enjoys the threefold honours of artist, lyric poet, and composer, has a new work in the press, upon the Lyrics of Ireland, upon which he has been occupied a considerable time.

THE NEW MUSEUM AT OXFORD.—This equally interesting and important edifice is advancing towards completion in the most satisfactory manner, under the able direction of the architects, Messrs. Deane & Woodward. When in a still more complete condition, we hope to describe and illustrate it fully. Meanwhile we desire to express our cordial congratulations to Mr. Skidmore, of Coventry, on the success with which he has executed the iron-work that performs so important a part in the construction of the building, and at the same time adds so much to its beauty. The main buildings of the museum enclose a large quadrangle, and this has been covered over with a *vaulting* of iron and glass. The pillars, ribs, and constructive members are all admirably executed in iron, the capitals of the clustered shafts being formed of lead; the shafts and ribs are tubes. The large spandrels formed by the iron arches are all filled with rich foliage, fruit, and flowers in the same material, which show how completely the artists employed have realised the capabilities of the metal when applied for architectural purposes. The Crystal Palace shows what iron can do in building, *without Art*: the Oxford Museum initiates the application of true Art to this metal, and demonstrates the fact that its decorative qualities are fully equal to its constructive. It is most gratifying to observe the minute carefulness with which every detail has been carried out in this iron-work, of which it is not too much to say that it constitutes a new era in constructive art.

## REVIEWS.

ORIENTAL AND WESTERN SIBERIA: A NARRATIVE OF SEVEN YEARS' EXPLORATIONS AND ADVENTURES IN SIBERIA, MONGOLIA, THE KIRGHIS STEPPES, CHINESE TARTARY, AND PART OF CENTRAL ASIA. By THOMAS W. ATKINSON. With a Map and numerous Illustrations. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

Some time in the autumn of 1856 there was exhibited, at Messrs. Colnaghis, a considerable number of paintings and drawings, of which we gave a short notice. These pictures were the fruits of the journey which the artist, Mr. Atkinson, describes in this volume, and a most entertaining narrative it is. Seven years did the author spend in exploring, and making sketches of, a country through which very few Europeans have penetrated; this was his sole object, and to effect it no little amount of courage, perseverance, and enthusiastic effort was needful. We wonder where there is a region throughout the globe—civilised or savage, fertile or barren—that can by any means be reached, whose soil has not been pressed by the foot of English travellers; some from the love of adventure, some from their devotion to art or science, and some from mere amusement and pleasure; but whatever motive has tempted the wanderer from his home, the narratives of these far-and-wide tourists have added considerably to our literary and artistic wealth, and filled the mind with national pride at the energy, boldness, and daring of our fellow-countrymen. Mr. Atkinson may fairly be classed among these dauntless travellers, for he says that, during his journey of nearly forty thousand miles, "I suffered much both from hunger and thirst, have run many risks, and on several occasions have been placed in most critical situations with the tribes of Central Asia, more particularly when among the convicts escaped from the Chinese penal settlements—desperate characters, who hold the lives of men cheap. I have several times looked upon what appeared inevitable death, and have had a fair allowance of hair-breadth escapes when riding and sketching on the brink of precipices, with a perpendicular depth of 1500 feet below me." A single glance at the map which accompanies the volume, will suffice to show the erratic character of the author's journeys: he appears to have entirely traversed the region lying eastward between Lake Tengiz and Lake Baikal, and between the gold mines north of Krasnojarsk and Khamil, or from 43 degrees of latitude to 60, and 79 to 108 degrees of longitude; but to reach the nearest of these points to St. Petersburg, he must have travelled several hundred miles after passing the Ural Mountains, which separate Russia Proper from Siberia. One may possibly imagine how full of adventure such a journey would prove, but to realise it with any approach to reality, we must hear Mr. Atkinson tell his own story, which he does in a plain, unvarnished, but most agreeable and pleasant manner, so much so, that we found it not an easy matter to lay the book down when we had once opened it. We cannot doubt others feeling as much interest in it as ourselves, and cordially recommend the volume as one that will instruct, while it will tend to enliven the evening hours of a fireside party. A large number of well-executed coloured lithographs, and of wood engravings, are of sufficient excellence to bring the book within the class of "illustrated gift-books."

THE DEPARTURE (SECOND CLASS).—THE RETURN (FIRST CLASS). Engraved by W. H. SIMMONS, from the Pictures by A. SOLOMON. Published by GAMBART & Co., London.

Mr. Solomon tells a story well, but we wish he would choose subjects less common-place than these, and others of a similar character which he frequently paints; he might surely find many that would show his powers of description in a more pleasing light; for he has powers both of observation and of execution far above the average, but he is not just to himself. The "Departure" represents the interior of a second-class railway-carriage, in which are seated a widowed mother, accompanying her young son to a sea-port, whither he is bound, to enter the service; a sister of the lad accompanies them. In the adjoining compartment are seated a thorough-going man-o'-wars sailor, and a buxom female, who may be his wife; the characters and the incident are plain enough, and well represented. In "The Return," we see a first-class carriage, in which is seated the sailor-lad, now grown into a young man, in the undress naval uniform of an officer; he is conversing with an old gentleman, whose daughter is seated by his side, apparently engaged with her needle and fancy-work, but in reality "taking observations"—and very agreeable



they seem to be—of the handsome young officer, so it is not difficult to surmise what will be the result of this cruise on land. The prints are large, and the subjects scarcely worthy of the labour bestowed upon them by the engraver; however, they may suit some tastes, and painters and engravers must, we suppose, work for the pleasure of all; neither Raffaele, nor Titian, nor Leonardo, will satisfy everybody.

**COMUS: A MASK.** By JOHN MILTON. Illustrated by PICKERSGILL, FOSTER, HARRISON WEIR, &c. The Engravings by the Brothers DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, London.

This is another of the charming books of the season, and one that will find many admirers, not alone because there is no more exquisite "poem" in the language, nor any better as a gift-book, but because Art has here worthily represented the sublime or beautiful conceptions of the poet. It is in truth a volume of pictures. The illustrations are thirty in number, while the pages are but eighty. The artistic gems are therefore in proportion to the immortal passages with which all readers are familiar wherever the Anglo-Saxon tongue is spoken; or the translator has made known the imperishable name of the author of "Paradise Lost."

We have reviewed this year many of these books of beautiful illustrations, drawn by competent artists, and engraved by accomplished engravers, and we have done justice to both; rejoicing to find excellent and pure art thus lavishly supplied in association with the rare and valuable in literature; but there is one part of our duty we have neglected. Those who know the nature of wood-cut embellishments, know well how much of the result must depend on the printer. No matter what skill the engraver may display in treating the artist's work, his labour will be thrown away if the printing be careless; it is better, indeed, to have a bad cut well printed than a good cut badly printed. All the books we have noticed are in this respect admirable, and it is only commonly just that we should express public obligation to Mr. Clay, the printer by whom the greater number of these "illustrated books" have been produced. On such occasions the name of "the printer" should never be overlooked.

**WINGED WORDS ON CHANTREY'S WOODCOCKS.** Edited by JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A. With Etchings. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

A few words will suffice to explain the origin of this book. Chantrey, being, in November, 1829, on a visit at Holkham, the seat of Mr. Coke (afterwards created Earl of Leicester), and having joined a shooting party, had the good fortune, at the commencement of the day's sport, to kill two woodcocks at one shot. A tablet commemorating this feat of arms was placed in the hall at Holkham, and on it Chantrey sculptured representations of his feathered victims with singular beauty and fidelity. The subject has at various times given rise to a large number of poetical epitaphs and *jeux-d'esprit*, from many distinguished and learned scholars, among them Wrangham, Malby, Selwyn, Tenterden, Williams, Alderson, Wilberforce, Scott, Wellesley; these compositions, some in Greek, others in Latin, are now collected and published; and the book is illustrated with several clever etchings of the birds, living and dead. We extract three *morceaux* from this amusing volume. The first is Archdeacon Wrangham's translation of one written by him in Latin.

"By the same hand we fell, and we revive;  
He, who destroyed us, bade us henceforth live.  
Twice happy hand! which, while it bids us die,  
Bids us in marble live immortally."

The next is Lord Jeffrey's:—

"The sculptor killed them by one shot,  
And, when the deed was done,  
He *carr'd* them,—first, upon one toast,  
And then, upon one stone!"

The following is by the present Bishop of Oxford:—

"Life in death, a mystic lot,  
Dealt thou to the winged band:  
Death—from thine unerring shot,  
Life—from thine undying hand."

**KAVANAGH: A TALE.** By HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW. Illustrated with Original Designs by BIRKET FOSTER. Published by KENT & Co., London.

It may be considered that Longfellow's prose is poetry, but it cannot be said that his poetry is prose: his prose tales are remarkable for a delicate strain of feeling which does not diminish their strength, while the language is so original, and at the same time so quaint, that the rhyme is looked for as an accompaniment, and you wonder for a moment

where it is gone! its absence is, however, amply atoned for by the sudden depth and richness of a sentiment, or the upstarting of some giant thought. He is, it is believed, more esteemed in England than in America; we marvel that any one can fail to appreciate the greatest poet of the age we live in: to us a volume of Longfellow's poems is a companion, and often a counsellor of whom we are never weary.

KAVANAGH is a tale rather of thought than of action, and we admire it the more because it gives forth more of the poet's *inner* man: this book is exquisitely "brought out" and illustrated, and we know nothing more suited to the drawing-room or library of a person of taste and feeling. We confess the most superb house in town or country would be cheerless to us without the "poets." We rank Longfellow as greatest among those who still wander about this work-a-day world; and we have placed him on our shelves close to the greatest of the past half century—Wordsworth! Even when we would write of Longfellow as a writer of prose, we are drawn onwards to believe in him only as a Poet.

**A HISTORY OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE IN INDIA.** By E. H. NOLAN, PH.D., LL.D., Author of the "History of the War against Russia." Part I. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, London.

The history of British rule in India is, without a single exception, the most extraordinary in the history of the nations of the earth; and yet how little of it, or of the country itself, is known by the people of England generally. The prevailing idea entertained by most persons amounts to little more than this, that our East Indian possessions occupy a vast territory, over which a company of merchants in London exercise supreme control, having large native armies in their pay; that numerous young men go out from England to take service in those armies, and to fill various civil offices, and that in due time they return to their own country with enormous fortunes and debilitated constitutions, and retire to Bath or Cheltenham to spend the remainder of their lives. We believe this to be no overdrawn statement of the amount of information which, till very recently at least, was current among us. The events of the last six months have, however, awakened a spirit of inquiry regarding a land deluged with the blood of some of England's bravest and best; and Delhi, Cawnpore, Lucknow, and a score other places, have become familiar words in the lips of tens of thousands who had never heard the names half a year ago. For our own sakes, as well as for the future interest of the people over whom we are destined, as we firmly believe, even yet to hold dominion, we must become far better acquainted than we have hitherto been, with India and its past history; we must, as a nation, learn the nature of the disorders that have caused such a fearful disruption of the social elements, before we can, as a nation, apply suitable remedies. Under such a constitutional government as that with which England is blessed, it is the duty of every man to acquire this information, because every man is more or less a portion of the governing body; through his representative in parliament he becomes a maker of the laws to which India must, hereafter, be subjected. Dr. Nolan's introduction to his "History of the British Empire in India" places this matter in a clear and intelligible light, and is of itself well worth perusal; the remainder of this first part is devoted to a statistical account of the country. As the work proceeds, we shall find opportunity for referring to it; all that now is needful to say, is, that it promises well, and as the subject is of interest to us all, it cannot fail to be widely acceptable. Judging from the little the author has yet written, he appears to have entered upon his task with every desire to write impartially. The book is published in the same style as Dr. Nolan's "Russian War," and is embellished with views and portraits engraved on steel.

**NINEVEH AND ITS PALACES.** By JOSEPH BONOMI. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

A third edition of this interesting book has been included in the illustrated library issued from the multifarious store of Mr. Bohn, to whom the reading world is indebted for a large series of very cheap and very good books. Mr. Bonomi, with that conscientiousness which characterised his labours from their commencement, has added to his present edition, a full account of all discoveries made since the last one was printed, and has corrected and revised the whole. We thus possess accurate accounts and engravings of the important researches made in Ancient Nineveh within the last few years, as well as their results, now placed in our National Museum. To the galleries of that building the present work is a most useful handbook, and its

pages abound with knowledge essential to all who would properly understand what is there exhibited, and ponder over it in their own homes. Five hundred pages, and nearly three hundred wood-cuts are thus brought to the library shelves for a few shillings.

**MANY THOUGHTS ON MANY THINGS.** Compiled and arranged by HENRY SOUTHGATE. Published by ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This is a large and somewhat costly book, but must be considered *cheap* by those who examine the 700 pages, of double columns, so beautifully printed as to supply an admirable example of typography—the best example, perhaps, we have had since the Chiswick press obtained fame and lost it. The idea of Mr. Southgate is by no means new: a commonplace book of choice passages from great authors is no novel thing; but a long period has passed since any publication of the kind was issued, and there is no other source to which we can apply in reference to writers comparatively modern. Such a work was therefore needed; and assuredly an immense amount of labour, thought, and persevering industry has been brought to bear in the compilation of this book. It is only requisite to explain, that under various leading heads, arranged alphabetically—beginning with "abdication" and ending with "zoology"—extracts are given from an immense mass of authors, British and foreign. There are no doubt many omissions, and it is quite as certain several introductions that might have been advantageously omitted; but as a whole, the collection is of value, and will prove a mine rich and inexhaustible to those who are in search of quotations. We by no means think it might not have been done better; nay, perhaps the work is even yet to do, for a very slight consideration will show how many authors are left unnoticed—how many illustrative passages have been omitted, while their places are filled from sources which no one can accept as "authorities."

**THE FABLES OF ÆSOP AND OTHERS TRANSLATED INTO HUMAN NATURE** by C. H. BENNET. Published by KENT & Co., London.

Those who are acquainted with a previous work, entitled "Shadows," by the author, will be glad to meet him again, and in a very fertile field. The volume we are compelled to notice thus briefly, affords ample enjoyment for a long winter's evening. The illustrations cannot be put aside as ephemeral, they are akin to the fables, and are for *time*, not fashion. The fable of "The Lion and the Gnat," comes particularly home to our sympathies. A literary lion, evidently busy in his studio with pens and ink, has become enraged to the verge of insanity by the buzzing of a gnat's barrel organ! The story is quaintly carried out by an admirably drawn spider, whose head and hat are unmistakably those of a policeman, quite ready and willing to take the gnat into custody; but we should be glad to know where, in Kirby or Spence, the author found a "*blue-bottle spider*." Many of the engravings are irresistibly grotesque, yet they are scarcely caricatures, adhering, as they so continually do, to truth and nature.

**PILGRIMAGE IN PARIS.** By MISS PARDOE. Published by WILLIAM LEY, London.

The animated likeness prefixed to this brilliant little volume was very welcome to our table, even at this full and busy season, when books are more like butterflies than bees; it brought before us many pleasant memories of the young and fairy-like girl when, hesitating whether to recede or advance, she stood upon the threshold of literature—then, as now, earnest, eager, industrious, and steeped in sunshine. Since then there have been many changes in the world of letters. Miss Pardoe has bravely won a high place, not only as a novelist, but as a traveller and biographer. Essentially feminine in her tastes and feelings, she feathered her oar through many breakers, where a heavier craft might have foundered; and if she has been severely criticised for the more than necessary sparkle which sometimes confounds the *real* with the *ideal*, it is only when the critic has been unable to sympathise with her bright and buoyant nature. She sees things through a different medium to the generality of observers; her mind not only imbibes, but retains sunshine, and even elicits it from shadow. This temperament has rendered her what may be truly called a cheerful writer; she always desires to make her heroines and her readers happy, and it costs her a great deal of pain, when "poetical justice," or a still more stubborn "*fact*," compels her to confess that shadows sometimes darken into night.

Many of the tales in this welcome volume have been published in "*Fraser*." Miss Pardoe says that, "If the aphorism of our grandmothers' be true that



a thing laid away for seven years is as good as new when it is reproduced, I may be permitted to hope that the sketches in question will be 'better than new,' as they have not seen the light for twice that period!" Indeed, out of the eight tales, we only recognise two as old acquaintances, and those it gave us infinite pleasure to meet again. We hope these "Pilgrimages in Paris" are but heralds of something more important: Miss Pardoe has been a long time silent,—idle, she never is; so we have a right to conjecture that ere long she will prove that we have not waited and watched in vain.

THE DIARY OF THREE CHILDREN; OR, FIFTY-TWO SATURDAYS. Edited by CATHERINE D. BELL. Published by EDMONDSTONE & DOUGLAS, Edinburgh.

"A. Stein" is well known and loved in the great "Father-land" as a writer for children; this apt and naïve translation will teach us to value him nearly as much here as he is valued there. German is now almost as universally taught in England as French; its literature, in many respects, is akin to our own: we have also a great deal of the same German home-lovingness,—we used to have a great deal of the same simplicity, but that has become somewhat traditional. The English and the German women are about the best wives and mothers in the world; but the woman in Germany is a far greater home-slave than the woman in England. If the German husband of the lower class does not beat his wife, he expects, and custom enforces, a more continuous and unremitting slavery than would be tolerated in England. In Germany, even the passing traveller knows who are the hewers of wood, tillers of the earth, and drawers of water. In Bavaria we have ourselves seen, more than once, a cow and a woman yoked to the same plough! But this memory is not, perhaps, in harmony with the DIARY OF THREE CHILDREN, which has been somewhat modified, and altered to suit the tastes and feelings of the English. We consider the volume, which is peculiarly fresh and original, as a most interesting and valuable addition to our juvenile literature.

If our younglings could be induced by the example of William, Mary, and Harry, to keep diaries, it would create a habit of looking back, which is of great advantage to old and young. But a diary, to be useful or interesting, must be faithful; it must not be a record of a convenient half, but of the whole; in a word, it must be transparently true, or it becomes almost a falsehood. Very few faithful diaries have been given to the world; Moore's is the most faithful of these latter days; and the result of its truth and sincerity is, that those who desired to be amused, have slandered the man because he did not invent instead of record.

We must say one word more about the book which suggested these thoughts, and it is to recommend it very earnestly at this gift-season to all who wish to give pleasure to the young.

PASTORAL POEMS. By WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Illustrated with Numerous Engravings. SAMPPSON LOW, London.

In this delicious volume, which contains the most exquisite of all the poems of the great master, Mr. Birket Foster is entirely "at home;" perhaps there is no living artist better suited to illustrate a poet whose pictures are as numerous as his thoughts. We desire always to see Wordsworth in the hands of the landscape painter; it is very difficult to realise any of his "characters," but the Nature he revered and loved, is as free to the pencil as to the pen; and it may receive from the one artist almost as much justice as it received from the other. The poet would have delighted in these pictorial accompaniments to his poems. He knew comparatively little of art,—in his day it had not been made "common;" but no writer of any age would have more keenly appreciated the advantage he obtains when the offspring of his fancy are made palpable realities, as they are here, in this charming book. Our debt to Mr. Sampson Low is thus augmented; he has issued so many beautiful volumes as to have largely influenced public taste. We trust they have all been—as they all ought to be—"successful," in the commercial sense; and that his resources for the future are not impaired by evils on the other side of the Atlantic.

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illustrated by A. L. BOND. Published by KENT & Co., London.

This collection of illustrative etchings is the production of an accomplished lady; they are graceful and agreeable, and as fanciful as the famous poem with which they are happily associated. Some of them manifest considerable power; and in all there

is evidence of thought and careful study as well as matured observation; the landscapes are, however, so much better than the figure subjects, that we may wish the fair artist had only resorted to the hills and meadows and river sides, selecting her themes from the weeds and flowers she found there, and which she well knows how to "appropriate" to the purposes of Art.

THE LOVES OF THE POETS; OR, PORTRAITS OF IDEAL BEAUTY. Engraved by W. H. MOTE, from Drawings by various Artists. Published by KENT & Co., London.

There is more of the real than the ideal in this series of portraits; although pictures of fair girls or beautiful women, they are not rightly named: assuredly no one of them confirms our preconceived notions of "The Loves of the Poets." Yet the book is a most pleasant one; such pretty faces are rarely found even in Art now-a-days, for the photographer has far too generally taken the place of the miniature painter—and "the fair portion" of creation has little cause to rejoice at the change. The book is charmingly "got up;" the arrangements are in keeping with the subject, and the engraver has admirably performed his part of the allotted task.

MERRY PICTURES BY COMIC HANDS. Published by KENT & Co., London.

It is enough to say that this merry Christmas book contains many hundred woodcuts—from the designs of Doyle, Leech, Crowquill, Browne, Meadows, and Hine—artists, all of whom are "famous;" and any one of whom can at any time "set a table in a roar." There is here, consequently, an inexhaustible mine of humour; yet there is no atom of coarseness mixed therewith. The book will delight young and old; it is so full that an evening may be spent over it, while, from its nature, it may be taken up for "a look through" at any time. A more complete cure for winter "blue devils" has not been devised since the most eminent of the many eminent wits who form it, issued his marvellous Journey up the Rhine.

THE YEAR NINE. A Tale of the Tyrol. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

It will be borne in mind, that the "Year Nine" was the year when the mountain men of the Tyrol, nothing daunted by the number and power of their foes, made one of those glorious struggles for liberty enshrined in history: their brave leader, "Hofer," is spoken of as the

"Tell of the Tyrol."

Now that the war-trumpets of the world bray forth "From sultry Indus to the pole,"

some of our instruments, which heretofore have only discoursed sweet home-music, have caught the popular feeling and discourse of battles, forays, and their fruits; even sweet "Mary Powell" exchanges her lute for a cymbal, clanging with her white fingers upon the sounding brass. The subject is well chosen, and the theme-inspiring "Hofer" is the hero of her lute, and no novelist could desire a better: the accessories are well made out, and the interest never flags; the facts of the Tyrolean revolt are given, with the necessary accompaniment of fiction.

MAUD SUMMERS THE SIGHTLESS, with Illustrations by JOHN ABSOLON.—HISTORICAL ACTING CHARADES.—CLARA HOPE; OR, THE BLADE AND THE EAR.—FRED MARKHAM IN RUSSIA.—JACK FROST AND BETTY SNOW.—BIDDY DORKING.—JACK AND THE GIANTS, illustrated with thirty-four Drawings by RICHARD DOYLE.—HOME PASTIME. (The Juvenile Publications of Messrs. Griffith & Farran, London.)

If any of the old firm of "Newberry" are still in the land of the living, we can imagine their astonishment at the manner in which "children's books" of the present time are decked, adorned, and issued to the public, from the dear old corner of "St. Paul's Churchyard." Mrs. Trimmer's, Mrs. Barbauld's, Mrs. Hofland's, and Miss Edgeworth's works, all came forth as what "our children" would call "little shabby volumes." Small and unornamented were those unrivalled stories by Maria Edgeworth—compiled as "The Parent's Assistant"—a little formal vignette, perhaps, facing the title-page, which was considered on the part of the publisher as a very liberal sacrifice to the fine arts. We have certainly greatly improved in illustration—the best of our modern artists do not disdain to illustrate tales much inferior to those written by any of the authors we have named; and the youthful eye is

certainly better educated than when "Master Newberry" dispensed literature to the good children of the United Kingdom; for ourselves, we confess a decided affection for the dear old corner—in our childhood, the promise of a book from "St. Paul's Churchyard," would have kept us on our best behaviour for a month.

When we say that the best of our modern artists do not disdain to illustrate tales much inferior to those written by any of the authors we have named, we do not mean that the books now before us would not compete fairly with the tales of any of "the lights of our own youth,"—excepting always "Maria Edgeworth." There have not been published, in these our modern days, more than half a dozen books worthy of being placed on the same shelf with "The Parent's Assistant." However, we have good cause to be thankful on the part of our young friends for the selection issued from the "old corner;" and many a young heart will beat quickly, and many a soft cheek flush, if mamma chooses for her eldest girl the charming story of

"MAUD SUMMERS THE SIGHTLESS," which fully works out its somewhat prosaic motto—

"No life falls fruitless: none can tell  
How vast its power may be!  
Nor what results unfolded lie  
Within it—silently."

HISTORICAL ACTING CHARADES, by the ingenious author of "Cat and Dog," having arrived at the dignity of a new edition, does not need any recommendation from us, but of all the juvenile books of the season, this affords the greatest scope for illustration: we hope the popularity of this vivacious companion in the hall, or the cottage, will induce Messrs. Griffith and Farran to publish an illustrated edition, attending strictly to the costumes, both of individual character and of the period represented—this would render the volume of permanent value.

CLARA HOPE; OR, THE BLADE AND THE EAR, is by Elizabeth Milner, who has contributed to juvenile literature the interesting tale of "Home Scenes." There is a deep undercurrent of religious feeling in all this lady writes—she has felt as well as thought, and perhaps the highest praise we can give this story, is to say that it may be safely read on the Sabbath; all who really desire to keep that day holy, and yet feel how dangerous it is to make it a day of gloom instead of a day of rejoicing to children, who cannot fix their minds for any length of time on the most important of all subjects, and yet who ought to have it turned into a different channel from that in which it has run during the week, know how difficult it is to find tales imbued with the religious feeling, without the semblance of teaching or preaching.

FRED MARKHAM IN RUSSIA.—In these days of "testimonials," we almost wonder that there has not been a combination among boys to "get up" a "testimonial" to Mr. Kingston. What English boy has not regretted that he could not go to sea with "Peter the Whaler," or plough the "salt water" which his narrative has invested with so much interest, or shake "Mark Seaworth" by the hand. "Fred Markham in Russia" is in every respect worthy of his predecessors, and though "Fred Markham in India" would just now strike in more with the popular vein, the adventures in Russia are possessed of more than an ephemeral interest, and we shall look forward with as much pleasure to Mr. Kingston's next book, as if we had not yet achieved the dignity of "tails" or "stickups." The illustrations by Landells add to the value of the volume.

JACK FROST AND BETTY SNOW.—The dedication of these pretty little tales to "Kingsley Chanter," prove by whom they are written: they are indelibly stamped with that natural and practical method of amusing while instructing, which only persons of very high genius possess. It is a great gift to be able to turn trifles to account; we congratulate our young friends who are so fortunate as to possess this pretty volume.

BIDDY DORKING has the advantage of being illustrated by Harrison Weir, and edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. The book contains two stories, both tending to illustrate the dangers which attend vanity and love of display. The second tale, "The Yellow Frog," is founded on a popular nursery poem.

It is surely sufficient to say that "JACK AND THE GIANTS" is illustrated by thirty-five drawings by Richard Doyle, engraved by G. and E. Dalziel.

HOME PASTIME; OR, THE CHILD'S OWN TOY-MAKER, is one of the very best gifts it is possible to give a boy; it is in fact a miniature portfolio in a case, containing practical instructions and illustrations by Mr. Landells. By this very novel and ingenious pastime twelve models can be made from cardboard by ten active little fingers. What a blessing!—we believe the most restless boy in the world might be kept quiet during a whole day by this "home pastime."



## THE ART-JOURNAL.

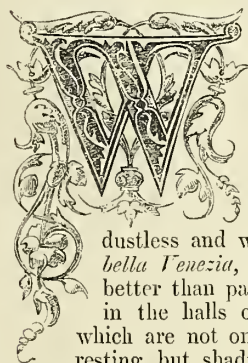


LONDON, FEBRUARY 1, 1858.

PAUL VERONESE.\*

PART II.

WITH HIS SUCCESSORS IN THE DUCAL PALACE.



WHAT shall we do to-day? whither betake ourselves? Why, since we have been recently moving about almost incessantly, and it promises to be too hot for slight exertion, even in this dustless and water-paved city of *la bella Venezia*, I think we can do no better than pass the morning quietly in the halls of the Ducal Palace, which are not only magnificently interesting, but shady and cool,—not only decorated with the full splendour of the sixteenth century, in the shape of Palladio's and Scamozzi's massy gilded ceilings and marble portals, and the superb allegorical and mythological canvases of Tintoretto, Veronese, and Zelotti, but free from everything that tends to hurry you along, and interfere with your deliberate enjoyment of these treasures. For here, liberally allowed to dispense with a guide, you may tarry as long as you please. You may take out your book, and, establishing yourself on the abandoned seats of "the Ten" and "the Forty," read and enjoy it; and ever and anon, raising your eyes from the record of some great embassy or council in Venetian history, you may feast them on the veritable scene of its occurrence, or on some vast and magnificent picture in commemoration of it, painted by order of the Doge and the Senate. The only interruption, in all probability, will be an occasional troop of tourists, silent phlegmatic English, or rougher and more noisy Germans; but they will scarcely disturb you, since, in almost every instance, they stay only long enough just to enable the guide to bawl out the names of a few of the principal pictures, and of their painters. Those names—"Jacopo Tintoretto, Paolo Veronese" (what a howl they make of the *Paolo*, to be sure!)—resound through the hall, not unfrequently accompanied by a profusion of the hardest *auchs* and *ichts* of the Teutonic dialect, roared in the most boisterous tones. But a momentary stare at the object thus euphoniously indicated is almost always evidently deemed quite enough; and the party troops on in orderly subservience to the pompous guide, not much wiser than before, one would think; and you are left once more alone with the spirit of the illustrious past, to receive as much from it as your powers of observation, guided by your previous reading and reflection, will enable you.

Having adopted this recommendation, we were soon in the interior court, from which

is the entrance to these state halls of the Signory by the Giant's Staircase. The architecture around, reared after a fire, in a Renaissance style (which, however, frequently retains the pointed arch), is wholly different from the noble Gothic of the exterior façades, and wholly inferior, though stately and magnificent, from that richness, solidity, and fine finish of details which are so eminently characteristic of the Venetian structures. The steps of the Giant's Stairs, for instance, are faced with beautiful arabesques in metal; and the marble balustrades and panellings abound with delicately cut grotesques, in that pseudo-classical style which the *Maestri Lombardi* cultivated at Venice in the sixteenth century, with remarkable grace, and minute Lilliputian vivacity of fancy. The present Giant's Staircase, though associated with Marino Faliero's execution, as much as Whitehall with the fate of Charles I., was not constructed until nearly 150 years after that catastrophe. Nevertheless, as we ascended, it was, of course, bestreaked with sanguine shades; and, at the top, we saw a half-stripped figure of much anatomical magnificence waving a reddened scimitar, and holding up a hoary head, and crying out, "Justice has been done upon the traitor!" Yet, but for the grateful compassionate treason of one of the Doge's minor accomplices, he would even now perhaps be crying aloud, "Justice has been done upon the herd of tyrants"—on the very dignitaries who now stand around with looks of immovable composure, suppressing every symptom of the revengeful triumph that is running riot in their hearts. Not that Faliero by any means merits the sympathy which Lord Byron, with his magnificent, but most undramatic rhetoric and special pleading, has laboured so hard to awaken for him. He was not, it is true, a hoary madman, who would have drowned in blood the government of which he was chief, in mere revenge for a petty insult; but there is nothing to show that he was actuated by better motives than selfish ambition and the greed of power: and had that revolution been accomplished which he intended to secure by the indiscriminate massacre of the entire aristocracy, it is most probable that Venice would have gained nothing in exchange for her wise and prudent, though arbitrary oligarchy, but a single lord, or tyrant, altogether too much of the Visconti or Malatesta breed. After ascending the Giant's Stairs, before the place of the lions' terrible accusation-receiving mouths, you next pass along the upper arcade—a favourite promenade, no doubt, in the olden time, of the members of the Ten, when bent on quietly disposing of their victims in the dungeons a little beyond; or, if the secret code discovered by Count Daru was not a forgery, as there seems some reason to suspect, a lounging-place of the still more terrible and unknown Three Inquisitors of State themselves. Here they may have confabulated sometimes. Here they may have discussed that delicate point, occasionally, whether, by virtue of their legalised prerogative of assassination, they should dispatch one of their trusty bravos after some troublesome person who might fondly conceive he had found a safe resting-place in some remote country, far up the Nile, or down the Tigris. Fancies of this kind have, no doubt, been scandalously multiplied to answer the purposes of coarsely-horrible romance; but even the darkest reports of the Ten and the Three, it should be remembered, make them no worse than our own murderous parliaments in the times of the earlier Tudors, who, by their eager acts of attainder, so often hurried illustrious innocence to the scaffold, in basest and most slavish subservience to the will of the English Shah. From this whispering-gallery of the Ten, a second staircase, an interior one, ascends to the Halls of the Signory. Its slanting coved roof is very rich and striking,

being massively banded with gilded garlands of fruit, enclosing white bas-reliefs by Vittoria, and little paintings by Il Semolei, of much merit, with something rather Michael Angellesque in them. The panels and pilasters beneath, too, are *cinque-centoed* with stems or trees, which bear—as the thyrsus of Bacchus may be supposed to have done, obedient to his wish, on some given occasion—not simply pinecones or ivy, but fruits of dragons' heads, dolphins, harpies, satyrs, and nymphs in teeming abundance, with frightful masks, and urns, and arms, and musical instruments. How such as these, swiftly bursting and rolling forth from the Wine God's wand, would have scared away the hinds who had stolen it, thinking to work with its power such wonders, but first of all, having set it in the ground, were dancing round it in a ring, in giggling triumph! The view down this sloping arcade, looking into the court far beneath, where a group of the female water-carriers was assembled in bright sunshine, round one of the bronze wells, was one which "gave us pause." The steps ascend in the opposite direction to the great Sala del Maggior Consiglio, the first of that very long and stately series of halls which are all ceilinged with such massy gilded magnificence, and are resplendent overhead and on every side with the immense canvases of the most powerful and brilliant Venetian painters, and their numerous followers. The plain and sombre panelling beneath in some of these halls, seems precisely suited for grave magisterial assemblies. But many of them are magnificently fitted up in every respect, and where not only Tritons and Nereids mounted on sea-horses hold across the ceilings the flowery wreaths enclosing the pictures of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese, but around you ascend pompons portals and chimney-pieces of costly marble, designed by Palladio and Scamozzi: there you will recognise a scene equally appropriate for the most superb state ceremonials—for the feasting-tables on the marriage of a young Dogaresa, such as we are told filled several of these chambers on the nuptials of Zilia Dandolo with Lorenzo Priuli, or for the reception of embassies from the Ottomites, or the Kings of France and Spain.

The Sala del Maggior Consiglio (and, indeed, most of the other halls are so) is covered with large pictures of the most famous achievements, some of them imaginary ones, in the romance of history of Venice: the supposititious victory off Pirano, the reception of Pope Alexander III., the assault of Constantinople, the taking of Tyre, being conspicuous amongst the rest, with the strange old machines and weapons of war,—the mangonels, catapults, and perrieres,—the crowded galleys, the quaint habits, and the carpeted and tapestried semi-oriental pageantry on land. They are quite a rich and valuable storehouse of such romantic antiquarian imagery; only that, for the most part, it belongs to the times of the painters, and not of the events represented. They are the principal examples existing of that showy, though somewhat mechanical style which was common to the immediate successors of Tintoretto and Veronese, when, partly from taking in a low sense the example but too often set by those great men, the art of Venice declined too much to what is merely decorative or ornamental, neglecting still more and more such things as tend to soften the heart, and raise and refine the imagination, for superficial pomps, which only flatter the eye, and touch not inward. Of this degenerate and waning period, the younger Palma, Leandro Bassano, Aliense, and Contarini are the most distinguished ornaments; and sometimes they rise above the level of the rest into a remarkable vigour and brilliancy of effect, and a fine execution of parts which is not unworthy of their great predecessors. The look-out from this superbly rich, but sombre old hall is, I should not forget to say, charming; and

\* Continued from p. 4.



it was especially so when we were there, from its lively exhilarating brightness. The island of San Giorgio, just opposite, lay in the most brilliant sunshine beyond the calm pale blue water, which was bordered below by long lines of idle barques, each with its white awning or black cabin, like lines of dazzling spray and little dark rocks intermingled. Vivid green promontories of foliage, and little islands, with churches and other sparkling buildings, scattered the broad lagoon beyond; and over the distant narrow line of Lido, we could see just the clear horizon of the open sea deepening like a sapphire against the silvery azure of that cloudless sky. The usual hum of life, the not unusual cry of men keeping time musically as they tugged at their cables, the wonted call, or bellying, of the gondolieri, gave animation to this delightful view. And whilst we were there, St. Mark's pigeons proved to us that they consider themselves perfectly free of this hall, as well as of the vestibule of the adjoining cathedral, for they came flying in at the window, and rested themselves very composedly on the cornice, where are the portraits of all the earlier Doges, except Marino Faliero, "decapitated for his crimes."

A painter worth attention, of the declining decorative period, Aliense, a Greek of the island of Milo, was banished the studio of Paul Veronese from jealousy—a high honour, which, however, we would rather had not been paid him by one who seems to have been usually of a noble and generous disposition. Aliense's picture here, of a certain city surrendering its keys to some Venetian general or other, is rich in pleasing figures, and conspicuously brilliant and vigorous in colour. In the same apartment a Doge adoring the Madonna, by Marco Vecellio, the intimate nephew of Titian, and his companion in his travels, is highly remarkable for its very clear and fine silvery tone. The Sala of the Council of Ten contains a strikingly splendid painting by Leandro, the son of Jacopo Bassano, of Pope Alexander III. meeting Doge Ziani after the victory over Frederick Barbarossa. The magnificent martial and ceremonial personages meeting together are well contrasted by the humbler figures lustily bustling ashore the spoils; and the painting is exceedingly brilliant and forcible, containing passages, here and there, which for beauty of colour and splendour of execution, would have done credit to any Venetian. Leandro Bassano, though seldom thought of now-a-days, enjoyed, it seems, a brilliant reputation in his own time. The Emperor Rudolph II., a liberal patron of Art, wished to appoint him his court painter, and Doge Grimani made him his Cavalier. And we are told that Leandro supported his dignity in a sufficiently imposing manner. He appeared in public, nobly attired, decorated with the insignia of St. Mark, and accompanied by a retinue of scholars, one of whom bore his gold cane, and another the book in which was noted his very numerous and truly important engagements. His pupils attended him also at table, which was maintained in a very handsome and costly manner; and, as he was ever suspicious of poison, he had his tasters, like the greater personages; though they were ordered, it is said, to taste with moderation and reserve, for fear of exciting too much attention and ridicule. Whether from these apprehensions or not, he was subject to fits of melancholy; but it is added, for our consolation, that they were apt to give rise to comic rather than tragical scenes.

But here, in this hall of the Council of Ten, are some precious paintings, far superior to those of Leandro Bassano and his compeers—a few precious relics of that very rare painter Batista Zelotti, of Verona, a friend and fellow-worker of Paul Veronese, and one who alone seems to have succeeded at times in catching the delicacy and refinement of his excellences,

some of which he has followed so closely in these pictures that they have been engraved as Veronese's own. They are in the ceiling, and consist, in each instance, of one or two allegorical figures of a truly captivating beauty and dignity. In these respects, and in delicate brightness of colour, they vie with the very exquisite Veronese beside them; the conspicuous difference being that Veronese's picture has a most brilliant silvery tone, whilst Zelotti's tender colouring (as is said to have been usual with him) is warmer, more cowslip-like, more rosy, if we may so express it. Of absolute inferiority there is but little. The lovely frieze round this room is also Zelotti's. It represents naked little children amusing themselves in various ways with books and musical instruments, or tumbling about and caressing each other, and suddenly affrighted by lions. It rivals our own most innocent and lovely Stothard in such subjects; and one cannot easily pay it a higher compliment than by saying so. It was well—was it not admirably?—thought of to decorate the council-chamber of the severe and gloomy "Ten" with representations of cheerful loveliness and softening innocence, such as these. For who shall say that tenderly sliding into the upturned eyes of the doubtful thinker now and then, at the right moment, they may not have exercised a subtle influence over his heart, and so been powerfully instrumental to the defeat of the harsh decree, and the substitution of a gentler one. The seldom-thought-of painter of these sweet things, though undoubtedly one of the first artists of his time, was not, it appears, even then known and esteemed according to his merits, from his having worked chiefly in fresco (in which he is said to have been more dextrous than Veronese), away from considerable cities, in villages, and country-seats, and palaces, where his productions were most likely to moulder away in solitude, neglect, and oblivion.

Having thus, by mounting higher, approached the very kibe of Veronese and Titian themselves, we will proceed by saying that Titian has in the Ducal Palace only one picture on canvas, and one fresco—his only fresco in Venice; the former Ducal Palace, which was rich in his works, having been gutted by fire the year after his death. The oil picture is certainly one of the grandest here. It is of immense dimensions, and represents the Doge Antonio Grimani in armour, with an odd sort of white mob-cap on his head, kneeling, with his arms uplifted, apart, with an expression of wondering admiration, before Faith, impersonated by a grandly handsome woman, who holds a cup and a crucifix, which latter is further supported by two very pretty little winged children, or converted Cupids. St. Mark, with his lion, stands beside her, regarding the incident. The picture is one of great power, painted with a grand largeness, solidity, and force, melting in parts, most appropriately, into the true Titianesque softness and subdued richness of tone; and the two principal figures have a majestic and solemn air. This is the picture to which Mr. Ruskin specially refers as an evidence of Titian's utter want of religious feeling. Assuredly, it displays nothing of the *monkish* or *ascetically* religious feeling; yet, whilst moved by the grand emotion of Grimani, and the demure majesty of the noble figure of Faith, to whom he lifts his reverent eyes, I could not help thinking that it must be a rather fastidious and exceptional piety of the mere fancy which could pronounce them to be decidedly and absolutely of a non-religious character. It must be admitted candidly, nevertheless, that Titian has not given the warlike Doge the cloistral or seraphic expression of a St. Francis or a St. Dominick. The fresco, a St. Christopher with the Infant Saviour, is at the bottom of a mean, white-washed staircase—

a robust figure, with a fine, handsome, manly head, coloured with a vigour not common in fresco. It has been copied in mosaic in the southern façade of St. Mark's Church.

To the works here by Tintoretto we have endeavoured to do justice in another paper; but, after all, Paul Veronese bears the bell in the Palace of the Doges; and in the superb guard-room—where the Slavonian halberdiers, pages, and officers were wont to wait whilst the Doge and the *Grandi* (his privy-council) received ambassadors within—is the Europa, one of his most celebrated master-works. A fine-grown Venetian lady, in an interesting disorder of rich brocade, and crowned with flowers, and with a pensive melancholy in her countenance, is seated on a beauteous, couchant, milk-white bull, who licks her foot, with languishing and love-softened eyes; whilst other handsome, full-blown madams are supporting her with much animation and courtly grace. A sylvan glade, leading downwards to the sea, forms the background, where some of the after circumstances of the story are anticipated. Of course there is nothing of classical antiquity—one does not expect it in Veronese; and but for a few stray Cupids fluttering in the air, but for the pensive melancholy of the principal figure, and the perfect seriousness of her attendants, one might very well fancy that the Lady Morosini and her waiting-women, had, in a rather frolicsome mood, taken it into their heads to ride on some beauteous pet brute, of wonderful docility and tameness, round the paddock of her rural sea-side villa. The picture is magnificently painted; and though much untuned—disharmonised by restorations—rich and brilliant in effect, without one gorgeous colour in it. A notable lesson is it of the splendour which may be produced by temperate means.

But now, before we proceed to the hall within, which is the very *sanctum sanctorum* of Paul Veronese, it will be advisable not altogether to overlook one of his most considerable works here—to go back for a moment to the Sala del Maggior Consiglio, whence we were somewhat precipitately led away by Zelotti, Leandro Bassano, and the others we have briefly noticed. This important work of Caliali's in the ceiling of the great hall, represents Venice crowned by Fame. Impersonated by a fine lady, in gold brocade, of the fashion of the painter's times, she sits at the top of the picture, between most superbly-ornate twisted columns, several very serviceable goddesses being grouped around her. Beneath runs a balustrade, crowded with ladies and their children gazing up admiringly at Venetia and her heavenly court; and under them are knights and cavaliers prancing on horseback amongst an animated crowd of the commoner sort—a splendid composition, most rich in picturesque incident; but now, lamentable to relate, spoilt by the restorations recently perpetrated. When I was here five years ago, this picture was absent for the purpose of being repaired; and Mr. Ruskin describes himself as having been "present at the re-illumination of the breast of a white horse in one of Veronese's pictures, in this palace, with a brush at the end of a stick five feet long, luxuriously dipped in a common house-painter's vessel of paint." Now as here is a horse, and, moreover, a horse with a very painty chest, I suppose we may pretty safely infer that this is the picture to which he alludes. At any rate a dull bad grey, a muddy brow, a leathery smoothness, are now in the work, as much as possible the reverse of Veronese's manner, and so much in the raw and crude style commonly cultivated now-a-days, that it can scarcely be rash to describe them as the slimy track of that organized body of picture-destroyers, the Venetian Academy. Restorations, ever of all things to be deprecated, are in the case of such a colourist



as Paul Veronese, likely in an especial manner to be utterly fatal: where, as with him, every tint, up to its most delicate modifications, is suggested by the most refined consideration of the harmony and effect of the whole picture, colours superimposed by any less gifted hand, may, even in the first touches, mar the entire scheme hopelessly. You might just as well try to restore some highly-wrought poem, of which the most delicate passages have been all lost, as seek to repair the damage in any great work of Veronese's, such as this.\*

However rapid and common-place the incidents of these allegorical works, it will not be supposed that the pictures resemble in general insipidity those of similar subjects by the lower order of artists. The noble truthfulness of the objects of which these fanciful compositions are built up, the excellent portraiture with which they are enriched—taken fresh from nature—the admirable grouping, colouring, and execution, give them high interest and value, and raise them infinitely above all productions of the Verrio and Thornhill class, for instance. As an example of the Venetians' matter-of-fact way of filling up their allegories, their personifications of Venice itself may be cited. They do not, turning up their eyes to the clouds, ask them to lend a hazy lady for the purpose; but, looking around, choose some comely maid or dame at hand, very probably in part from courtier-like motives. Her they enthroned in the very dress then worn on state occasions; and really it is not quite easy to see how, in the absence of that higher imaginative power which these painters did not possess, Venice could be more satisfactorily personified. It is to be wished, we think, that our own artists, until they can bring to the task more poetical invention, would modestly content themselves with representing Britannia on the same principle; for who ever looks a second time on the impostor they have hitherto substituted for her?—a dull, cold, lifeless maid, with nothing British about her—a hybrid creature of illegitimate Athenian descent, who, having no wit or art to equip herself in any way honestly, has disgracefully, most derogatorily to the nation, stolen Minerva's helmet and Neptune's trident. Shame on her; fy! Britannia surely should be not only honest, and original, but most emphatically English in features, physiognomy, dress, and every ornament and accessory; and therefore, no doubt, it is highly desirable that the felonious false Minerva should be summarily and contemptuously banished on the first convenient opportunity. And until some imaginative figure thoroughly characteristic of the heart, intellect, and beauty of England descends from the high heaven of invention to succeed her, why, it were surely better, on occasions where Britannia cannot by any means be dispensed with, that the artist should faithfully copy for the purpose, the damsel whom for her right good English face he admires the most; and if his subject will not admit of his seating her in a green field amongst the primroses and forget-me-nots, or where the free eglantine, of its own sweet will, wreathes itself into a beauteous orderly canopy, or crowning wreath for her fair head, he may (as Paul Veronese would assuredly have done) promote her to a velvet state-chair, arrayed in

the most tasteful and harmoniously-tinted millinery that was seen at the last drawing-room of our sovereign lady the Queen. At any rate, this would surely be far better than equipping her, as we have hitherto done, in the cast-off things of a cold and superannuated antiquity. There is not much doubt, we think, of her proving sufficiently interesting, enthroned side by side with a Parisian grisette, her French national counterpart, decked in the Empress Eugenie's most delicate lace and jewellery; the two together receiving the homage of Russians, Cossacks, Tartars, and a rich variety of other barbarian figures, on the occasion of the fall of Sebastopol; the news of which, arriving here on the very day when we last contemplated these pictures, manifestly excited no unpleasant sensation amongst the loiterers at St. Mark's, Austrians as well as Italians. With something of invention and true poetry dedicated to the purpose, it is scarcely to be questioned that the too much depreciated allegorical style might be employed with much pictorial advantage, in commemorating the events of the recent war, in the halls of our new Houses of Parliament, or in the vast dome of the new Reading-room of the British Museum. For (as Mr. Ruskin, I think, somewhere observes) no other mode of treatment admits of grouping together such magnificent varieties and contrasts of picturesque objects—ideal beings; of course, we do not mean the trite ones; but novel creations conceived with witty sapience and sagacious fancy, human portraiture, animals—the symbolical ones, as well as others—and for backgrounds, glimpses of any events, or landscapes, which, however remote in place, are associated in idea with the principal part of the subject, or may be supposed as present to the minds of the persons introduced. Thus might be presented lovely visions of home, for instance, nerving Crimean heroes; or as an antithetical background to the indomitable heroism of that humbler rank and file, on whose few bayonets the reputation, and perhaps the lasting weal, of Britain, depended for some hours at Inkerman, some of our most accomplished senators at home, blinded by Faction, or lost in the mazes of their own sophistries; and one or two not the least shrewd of their body led floundering into the mud by Mammon: or certain of our lordliest captains, under the generalship of Pride, galloping blindfold up and down a long lane of blood, and death, and horror. Or there might be drawn elsewhere, in some quiet corner or other, a heaven-sent Nightingale, singing in "the perplexed shades" of the very Wood of Error, and charming away Pain and Grief with her clear melodies; or better far than any such light conceit, we might, unknown to her, snatch a veritable portrait of the noble Lady herself, and show her, even as she was, led on by Faith and Charity, with healing power, into appalling places; whilst cold, formal, calculating Duty stops far behind her. And might not Humour itself, in which, by-the-by, in Art the British—of course including the Irish—are unequalled, be introduced with capital advantage in these allegories, embodying with refined skill such incidents as we sometimes admire in the cartoons of *Punch*, which display, doubtless, a shrewd and lively invention not often seen in the works of our finishing painters? If wholesomely satirical humour, equal to that of Leach, were set forth with highly-wrought Art having one tithe the skill of Veronese, why then, indeed, might the ceilings of our new senate-house be adorned with something so interesting as very desirably to draw attention away from the cramped, stiff, pettily-ornate architecture, which from certain points of view, at least—in the opinion of a certain cynical friend of mine, which, however, I could not myself venture wholly to indorse—seems more suitable for a vast

bazaar for all the milliners and bijouterie in London, than for the Parliament House of certainly one of the most manly and energetic nations the world has ever seen.

And now let us return from this light allegorical digression to the Venetian Hall of the Ambassadors, the door of which is ajar, and the space within most happily custodeless. A sumptuous chamber! But, first of all, look out of its windows, and see the cupolas of St. Mark's clustering close opposite, above the fantastic spiral roof and statuary of the Porta della Carta; and beyond them the Campanile soaring into the cloudless azure, its shadows aerially and tenderly reflecting it. Look on this picture, window-enframed, and painted by the brightest hand of Noonday all with azure, and silvery white, and grey, and then contrast it with the warm, deep glow of the shadowy hall within—the Doge and Council's vacant seats of cedar hue, touched delicately with gold, the portal and the mantelpieces of costly marble, and, over them all, the sumptuous ceiling by Da Ponte (the architect of the Rialto), of wreaths of fruit and flowers, studded with masks and other grotesques; these the frames of Paul Veronese's most cheerfully charming works. Here let me sit by the hour, or rather by the morning, and read, in the simple and lively language of some old historian, such as Knolles or Contarini, the narrative of that great war with the Turks, which, beginning with the loss of Cyprus, but ending in the victory of Lepanto, is especially commemorated by Veronese's paintings in this hall. Let me read of the Nicosian matron, who slew her child to save him from the Turks, and of the noble captive maid who blew up the galeass which was conveying herself and her companions (a supercargo of Cypriot loveliness) to the Sultan's harem. Let me familiarise myself thoroughly with the glorious though unsuccessful defence of Famagosta; and between whiles, now and then raising my head from the book, let me gaze around the very room where the Doge and his Council received with calm firmness that fierce and haughty challenge of Sultan Selim's chaoosh, or envoy, which led to the war, and where, after the mighty victory at its close, the last great Venetian painter wrought on the ceiling those three lovely works of "Justice," and "Faith,"—the main pillars of the Signoria during the frightful struggle,—and "Peace," the ultimate reward of its self-devotion and heroism. They are amongst Caliar's most beautiful productions—somewhat small pictures, with not more than three or four figures in each, grouped in his exquisitely picturesque way, and coloured to the height of that delicate brilliancy in which he is supreme. Romantic designs are they, conceived in a highly graceful and cheerful spirit, and set off with a right royal splendour. In the centre oval some magnificently-clad figures kneel round an altar, with white-robed Faith above them in the heavens. In the second picture Justice and Peace, kneeling too, most courtly, offer respectively their sword and olive-branch to a young lady (Veniero or Montcenigo, who can tell which?) in white satin, brocaded with gold and ermine, seated on a throne under a canopy, and impersonating *la Bella Venezia* quite satisfactorily, one cannot help thinking. But the third painting—though one has the same difficulty in choosing between them that the Knight experiences in selecting from the three lovely Sisters who, arm-in-arm, greet him in the lonely castle-hall—is, I do verily believe, my favourite. Here a shaggy Neptune and a cavalier in armour, representing Mars—the two, of course, signifying the strength and spirit of Venice—with her winged lion between them, recline most leisurely under a soft and balmy blue sky, where the Venetian Campanile rises with an

\* It may be as well here to say a word or two on the other Veroneses in our own National Gallery. "The Offering of the Magi" is, in all likelihood, his composition, but so poor in character, colour, and execution, as to betray, in almost every part surely, the hands of assistants. Our old picture—"The Consecration of St. Nicholas"—is, on the contrary, very fine and genuine, and in the beautiful composition of light and shade, play of delicate colour, and light freedom of execution, most characteristic of the master—in these respects preferable to the Pisani picture. Much in his delightful manner is the variegated brightness of colour (fresh greens and rosy hues especially), touching dispersedly, or as it were tipping the transparent greys on which the picture is based, like emerald moss and pinky flowers glancing about some shadowy fall of waters.



aërial tenderness rivalling that of the real building which appears through the window; whilst two lovely children are flying through the air, one carrying away Mars's helmet, and the other bringing him a pretty veined shell to play with in that sweet resting-time of peace. This is surely one of the most beautiful pieces of bright but delicate colour that ever gladdened the sight, vying, if I mistake not, with slopes of roses descending through the tenderest silver air down to the bosom of some becalmed blue mere, which mirrors softly the purity of the resting heavens.

Here one would willingly believe the Mars to be a portrait of one of the heroes of Lepanto: at all events the whole picture, painted shortly after that victory, commemorates in a delightful manner the peace which followed it; but the enthusiasm and glory of the exploit itself are illustrated on a far more magnificent scale by one of Veronese's chief masterpieces above the throne at the end of the hall.

In this picture Venice, personified in the usual way, is conducting the leading Instruments of the victory, her generals, to the Saviour, who, having descended, is seated with a globe in His hand, amidst a most jubilant spreading and profusion of angels and cherubs bearing palm branches; white-robed Faith, kneeling below, with her cup in her hand, being represented as the successful suppliant to the Real Vanquisher—as the link between the earthly and the heavenly beings. The admiral, Sebastian Veniero, afterwards Doge, and the *Proveditore*, Agostino Barbarigo (who, though slain in the fight, is finely, not the less, introduced here as sharing in the triumph), are habited in martial state, their mantles supported by graceful pages in white and gold. Speaking portraits! Veniero, a wrinkled, white-bearded, but fervent-looking old man, and Barbarigo (who was mortally pierced by an arrow whilst cheering his men during an unequal conflict with six Turkish galleys), handsome and in the prime of life—a noble example of a Venetian high-born and high-thoughted cavalier. Behind Veniero significantly follows a beautiful and dignified female, bearing that dual bonnet which rewarded his deserts five years after the victory. And, lastly, the nature of that victory is shown by a crowd of galleys covering an horizon of sea extending across the foot of the picture.

Of the composition, colouring, and execution of this work, it would be difficult to speak too highly: the colouring has Paolo's characteristic wide range of brilliant, lovely hues, pervaded by much of his delicate silvery tone. It has all his melodious magnificence, as it may with but a slight figure of speech be called; and the effect, before it was somewhat faded and deadened by time, must have been something superlative indeed. Kugler says of some of these pictures, that "they touch the heart of the spectator like heroic music;" a kind of comparison which may here, perhaps, without deviating into what is fantastical, be dwelt upon a little, with characteristic variations. Some of the pictures we had been recently enjoying, such as Giorgione's "Bassanio at the Caskets" (as we ever call it), and Titian's "Gentle Shepherd," both in the Manfrini Gallery, may be likened to some simple, deeply tender air played on one instrument, a pipe or violin; but this is like a fine animated overture (one of Rossini's best, for instance), with many melodies running through it, played grandly by a full-toned orchestra, consisting of many instruments of various kinds and powers, not any of them lost to the ear, yet all consenting to one brilliant and magnificent tone. This is not a *single* flower, culled for the tender bosom of some thoughtful maid, but a triumphal wreath of many, exquisitely matched, and

gathered for the festive brows of Victory and Joy.

It is indeed every way worthy—as the representation of the Saviour descended amidst His adorers is strikingly significant—of the plenitude of enthusiastic faith which inspired the Christian combatants on the occasion; when the vessels were decorated gaily for the fight as for a jubilee, or rather as if the victory were already gained, and all the galley slaves were freed and armed, and all animosities melted away in magnanimous tears, like delusions of night before a divine dawning; and not only the priests, but many of the captains, hurried from stem to stern, with crucifixes in their hands, exhorting the multitude to look above all to the Saviour,—to fight fearlessly and with joyful confidence for Him who had died for them, and who, as He had more than once in former times descended visibly to confound his enemies, was now, no doubt, mightily present in the spirit amidst them. What could be looked for after this but the frequent boardings and re-boardings which ensued, and the prodigies of valour, and the sea discoloured with blood, tossing shoals of corpses, and covered for miles with the wrecks of the Turkish navy, almost entirely destroyed; and such trepidation at Constantinople that the Turks already meditated the abandonment of the city, and traversed their streets in despair, asking the Christians whether the victors, on taking possession of the capital, would permit them to remain and live there according to their own laws, on payment of a tribute? The Christians, however, were too much weakened by their losses at the time, and too much divided by their petty jealousies afterwards, to follow up their glorious and complete success; and in a few months the Captain Pasha sailed forth again with a powerful fleet to menace and insult the Christian seas, just as if no defeat had been experienced. "In this vain exploit," observed a captive pasha, smartly, "you Christians only shaved away the Sultan's beard, which has speedily grown again quite as thick, bushy, and handsome as before; but in Cyprus the Venetians have irretrievably lost an arm, and so become crippled for ever."

The only addition one cannot help wishing for in this splendid monumental picture is, in some corner of it, a portrait of Miguel Cervantes, who, though he lost an arm at Lepanto, gained there, it may be, new power to his soul, in the glorious heightening of those generous and heroic feelings which so often glow through his satire on the follies of knight-errantry, like brilliant sunrays streaming through rents in fantastic clouds. But this is an irregular excursion of my fancy, and it is enough that Venice alone should be honoured here.

This Chamber is as the inmost heart of the fine old city, where its heroic emotions seem most to linger. These memorials of her last grand achievement, painted by her last grand painter—and they are amongst his masterpieces—compose, surely, one of the most dignified and deeply interesting national monuments existing; to be fitly ranked, I think, not very far beneath those others in which Art still pleads in honour of extinct heroic races of men and powers, from the Rock of Pericles and the Seven Hills of the Cæsars. But the full majesty, the national sanctity (if I may use such an expression), of this Venetian Hall of the Ambassadors, has not, perhaps, been sufficiently apprehended by us. My fancy often returns, often dwells there, to contemplate those many-coloured glories, which bring home to us the greatness of the past; enriching our imaginations with noble and fervid thoughts, here emblazoned for the instruction and delight of after ages also, not perishing, not sinking into the grave with the great and gifted hand that traced them.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE SPANISH LETTER-WRITER.

J. Phillip, A.R.A., Painter. L. Stocks, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 2½ in. by 2 ft. 6¼ in.

Of the number of comparatively young artists who seem destined to succeed to the positions now occupied by the members of the Royal Academy, when these shall have fulfilled their mission and shall rest from their labours, we know of no one to whom we should point with more confidence to uphold the character of the British School of Art than the painter of this picture. Mr. Phillip is an artist of no ordinary capacity; he is original in conception, vigorous in his treatment, and an excellent colourist—three notable qualifications for a good artist; a close observer of human nature, and an accurate delineator of its varied types and characters.

Slowly but surely he has for a few years past been gaining on the public attention: within the last four or five seasons he has fully secured it; and has very recently been elected "Associate" of the Royal Academy.

Many of Phillip's earlier pictures have been borrowed from Scottish life; such, for example, as his "Presbyterian Catechising," a subject containing a large assemblage of figures, each of whom appears a reality rather than the painter's fancy; a "Scotch Fair," a composition as humorous as one of Hogarth's, but without his vulgarity; "Baptism in Scotland," a high-class work in feeling and execution; "Scotch Washing," engraved under the title of "Heather Belles" for the Art-Union of Glasgow; the "Spawife of the Clachan." Another excellent work by this artist is called "Drawing for the Militia;" it is full of diverting incident and striking character: the treatment of this subject displays great depth of thought and command of the descriptive means employed by the painter. All these pictures were exhibited in successive years at the Academy prior to 1852, when Phillip departed for the continent in search of new material, Spain being the country towards which his desires tended.

It is a matter of surprise that Spain should be so rarely visited by artists, for it is rich in all those treasures which the painter seeks after: historical associations of a high pictorial character, natural scenery of the finest description, edifices unsurpassed by any on the continent for magnificence and beauty, and a people whose habits, customs, manners, and personal appearance, render them most interesting models for picturesque study. And yet out of the numerous class of artists who travel, or have travelled abroad, we can only recall to mind Wilkie, Roberts, Lewis, and Phillip, who have traversed this part of Europe on a "sketching tour," and have given to the world some records of their travels. To this list, however, should be added the name of Captain Vivian, a clever amateur artist, and of the late W. Oliver, who reached the Pyrenees, and published a volume of sketches made among the mountains and the neighbourhood.

On the return of Phillip to England he exhibited, in 1853, a "Spanish Gipsy Mother," at the British Institution, and at the Royal Academy "Life among the Gipsies at Seville,"—the latter picture, like some of his earlier works, distinguished by much humour and infinite variety of character, all bearing the strongest impress of truth and nationality. In the following year he exhibited, at the Academy, the picture here engraved, which, we presume, was a commission from the Queen, as to its title in the catalogue were appended the words,—"The property of Her Majesty the Queen;" and quite worthy is it of a place in any Royal collection. Juan Morales, *memorialista y escribano*, is, it may be presumed, writing a love-letter, dictated by a young and handsome Spanish lady; she speaks low, that she may not be overheard—so low that her amanuensis is obliged to put his hand to his ear to catch her words. On the right is a poor woman with a letter in her hand, waiting till Juan is at leisure to read it to her. It is an open air scene, of ordinary occurrence in the towns and cities of Spain, rendered with consummate skill by the painter, both in detail and as a whole.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.





L. TUCKERMAN DEL.

# THE LETTER WRITER - SEVILLE

FROM AN ENGRAVING IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

J. BULLOCK DEL.







## BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SCIENCE AND ART.

## PART VII.

We have now to glance at the flower, the most attractive part of the vegetable organism—hence it has gained the ornamentist's special attention.

The flower is usually made up of four distinct whorls or rings of parts, the outer of which is most frequently green, and constitutes the *calyx*; the second whorl is usually of a more intense colour, and constitutes the *corolla*; the third constitutes the *androcium*, and the fourth or central the *pistil*. The parts of the outer whorl or calyx are called *sepals*; the component members of the corolla, *petals*; of the androcium, *stamens*; and of the pistil, *carpels*. (Fig. 70.)

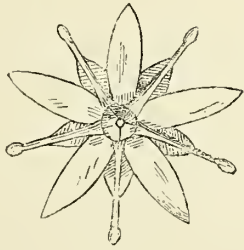


Fig. 70.

The sepals are usually leaf-like, as are the petals, but the stamens are generally awl-shaped bodies surmounted by knobs, the knob being the *anther*, and its stalk or support the *filament*; the carpels, which are usually green, are often far removed from the leafy form, but of them we shall have to speak more definitely hereafter.

It is not within our province to enter into the various modifications of these organs and their parts, but have merely to point out a few of their leading characters. The sepals usually assume the nature of a whorl of simple rudimentary leaves, which may either stand up, so as to form a somewhat tubular calyx, or be spread flat, so as to give rise to a star-like composition.

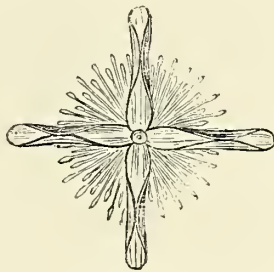
Extremely diversified effects are produced by the varied arrangements of this organ, as well as by the numbers of the parts entering into its composition. Thus the calyx may be formed of one sepal, though rarely; or of two, three, four, or more. The most remarkable effects, however, are brought about by unions or adhesions; thus sepals often become so completely united as to form a calyx which may appear as one funnel or bell-shaped leaf, yet in reality it is formed of several, the margins of which cohere: this adhesion may take place to a variable extent. In the Pimpernel the adhesion is only contracted at the base; in the Centaury (*Erythraea*) the sepals are united about half-way; in the Campion (*Lychnis*) about two-thirds, giving it the appearance of a tubular, toothed calyx, while in the Correa the adhesion is entire. The number of sepals (when they cohere) entering into the composition of the calyx is sometimes of importance, and therefore the means of ascertaining this question may be of interest. The number of sepals usually coincides with the number of the lobes or points of the margin of the calyx; thus if it has five lobes or points, as in the Dead Nettle (*Lamium*), it is composed of five sepals; if four, of four sepals, and so on. The calyx is not only often formed of adhering segments, but it also often contracts an adhesion throughout a considerable portion of its length with the other floral whorls, as in the Apple and Plum, where the entire series of floral whorls become consolidated throughout their bases into one thick fleshy cup.

The calyx, instead of being equal, that is composed of equal sized members, is often unequal or irregular. This may occur in the calyx formed of a series of separate sepals, as well as in that formed of adhering members. This irregularity not only results from the unequal sizes of the component sepals, but also from the unequal adhesions of equal sepals; the former, however, is the most common mode of its formation. The texture of sepals varies, but we shall notice the variable texture of leaves, &c., separately.

The duration of the calyx deserves notice: it is sometimes very fugitive, as in the Fumaria, in which it falls off before the flower expands; at other times it is expelled by the expansion of the flower, as in the Escholtzia and Poppy; it remains till the death of the flower in the Fuchsia, and till the maturation of the seed in Henbane, when it appears as a cup surrounding the ripe fruit.

The corolla is usually the most attractive part of the floral organism, owing to its bright colours; it is generally of a much more delicate nature than the calyx, and of finer texture. Its constituent members, petals, are like leaves of diverse forms. Petals are either free or united; in the latter case this adhesion takes place just as with sepals, giving rise to various characteristic corollas. Of these one or two, formed of cohering petals, are so characteristic of certain families of plants, that they deserve a passing notice: thus, the peculiar funnel-shaped corolla of the Convolvulus is characteristic of the Bindweed family; the bell-shaped corolla of the Campanulas, or the Campanulate order; and the irregular lipped corolla, formed of five petals, which are irregularly united, two forming the upper lip and three the lower, is characteristic of the great Dead Nettle family. These characters are almost sufficient of themselves to mark great natural groups of plants, but care must be taken, as other characters are always attendant upon these. There are also one or two corollas formed of disunited petals, which are equally characteristic of natural groups: one of these is that which is formed of four petals, each of which has a long narrow claw or base; the claw is inclosed in the calyx, the petals being arranged in the form of a cross, as in the Wall-flower; this is characteristic of the order of Cressworts. One or two varieties of the irregular corolla, which is composed of disunited members, also deserve passing notice. The most prominent of these corollas is the papilionaceous or butterfly-shaped. It is found in the Pea order, and is composed of five petals, one of which is large and overshadows the rest; two are alike, one of which is placed on each side like wings; the other two often cohere, and form a scoop-like basal member. Another characteristic corolla is that of the Violet, which is almost the reverse of that of the Pea; thus it has two petals at the top, two at the sides, and one at the base.

One or two other particulars relative to the corolla we must here notice. It has often at the bases of its segments glandular appendages or concavities, as in the Buttercup and Crown Imperial. In some cases

Fig. 71.—TRAVELLER'S JOY.—*Clematis*.

the petals and sepals so nearly resemble each other that they are distinguishable only by position, as in

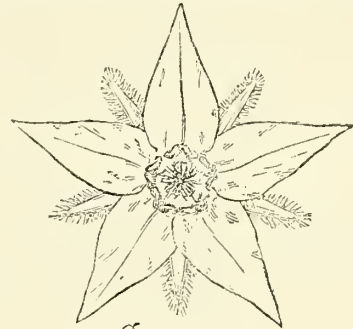


Fig. 72.—BARTONEA.

the Narcissus and Lily. The duration of the corolla varies like that of the calyx, being in some cases very fugitive, as in Azotus; while at other times it remains in a withered state, crowning the fruit, as in

the Campanula. The mode in which flowers wither is in some instances extremely interesting, one or two varieties of which we here figure (Figs. 71 and 72).

The object of both the calyx and corolla is to protect the inner and more delicate organs; and the special duty of the corolla is to attract insects, which it accomplishes by means of its gay colours and its nectarous deposits. The object of this will be alluded to hereafter. The corolla has also, of course, to play an important part in the general duty of plants, viz., to cheer and invigorate man. Extremely diverse characters are given to flowers by the directions of the petals. In the Geum they always stand more or less erect, while in the Borage (Fig. 73)

Fig. 73.—BORAGE.—*Borago*.

they are spreading, and in the Asclepias (Fig. 74) reflexed or bent back: these various directions of the parts act very powerfully upon the general effect of the flower.

Peculiar characters are in some cases given to flowers by the petals becoming much hollowed, and thus assuming the form of a hood or horn, as in the Columbine (*Aquilegia*).

Without dwelling longer on the corolla, we proceed to notice the androcium, or whorl of stamens. The staminal whorl, though one of high interest when considering the composition of the flower, does not rank with the corolla in importance in an ornamental point of view. In many flowers it is not externally visible, though in others it plays a prominent part in the general effect; and in a few is much more conspicuous than the corolla or calyx.

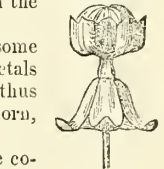
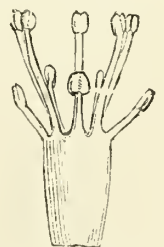
We have before said that the androcium, or staminal whorl, is composed of members called *stamens*, and that these stamens are divisible into two parts—namely, the filament and anther. Sometimes, however, the filament is absent, as in the Birthwort (*Aristolochia*). At other times, though rarely, one or more of the anthers are undeveloped, as in Scrophularia.

Stamens not only vary in form, but also, like petals and sepals, are often united together; thus, in the Mallow and Hollyhock the filaments are completely consolidated, and form a tube, while the anthers are free or disunited; and in the Nightshade (*Solanum*) the anthers are united, while the filaments are free. It sometimes happens that all the filaments do not adhere together, but are aggregated in bundles; thus, in the Orange the stamens, which are numerous, are aggregated into about five groups or parcels, and in this case the filaments adhere throughout their entire length. In the Pea we find nine stamens in a group, and one solitary. In this case the adhesion of the filaments of the nine stamens is contracted through about two-thirds of their length; while in the St. John's Wort (*Hypericum*) the stamens, which are aggregated into three parcels, unite only at the basis of the filaments.

In some cases the filaments, instead of actually adhering, are united by a membranous expansion, thus giving rise to a beautiful cup-shaped organ in the centre of the flower, as in the Pancratium.

Again, in other instances the stamens are not all of equal length, and yet adhere; thus, in Oxalis we have ten, five of which are long, and five short, the adhesion taking place throughout the lower halves of the long stamens (Fig. 75).

The attachment of the anther to the filament is a

Fig. 74.—*Asclepias*.Fig. 75.—WOOD  
SORREL.—*Oxalis*.



point worthy of notice; thus, some anthers are firmly fixed on the apex of the filaments; others are so slightly attached by their centres that they rotate; some are so situated as to be on the side of the filament nearest the centre of the flower, as in the Vine, or near the exterior, as in the Iris and Meadow-saffron.

Before leaving the stamen, we must notice the *pollen*, which is a powdery matter, generated by the anther, by which it is ultimately shed on the pistil in the form of fine powder, usually of a yellow colour. These pollen grains are so extremely small that they are quite microscopic objects, and are therefore beyond the reach of common observation, yet they, nevertheless, deserve notice—not only on account of the general beauty of their forms, but also for the geometric character of their structure, which approaches more closely to the crystalline, as regards form, than any other part of the organised vegetable: one or two figures we here delineate (Figs. 76 and 77).

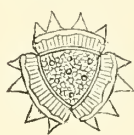


Fig. 76.—POLLEN.

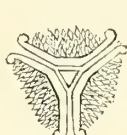


Fig. 77.—POLLEN.

We now proceed to notice the central floral organ, which, although it has many things in common with the other floral whorls, has nevertheless a decided individual character. It, like the preceding floral organs, may be formed of disunited, or of cohering members, but as these parts do not present, in external appearance, the characters of the preceding, we think that it will be desirable for our purposes to consider this central organ as simple or compound,—considering it as simple when there is but one central organ, regardless of the number of parts entering into its composition, and the extent of their union; and as compound when composed of more than one disunited member. Before we proceed to notice the forms which this organ assumes, it is necessary for us to notice three parts which botanists distinguish in it, as well as their formation. If we take the pistil of the Orange, or White Lily (Fig. 78), we perceive that a green portion exists at its base about three quarters of an inch in length, which is of larger diameter than the remaining portion of this organ, and is fluted; this is named the *ovary* (egg-bag), as in it the seeds are generated. From this ovary extends a long column called the *style*, which, spreading more or less at the apex in a triangular manner, forms the *stigma*. Now, the style, or columnal portion of the pistil, is the non-essential organ; therefore, it is often extremely short or undeveloped, in which case the stigma sits immediately on the ovary, as in the Tulip. Respecting the formation of the pistil, it is only necessary for us to notice that it is usually formed of a whorl of leaves, called carpels, and that the sides of these leaves are rolled inwards to the centre of the flower, where the two margins of each leaf unite, and thus form a hollow body. When the pistil is composed of a series of carpels, and the two margins of each individual carpel cohere, the pistil is compound; but when not only the margins of individual carpels cohere, but the sides of contiguous carpels become united, the pistil is simple. Now this adhesion of contiguous carpels may take place to a variable extent: thus in the Poppy they are consolidated completely into one organ, while in the flax the ovaries only adhere, while the styles and stigmata remain free. The sections of ovaries, or the basal portions of pistils, are extremely interesting, varying materially with the diverse formations of this organ, whether formed out of one carpel, as in the Plum; two, as in the Centaury; three, as in the Crown Imperial; four, as in the Syringa; five, as in the Lychnis; and so on also with the modifications which take place as the pistil approaches maturity.

The fruit is the lower portion of the pistil (the ovary) matured. Thus the rudimentary seeds found

in the pistil are matured seeds in the fruit. Hence the chief difference between the pistil and the fruit is, that in the pistil the stigma and style are present, whereas the fruit only bears their remains; therefore, in giving sections of pistils we give the structure of the fruit. Pistils of the *Nigellas* (Love in a Mist) we here subjoin (Figs. 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, and 84).

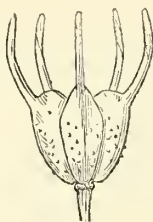


Fig. 79.—NIGELLA.

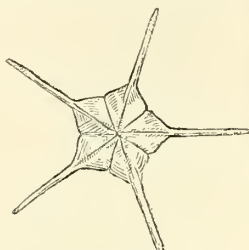


Fig. 80.—NIGELLA.

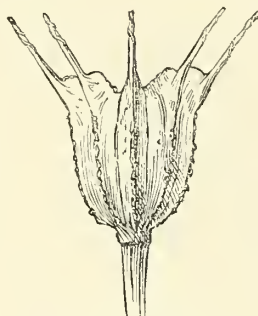


Fig. 81.—NIGELLA.

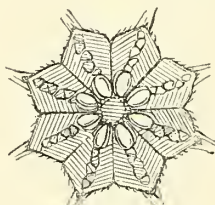


Fig. 82.—NIGELLA.

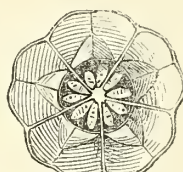


Fig. 83.—NIGELLA.

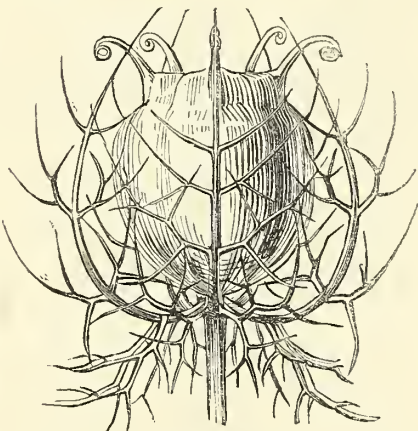


Fig. 84.—NIGELLA.

Having now noticed the various parts which usually exist in a floral development, we must notice certain organs which are found only in some particular flowers. One of the principal of these developments is what has been named the *coronet*,

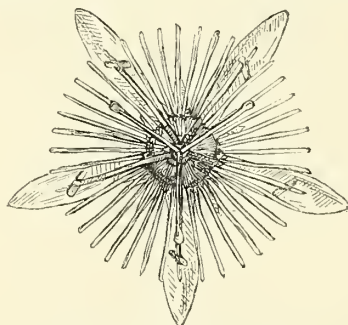


Fig. 85.—PASSION FLOWER.

which exists as a series of rays, situated between the petals and stamens in the Passion-flower (Fig. 85);

and in the various varieties of the Narcissus, it appears in the character of a membranous cup, projecting from the orifice of the tubular portion of the flower.

Another part which exists in certain other flowers only, and which is situated between the pistil and the stamens, occurs in the Orange as a fleshy circular disk, surrounding the base of the ovary: in the Rue it almost envelops the seed-vessel; while in the Mountain Peony it appears as a large red membranous expansion, which almost envelops the pistil.

We have enumerated the parts which are discoverable in the perfect flower; but it now behoves us to notice those flowers which do not exhibit all these parts. It has been said that there is nothing sudden or abrupt in nature; but a gradual blending of kingdom into kingdom, of member into member, and a gradual transition from simplicity to complexity. It is to this gradation that we would now direct attention. We must, however, first notice the perfect flower, and then the decline: thus we commence with a flower composed of four whorls of parts which we have enumerated, as in the Buttercup; from which proceed to the Lily (white or orange), in which, although we have these four whorls, yet the calyx and corolla here so closely resemble each other that they are distinguishable almost exclusively by position, while in the Lily of the Valley they are united into a little, white, bell-shaped cup, and in the Anemone, one of these exterior whorls is missing. In some flowers of the Bryony we have both a calyx and corolla; but the stamens are missing: the pistil, or central organ, is however present. In other flowers the central organ is missing, and the stamens, corolla, and calyx exist. In certain flowers of the Oak we have a calyx and androecium only, while in others we have a calyx and pistil; and in the Arm some flowers are formed of a stamen only, while others are formed of a pistil, all other parts being here undeveloped.

Having now noticed the varied parts of the flower, we proceed to notice that they, like the seed, leaves, &c., are divisible into two great classes, the distinctive characteristics of which are found in the number of the parts of the organism. Thus certain flowers are characterised by being constructed of a repetition in their parts of the number three. Thus the flower of the Spiderwort (Fig. 86) has three sepals, three petals, six (twice three) stamens, and a three-lobed pistil, indicating its formation of three carpels. This regular threefold repetition of parts in the structure of the flower is characteristic of endogenous, and therefore is produced by those plants whose seeds have only one seed-lobe, the stem of which is cylindrical and endogenous, and the veins of the leaves parallel. The flowers produced by exogens are usually constructed on the principle of a four or five-fold repetition of parts. Thus the Flax has five sepals, five petals, ten stamens, and five carpels. The flowers formed on this principle correspond with the seed, which has two seed-lobes, an exogenous stem, and leaves with a reticulated venation. Acrogens produce no flowers.



Fig. 86.—SPIDERWORT.

Although these diversities just enumerated are characteristic, nevertheless there are exceptions to these rules: thus one or two endogenous plants have branched veins in their leaves, and a few exogenous flowers are constructed on the three-repeating principle; in these cases the majority of signs only can decide as to which class the individual belongs. As, therefore, these exceptions exist, it at once warrants the combination, in certain instances, of these diversified characters, for the ornamentist has a right to exceptional cases; yet, as a rule, nature does not appear to consider this a beautiful combination, owing to its rare occurrence; but we would in no way limit the ornamentist, our object being to aid him to produce like beauty with Nature, by revealing as fully as possible the principles on which she constructs her beautiful compositions.

It now behoves us to notice the grouping of these members, which enter into the composition of flowers. We have just said that the numbers of the parts entering into the composition of the flower places it at once in a certain class (with certain exceptions); this, though a distinctive character of the primary groups, does not mark the lesser



aggregations, their characters being found in the grouping of the parts. Three general principles of aggregation are found, the first of which is that in which the parts are consecutively arranged

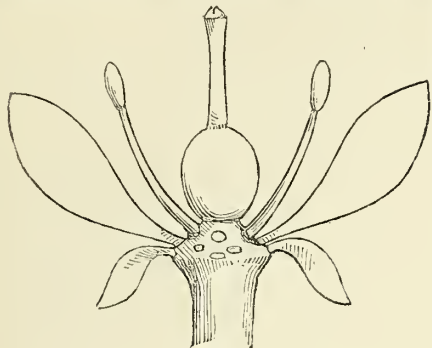


Fig. 87.

upon the apex of the flower-stalk (Fig. 87); the second is that in which only the calyx appears to spring from the stem, the petals and stamens appearing to spring from the calyx (Fig. 88); the

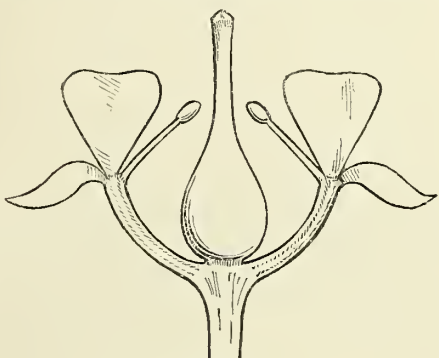


Fig. 88.

third is that in which the corolla and stamens appear to rise from the top of the seed-vessel, to the sides of which the calyx appears to adhere (Fig. 89). These are the principles on which the

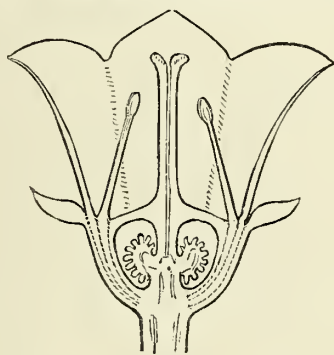


Fig. 89.

parts are grouped; and it is needless to say that these diversified effects are merely the result of certain adhesions of a given number of parts. Did space permit, we might here construct a pleasing variety of beautiful ornaments by giving diagrams of other natural combinations of parts, but this we must leave for individual pursuit.

Having now noticed the manner in which the parts are aggregated in the flower, we proceed to notice the principle on which flowers are grouped; however, before entering into this consideration we must notice the nature of the flower and its parts. The flower may be regarded as a branch with leaves, the stalk of which is the axis, and the varied floral parts are leaves in a more or less metamorphosed condition. Having ascertained this fact, not only is the arrangement of the individual members of the flower upon their stalk more perfectly understood, but a branch being the result of the evolution of a bud, which is generated in, and developed from, the axil of a leaf, the arrangement of these metamorphosed branches, which proceed from the axils of leaves (bracts), can be readily perceived. Thus, whatever is the arrangement of the leaves, such is the disposition of the flowers on their axis

or stalk; but some flowers are developed solitary, that is, one only on the axis, as in the Pimpernell; in others two appear on the one axis, while by other axes many are generated. The chief diversities in the effect of the flower-head, which are so obvious as to be at once characteristic of the individual or species, are the result of the length of the axis, as well as whether it is branched or entire; if it is branched, it has usually a more or less loose effect; if not, the flowers are usually densely set. The length of the floral axis, however, acts very prominently; thus in the Veronica the flowers are arranged round an elongated axis, while in the Thistle and Marigold the axis is shortened.

### THE AGGREGATE WEIGHT OF BLOWS IN THE PRODUCTION OF A MARBLE STATUE.

It has been often observed of a block of marble under a sculptor's hands, "The figure is there, all that has to be done is to cut it out." Without considering the head-work necessary to make a statue, it will be acknowledged that it is likely to require some handwork to cleave it out of its native bed. It may not so readily occur, however, to think of the whole weight of blows, each after each, from first to last, necessary to deliver it from its primeval imprisonment. That this is something considerable may be easily conceived, and a little calculation will enable us to arrive at it, at least, in a degree. We will leave out of the question how many tons of force by gunpowder first reft the fragment from its mother bed in the mountains of Carrara, or how many tens of thousands of pounds of bumps it got in rolling, and slipping, and bounding down its rough slide from the summit to the base of the cliffs, where the teams of buffaloes took it in tow, and conveyed it to Leghorn. We will only consider the weight of blows it receives after it arrives in the sculptor's studio in the course of being made into a statue. The reader may, or may not know, that the preparation for making a figure in marble is to make a full-sized one first in clay, which is destroyed in being translated into its copy in plaster of Paris. This done, the plaster model and the marble block are set up side by side on two similar stones, and by means of a very ingenious measuring instrument which moves from one to the other, the exact contour of the model is referred to the marble by means of such a multitude of dots on each, answering to each other, as to make the figures look, when the process is complete, as if they had been shot with small shot! On a life-sized figure, for instance, there will be two thousand or so. But all this is not done in a day—on the contrary, in such a figure the pointing, as it is called, will take some three months; for in the process of setting these exact measurements, all the rough marble has to be cut away, and the blows requisite for this purpose begin with "setting," as it is called, the first point, and continue throughout the operation. Huge lumps and "gallots" now begin to fly about the studio, the workman using a heavy iron mallet and a point, or a piece of steel from six to eight inches long, not with an edge like a chisel, but ground to a point, which is much the most efficient instrument for knocking off great pieces. This instrument, driven with a strong arm and heavy mallet, soon makes an impression on the block. Now the theory of the weight of their blows is this:—Each blow given by the mallet driving the point against the marble represents that weight which, by a *dead pressure*, without momentum or velocity, but in other respects similarly applied, would have produced the same effect on the surface of the block, and in the case of a blow separating a large fragment it would answer to that weight which, applied to the instrument, would, without striking, have forced off the same piece. Considered in this way, the ordinary blow of the pointer's mallet cannot be rated at less than some three hundredweight, for a less weight would not force off the pieces it detaches. It is true that the weight communicated to the surface of the marble by the action of the workman's arm, the weight of the mallet, and its momentum from moving from above some two feet through the air, exists but for a moment, but it does its mission, as for that moment an extreme pressure is applied. By a succession of

these pressures the block is reduced and rudely shaped. In this part of the process the workman would strike about a blow in every two seconds, or some thirty in a minute. This average, however, is reduced to about half throughout his labour, by the measuring that is going on in the meantime. Thus we may allow for some fifteen such blows per minute, each blow having the force of 336 lbs. or thereabout, or, as we have said, three hundred weight; the aggregate of weight applied to the block per minute thus being 45 cwt. This per hour amounts to 2700 cwt., and through a working day of eight hours to 21,600 cwt., or 1080 tons per diem. The operation of pointing a life-sized figure takes about twelve weeks; we must first then multiply the above for the six working days, bringing the calculation to 6480 tons for the week, and by twelve for the whole time, reaching thus the amount of 77,760 tons for the pointing. The carving after this, and finishing, would be a longer operation, perhaps reaching to twice the time, or twenty-four weeks; but as the blows (though not decreased in number as in pointing by the time occupied in the measuring by the pointing-machine) would be less in force, fining off at last to a gentle tap, their amount of weight would not probably more than equal that of the preceding work, which we may thus double for an approximation to the whole weight of blows thrown on the block from first to last, from the time when it was but a rude splinter from the quarry, to that when it has received the artist's last touches. We thus arrive at a somewhat startling fact, when taken in conjunction with the care required in the whole process, viz., that the aggregate of weight thrown on the production of a life-sized statue in marble, of the most delicate workmanship, is not less than 155,520 tons, or 17,318,240 lbs. avoirdupois. To look at a delicate female statue, in white marble, who would judge her to have been produced by such means?

### VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF MODERN ART.

THE PICTURES OF JOHN CHAPMAN, ESQ.,  
OF HILL-END, NEAR MOTTRAM,  
CHESHIRE.

THIS collection contains many remarkable works, especially Wilkie's 'Rent-Day,' the most suitable abiding place for which is the National Gallery. It is half a century since this picture was finished, but it is now in condition as perfect as when finally removed from the easel. Besides this, there are valuable and beautiful works by Sir Edwin Landseer, Mulready, Herbert, Linnell, Maclellan, Turner, Webster, Collins, Creswick, &c. The collection is not very extensive, but it contains productions of the highest class of modern cabinet art, and has been formed by its proprietor without regard to cost.

'Flushing,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—This is a very favourite *morceau* with Dutch as well as English painters, though it were nothing without the transient incident which gives it interest—the rough sea, the clouded sky, the variety of craft in the near section of the composition, and the guard-ship pitching in the distance,—here are the breadth and definition which characterise all the works of the painter.

'Venice,' J. B. PYNE.—Notwithstanding the endless variety of material that Venice presents, there are yet always certain features which are never else than Venetian. There are in Ghent, Bruges, and others of the cities of the Low Countries, canals shut in by lines of houses, but no fragment of these in any wise resembles Venice. The subject of this work is a canal crossed by a wooden bridge—material enough, in hands so skilful as those of Mr. Pyne, for a powerful and sparkling picture.

'Irene,' Sir E. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A.—This is one of the latest productions exhibited by the president. Although a single figure, it is not by a cursory examination that the labour by which it has been worked out is understood. It remains as brilliant as when on the walls of the Academy, and will become very Titianesque as it acquires age.

'The Travelling Druggist,' W. MULREADY, R.A.—The earlier examples of the practice of eminent



painters are most interesting, as showing their many-hued transitions before the apprehension of, and the power to work upon, those principles under the guidance of which they have risen to distinction. This picture was painted in the year 1825, for the late Sir M. W. Ridley, Bart. "The travelling druggist" wears the Turkish costume, and weighs out his medicaments to a woman who bears in her arms a sick child. The itinerant drug vendor reminds us of an aged Turk who, years ago, sold rhubarb near the Bank: if the figure has not been painted from this man, it is at least the semblance of another very like him. This composition was exhibited with Mulready's works in the rooms of the Society of Arts some years since.

'The Rent-Day,' DAVID WILKIE, R.A.—This famous picture was painted in 1807 for the late Earl Mulgrave, by whom it was bequeathed to his two sisters; but, as it could not be determined which of the ladies had the better claim, it was sold, and thus became the property of Mr. Chapman. Wilkie was twenty-three when he painted it, and it is certainly one of the most remarkable of that early series on which his fame principally rests. It was a striking feature of the Art-collection at the Dublin Exhibition, and attracted the attention of her Majesty, to whom the different *personae*, as far as they were representative of living persons, were pointed out by Colonel Phipps, who referred especially to his own portrait, in the child seated on the lap of the old lady, and playing with a key. But, besides this, there are, we believe, other portraits of the Mulgrave family—a fact which renders it a matter of surprise that a gem of such price should have passed from those with whom its history is so intimately connected.

'Cattle,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.—Presenting a cow, sheep, and goat, placed on a knoll, so as to be relieved by the sky.

'A Farm-yard,' J. LINNELL.—A dark picture, reminding us of the deep tones of the early schools. The material is of course homely, and suitable to the title,—such as a milk-maid, a man milking and another leading a calf. The composition opens towards the centre. This work was executed in 1829, and although less brilliant than recent works, it is distinguished by merits which may be attributed only to Linnell.

'The Vigilant Sentinel,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This, it is said, is the picture whereby Sir E. Landseer's election to the Academy was determined. It shows a dog, of the retriever species, lying watching his master's luggage, which has been left near an inn-yard for the convenience of being placed on the stage coach that is seen approaching in the distance, and for which the horses are waiting in harness. The dog is characterised by that vivacious expression which, from first to last, has animated all the canine creations of the painter.

'Waiting for the Countess,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This will be remembered as the title under which the engraving from the picture was published. It is the portrait of a large and handsome dog, which was presented by the King of Naples to the late Countess of Blessington. The animal is lying and looking upwards; his whereabouts is supposed to be the steps of the entrance to Gore House.

'Rat-catching,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—An early composition, containing portraits of three terriers, the property of the painter. The animals seem to have been of memorable reputation—their names were Brutus, Boxer, and Vixen; and we find them in the most animated enjoyment of what certain newspapers call "ratting sports." The head of one of the vermin is protruded from a chink in the flooring, hard pressed by another sportsman—a ferret—which joins actively in the chase even in the citadel of the enemy.

'The Village Fair,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—The subject of this early work is necessarily exursive in its description of character, and is the largest composition we have ever seen under this name. The scene is a village green, with all the prominent features dwelt upon by Crabbe or Goldsmith—the church, the patriarchal elms, the principal ale-house, the quaint and venerable dwellings of the villagers, with innumerable episodes, personal and local. The landlord is said to be a portrait of the artist's father, and the reality of representation suggests that there are many very literal translations from rustic life.

'The Mill,' T. CRESWICK, R.A.—Apparently an early study made on the spot, and representing the

subject relieved by trees, and closed in by rocks, with a stream flowing down to the base of the picture.

'Near Hastings,' W. COLLINS, R.A.—A light and sunny coast view, with foreground rocks, a boat, and fisherman—prompt and decided in execution.

'An Attack on China,' R. FARRIER.—The title is applied to a composition in which a little boy has equipped a china jar with arms and a *quasi* helmet, and, as he is about to commence hostilities with this opponent, his grandmother rushes into the room to save the relic.

'Beeches in Windsor Park,' T. CRESWICK, R.A.; and 'Cattle,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.—The spreading tree occupies the whole of the upper sections of the composition: its trunk may be described as consisting of many boles, and its knotted and gnarled roots penetrate the ground in every direction. Overhead the branches, relieved by the foliage, form a remarkable reticulation, and every branch, with its sprays, is followed out with an earnestness which shows that the tree has been assiduously studied on the spot.

'A Study,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A.—The subject is a red brick house, viewed in profile, and relieved by a dense mass of trees, clearly worked out on the spot as a faithful memorandum of some favourite locality; for, pictorially, the material has little that is attractive.

'A Study,' BRISTOW.—A small picture, presenting a crypt of Roman arches, judicious in its dispositions of light and shade, and very carefully executed.

'The Frozen Mill,' C. FRYAR.—This subject is worked out from a very careful observation of nature; it is not marked by the legerdemain of conventional practice, but it has more of natural surface than pictures painted in the studio from outline sketches.

'The Gamekeeper,' F. R. LEE, R.A.—The scene is a road passing a pheasant cover, near a gate beside which a gamekeeper and his attendant are resting, and contemplating the result of the day's sport, which exemplifies every kind of ordinary game. This picture was painted in 1839.

'Arcadian Shepherds,' A. W. CALICOTT, R.A.—The sunny luxuries and extremely precise dispositions of this work pronounce it at once a composition. It is a large picture, presenting a view of the site of an extensive city in ruins, and sufficiently imposing to be fabled as the ruin of Carthage. The work has emanated from impressions of the feeling of Claude and a sympathy with Richard Wilson, but differing from the latter as being a composition of many small and well graduated quantities. On the left are seen the fragments of a temple, and beyond these a terrace shaded by majestic pines, and near these a square pillar, like the pedestal of the proud statue of a conqueror. This leads the eye to the shores of a distant estuary, the strand of which is studded with ruins. A broken bridge is also a favourite point in a composition of ancient remains—such an object assists the story here—and also a Temple of the Winds and a Pharos; and the tale of desolation is completed by the presence in the foreground of the shepherds and their flock.

'Waterhead, Windermere,' J. B. PYNE.—This large picture, which was painted in 1850, exemplifies very successfully the scenery of the lakes; and that which will be recognised as most grateful,—the version is not Italianized, nor bears any trace of Swiss impressions, which are too often carried into modern descriptions of English lake scenery, only serving to show that an artist who has yielded himself entirely to Italy or Switzerland cannot feel the freshness and natural beauties of our home landscape. The spot whence the view has been taken is a space behind the turnpike on the road from Ambleside to the lake. The mountains principally shown are Loughrigg Fell, Langdale Pikes, and Oxen Fell, the Cross-Lake stretching away to the left is broken by the intervention of the foreground. In dealing with his material, the artist has amply succeeded in communicating to it space and importance; and the local truth of the view is much assisted by the romance and holiday zest given to the whole by the busy landing-place and the yachts on the lake.

'Fitting Moses out for the Fair,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—The hero of the episode is seated, and Olivia endeavours to secure with pins a more piquant angu-

larity to his cocked hat, which is of that form known a hundred years ago as the "Egham, Staines, and Windsor." The whole household is interested in the event—Sophia brightens his shoes and buckles, Mrs. Primrose introduces a rump-steak pie, and the Doctor sits at the end of the table, teaching the younger children. This picture was painted in 1837, and retouched in 1850, on which occasion some important changes were made—the most effective being the change of the table-cloth from a dark hue to white.

'The Return of Moses from the Fair,' D. MACLISE, R.A.—In both of these pictures Goldsmith is admirably seconded by MacLise: the buoyant activity of Olivia and Maria, with all the ancillary aids which they call into requisition, leaves nothing of the letter-press narrative uninterpreted; but the complacent self-justification of Moses, as he pleads the advantages of his negotiation, is much the most impressive passage in the entire story. The doctor's vexation while examining the green spectacles is most vividly painted, and disappointment and reproach characterise the features of the entire party. Moses presents a contrast to himself of the morning, when every effort was put forth in order that his appearance might be creditable to the family—he is now dusty and travel-stained, and there is an *abandon* in his air happily consonant with the spirit of the incident. The finish of these pictures is transcendent, even in these days of elaboration.

'The Sick Boy,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—The patient is seated, and wears one of those superfluities of our grandfathers—a nightcap. He holds a pot of jam, which, while he refuses to share with his brother and sister, another boy behind him liberally helps himself to. The querulous, selfish expression of the boy is most felicitous. The picture is dark, rich, and transparent.

'Lear disinheriting Cordelia,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—This is a *replica* of the fresco in the Poet's Hall, in the Houses of Parliament, which is so well known as not to require description here. It was painted in 1850, and has all the spirit and excellence of the large picture.

'The Peep-show,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.—The scene of this incident is a cottage interior somewhat obscure, wherein is seen a boy on his knees having his eye applied to the peep-hole, while a boy and a girl stand by anxiously waiting their turn, with interest intensified by the tale of the wonders seen by the spectator. The reflected lights are painted with a masterly truth.

'Fish-Market on the Sands—Early Morning,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—The title of this picture shows that it is an essay in effect, and in carefully examining it the reasons for every gradation of tone, from the lightest to the darkest, with the complicated distribution of the objects, are sufficiently patent. The fish are cast on the beach; and on the right the composition is closed by numerous boats and figures, and beyond these are ships at anchor. Near the sun the sky is darkened, and the full force of the sunny lustre is thrown with great effect on the water.

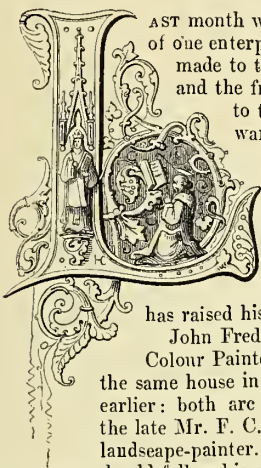
'The Rape of Proserpine,' J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.—When Turner painted this, and employed other heathen myths to give title to landscape composition, he had undoubtedly Claude paramount in his thoughts. But in such works he yields only to a suggestion, never proceeding to the spirit of controversy exhibited in the Carthage picture. The action of the composition occurs on the left, where we see Pluto bearing off Proserpine, to receive whom, his car with a team of dragons is in waiting. Proserpine struggles and screams for help, and the suddenness of her capture is alluded to by the surprise and alarm expressed by those of her attendants that are within hearing. In the centre of the composition a hill rises, having a castle at its summit, and down the sides of which flow torrents, that unite on the right, and disappear in that direction. The time is evening; the clouds are lighted by the light of the setting sun, and lightning flashes from the clouds on the right; and, with a dash of the mystic allusion of which Turner was especially fond, there is in the lower section of the picture a serpent in pursuit of a butterfly.

With this picture the collection terminates; and it will be understood that it has been formed with taste and discrimination when we say that all are noticed, and none have been found unworthy of description.



BRITISH ARTISTS:  
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,  
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXII.—JOHN FREDERICK LEWIS.



LAST month we offered to our readers a brief biographical sketch of one enterprising artist-traveller whose chief pilgrimages were made to the shrines of old Greece—"the land of the bold and the free;" we have now to introduce another traveller to their notice, whose feet have also been turned eastward, but they have left their imprint on a soil where liberty is almost an unknown word, and mind and body have become enervated by ignorance, indolence, superstition, and despotism. Other countries also he has sojourned in, whose annals are rich in historic memories of surpassing interest; and from all he has brought away subject-matter which he has used in a way that has raised his name to a high place among "British Artists."

John Frederick Lewis, President of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, was born in London, July 14th, 1805, and in the same house in which Sir Edwin Landseer was born, two years earlier: both are sons of eminent engravers. Lewis's father was the late Mr. F. C. Lewis, who is also well known as an excellent landscape-painter. This gentleman was most desirous that his son should follow his own profession, but the work of engraving offered little charms to a boy whose greatest delight was to pass his time in sketching from nature, especially animals,—a taste he most probably imbibed from his early intimacy with the Landseer family. At the age of fourteen he had made up his own mind to be a painter, but it was not an easy task to persuade his father to accede to his wish. However, after considerable discussion, he succeeded in

procuring from the latter a promise, that if he painted a picture, and sold it in any London exhibition, he should be at liberty to follow his own inclination. This assurance put the boy—he was not yet fifteen—on his mettle: a picture was finished, sent to the British Institution, hung, and, as fortune has always been said to favour the brave, was bought by the late George Garrard, A.R.A., a clever painter of animals and landscapes, and also a sculptor of considerable ability. Young Lewis, having thus fulfilled the conditions required of him, had now his own way: whether he and his first patron entered into a harmless and pardonable conspiracy together to attain a certain end we do not care to inquire; for the compact, if made, gave to us one of our most brilliant and original artists; and we are quite justified in assuming, from what has followed it, that the picture in question was not unworthy of passing into the hands of one capable of appreciating its merits.

At this time there were no Zoological Gardens to which an artist could resort for the purpose of study: a collection of wild beasts was kept in the Tower, and a much more varied and extensive menagerie existed at Exeter 'Change, in the Strand, near to the spot on which Exeter Hall is now built. The young artist made the "'Change" his sketching-ground; here he was frequently to be seen drawing with the utmost assiduity the wild beasts that formed so attractive a portion of the zoological collection to every visitor. Several of these sketches he sold to Northcote, then one of the oldest members of the Academy. Sir Thomas Lawrence, the president, an intimate and valued friend of the Lewis family, having heard of these drawings, expressed a wish to see them: when they were submitted to him he was so pleased that he desired young Lewis, now at the age of fifteen, to draw for him for an entire year: he did so, and many of the sketches then made were etched by the artist, and published by W. B. Cooke, of Soho Square.

Mr. Ruskin, with his peculiar powers of analysing artistic character, and in his usual forcible and expressive language, writes thus of Lewis, in his pamphlet on "Pre-Raphaelitism":—"I believe John Lewis to have done more entire justice to all his powers (and they are magnificent ones) than any other man amongst us. His mission was evidently to portray the comparatively animal life of the southern and eastern families of mankind. For this he was prepared, in a somewhat singular way, by being led to study, and endowed with



Engraved by]

ZUMALACARREGUI AND THE CHRISTINO SPY.

[Mason Jackson.

altogether peculiar apprehension of, the most sublime characters of animals themselves. Rubens, Rembrandt, Snyders, Tintoret, and Titian, have all, in various ways, drawn wild beasts magnificently; but they have in some sort humanised or demonised them; making them either ravenous fiends, or educated beasts, that would draw ears, and had respect for hermits. The sullen isolation of the brutal nature; the dignity and quietness of the mighty limbs; the shaggy,

mountainous power, mingled with grace as of a flowing stream; the stealthy restraint of strength and wrath in every soulless motion of the gigantic frame,—all this seems never to have been seen, much less drawn, until Lewis drew, and himself conceived, a series of animal subjects, now many years ago. Since then he has devoted himself to the portraiture of those European and Asiatic races, among whom the refractions of civilisation exist without its laws or its energies;



and in whom the fierceness, indolence, and subtlety of animal nature are associated with brilliant imagination and strong affections. To this task he has brought, not only intense perception of the kind of character, but powers of artistical skill like those of the great Venetians, displaying, at the same time, a refinement of drawing almost miraculous, and appreciable only, as the minutiae of nature itself are appreciable, by the help of the microscope. The value, therefore, of his works, as records of the aspect of the scenery and inhabitants of the south of Spain, and of the East, in the earlier part of the nineteenth century, is quite above all estimate." The latter portion of this extract must appear to anticipate what remains to be told of the history of the artist; but it would not admit of separation from the context, which refers especially to his earlier works—those that had their origin in Mr. Cross's menagerie at Exeter Change.

It is, indeed, a rare occurrence to hear of so young an artist meeting with such success as followed the labours of young Lewis: both at the Academy and at the British Institution he had become a regular exhibitor, and all he painted found ready purchasers. His first large picture, "Deer Shooting at Belhus, Essex," painted when he was only seventeen years of age, was sold to Hurst and Robinson, at that time one of the most eminent publishing firms in London. Two years after this he was residing in Windsor Forest, painting for George IV. One of his pictures—"Deer-Shooting in Windsor Forest, with Portraits of His Majesty's Head-Keepers," was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1826; but, becoming weary of a certain monotony of life, and of the restraint which royal patronage placed upon his artistic labours, he left the precincts of the court, and went abroad, visiting Germany and the north of Italy. Hitherto the pictures which Lewis painted were executed in oils, but, on his return from the continent, he was tempted to try water-colours, which the late George Robson, the landscape-painter, induced him to continue. One of the earliest fruits of his foreign travels was a drawing, exhibited at the Academy in 1828, of "The Chamois, sketched in the Tyrol." But his most important work of this period was "Highland Hospitality," exhibited at the gallery of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours, into which he had been elected. In the summer of 1832, he set out for Spain, and made Madrid his temporary residence, to study the fine works of the Spanish painters, which are contained in the museum of the city. From Madrid he moved on to Toledo, thence to Grenada, where he made a number of sketches of the Alhambra; from Grenada to Cordova, then to Seville, where he passed the winter of that year. In the spring of 1833, he crossed over from Gibraltar to Tangiers, returned to Grenada for the summer, passed the autumn in Madrid, finishing his copies, and returned to England in January, 1834. We may observe here that the copies referred to, sixty-four in number, most admirably executed in water-colours from the pictures of the old Spanish and Venetian masters, were purchased in 1853 for a considerable sum by the council of the Royal Scottish Academy, in whose schools they serve as examples for the students, scarcely inferior to the original works. Of the various sketches made during this tour, a number were selected and published in a large folio volume, well known as "Lewis's Spanish Sketches;" and another volume of the same size was published from his drawings of the Alhambra: both are executed in lithography, and are very beautiful works.

This Spanish tour was the means of working a complete revolution in the mind of the artist—dogs, huntsmen, and gamekeepers, the animals of the chase, and wild beasts in captivity, were almost, if not quite, forgotten after all he had seen during his long wanderings; new thoughts had been summoned into existence, and new scenes opened up before his contemplation. Some of the fruits of this Peninsular visit, besides those already mentioned, were recognisable in the following pictures, executed after he was once more settled in London:—"The Interior of a Mosque at Cordova," "Monks preaching at Seville," "Beggars at a Convent Door," three pictures of "Spanish Bull Fights," "THE CHRISTINO SPY BEFORE ZUMALACARREGUI." A large engraving, executed jointly by the father and brother of the painter, of this last picture, was published a few years after its appearance: our reduced copy of the engraving will give to the reader who has not seen either the larger print or the original painting, a good idea of this remarkable composition.

In 1837, Mr. Lewis again quitted England. He remained in Paris during

the ensuing winter, and painted there two pictures—"The Sacking of a Convent by Christino Guerillas," and "Murillo painting the Virgin." In the spring of 1838 he set off for Florence, thence to Naples, and after visiting Calabria, returned to Naples, and hiring a felucca to carry him to Malta, was wrecked on his passage, but succeeded in reaching Mola di Gaeta, and thence got to Rome, where he sojourned two years. While residing there he painted "Easter-Day at Rome—Pilgrims and Peasants of the Neapolitan States waiting for the Benediction of the Pope, in St. Peter's;" it was exhibited at the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters in 1841, and was, with the "Murillo" just mentioned, and others, in the recent gathering of "Art-treasures" in Manchester. The "Easter-Day" is a fine example of the artist's skill in grouping large masses of figures, and is gorgeously coloured. In 1840 he at last started upon an expedition to the East,—a journey he for a long time had proposed to himself, yet without being able to accomplish it till this period. He travelled by way of Corfu to Albania, made a number of sketches in Janina, or Yanina, and the Pin-dus; and proceeding onwards, was attacked in the Gulf of Corinth with fever so violently as to endanger his life, but at length reached Athens, and thence, without much further hindrance or disquietude, Constantinople. Here he met and parted from, for the last time, his friend Wilkie, who died a few months after in the Bay of Gibraltar,



Engraved by]

A SYRIAN SCHEIK: EGYPT.

[Mason Jackson.

on board the ship in which he was returning from the East.

In the spring of 1841, but not till then, Lewis had so far recovered from his illness as to be able to resume his pencil; he employed it chiefly in sketching the principal mosques in Constantinople. During the summer months he made a tour through a considerable portion of Asia Minor, and in November of the same year sailed for Egypt, the country which, of all others, he desired to visit. The stay of Mr. Lewis in Egypt was of very long duration, for he took up his abode in Cairo from the winter of 1841-2 till the spring of 1851, a period of nearly ten years. During this term, in 1843, he made excursions to Mount Sinai, and up the Nile into Nubia, &c., &c.

After an absence of thirteen years, he returned to his native country, much to the satisfaction of his old friends and admirers; but he had been so long away that a generation of Art-lovers had sprung up "who knew not Joseph." When, therefore, Lewis reappeared on the old walls in Pall Mall, hundreds who visited



the gallery regarded his work as that of some newly-discovered star in the horizon of Art, and even those who were most familiar with his pictures of the olden time scarcely recognised his hand in what they now saw. But before leaving the land in which he had so long sojourned, he sent over to the gallery of the Society of Water-Colour Painters, where it was exhibited in 1850, a picture entitled "The Hhareem," which indicated to the Art world in what school of nature he had been studying during his absence, and what kind of work might be hereafter expected from him. It took every one by surprise; the subject, the manipulation, the peculiar colouring, were alike novel and singular: and few came away from examining it without acknowledging that "The Hhareem" was the most extraordinary production ever executed in water-colours. We may remark here that in all Lewis's recent drawings he makes very free use of body-colour.

He returned to England with a vast amount of material in the shape of careful sketches and studies, and also with many unfinished pictures; some of these latter the public have, we believe, seen in a complete state. In 1852, he exhibited the "ARAB SCRIBE," from which the engraving on this page is taken: the personages introduced are the scribe, seated on his divan, and writing; a female of the better class of Orientals, who dictates to him; and her companion, a female Nubian slave. In this picture, as in the preceding, the most

marvellous finish is apparent, yet there is no sacrifice of what is artistically called "breadth;" the heads are most successful studies; and even the butterfly, at which one of the cats is meditating a spring, will bear the test of microscopic examination. In 1853 he exhibited nothing, but in the following season he sent—"The Halt in the Desert—Egypt;" "Camels and Bedouins, Desert of the Red Sea;" and "Roman Pilgrims at the Entrance to a Shrine;" each of them distinguished by the utmost delicacy of pencilling.

On the death of Copley Fielding, in 1855, Mr. Lewis was elected President of the Society of Painters in Water-Colours: a position to which his merits as an artist, combined with many other suitable qualifications, entitle him to occupy, and enable him to fill worthily. He exhibited two pictures in the gallery that year—"The Well in the Desert," and "The Halt in the Desert." Of these works we can only repeat what we have said of others of the same class by him—that such is the extreme delicacy of finish in texture and lines apparent in every object, that the unassisted eye cannot appreciate its exquisite nicety; the aid of a powerful magnifying glass is needed to discover the amount and the beauty of the manipulation.

But a yet more remarkable production than any he had hitherto produced, was exhibited in 1856—"A Frank Encampment in the Desert of Mount Sinai," will not be soon forgotten by any who saw it in the exhibition-room; and, by



Engraved by]

THE ARAB SCRIBE.

[Massey Jackson.

the way, it was no easy matter, as we well remember, to get even a peep at the picture, much less to examine it closely, for the mass of visitors gathered before it. Of ten pages, which Mr. Ruskin devotes to a notice of the Society's gallery, seven are occupied with comments on this single work. He says—"I have no hesitation in ranking it among the most *wonderful* pictures in the world; nor do I believe that, since the death of Paul Veronese, anything has been painted comparable to it in its own way."

Latterly Mr. Lewis has resumed oil-painting, which he had relinquished for so long a period; but the works he now executes in this medium are of a different quality from his earlier productions: hitherto he has not attempted any subjects so complex in composition as the water-colour pictures of which we have just spoken; yet, in what he has done, he has brought to bear the same powers of intense observation, unwearying toil, and unrivalled execution. We must go back two or three years just to glance at these oil-pictures.

The first was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1855: it was a portrait, entitled, "An Armenian Lady, Cairo,—The Love Missive;" for truth and delicacy of drawing this work is unsurpassable. In the following year he contributed two pictures, "The Greeting in the Desert, Egypt,"—a group of two travelling merchants, apparently, with a servant and camels; and a "Street

Scene in Cairo, near the Babel Luk." Last year he sent "THE SYRIAN SCHEIK," engraved on the opposite page, and which we selected because it is an oil-painting. We thus introduce an example of the artist's first style of water-colours in the "Spanish Scene;" of his later style in the "Arab Scribe;" and of his oil-pictures in the "Syrian Scheik."

They who have been fortunate enough to get possession of the works executed by Mr. Lewis, especially of the later drawings, should feel that they hold "priceless pearls," for we much doubt whether the painter, in justice to himself alone, will feel disposed to continue to labour after such fashion. Even Mr. Ruskin, with all his intense love of elaboration, questions the utility or necessity of bestowing so much time and thought upon "a little piece of white linen film, fifteen inches square;" it seems to him a "mere waste of intellect" to do so, with the chances that, "within a very short series of years, mildew and sunshine, smoke and frost, are alike sure to do injury to works executed in such delicate materials." This is scarcely an exaggerated statement, or an extreme opinion; and, therefore, with such a contingency likely to arise, we are glad to find Mr. Lewis employing a medium for his art of more enduring nature, and adopting also a style of manipulation rather less highly wrought, yet retaining, in all its beauty and power, the magic charm of his pencil.



## THE TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 2.—R. J. WYATT.

THE Germans have a loving designation for the burial-grounds of their own land,—they term each of them "God's-acre;" indicating the small spot sacred to heaven, and holding all they loved on earth. It is not gloomy to this affectionate people to contemplate the last resting-place of friends, where they desire to rest also, and where they plant shrubs and fresh flowers to record a love that death has no power to extinguish. With somewhat similar feeling of relationship with the dead an Englishman treads the burial-ground sacred to Protestants at Rome. The departed were your own people,—men who thought and pondered as you now do in this "Niobe of nations,"—men whose poetic inspirations may have warmed your heart in your English home, and induced your visit to this classic ground,—men whose Art-works will also live and vindicate the somewhat despised taste of the northern races from the full condemnation of their southern brethren. Many and varied will be the feelings with which these gravestones will be read, and much solemn and holy thought be elicited in a lonely walk among them.

There is a native grandeur in this locality that cannot fail to impress its poetry on every visitor blest with an appreciation of the solemnly beautiful. The thoughts that arise here are ably expressed by the poet Rogers. He says:—"When I am inclined to be serious, I love to wander up and down before the tomb of Caius Cestius. The Protestant burial-ground is there; and most of the little monuments are erected to the young: young men of promise, cut off when on their travels, full of enthusiasm, full of enjoyment; brides in the bloom of their beauty, on their first journey; or children borne from home in search of health. This stone was placed by his fellow-travellers, young as himself, who will return to the house of his parents without him; that, by a husband or a father, now in his native country—his heart is buried in that grave."

"It is a quiet and sheltered nook, covered in the winter with violets; and the pyramid that overshadows it gives it a classical and singularly solemn air. You feel an interest there, a sympathy you were not prepared for. You are yourself in a foreign land, and they are for the most part your countrymen. They call upon you in your mother tongue—in English—in words unknown to a native, known only to yourselves: and the tomb of Cestius, that old majestic pile, has this also in common with them,—it is itself a stranger among strangers; it has stood there till the language spoken round about it has changed; and the shepherd, born at the foot, can read its inscription no longer."

The pyramidal sepulchre of Caius Cestius is the only monument of that form in Rome. It is believed to be of the age of Augustus, and may commemorate the person named by Cicero in his oration for Flaccus. We know from the inscription cut upon its face that he was a Tribune, and one of the seven *Epulones*—an office of high sacerdotal dignity.

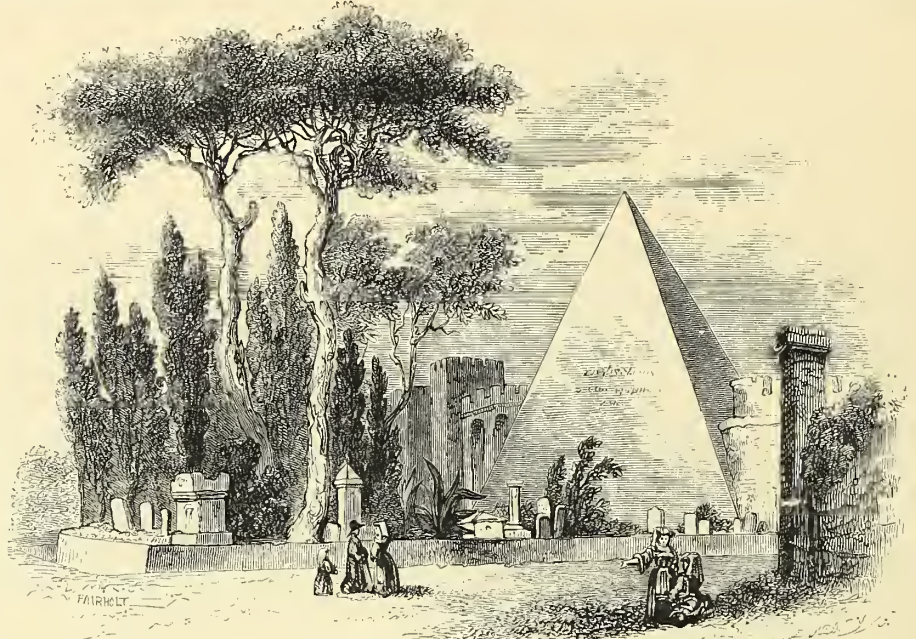
The old cemetery, represented in our largest cut, had become too small for its uses some years since, and an additional piece of ground has been granted beside it. At present it has a sunken dry ditch all round it; the new one is walled, and the corner of that wall is seen on the right of our view. It is in this new cemetery that Wyatt lies. He died at Rome, in May, 1850, at the age of fifty-five—suddenly, in the midst of his Art-labours, with no note of illness, for he was apparently well until his servant found him struggling with death when she entered his bedroom in the morning. Thus was snatched from amid his fellow-artists one who was an ornament to his profession, and a man of whom his country might be proud, for he was a gentleman, in every sense of the word, and his devotion to Art was earnest and high-minded. It is pleasant to record the love his fellows bore towards him, and to see that the simple and graceful stone which marks his last resting-place is erected there by his countryman, friend, and fellow-sculptor in Rome—John Gibson. Surely there is a mystic bond of brotherhood in all great minds, and Art should hallow and strengthen it.

Wyatt's career was more than usually retired.

he laboured incessantly on his works, and allowed nothing to interfere with his continuous devotion to Art, for which alone he seemed to live. Rome was the home of his adoption; the Italian sculptor Rossi was his instructor; Canova was the artist who first invited him to "the Eternal City," giving the young sculptor the offer of a place in his studio, together with the benefit of his advice and assistance. Thither Wyatt travelled in 1821, and never revisited England except for a few months in 1841;

for thirty years did he assiduously labour in Rome, rising before day had dawned, and working after lamp-light. He was an unmarried man, and his devotion to Art was complete: in fact, he appears to have felt no other pleasure than in the employment which has made his name and memory famous.

Let us not depart from this small and sacred enclosure without a visit to two other graves of great and well-beloved Englishmen. Records connected with two great poetic names may be seen



THE PROTESTANT CEMETERY, ROME.

close to the old Roman defences of the city. On the sloping bank is a plain heavy slab; the simple inscription upon it was placed there by Byron; all that remains of Shelley lies beneath. His body was burnt in the Gulf of Spezzia, near which he was drowned: the burning was conducted after the manner of the ancients; the body was consumed, but the heart was found entire, and with the ashes was placed beneath this stone. Two words only record the fact,—*Cor cordium*—"The heart of

hearts"—follows the simple name of Percy Bysshe Shelley, with the dates of his birth and death, and Shakspeare's fine lines:—

"Nothing of him that doth fade,  
But doth suffer a sea change  
Into something rich and strange."

It is in front of the tree in our cut; that on the other side of the tree commemorates the grave of his daughter. In the old cemetery is a still more melancholy memorial of genius "done to death by

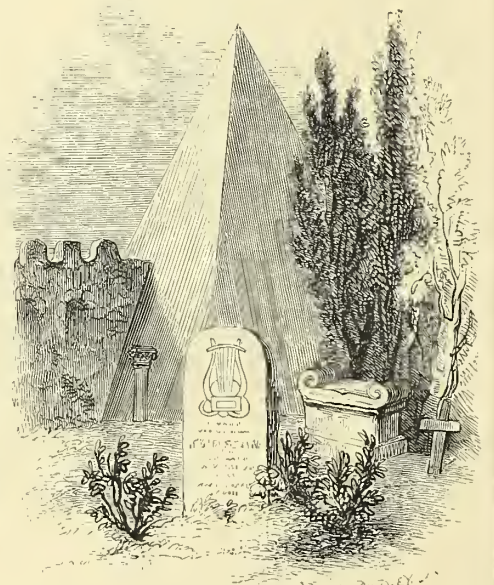


TOMB OF SHELLEY.

slandrous tongues;" it is the gravestone of John Keats, thus inscribed:—"This grave contains all that was mortal of a young English poet, who, on his death-bed, in the bitterness of his heart at the malicious power of his enemies, desired these words to be engraved on his tombstone—'Here lies one whose name was writ in water.'" The harsh and inhuman character of the comments on this unfortunate son of the Muses undoubtedly hastened his death, and can only be excused by minds as coarsely

unfeeling; for no rightly constituted judgment can reflect with anything but sorrow and shame at the brutality which squeezed the bitterest gall of criticism in the dying cup of sorrow fate proffered to this unfortunate young man. Surely the poetic mind, clouded by no other sin than errors of judgment, should deserve better treatment than is awarded to a criminal at the bar. There is but slight difference between that reviewer's pen and the assassin's dagger.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



TOMB OF KEATS.



## ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—Classes have been formed in the Glasgow School of Art, on the plan of those in existence at the Central School, London, and they have been found to work exceedingly well during the past session. Mr. Wilson, the director, has been assisted in the management by Mr. Edwin Lyne, of the Department of Science and Art, who also conducts the Art-instruction in the two training colleges of Glasgow. At the last examination, forty-four prizes were awarded to these institutions.

MANCHESTER.—A number of paintings in oil and in water-colours, by Mr. J. C. Hammersley, Principal of the School of Art in Manchester, have recently been exhibited at the gallery of Messrs. Agnew. The subjects are chiefly views on the Rhine and its vicinity; Mr. Hammersley having passed a considerable portion of the last autumn months in that locality, principally with the object of studying the scenery at Bonn, for a picture which the Prince Consort gave him a commission to paint: this work is among those exhibited. Of all, the local papers speak in very favourable terms: the "Royal" picture is a view of the Drachenfels, from near Bonn; we have obtained permission to engrave this work, when we shall have the opportunity of commenting upon it.

TAUNTON.—At the close, for the Christmas vacation, of the Taunton School of Art, which has only been established about eighteen months, the pupils presented the master, Mr. Williamson, with a handsomely-bound volume of Moore's poetical works, illustrated by Maclise, "as a small token of the esteem and regard in which he is held by them for his unrelenting kindness, and indefatigable exertions to develop and improve their artistic ability,"—so ran the presentation inscription. It is pleasant to see services thus recognised by those who derive benefit from them.

WORCESTER.—The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils of the Worcester School of Art took place at the latter end of December. The number of students in the school during the past year was 296, the average monthly attendance being 192. Independent of the instruction given in this institution, Mr. Bowen, the second master, teaches elementary drawing in four of the public schools of the city to upwards of 400 children, who are said to be making satisfactory progress. With regard to finance, there was a considerable balance against the school, one cause of which deficiency was the decrease of annual subscriptions. Alluding to this, and in reference to the exhibition of the productions of the students at the meeting, a local paper remarks:—"On the whole we were gratified with the exhibition, and cannot bring ourselves to believe that if the heads of the principal firms in the city would only take the trouble occasionally to visit the school, they would allow the subscription list to remain so unproductive as at present. As it is, however, the fallacy of the government proposition to render these schools self-supporting is obvious." This is not an unnatural conclusion to arrive at, but one scarcely based on reason and justice; for if assistance is withheld by those who ought to be most interested in the success of such institutions, and are presumed to derive some, if not much, benefit from them, with what grace can they appeal to the Government for aid out of the national funds? It is only when all in the locality have done their utmost, and this utmost is insufficient for their purposes, that they can put in a substantial claim for extraneous assistance.

DUNFERMLINE.—A correspondent of the *Builder* made the following remarks, a short time since, in allusion to the closing of the School of Art in this town:—"In 1854, efforts were made by the local committee, and a sufficient sum collected to justify their building, and getting all the eteteras required—at a cost of nearly £700 or £800: a school-house, and examples, &c., were obtained. The department appointed a master (Mr. Leonard Baker) to open the school. The committee obtained everything that could be wished; there was, then, no cause of complaint on this head. Unfortunately, though a good cause for complaint did exist, no one on the committee understood anything about the management of an Art-school; and what was even worse, the fact of a school being connected with Government does not seem to be any recommendation in Scotland." Mr. Baker, the late master of the Dunfermline school, but who is now at Stirling, recently delivered a lecture at that town on the subject of Art; at its close he said:—"Since I have been in Scotland I have not found that interest taken in Art which I could have wished. Art-education is not yet appreciated anywhere in Britain, and it is only among a few that we observe any progress." If Mr.

Baker's remarks have reference, as we judge from his other observations that they do, to Art-education among the higher and middle classes, they are, unhappily, but too true; our own daily experience testifies to the fact.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The pupils of the School of Art in this town recently presented Mr. Chittenden, the head master, with an elegant silver inkstand, to testify their sense of the benefit derived from his instruction, and of his uniform kindness to them.

DUNDEE.—An Art-exhibition was opened in this place in the month of December, and was continued for three weeks, during which time it was visited by nearly 7000 persons, a large majority of whom belonged to the working classes.

## COLOURS OBTAINED FROM THE ANIMAL KINGDOM.

## KERMES—CARMINE—LAC.

We regard the vegetable world as Nature's great laboratory for the production of dyes; and we scarcely ever think of looking to the animal kingdom for a colour which can be employed in Art. Flowers of every hue are spread in wild luxuriance over the surface of the earth. Their petals are so constituted, that they send back to the eye the liquid light from which they steal their tints and their odours—so modified, that it is almost impossible to name the infinite variety of tints which are thus produced. Some flowers are so purely, so brilliantly white, that we know they must reflect to the eye all the light which falls upon them; there is no decomposition of the rays, no absorption of a part. Others, again, are so dark, that they give us evidence of the absorbent power of the surface of their leaves—realising, almost, an absolute negation of colour, or blackness. Between those two ends of our scale, we have, by virtue of the physical structure of the surface, not merely fine examples of the primary colours, but these interblended in a marvellous manner; and hence, beyond yellow, blue, and red, we have endless shades of orange, green, violet and grey.

It is true that some of the animal races, especially the feathered tribes, are rich in colour. Nothing presented to us in the vegetable world can equal the metallic brilliancy of the feathers of the humming-birds; the deep and intense colouring of the parrot tribes, or the wonderful iridescence of the pigeon's breast.

There is, however, this remarkable difference between the colours of a feather, and the colours of a flower. The painted feather owes all its beauty to a mechanical arrangement of the surface only; the flower owes its colour to the circulation of coloured juices beneath the thin films of its delicate leaves; and although the peculiar surface-colour is frequently modified by the physical condition of the surface, it is always dependent upon the circulating juices of the plant. We are enabled by infusion, and by pressure, to obtain the colouring matters of flowers; and in many cases employ them for the purpose of Art and ornament. We cannot do this with the colours of a feather.

From the peculiar action of light and oxygen, it is only in a few instances that those fine vegetable dyes can be long preserved. In some cases, a very brief exposure to sunshine, entirely destroys their deep tints, bleaching them to a dirty white; and in others, a darkening process is almost as readily established, which is equally fatal to the original colour. By combining, however, with the colours of the vegetable kingdom certain chemical compounds, we have at our command an extensive series of dyes and colours, varying from black to yellow. In the animal kingdom, on the contrary, we find only a red colour which we can use, with the exception of the shell-fish purple, which it is not, in any way, advantageous for the artist or the manufacturer to employ. In our article on indigo we alluded to, and indeed gave some description of, the animal from which the famed Tyrian purple of antiquity was obtained.\* At present, attention will therefore be confined to the three sources of colour which belong to the animal kingdom, and which are employed in the Arts in this country.

\* See *Art-Journal* for 1857, p. 346.

Kermes, have been supposed to have been well known to the ancients, even so early as the days of Moses, and to have been employed by the Hebrews, Egyptians, and Greeks, as a dye. Beckmann informs us that the kermes are mentioned by the ancient Hebrew, Greek, Latin, and Arabian writers; that they were called by the Latin writers *coccum*, and also *coccus*; though sometimes they are found designated as *granum*. Dioscorides informs us that the kermes were collected in *Asia proconsularis*, Galatia, Armenia, and Spain. Pliny says they were obtained from Attica, Galatia, Cilicia, Lusitania, and Sardinia. Several other writers who have treated of natural productions inform us that kermes, a red dye, was known at a very early period.

The celebrated Arabic and classic scholar, Professor Tychsen, says, "This dye was undoubtedly known to the Hebrews, the Phœnicians, and the Egyptians, long before the epoch of the Arabians in the East. Among the Hebrews the dye occurs, though not clearly, under other names, *tola schani*, or simply *tola*, in their oldest writer, Moses. *Tola* is properly the worm; and according to the analogy of *kermes*, scarlet worm dye. The additional word *schani*, signifies either double-dyed, or according to another derivation, bright, deep, red dye." The same writer thinks that the great trade in the worm dye was carried on by the Phœnicians, who traded between Spain, Palestine, and Egypt. That the kermes must have been known in Egypt, appears proved by the fact that Moses required it to ornament, in scarlet, the tabernacle in the wilderness. The general conclusions of this author, arrived at after a very close examination of all the available authorities, are as follows:—

1st. *Scarlet*, or the kermes dye, was known in the East in the earliest ages, before Moses, and was a discovery of the Phœnicians in Palestine; but certainly not of the small wandering Hebrew tribes.

2nd. *Tola* was the ancient Phœnician name used by the Hebrews, and even by the Syrians, for it is employed by the Syrian translator, Isaiah i. 18. Among the Jews, after their captivity, the Aramæan word, *zehori*, was more common.

3rd. This dye was known also to the Egyptians in the time of Moses; for the Israelites must have carried it along with them from Egypt.

4th. The Arabs received the name *kermes* with the dye from Armenia and Persia, where it was indigenous, and had long been known; and that name banished the old name in the East, as the name, scarlet, has done in the West.

5th. Kermes were, perhaps, not known in Arabia, at least they were not indigenous, as the Arabs appear to have had no name for them.

6th. Kermes signifies always *red dye*; and when pronounced short it becomes *deep red*.

This species of the cochineal insect (*Coccus ilicis*) is found upon one or more of the oak trees. Kerby and Spence say it is confined to the *Quercus coccifera*, a low evergreen oak, with prickly leaves. Some authors inform us that the ancients had plantations of the *kermes oak*—but this is by no means established—for rearing those insects.

Through all time, until the discovery of the true cochineal insect of America, the kermes were used for dyeing *scarlet*. In the middle ages, the kermes were known as the worm dye, *vermiculus* or *vermiculum*, and the cloth dyed with them was called *vermiculata*: hence *vermeil* was employed to signify any red dye, and thus the modern name of *vermillion*, which is a compound of mercury and sulphur, has been derived from the kermes of antiquity.

In 1518, the Spaniards in Mexico saw the cochineal insect employed by the natives of that country in colouring some parts of their habitations and ornaments. The Mexicans must therefore have been well acquainted with the use of the *Coccus cacti*. Dr. Pereira thus describes this insect:—"The wings of the male are beautifully snow-white. The females fix themselves firmly on the plant, which serves them as a habitation, and never quit this spot; here they couple, and increase considerably in size. Each insect lays several thousand eggs, which proceed from the body through an aperture placed at the extremity of the abdomen, and pass under the belly to be there hatched. Death then ensues; the body of the mother dries up; its two membranes become flat, and form a sort of shell or cocoon, in which the eggs are enclosed, and from whence the



little cochineals soon proceed. The female only is of commercial value." The cochineal insects feed on the *Nopal* (*Opuntia cochinillifera*). The cultivation of this plant, and of the cochineal insect, is confined to the district of La Misteca, in the state of Oaxaca, in Mexico.

When the insects are in a proper state, they are brushed off the cactus plants with a squirrel's tail, and killed by immersing them in hot water; they are afterwards dried in the heat of the sun, or in the warmth of a stove. It is stated that the finest cochineals are killed by being exposed to dry heat, and not by immersion. Three harvests are made annually; the first being the best, since the impregnated females alone are taken; in the second the young females also are collected, and in the third both old and young ones and skins are collected indiscriminately. Before the rainy season commences, branches of the nopal plant, loaded with infant insects, are cut off and preserved in the houses of the Mexicans, to prevent the animals being destroyed by the weather. It has been estimated that 70,000 dried insects are required on the average to form a pound weight of cochineal.

Two sorts of cochineal are gathered and sent into the market—the wild from the woods, which is called by the Spanish name *grana silvestra*, and the cultivated, or the *grana fina*, called also *Mestegue*, from the province in which it is produced.

The wild cochineal is inferior to the cultivated varieties, yielding far less colouring matter. Fine cochineal, when well dried and preserved, should have a grey colour, bordering on purple. The grey is owing to the powder which naturally covers it, and to a little waxy fat. The purple shade arises from the colour extracted by the water in which the insects have been killed. Cochineal is wrinkled with parallel furrows across its back, which are intersected in the middle by a longitudinal one—by this the true cochineal is distinguished from any fictitious preparation. In some cases smooth black grains, called East India cochineal, are mixed with the genuine article, but the experienced eye readily detects the fraud. The genuine cochineal has the shape of an egg bisected through its long axis, or of a tortoise, being rounded like a shield upon the back, flat upon the belly, and without wings.

One fraud has been named—another is recorded by Dr. Ure:—"The officers of her Majesty's Customs detected some time since a system of adulterating cochineal, which had been practised to a prodigious extent by a mercantile house in London. I have analysed about one hundred samples of such cochineal, from which it appears that the genuine article is moistened with gum-water, agitated in a box, or leather bag, first with sulphate of baryta in fine powder, afterwards with bone, or ivory black, to give it the appearance of *negra* cochineal, and then dried. By this means about twelve per cent. of worthless, heavy spar is sold at the price of cochineal, to the enrichment of the sophisticators, and the disgrace and injury of British trade and manufactures. The specific gravity of genuine cochineal is 1.25, that of the cochineal loaded with the barytic sulphate 1.35."

The colouring matter of cochineal has been closely studied by several chemists, among others by Pelletier, Caventou, John, and Chevreul.

A fatty wax, of a golden yellow colour, is separated from it by sulphuric ether, and then being treated with alcohol, heat being applied, reddish solutions, verging on yellow, are obtained. By the spontaneous evaporation of these alcoholic solutions, a granular matter is deposited of a fine red colour, to which the name of *carminium* has been given.

This colouring matter is very soluble in water, and by evaporation the liquid assumes the appearance of a syrup—but never yields crystals. This *carminium* appears to be precipitated by all the acids, when it is accompanied by some of the animal matter of the cochineal. The affinity of alumina for the colouring matter is very remarkable; when that earth, newly precipitated, is put into a watery solution of the colouring principle, this is immediately seized by the alumina. The water becomes colourless, and a fine red lake is obtained, if we have operated at the ordinary atmospheric temperature; but if the liquor has been hot, the colour passes to crimson, and the shade becomes more and more violet, according to the elevation of the temperature, and the continuance of the ebullition. The salts of

tin exercise a powerful action upon this colouring matter.

The most successful investigator into the colouring matter of cochineal has been Mr. Warren De la Rue. This chemist had the opportunity of submitting the living insect to microscopical examination. He found it to be covered with a white dust, which was likewise observed on the adjacent parts of the cactus leaves on which the animal feeds. This dust, which he considered to be the excrement of the animal, has, under the microscope, the appearance of white curved cylinders, of a very uniform diameter. On removing the powder with ether, and piercing the side of the insect, a purplish-red fluid exudes, which contains the red colouring matter in minute granules, assembled round a colourless nucleus. These groups seem to float in a colourless fluid, which appears to prove that, whatever may be the function of the colouring matter, it has a distinct and marked form, and does not pervade as a mere tint the fluid portion of the insect.

The colouring matter, or *carminic acid*, as Mr. De la Rue calls it, is thus obtained in a state of purity. Ground cochineal is boiled for about twenty minutes with fifty times its weight of water; the strained decoction, after being allowed to subside for a quarter of an hour, is decanted off and precipitated with a solution of acetate of protoxide of lead, acidulated with acetic acid (one acid to six of salt). The washed precipitate is decomposed by hydrosulphuric acid; the colouring matter being again dissolved, is precipitated a second time and decomposed as before. The solution of carminic acid thus obtained is evaporated to dryness, dissolved in boiling absolute alcohol, digested with a portion of carbonate of protoxide of lead, and then mixed with ether to precipitate a small portion of nitrogenous matter. The colouring matter, separated by the filter, yields, upon evaporation *in vacuo*, pure *carminic acid*. When thus prepared, it is a purple-brown friable mass, transparent when viewed by the microscope, and pulverizable to a fine red powder, soluble in alcohol and water in all proportions, and very slightly soluble in ether. It decomposes at temperatures above 136°. The aqueous solution has a feebly acid reaction, and does not absorb oxygen from the air; alkalis change its colour to purple—in the alcoholic tincture they produce purple precipitates; and the alkaline earths give precipitates of a similar colour. Alum gives, with carminic acid, a beautiful crimson lake upon the addition of a little ammonia, and similar results are obtained with metallic precipitates.

There are several methods employed in the preparation of carmine; that described by Dr. Pereira is, perhaps, the most approved. Carmine is prepared from the black cochineal. A decoction of the insect is made in water; the residue, called *carminic grounds*, is used by the paper-stainers. To the decoction is added a precipitant, generally bichloride of tin. The decoction to which the bichloride has been added is put into a large shallow vessel, and allowed to rest. Slowly a deposit takes place, which adheres to the sides of the vessel, and the liquid being poured off, it is dried. This precipitate, when dried, is *carmine*. The liquid, when concentrated, is called *liquid rouge*.

The German method of preparing carmine consists in pouring a certain quantity of a solution of alum into a decoction of cochineal. Another process, known as that of Madame Cenette, of Amsterdam, consists in adding a solution of the binxalate of potash to the cochineal decoction. Pelletier and Caventou state that the finest colour is produced by the oxide of tin.

There are some remarkable peculiarities about the production of carmine: the shade and character of colour is altered by slight, very slight, differences in the temperature at which it is prepared; and with every variation in the circumstances of illumination, a change is discovered in the colour. Sir Humphrey Davy relates the following anecdote in illustration of this:—"A manufacturer of carmine, who was aware of the superiority of the French colour, went to Lyons for the purpose of improving his process, and bargained with the most celebrated manufacturer in that city for the acquisition of his secret, for which he was to pay £1000. He saw all the process, and a beautiful colour was produced, but he found not the least difference in the French method and that which had been adopted by himself. He appealed to his instructor, and insisted that he must

have kept something concealed. The man assured him that he had not, and invited him to inspect the process a second time. He very minutely examined the water and the materials, which were in every respect similar to his own, and then, very much surprised, he said, 'I have lost both my labour and my money, for the air of England does not admit us to make good carmine.'—'Stay,' said the Frenchman; 'don't deceive yourself. What kind of weather is it now?'—'A bright sunny day,' replied the Englishman.—'And such are the days,' said the Frenchman, 'upon which I make my colour: were I to attempt to manufacture it on a dark and cloudy day, my results would be the same as yours. Let me advise you to make your carmine on sunny days.'"

Some years since, I made an extensive series of experiments on this colouring matter, and the actions of light upon it. When precipitated in sunshine the colour was brilliant and beautiful; in cloudy weather the carmine was very dull in colour,—there was none of that sparkling brilliancy about it which the colour-maker well expresses by the term "lively." When precipitated in the dark, the red lost many degrees of intensity, and the general character was still more gloomy. This very remarkable condition applies to other colours than carmine. Even Prussian blue precipitated in sunshine is far more brilliant than the same salt precipitated in darkness.

Six drachms of carmine may be obtained from one pound of cochineal. Rouge for the face is made by mixing half a pound of levigated French chalk with two ounces of freshly-prepared carmine.

A practical dyer gives the following directions for using cochineal to dye silk crimson:—"Fill your alum-tub with clean cold water, and for every fifteen yards of silk dissolve in it eight ounces of alum; when that is done, open out your silks, and handle them in the alum-tub for five minutes, then take them up on a peg, and put them back again, and leave them for twelve or fourteen hours,—much longer if you like, but they must be taken up and returned every six hours. Clean out a copper and fill it with water, and for every fifteen yards of silk put in four ounces of cochineal. Make it boil before you put in the cochineal. Continue to boil well for ten minutes, and leave. Then get up your silks out of the alum, and give them one clean water, fold them up, and put them on a peg to drain. Now stop the cochineal copper from boiling by gently damping the fire, so as to keep the copper to a scald; open out your silks, and handle them in the cochineal copper with a clean stick for half or three quarters of an hour at the utmost, then get them up, and rinse them in two clean waters, wring them up with a clean sheet, and hang them up in a dry room. When dry, damp and brush—then frame them, and they are done."

For woollen goods crude tartar and "grain spirits"—that is, grain tin dissolved in hydrochloric acid (muriatic acid)—are employed.

*Kermes*.—For red, with tin, it requires about twelve times the quantity of kermes as of cochineal, and the colour then produced is not equal to it.

*Lac* is a concrete juice, which was thought to exude from several kinds of plants, but it appears now to have been determined that it is caused by an insect named *Coccus ficus*, or *Coccus loco*. There are several varieties of this product, known in commerce under the names of *stick-lac*, *seed-lac*, and *shell-lac*. There is also brought from India two other products, distinguished as *lac-lac* and *lac-dye*, which are the kinds mostly used in dyeing. Dr. Bancroft discovered that acids destroyed the resinous matter of lac-dye, and rendered the colouring matter soluble,—and this is the mode generally adopted in working with this substance. The French dyers generally take thirty-two parts of lac-dye rubbed down with twelve parts of hydrochloric acid; when well mixed, it is diluted with above an equal quantity of water, and set aside for twenty-four hours, after which it is ready for use. Lacs are employed as substitutes for cochineal, and most of the colours obtained by one are producible by the other; but for fine reds the lac is much inferior.

A certain affinity exists between the fibres of silk and wool for the colouring matters of kermes, cochineal, and lac; but no such affinity exists between the vegetable fibre of the cotton-plant and these animal colouring matters.

ROBERT HUNT.



## ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.

THE photographs selected by the committee for distribution amongst the subscribers to this most excellent association, are now exhibited in the Suffolk Street Galleries, with the Architectural Exhibition. This is a judicious arrangement in itself, and its good effect is considerably enhanced by the high character of the photographs. On the occasion of the opening conversation of the Architectural Exhibition, the screens and portfolios, upon and within which the photographs are either displayed or placed for examination, were covered and closed, with the view to a special conversation of the Architectural Photographic Association, which took place under the always agreeable and effective presidency of Professor Cockerell, R.A., on the evening of Thursday, January 7th. The rooms were well filled, and great interest was shown in the photographs, which then for the first time were submitted to the general body of the subscribers. So careful have the committee been to vary the subjects that they have chosen, as well as to procure photographs of different sizes, that every subscriber must be able, with the utmost facility, to select for himself such specimens as will prove peculiarly acceptable to him. The committee have also faithfully redeemed their pledge, that none but works of the highest excellence would be placed by them before the subscribers. The special adaptability of photography to the production of architectural pictures is demonstrated in a remarkable manner by this collection; and, at the same time, the skilful handling of the artists employed, is no less satisfactorily made known. The only want is interior views. Groups of details, also, to a large scale, will, we trust, in future collections be found to occupy prominent positions.

The present collection comprises views from Constantinople, Athens, Florence, Pisa, Sienna, Lucca, and the Roman States; from Burgos, Seville, and other places in Spain; from Paris, Strasburg, Rouen, Chartres, Rheims, Louvain, Bourges, Heidelberg, and Ghent; from the cathedrals of Lincoln, Canterbury, Ely, York, and Peterborough; with some miscellaneous views from Malta, Switzerland, North Wales, Scotland, Yorkshire, and other places. Amongst the finest specimens are (Nos. 171 and 172 in the catalogue) small views of the Baptistery at Canterbury; No. 146, the central western doorway of Lincoln, which shows with truly graphic exactness the two eras of the Norman work of Bishops Remigius and Alexander; Nos. 141 and 144, which severally represent parts of the west fronts of the cathedrals of Ely and York; No. 104, the principal doorway of Rheims, with No. 97, the statues in the north door of the same cathedral; No. 92, doorway of Berne Cathedral, a photograph distinguished by the most exquisite treatment of light and shade; No. 95, the fine old Hotel de Ville at Ghent, and No. 38\*, the principal doorway of the Cathedral of Orvieto. All the works of the Florentine photographers, the brothers Alinari, are indeed worthy of high commendation; these works include many fine examples of sculpture.

There is one point connected with these photographs that demands particular notice, which is the generally judicious selection of the points of view from which the pictures have been taken. Too much thought and carefulness cannot be bestowed on determining the spot, upon which the photographer is to conduct his operations; and it is evident that the committee of the association have thought seriously upon this subject. We hope to find that in their future productions the committee may be even more successful than they have been already in this most important particular. We venture also to repeat the expression of our conviction that, in future collections, it will tend in a great measure to promote the best interests of architecture, if each more important general view of any great building, or of any part of a great building, be attended by a series of views of details, given on a scale sufficiently large to exhibit their details with all that wonderful minuteness and precision which are the characteristics of photography.

It must not be forgotten that, in addition to supplying their subscribers with copies of certain pho-

tographs to be selected by themselves, the committee of this association are forming a grand collection of architectural photographs, which must speedily exercise a powerful influence upon the Art-education of all persons, who either practise architecture as a profession, or take an interest in it as a great and noble art. The photographs for each year's distribution, are also each year's contribution to national collections of works of this class. A few years may be expected to produce a really magnificent assemblage of these most beautiful, most interesting and instructive pictures. And every fresh subscriber strengthens the hands of the committee for carrying on their work of thus forming, throughout the empire, national galleries of architectural art. It is to be hoped that this consideration, taken in connection with the great advantages offered to subscribers in the matter of their own collections, will very speedily cause the list of subscribers to swell to as many thousands as it now numbers hundreds: and that it will comprehend the names of the architects and lovers of architecture of America, and the continent of Europe, as well as those of our own country and her colonies.

## LECTURES OF THE "DEPARTMENT," AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

THE concluding lecture of the opening course prepared by the "Department of Science and Art," and delivered either by their own officers, or under their special sanction, was given on the evening of December 21st, in the lecture-theatre of the museum, by Mr. Fergusson, the late manager of the Crystal Palace.

The subject, one of equal interest and importance, was the formation of "a National Collection of Architectural Art." The lecture, however, dealt with its professed subject only in an indirect and suggestive manner, leaving the contemplated "national collection" pretty nearly where it found it. It brought the audience to the general conclusion that the materials for forming this collection are both abundant and readily available, and that "all that is now wanted is a well-digested scheme, and the exercise of a sound discretion in regard to what should be admitted and what rejected." Mr. Fergusson did not attempt any definition of what *should* be admitted, or what rejected; neither did he tell us to what quarter we are to look for the exercise of the "sound discretion," or for the "well-digested scheme," which unquestionably are so essential for producing the desired "national collection of architectural art." We have watched both the "Architectural Museum" and the "national" architectural collections since their establishment at South Kensington with careful and expectant eyes, but we have not yet found in them any promise of realising Mr. Fergusson's requirements. The heterogeneous contents of the so-called "Architectural Museum" have at present been only distinguished by a confusion in their arrangements (?), which has been continually becoming worse confounded. And the neat and orderly "national" casts, with the pretty little models under glass covers, look very well and teach very little. We hardly venture to look for the "well-digested scheme" and the "sound discretion" in matters architectural from the powers already in existence and in operation at South Kensington. Mr. Cole has yet to find his own counterpart in this department of his "department." Mr. Fergusson does not appear to desire to undertake the task himself, or he would scarcely, in his lecture, have exhibited the bad taste of sneering at what he was pleased to call "correct Gothic;" nor would he have led his audience through so wild a hunt, from Athens to the Crystal Palace, after "what is" architecture; nor would he, when at length touching upon the real subject of his lecture, have been content to generalise upon the recognised components of an architectural museum which might be worthy of its title, and then wind up with the assurance that *if* the proposed museum be judiciously planned, and *if* it be appropriately constituted, and *if* it be well managed, and *if* it be liberally supported, it "must in a few years be worthy of the nation," and would be calculated to "do more to improve and elevate the

taste of the people of England than any other means which are at present available for that purpose."

We entirely agree in the sentiment of the improving and elevating influence, which a worthy national architectural museum would assuredly exercise upon the public taste: we are amongst those who are most anxious to see such an institution formed by the Government, and made available with all the power of "authority," and all the energy of a "department," for the most perfect realisation of its noble object. This, however, is not to be effected after the fashion that has hitherto prevailed in dealing with architecture at either Sydenham or South Kensington; neither can it be done without excluding alike professional prejudices and amateur extravagances, in order to secure what is sound in principles, comprehensive in range, graphic in illustration, and at once clear, impressive, and attractive in the capacity of teaching.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—A project has been presented to the Emperor by MM. Roze, father and son, architects, proposing to decorate the *places publiques*, boulevards, &c., with statues of men eminent in history. —The minister of state has just purchased M. Claudius Jacquard's painting representing "Banditti of the Abruzzi." —The minister of public instruction has given a sum of money to be expended in the complete restoration of a small pavilion at Meaux, the studio of Bossuet. —It is said that the Castle of St. Germain is to be put in thorough repair for the reception of the arms and armour now in the *Musée d'Artillerie*, at Paris, this last locale being too small to contain the collection. —The annual distribution of medals has taken place at the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*: M. A. Fould, minister of state, presided on the occasion. —The year 1857 has witnessed the growth of much architectural splendour in Paris: the Louvre, the "Halles Centrales," the Church of St. Clotilde, have been renovated and embellished, and new squares, boulevards, &c., have risen up. These last are not finished, but sufficiently advanced to judge of their general aspect, which is really splendid. Paris, thirty years ago, was a city of mud and narrow streets, it is now the city of boulevards *par excellence*: the will of one man has accomplished much of this extraordinary change in five years. —During the last days of December, 1857, a number of waggons was seen on the road to the *Palais d'Industrie*, *Champs Elysées*, laden with statues, groups, busts, &c. The solution of the enigma is as follows:—An immense quantity of various objects of Fine Art was in danger of perishing in the various garrets, warehouses, dark galleries, cellars, &c., belonging to the Government. These are to be examined by a competent jury, and an exhibition made in the unoccupied building, or else distributed amongst the various museums, palaces, &c.; no doubt many *chefs d'œuvre* will be brought to light, when we reflect that the Louvre contains nearly as much hidden Art as is already exposed to public view. —The different niches in the square of the Louvre are being filled with statues. —M. Ingres has presented the *Theatre Français* with a painting representing "Molière dining with Louis XIV." —M. Achille Deveria, celebrated for numerous lithographic *genre* subjects, and keeper of the prints in the Imperial Library, died recently, at the age of fifty-seven.

VIENNA.—It is remarkable that the exhibition of the Austrian Art-Union of this year indicates the increasing prevalence of Pre-Raffaellism in landscape art, while in respect of figure pictures, there is less of dry severity than there has been in former years. Still all the minute elaboration practised by younger Germany falls short of the intensity of English Pre-Raffaellism. The number of prizes was ninety-two, which represented an amount of nearly 20,000 florins. Among the figure-painters whose works were selected, were Friedländer, L'Allemand, Fischbach, Koller, and Beyer; and among those of the successful landscape-painters, were Böschner, Brieschi, Brunner, Hierschl, Höger, Lichtenfels, Swobada, &c.

It is considered a reproach to Vienna that such a capital has yet no monument to the memory of the famous composers, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, although the subject has been long before the public. The execution of such a memorial, or such a series of monuments, having been left to the Government, it has not been carried out, but as the public are now stirring in the matter, it is proposed that the principal amateurs of Vienna should perform a selection of the works of these great men in further-



ance of an object so patriotic.—According to the new constitution of the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts, this body have again the right of instituting yearly exhibitions under regulations determinable by their own members. Artists of all countries, but especially those of Austria, are invited to contribute; and for the encouragement of talent for the next three years, 10,000 florins is granted by the Government for the purchase of works of merit, without preference to the nationality of the painters. The exhibition will be held in the apartments of the Academy, but the accommodation has been found so limited that a more commodious arrangement is contemplated, by which means the schools will be conducted in the upper rooms of the building, while to the exhibition the lower rooms will be assigned. These are but a part of the reorganisation to which the painters of Vienna look forward with new hope.

BERLIN.—At the close of the year some of the most eminent painters of the German schools were occupied, according to long established custom, in the execution of transparencies of subjects suitable to the time. Among those whose works are most distinguished, are Amberg, Ascar Begas, Karl Arnold, Adolph Menzel, and Gustavo Richter.

The residence of the late director Schorn, to whom was confided the management of the cabinet of engravings, has, since the death of its proprietor, been a point of attraction to all lovers of Art and *virtu*. Every article of furniture in his house had recommended itself to Schorn for its antiquity, elegance, or originality of design, and this taste was observable in the commonest household objects. But that which would interest the artist especially were the works suspended on the walls, consisting of oil-pictures, water-colour drawings, cartoons, and various kinds of studies, all for the most part by living artists, especially by Kaulbach, Magnus, Menzel, Cretius, Jacobi, Trippel, Berg, &c., &c., constituting in the whole, furniture and works of Art, a collection of extraordinary interest.

HANOVER.—The monument about to be erected at Worms, in memory of Luther, finds favour among the Protestants, not only of Germany, but of others of the northern states. The King of Hanover has contributed 500 florins to the fund, which has received also considerable augmentation from Sweden, as many of the most distinguished of the clergy of that nation are warm advocates of the project.

VENICE.—The picture by Paul Veronese, which in 1849 was so much damaged at Monte Verico, has been for some time in this city, with a view to its restoration—which has been commissioned by the Emperor of Austria; but from some unknown cause the picture has never yet re-appeared in public, although ample time has been allowed for the emendation of what injuries soever it may have received.

## THE WOUNDED AT SCUTARI.

FROM THE GROUP BY T. PHYFFERS.

THOUGH the title given to this group of sculpture tells its own meaning, additional interest will be accorded to it when our readers are told that in the face of the female figure they see an excellent portrait of the lady whose noble, self-denying, and unwearying exertions on behalf of our gallant soldiers in the Crimea, have made her name immortal in the annals of her country. FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE is a "household word" wherever the history of the Russian war has penetrated, and millions "have risen up to call her blessed." When the heart of England was wrung with anguish at the cry of misery and distress which seemed to reach us with every breath of air wafted from the shores of the Black Sea, and when at the same moment every feeling of indignation was roused against those who, either through carelessness or mismanagement, were legitimately responsible for so many sufferings, the deeds of Florence Nightingale, and her band of devoted sisters, shed their hallowing and consolatory influence over the homes of her native land, from the palace to the most humble cottage; and the thanksgiving of a nation went up from every household to heaven for such a "ministering angel," and its prayers that a life so manifestly valuable might be prolonged to complete the work on which it was engaged. Her name requires no sculptured stone, or graven brass, to eulogise her actions, though she has richly earned the proudest monument that Art can rear as a testimonial to her heroic virtues.

Florence Nightingale was born at Florence, in

1823, and received her Christian name from the place of her birth: she is the younger daughter and coheirress of W.S. Nightingale, Esq., of Embley Park, Hampshire, and Leigh-Hurst, Derbyshire, a gentleman of considerable intellectual acquirements. "Under the guidance of her father, she gradually attained proficiency in classics and mathematics, as well as a general acquaintance with science, literature, and Art. Nor was the ordinary range of feminine accomplishments omitted from her education, as she is a good musician, and can boast of some knowledge of almost all the modern languages—speaking those of France, Italy, and Germany, with scarcely less facility than her native tongue. . . . From a very early age she evinced a strong sympathy and affection for her kind; as a child she was accustomed to minister to the necessities of the poor and needy around her father's estates, purchasing the privilege by frequent acts of self-denial; and in her youth she became still further their teacher, consoler, and friend. As Miss Nightingale advanced to an age which admitted of independent action, she frequented and studied the schools, hospitals, and reformatory institutions of London, Edinburgh, and the continent, gathering up knowledge wherever it might be found." \* In 1851 she went to Germany, and resided for three months among the Protestant Sisters of Mercy at Kaiserwerth, on the Rhine, an institution for training nurses; and on her return home took up her abode in the "Sanatorium for Gentlewomen," in Harley Street, which at that time was languishing for want of systematic management and effectual support; under her able direction, and liberal pecuniary assistance, this excellent institution rapidly recovered from its low and sinking estate. Thus surely, and almost silently—for few comparatively knew of her acts of generosity and Christian love—was this admirable woman a female Howard, preparing herself for the great work she was destined to perform when the news of the Crimean disasters reached England. What she did to mitigate the horrors of the Russian war it is totally unnecessary to refer to: her deeds form no insignificant part of the history of the campaign, from which they can never be separated. Her fitness for the task she had undertaken called forth the following remark, made by an officer of high standing, whose duty called him to be in frequent communication with her:—"No one," he said, "ever entertains the slightest idea of questioning the propriety of anything Miss Nightingale does or suggests: we all feel it is the right thing, and the right time for doing it." Such was the appreciation of those who personally witnessed her labours; the nation testified its feelings by the noble subscription, amounting to about £45,000, now waiting the disposal of the lady; and the Queen's approval was expressed by a present of a rich ornament of diamonds, accompanied by an autograph letter such as few subjects have received from their Sovereign: yet who is there that considers Florence Nightingale's services too highly estimated?

For many months past Miss Nightingale has been engaged upon, and she is still laboriously occupied with, the preparation of a report for the Government of an inquiry into the condition of the military hospitals of the country. We have heard that this work is taxing her mental and bodily strength severely: we earnestly pray, and are sure that our desires will be echoed by every man and woman throughout the British dominions, that she may be spared many years to witness the fruits of all her well-directed and devoted energies in the cause of suffering humanity, whose friend and servant she is.

Among the many tributes paid to her, one has recently come into our hands from across the Atlantic, so true in its expressive recognition of her worth, and so poetically beautiful, that we are tempted to introduce it here; and the more, because we believe it has not been made public in England, though widely circulated in America:—

SANTA FILOMENA.†

"Whene'er a noble deed is wrought,  
Whene'er is spoken a noble thought,  
Our hearts, in glad surprise,  
To higher levels rise.

\* "Men and Women of the Time." Published by Kent and Co., London, 1858.

† Saint Nightingale: a tribute to Florence, the saint of the Crimea.

"The tidal wave of deeper souls  
Into our inmost being rolls,  
And lifts us unawares  
Out of all meaner cares.

"Honour to those whose words or deeds  
Thus help us in our daily needs,  
And by their overflow  
Raise us from what is low!

"Thus thought I, as by night I read  
Of the great army of the dead,  
The trenches cold and damp,  
The starved and frozen camp—

"The wounded from the battle plain,  
In dreary hospitals of pain—  
The cheerless corridors,  
The cold and stony floors.

"Lo! in that house of misery,  
A lady with a lamp I see  
Pass through the glimmering gloom,  
And flit from room to room.

"And slow, as in a dream of bliss,  
The speechless sufferer turns to kiss  
Her shadow, as it falls  
Upon the darkening walls.

"As if a door in heaven should be  
Opened, and then closed suddenly,  
The vision came and went—  
The light shone and was spent.

"On England's annals, through the long  
Hereafter of her speech and song,  
That light its rays shall cast  
From portals of the past.

"A lady with a lamp shall stand  
In the great history of the land,  
A noble type of good,  
Heroic womanhood.

"Nor even shall be wanting here  
The palm, the lily, and the spear,  
The symbols that of yore  
Saint Filomena bore."\*

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The main incident of this beautiful poem is founded on a passage in a letter read by the Right Honourable Sidney Herbert, at the public meeting presided over by His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge, in order to raise a sum of money that should not only testify the national gratitude to Miss Nightingale, but enable her to found "an institution for the training, sustenance, and protection of nurses and hospital attendants." The fund thus raised (as we have stated) amounted to about £45,000; the money was invested in exchequer bills, placed in the hands of five trustees "named" by Miss Nightingale; it is of course bearing interest, and will, by God's blessing, produce its fruits when the health of the honoured and estimable lady is sufficiently restored to enable her to execute the mighty work she has undertaken.

The little group of sculpture—the figures are of small statuette size—which has called forth the preceding remarks, is the work of a Belgian sculptor, resident in London, Theodore Phylfers, a native of Louvain, and a pupil of the late Charles Geerts, whom he assisted to model the sculpture now in the Byzantine Court of the Crystal Palace. He was invited to England by Sir Charles Barry, to execute some carvings in wood for the Houses of Parliament; and since the completion of the latter works he has been engaged in many of the ecclesiastical sculptures in the Crystal Palace, on the restorations of Carlisle Cathedral, and the picture-gallery of Lord Howe at Gopsall Hall, Leicestershire. He is an artist of very considerable ability; and there is no doubt he will establish a high reputation in England.

The work we have engraved was executed for Mrs. Bracebridge, the intimate friend of Miss Nightingale, and for a considerable time her companion and fellow-worker in the Crimea. Miss Nightingale could not be prevailed upon to sit to the sculptor,—she has no desire to be immortalised by the hand of any artist,—but he had several opportunities of seeing the lady, and marking the outlines and expression of her features: the likeness is satisfactory to those who know her well. He has treated the figure in a conventional but very picturesque manner, and in the act of addressing a veteran soldier apparently just risen from his bed of suffering: it is a touching subject, that cannot fail to excite feelings of sympathy and admiration in all who look at it. The original work was exhibited at the Royal Academy last year.

\* [The name by which the poet has chosen to designate Miss Nightingale would seem to favour an idea prevailing when she was in the Crimea, and which probably many entertain now, that the religious opinions of this lady tend towards the Church of Rome: but all who are acquainted with her know her to be a sincere and zealous member of the Protestant Church of England.—ED. A.-J.]





THE WOUNDED AT SCUTARI

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER FROM THE GROUP BY T. PHILLIPS

THE WOUNDED AT SCUTARI







## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

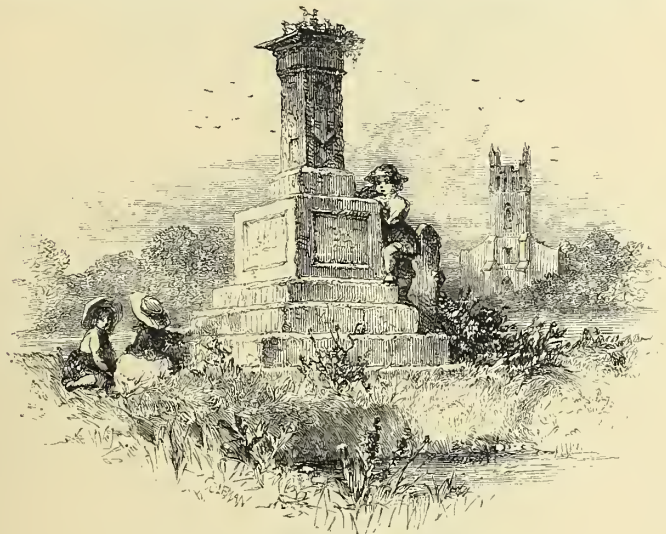
BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XIV.



WE are now approaching the ancient town of Staines; its bridge and its church-steeple are in sight; but before we reach them there is an object standing on one of the aits that claims our especial attention. We must step ashore to examine it, for it is the **BOUNDARY STONE** of the City of London; and here its jurisdiction ends—or did end, we should rather say, for by a recent enactment all its rights and privileges, as regard the river Thames, were transferred to “a commission.”

The conservancy of the river Thames was vested in the Lord Mayor and Corporation of the City of London by long prescription, confirmed by various charters and acts of parliament. Apart from the Courts of Conservancy, which were held by the Lord Mayor in person, attended by the Recorder and other officers, with much state, most of the administrative duties of Conservator of the Thames have long been performed by a committee of the corporation, known as the “Navigation and Port of London Committee,” consisting of twelve Aldermen and twenty-nine Common Councilmen. Their jurisdiction extended from Staines, in Middlesex, to Yantlet, in Kent. Their



THE BOUNDARY STONE.

duties were to prevent encroachments on the bed and soil of the river, or anything being done on its banks to impede navigation; to regulate the moorings of vessels in the port, deepen the channel, erect and maintain public stairs, keep in repair the locks, weirs, and towing-paths, regulate the fisheries, and seize unlawful nets, &c. In the performance of these duties they were aided by four harbour-masters, an engineer, water-bailiff, and other officials appointed by the corporation.

The revenue arose principally from two sources, viz., the tonnage dues on ships frequenting the port, and the tolls paid by vessels passing through the locks, or using the landing-piers. The corporation also received, not as conservators of the river, but as owners of its bed and soil, rents for wharfs, piers, and landing-places, which they granted licenses to erect. The produce of the tonnage dues was about £18,000 per annum, a sum more than sufficient to cover the expenses charged upon them, as the corporation were in possession of a surplus of about £90,000; but as the application of these dues was, by act of parliament, strictly limited to the river below London Bridge, no benefit could be derived from the possession of such surplus to the upper portion of the river, where the amount received from tolls was small, and, in consequence of the great competition of the railways with the carrying trade of the river, had latterly become so much diminished, as to fall far short of the annual expense.

Notwithstanding the difficulty in which the corporation were placed, with a surplus below bridge, which they were unable to appropriate, and a deficiency above bridge, which they had no means of making good but by pledging their corporate estates—they have shown no hesitation in the performance of the duty cast upon them. Meanwhile circumstances had arisen to prevent that efficient management of the Thames which it has ever been the constant object of the corporation to secure. A claim was set up by the crown to the *bed and soil* of the river. The right to the conservancy of the Thames had been contested in the time of Queen Elizabeth, by the then Lord High Admiral, and decided in favour of the city; but the right to the bed and soil of the sea-shore, and of navigable rivers, between high and low-water mark, is comparatively a recent claim on the part of the crown. A bill was filed against the corporation to enforce this claim, and requiring them to show their

title; and after protracted proceedings, extending over a period of thirteen years, a compromise was effected. The city, with a view to the interests of the public, consented to acknowledge the title of the crown to the bed and soil of the river, and the crown consented to grant a title to the corporation, stipulating, at the same time, that a scheme, suggested by Government for the future management of the river, should be adopted and embodied in an act of Parliament, which act has recently come into operation.

The Thames Conservancy Act, 1857, places the authority over the river Thames—within the limits of the ancient jurisdiction of the city—in a board consisting of twelve persons, viz., the Lord Mayor for the time being, two Aldermen, and four Common Councilmen, elected by the Court of Common Council, the Deputy-master of the Trinity House, two persons chosen by the Admiralty, one by the Board of Trade, and one by the Trinity House. The members are severally to remain in office for five years, unless otherwise removed, and will be eligible for re-election. The revenue arising from the tonnage dues below bridge, and the tolls and other receipts above bridge, are, together, to form one fund for the management and improvement of the navigation of the river; and of the receipts arising from embankments, or other appropriation of the bed and soil, one-third is to be paid to the crown, and the remaining two-thirds to be added to the general fund above mentioned.

Thus has an almost regal authority, enjoyed for ages by the citizens of London, and exercised by their chief magistrate and corporation in a spirit of munificent liberality that did honour to their administration, been quietly supplanted and absorbed by the greater power of the crown. Our hope is, that public interest may not suffer by the change. Those who have visited the Thames above “the city stone,” cannot fail to lament that the whole of the river has not been under their jurisdiction: between Staines and London all matters have been admirably and liberally managed; from Staines upwards they have been shamefully neglected. There are numerous “Boards of Conservancy” from Crikklade downwards, not one of which seems to have the least idea of cleansing the river, repairing its banks, or facilitating its navigation and traffic. If we are to judge of other “reforms” which the corporation of the metropolis is doomed to undergo, by this reformation of the conservancy of the Thames, we fear we may not anticipate a change that will be advantageous.

It is to be hoped that the “improving” spirit of the age will not proceed so far as to remove this ancient boundary mark; but that the inscription it still retains—“God preserve the City of London”—will be uttered as a fervent prayer by generations yet to come: for, of a truth, upon the prosperity of the metropolis of England, depends the welfare of the kingdom.

STAINES—or, as it is written in old records, Stanes—is on the Middlesex side of the river,—a busy and populous town, with a venerable and picturesque



STAINES BRIDGE.

church. A handsome bridge connects it with the county of Surrey, from whence there are direct roads to Windsor, Egham, and Chertsey. This bridge was erected in 1832, George Rennie being the engineer. It was opened in state by His Majesty King William IV. and Queen Adelaide. “The bridge consists principally of three extremely flat, segmental arches of granite, the middle arch being of seventy-four feet span, and the lateral ones sixty-six feet each: there are also two adjoining semi-circular arches, each ten feet in the span, for towing paths. Besides these, there are six brick arches of twenty feet in the span, two on the Surrey side and four in Middlesex, to admit the water to flow off during land-floods.” Our engraving is taken from “above bridge,” and underneath one of the arches is seen the comfortable little inn, “The Swan,” well known to all brethren of the craft, and especially those who frequent “Staines Deep,”\* where, during the autumn months, abundance of large roach will usually reward the pleasant toil of the punt-fisher.

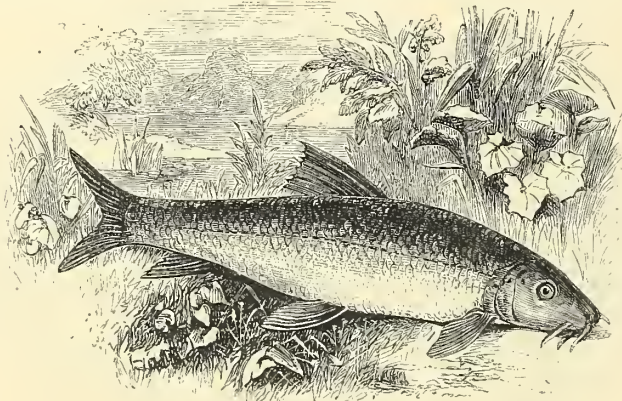
\* “Deeps” are portions of the river staked and otherwise protected, in order to prevent the use of nets, and so to facilitate the sport of the angler, for whose especial benefit they are formed. Usually, old boats are sunk in these deeps; the fish collect about them, and cannot be removed by any “coarse” process. The deeps between Staines and Richmond have all been formed at the expense of the Corporation of London: to them, there-



The river proceeds hence between low banks, which are frequently inundated during winter, until we reach the lock at "Penty-Hook"—Penton-Hook—an artificial passage by which boats are enabled to avoid a "long round" of a mile or so. But he who voyages for pleasure will find this ancient passage very desirable: it is generally an entire solitude; water-birds revel here; butterflies are always numerous; the Thames trout is seldom absent from its tiny breaks and waterfalls; and the Abbey river is one of its tributaries, suggestive of memories when the monks of Chertsey had here their productive fisheries, which kept their ponds and preserves continually full. This retired and tranquil branch of our dear river is in high favour with the angler; and perhaps there is no single nook of the Thames, from its rise to its fall, where he can receive so large a recompense of quiet pleasure. Does he "serape" for gudgeon?—here he will find a dozen "pitches," each of which yields enough for a day. Will he try his skill among the roach and dace, baiting with a single gentle No. 12 hook mounted on a single hair and a somewhat heavy float—for the stream hereabouts is deep and rapid?—he is either a poor craftsman or will be singularly unfortunate, if he do not basket his ten dozen before he issues from the bend into the main current. Does he covet the "big" chub?—let him throw his mimic grub under any one of those overhanging willows, and the chances are he will hook one of more than three pounds' weight. But, especially—is he a barbel fisher, and has the luck to have Galloway aiding and assisting his sport?—he is sure to catch more than he will like to carry home, if he has to walk from the bank to the railway. Galloway, who lives close to Chertsey—or, as he will tell you, "Chersy"—bridge, is one of the best fishermen on the Thames, and if any day in his company be not a good day, the fault will not be his; for he knows not only every pitch, but every stone of the river between his own immediate locality and a few miles above it and below it. He is not only an experienced and intelligent, but a most obliging and "pains-taking" guide and counsellor; and seems always to consider that ample sport is ever a part of his contract,—so, as we have said, if the evening bring disappointment, the cause has been beyond his control. But if a neophyte visit the Thames in search of sport, whose line is strong enough, and hook big enough, to snare and land a Severn salmon,—if his shot are swau-shot, and his float a pretty toy, and his rod bends like a reed in a storm, or is as stiff and straight as a "poplar tree"—what then can Galloway do?—what but shrug his shoulders, gently hint that the water is too clear or too thick for sport, and grumble "under breath" a wish that such brutal tackle were in "Norroway." And to this heavy affliction he is often doomed; while the "angler" seeks the train with a light load, and growls his discontent against the liberality of the bountiful Father, who has only refused reward to a bungler in the art.

Let the true angler, who knows his art and loves it, spend a day with Galloway at Penty-Hook, and we assure him of a day's enjoyment such as he will rarely find elsewhere, or in other company; for Galloway is full of anecdote such as the fisherman likes to hear and tell. The barbel loves quiet; in this locality he always finds it, and Galloway knows his haunts and his habits well.

The Barbel (*Barbus vulgaris*) is said to be so called from the barbs or wattles attached to its mouth. It feeds on slugs, worms, and small fish, and is therefore always found at the bottom. It is a poor fish "for the table," and no



THE BARBEL.

mode of "dressing" that we have ever heard of can make it tolerable as a dish; yet large quantities are sold in the London markets, principally (why we could never ascertain) to the Jews. In the Thames, and also in other rivers, they grow to a large size, sometimes weighing as much as fifteen or sixteen pounds; and when they are "on the feed," which is usually during the autumn months, when the weed begins to rot, it is no uncommon thing for the angler to catch upwards of a hundredweight in the course of a day. We have ourselves achieved this feat several times; and once, under Teddington Weir, killed two fish, each of which weighed ten pounds and a half: for confirmation of this fact we refer any sceptic to James Kemp—one of the Kemps of Teddington, to whom we shall make reference in due course.

The usual practice is to fish for barbel with "the ledger;" it is, however, "a custom more honoured in the breach than the observance,"—for it gives the angler nothing to do except to watch the running out of his reel, and to "haul in," as if a stone were fastened to his line. By this mode, a large piece of lead is attached to the line within about two feet from the hook; the hook being baited with a large lob-worm, it is then thrown in, and the barbel "runs away" with it, literally hooking himself, for the weight acts as a check. This is, how-

fore, Thames anglers have long been, and will long be, largely indebted. To the angler, at all events, the transfer of power from the Lord Mayor to the Commission is a subject of regret; and he is a recreant brother, who, obtaining a day's sport in any of the "deeps," will fail to repeat the prayer of the boundary stone—"God preserve the City of London."

ever, coarse and clumsy fishing, for a fish worth little or nothing when it is caught. Far otherwise is it when the barbel is hooked with a very small hook, mounted on fine gut, or it may be the single hair of roach tackle: then the strong fellow gives ample "play," and probably half an hour will necessarily pass before the landing-net is in requisition, and he is safely deposited in the well of the punt—especially when the water is deep and the current strong.

To us, our days of barbel fishing are pleasant and very healthful memories—the truest luxuries of an active and busy life; and although we have killed trout in the rivers and lochs of Ireland and of Scotland, and salmon under the beautiful fall of Doonas, on the mighty Shannon, we recur with greater pleasure to those hours of repose and relaxation we have passed at Penty-Hook, when winding up and letting out a line, to the end of which was attached a stout and strong barbel of some seven pounds—our assured property from the moment the hook entered his leathern mouth.

From Penty-Hook there is nothing to interest the voyager until he reaches the pretty FERRY AT LALEHAM. He may, if he pleases, step ashore at the clean and neat ferry-house here pictured, and either dine on the bank, or



LALEHAM FERRY.

in one of the small rooms, to which access is readily obtained. In any case, he will do well to look about him. The steeple of a church adds its eloquent grace to a pleasing although flat landscape: it is the church at Laleham. On the opposite side is the square tower of Chertsey Church. Cattle are feeding on the luxuriant grass in Chertsey mead, or cooling themselves in the shallow stream; the ferry-boat is conveying foot passengers only, for the river here is not deep, and a mounted traveller may cross it, swimming merely the small "bit" that forms the channel of the barges. Rising just above him is St. Anne's Hill—so long the happy and quiet home of Charles James Fox, and now the property of his descendant, Lord Holland. Looking eastward, he has in view the wooded rise of Woburn, and farther on that of Otlands. Immediately beside the banks, however, there is nothing to claim



CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

attention until he arrives at Chertsey Lock, right under which, apparently, (for there is here a fall of some magnitude) is CHERTSEY BRIDGE.

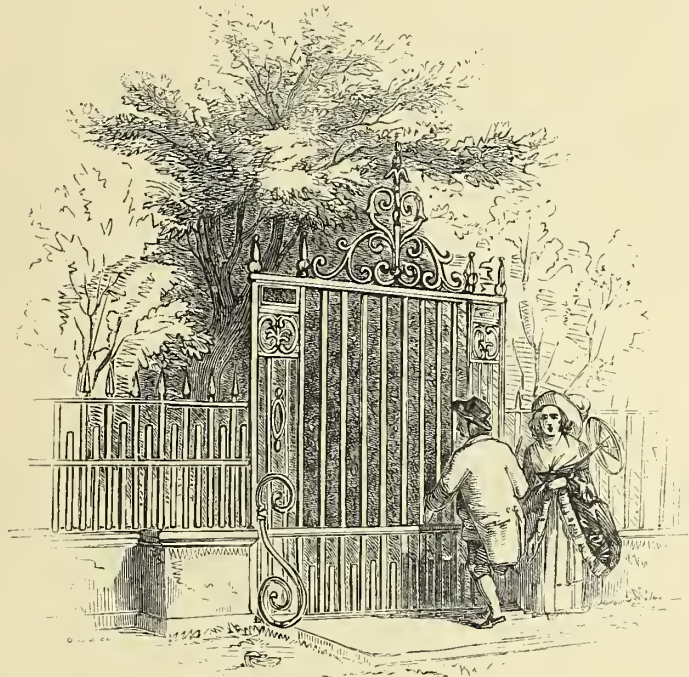
Let us step ashore, and, having refreshed ourselves at "The Chequers,"—the inn pictured in our print,—walk a mile or so to visit Chertsey town.

We are arriving at Chertsey, in the evening, after a pleasant day at Penty-Hook: it is eight o'clock; we hear the chimes of the curfew, heard very rarely in England now-a-days, but in the quiet little town, of small traffic and no manufacture, the ancient custom is still maintained, the curfew tolling so many times to denote the day of the month—once for the first, and thirty times for the thirtieth.\* We pass the church, part ancient, and part new: if we enter

\* The ringing of the curfew is one of the oldest of English customs; though popularly believed to have been introduced by William the Conqueror, it was more probably an



it, it will be to see a beautiful bas-relief by Flaxman of the raising of Jairus's daughter. It is behind the church—between it and the river—we shall find the remains of once and long-famous Chertsey Abbey. These remains consist of a few stone walls, the grave-yard, now a rich garden, and the fish-ponds, which even to-day hold water, by which cattle of the adjacent farm are refreshed. The abbey was founded A.D. 666, and held almost imperial rule



GATEWAY TO FOX'S HOUSE.

over numerous villages, extending its "paternal sway" into Middlesex, and even so far as London, where its mitred abbot had a "fair lodging." It was of the Benedictine order, its foundation being almost coeval with the conversion of the Saxons by Erchenwald, first abbot of Chertsey, and afterwards Bishop of London. Gradually it grew to be one of the wealthiest and most powerful abbeys of the kingdom, fostered and endowed by nearly all English monarchs, from the Conqueror down, until the eighth Henry dissolved it, and gave its rich possessions to the Abbey of Bisham, which, having enjoyed them for a time, relinquished



ST. ANNE'S WELL.

them in turn to various "civilians and laymen." Chertsey Abbey received the remains of the pious but unhappy Henry VI.—

"Poor key-cold figure of a holy king,  
Pale ashes of the house of Lancaster"—

ancient usage as a precaution against fire, in remote days of defective local rule, when houses were chiefly built of wood, and fires were frequent. The curfew or *couvre-feu* itself was a metal case, which closed over the wood ashes and extinguished them. Eight o'clock was the hour at which all persons were enjoined to put out fires and lights, and retire to bed: upon the continent the custom was general.

subsequently interred at Windsor. Its glory extended far and near; its jurisdiction in Surrey was almost unlimited; its wealth was prodigious; its abbot ranked with princes—and ruled them. It is now difficult to trace its site; of the enormous and very beautiful pile, scarcely one stone remains upon another. Those who delve the adjacent ground rarely do so without disinterring long-buried bones: indications of its ancient glories now and then present themselves—broken capitals, stone coffins, encaustic tiles, and fragments of painted glass; but Chertsey Abbey is little more than an historic memory.

If the visitor has time, he will stroll through the town to visit St. Anne's Hill; and do pilgrimage to the home, and lawns, and gardens, and quaint summer-houses, and lonely walks so closely associated with the memory of Charles James Fox. On his way he will pass "the Golden Grove," where lives one to whom many owe a debt for large enjoyment and much instruction—Sir George Smart. Directly fronting his plain and simple house is the famous oak-tree, which no doubt the monks planted near to one of their out-dwellings, which still bears the name of Monk's Grove. Let him pause awhile at the gate of wrought iron, at the entrance to the dwelling of Charles James Fox, and walk to the summit of the hill, from which, on a clear day, he may obtain a view of St. Paul's—although distant twenty miles and more. The view is indeed glorious and beautiful from this charming height—Windsor on the one side, London on the other. A slight descent leads him into a close and thick wood, at the bottom of which is a picturesque "bit"—St. Anne's Well, a relic of the chapel that once existed here, and was probably erected when the abbey was founded, twelve centuries ago.



COWLEY'S HOUSE.

We return to Chertsey, and passing up its main street, stand before a quaint old building, where a good and benevolent clergyman now resides: it is the Porch House, in which the poet Cowley lived and died—

"Here the last accent; flow'd from Cowley's tongue."

He died on the 28th July, 1667. He was interred in Westminster Abbey; his body having been conveyed along the side of the Thames he loved so well—

"What tears the river shed,  
When the sad pomp along his banks was led!"

A throng of nobles followed him to his grave; and the worthless king he had served, and by whom he had been deserted, is reported to have said that he had not left a better man behind him in England. Although "the Porch"—from



SHEPPERTON CHURCH.

whence it received its name—"the Porch House"—was long ago removed, Cowley's house retains much of its original character. The room in which he died is still intact, and a group of trees—Cowley's seat—flourish in vigorous age.

We may not extend our visit, although a drive through the pretty village of Addlestone—joining the railroad there—would be a worthy finish to a long summer's day of pleasure.\* we return to Chertsey Bridge, and resume

\* The whole of this district has been fully described by Mrs. S. C. Hall, in "Pilgrimages to English Shrines;" and the reader who desires to know more concerning it, is referred to the *Art-Journal* for 1851. We have introduced two of the prints from that volume as essential to us on this occasion, in order to make more clear our details concerning St. Anne's Hill and the residence of Charles James Fox.



our voyage downward, admiring, as we pass, the pleasant woods and wooded heights of Woburn, and welcoming another of the river's many tributaries—the Wey, which joins the Thames a mile or so below the bridge at Chertsey. Let us first, however, glance at Chertsey mead, where it is said grows the best hay in England; and where, during a large part of the year, there is right of commonage, of which the neighbouring farmers avail themselves to fatten cows that supply London with pure milk.

The Wey enters the Thames at a mill in a curve of the stream, but the ordinary way for boats is to the lock at Shepperton. The woody grounds of Oatlands now begin to rise on the right, and a short distance to the left is SHEPPERTON CHURCH and village. Close to the river are the house and grounds of W. S. Lindsay, Esq., M.P.: some fine trees hang over his boat-house. These grounds are, perhaps, the most beautiful to be met with all along the river-banks; those who have taste as well as riches, have always the power to give to others a large share of the luxuries they themselves obtain from wealth. The distance to Shepperton by water from Chertsey Bridge is about four miles; but the direct way by land is not more than a mile and a quarter. Another turn of the river brings us to Lower Halliford. The river is now free of any striking feature until we approach the long bridge at Walton; the village is half a mile inland, and hidden from view. At a sharp turn of the river before we reach the bridge is COWAY STAKES. Our view is sketched



COWAY STAKES.

from the bridge, looking back toward Weybridge Church, its tall spire and the high land of Oatlands Park being the chief features of the view. The small arch in the foreground is a waterway; between this point and the two dark trees of the middle distance, still lie under the Thames all that remain of the stakes which, tradition says, are those that impeded Caesar. When the water is low and clear, some of the fragments, it is said, may still be seen imbedded in the clay; others have been taken from the river, black with age, but still sound.

Cæsar has left a circumstantial account of his battle here with the British tribes. It occurred B.C. 64, on his second visit to our island, when, satisfied of the insincerity of submission of the natives to Roman rule, he resolved to penetrate farther than he had hitherto done, and quell opponents under the command of Cassivellaunus. He narrates the sort of guerilla warfare the Britons carried on against his forces, by continually harassing them in small parties, "so that one squadron relieved another," he says, "and our men, who had been contending against those who were exhausted, suddenly found themselves engaged with a fresh body who had taken their place." He accordingly determined to come to a general engagement, and invade the territory of Cassivellaunus. He describes leading his army towards the Thames to ford the river, which he says could only be passed on foot in one place, and that with difficulty. He had gained intelligence from prisoners and deserters that his passage was here to be disputed: when he arrived at the river, he perceived a large force on the opposite bank drawn up to oppose him; "the bank moreover, was planted with sharp stakes, and others of the same kind were fixed in the bed of the river, beneath the water." But nothing could restrain the impetuosity of his legionaries, who dashed into the river, and drove off the Britons.

The venerable Bede notes that these stakes "are seen to this day, about the thickness of a man's thigh, stuck immovable, being driven hard into the bottom of the river;" and Camden, in his "Britannia," says of Oatlands, "It is a proper house of the king's, and offreth itself to be scene within a park; neer unto which Cæsar passed over Thames." He then narrates the event, concluding by saying, "In this thing I cannot be deceived, considering that the river here is scarce six foot deep: the place at this day of these stakes is called Coway Stakes, and Cæsar maketh the borders of Cassivellaunus, where he setteth down his passage over the river, to be about fourscore Italian miles from the sea which beateth upon the east coast of Kent, where he landed, and at the very same distance is this passage of ours."

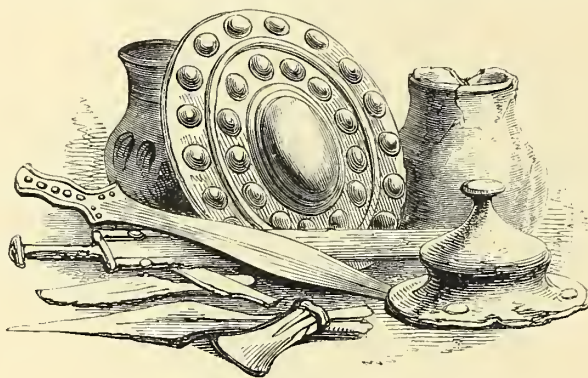
In the time of Cæsar there can be no doubt that the whole of the low land about here was a swamp, and the Britons secured themselves in the rude earth-works they had constructed in the woody land which overlooked the river. There are intrenchments of this sort on St. George's Hill at Weybridge, and also on St. Anne's Hill, Chertsey. There are traces of others at Wimbledon, proving that this range of elevations was made use of for defence. We have mentioned the old hill camp which formed one of the defences of the Cotswold Hills; and here we may properly devote a brief space to a consideration of the early inhabitants of the banks of the Thames.

When Cæsar visited Britain the old Celtic population was considerably intermixed with the Belgæ, who had taken possession of the richest parts of South Britain, and kept up a close alliance with the Gaulish traders, to whom the people of the Kentish coast greatly assimilated. Strabo slightly describes the personal appearance of the old Britons, in their long dark garments fastened round the waist, and long hair and beards. Herodotus and Pliny speak of their puncturing and staining their bodies with the juice of herbs, as a mark of

noble descent. Cæsar notes that they were "clad with skiis; all the Britons stain themselves with woad, which gives a blue colour, and imparts a ferocious aspect in battle; they have long flowing hair, and do not shave the upper lip."\*

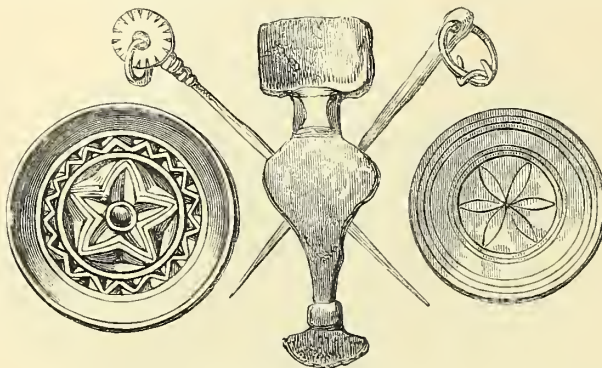
The river Thames has preserved, as if in a museum, some relics of its ancient masters. Our engraving exhibits a group of antiquities found in the stream, and upon its banks. Of these the early British shield of bronze, with its great central boss, and double row of smaller ones, was dredged up from the river between Little Wittenheim and Dorechester, a neighbourhood that formed the site of several hostile engagements.† The leaf-shaped, bronze sword was found also in the river near Vauxhall, and is remarkable for its similarity to the early Greek weapons found at Pompeii. The other antiquities of the group belong to the Saxon period, and the banks of the Thames are rich in such memorials.

The other objects in our group were discovered in tumuli on the high land at Long Whittenham, in Oxfordshire. Theumbo or boss at the right corner of the group, was originally fixed on the large wooden shield adopted by the Saxons. At Dorchester, many remarkable antiquities have been found, among the rest a large brooch, richly decorated. The more ordinary decorations



ANTIQUITIES FROM THE THAMES.

for the person usually found in Saxon tumuli are exhibited in our second group, consisting of brooches and hair-pins found at Fairford and Long Whittenham. Three varieties of the former have been selected; they are all of bronze, the central one being of the most ordinary form. That to the left is cup-shaped, the surface decorated with raised ornament, which has been strongly gilt. That to the right is formed of white metal, decorated with incised ornament, and washed with silver; a pin behind assisted in securing them to the dress. The hair-pins crossed at the back of the central brooch are also of bronze, having pendent rings attached to the upper part of each, one being slightly ornamented. With them were found finger-rings, consisting of a flat coil of bronze, beads of clay in variegated colours, and a variety of smaller articles for personal decoration, showing some considerable amount of refinement in the wearers. The inhabitants of Middlesex and Kent appear, however, to have been always in advance of the Saxons of the inland counties, which may be ascribed to their connection with the continental traders and their superior wealth. The contents of their tumuli indicate a higher refinement,



SAXON PERSONAL ORNAMENTS.

and a different taste in decoration. Antiquaries are now beginning to classify the Saxon tribes in England with much certainty, by the data afforded by these relics from their last resting-places.

Such were the people—destined progenitors of a race which should establish the name and customs of Anglo-Saxons over the whole world. In thus tracing them to their source, we find much that is worthy of study in their life on the banks of the Thames "in the old time before us." Scattered in their graves are instructive points in their history not to be found in the pages of the chronicler, but worthy of note; and in our descent of the stream we shall yet have to note the relics of their brethren, which also testify to their history as clearly as do the more enduring monuments of stone to the histories of classic nations.

\* Of the various native tribes noted by Ptolemy, the Dobuni occupied Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire; the Belgæ, Wiltshire and Hampshire; the Atrebatæ, Berkshire; and the Trinobantes, the greater part of Middlesex and Essex. Kent was held by the Cantii, a large and influential tribe which, as early as the time of Cæsar, was subdivided among four ruling chieftains.

† At the junction of the rivers here, still remain the intrenchments of the early Britons.



## THE CERAMIC COURT, CRYSTAL PALACE.

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THOMAS BATTAM, F.S.A.

THE costly and beautiful collection of fictile art, which has for some time past formed so successful and creditable a feature of the Crystal Palace attractions, has just received many valuable additions, both in old and modern examples; and now ranks amongst its varied and interesting contents, loans from the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Granville, Marquis d'Azeglio, Lady Rolle, General the Honourable E. Lygon, Baroness de Goldsmidt, H. Danhy Seymour, Esq., M.P., W. P. Thornhill, Esq., M.P., Samuel Addington, Esq., Isaac Falcke, Esq., &c. &c., together with examples of the modern manufactures of Minton, Copeland, Kerr and Binns, Ridgway, Bates, and Co., Rose and Co., Wedgwood, &c.

The liberality which prompts collectors of works so valuable, to lend them for public exhibition, is a most honourable and conclusive evidence of the interest felt in the advancement of national taste, which such enlightened conduct must necessarily tend to facilitate.

The Oriental and Japanese porcelain of the Duke of Devonshire, and the Baroness de Goldsmidt, presents remarkably rare and important examples of the perfection of these peculiar manufactures. The despatch-box, presented to Earl Granville by the Emperor of the French, a short time since, and executed expressly for that purpose at Sèvres, evidences the highest qualities of that imperial manufacture. The panels, of porcelain, are admirably painted with subjects illustrative of incidents in the life of Reuhens, mounted in ebony and gold. The whole design is in the most exquisite taste, and both the modelling and manipulatory details of the metal-work, are deserving of the highest commendation.

Amongst the recent additions to the examples from the famed collection of General the Hon. E. Lygon, are two very remarkable plates with battle subjects—"Death of Gaston de Foix," and "The Chevalier Bayard wounded at the siege of Brescia;" and a *déjeuner* service of historical subjects, relieved by a diapered ground, executed in imitative jewels. Both painting and decoration are of high order.

The magnificent vases of St. Petersburg manufacture, presented by the Grand Duchess Helena to Lady Rolle, form prominent objects in the Court.

Mr. H. Danhy Seymour, M.P., has lent some very fine specimens of the examples of Limoges, as well as examples of French enamel-painting on porcelain, of extreme beauty and delicacy.

Messrs. Ritterner and Saxby have a selection of remarkably fine examples of old Dresden, Copenhagen, Berlin, and French porcelain. The group of "The Resurrection," of the early Dresden manufacture, is a very important and interesting work.

Mr. Isaac Falcke's Wedgwood examples rank amongst the finest of these costly and coveted works.

The examples from the collection of His Excellency the Marquis d'Azeglio illustrate most conclusively the excellence attained by the early Italian potters. The specimens of majolica, or Raphael ware, are very important in size, and of rare merit in design and execution. The chief objects are three very large vases of Urhino manufacture; one of which, painted from an engraving by Marco di Ravonna, after Raphael, the subject being the Judgment of Paris, is a very remarkable and valuable work. An inkstand, also, of Urhino manufacture, made on the occasion of the marriage of Guidobaldo, Duke of Urhino, with Elizabetha Gonzaga, in 1480, whose portraits are painted upon the top, is a singularly interesting work; as are also many of the plateaus in the same class of art. The Capo di Monte porcelain groups, from the same collection, are the finest specimens of the manufacture that we have met with; and in classic feeling, as well as in artistic merit, certainly rival, if they do not excel, the best works of Dresden. The large group of Apollo and Daphne, is an extraordinary production, and would rank as a triumph over the technical difficulties which beset this hazardous manufacture even in the present day, independently of its high claims to consideration for its extraordinary perfection as a work of Art. The colouring of the figures is exquisitely toned, especially the flesh-tints, and altogether it is a most remarkable work.

The groups of Ganymede, Leda, and Venus and Cupid, although less important in size, are nearly of equal excellence. The Marquis d'Azeglio may be justly proud of the possession of examples which so successfully evidence his country's pre-eminence in Ceramic Art-manufacture.

Some very remarkable examples are contributed by Samuel Addington, Esq., from his magnificent collection, which includes rare and costly works, formerly the gems of the Bernal and Stowe cabinets. We draw attention to the three Dresden vases of the Marcolini period, for the exquisite figure-painting with which they are decorated. In drawing and colouring, as well as in manipulatory details they evidence artistic qualities of the highest class. The *déjeuner* services of Dresden and Berlin are also works well deserving the examination of all interested in this beautiful art. A ewer and bowl, composed of imitative shells and corals of the famous Spanish manufacture, at Il Buen Retiro, are very interesting and tasteful conceptions. A Palissy dish, important in size as well as for its meritorious execution, together with a statuette of the same manufacture, exhibit to great advantage the successful labours of the "glorious potter." Mr. Addington has also enriched the collection by the addition of the famous Limoges ewers from the Bernal and Strawberry Hill collections; and a tazza by Jean Courtois, a most brilliant example; together with a triptych, with painting of "the Crucifixion" by Monocarni (about 1450), formerly belonging to the Baron Rothschild.

Madame Temple has some fine examples of Dresden, Berlin, and Sèvres. The large vases painted by Kaulbach, at the Royal Dresden Manufactory, for exhibition in Paris, 1855, are amongst the finest examples of porcelain decoration.

In modern works of English manufacture, Messrs. Minton exhibit some very fine examples. The revival of the majolica ware by this firm has been, and deservedly, most successful. They exhibit also vases, and other articles in porcelain, of great excellence both in form and decoration.

Messrs. Copeland, amongst a varied assortment of their beautiful productions, have added specimens of a colossal size of a very fine kind of terra-cotta. Two busts, Minerva and Juno, from the antique, are admirably copied.

Messrs. Ridgway, Bates and Co., seem to have struck out in a higher field of action than that to which they have hitherto restricted their manufacture, and we congratulate them upon the satisfactory evidence their examples offer of their full capability to tread it worthily and successfully. The life-size busts of her Majesty and the Prince Consort, from the original marbles by Durham and the Baron Marochetti, may safely challenge comparison with the best productions of ceramic art. The statuettes, porcelain vases, &c., &c., exhibit qualities of design and execution which merit more detailed notice than we can devote at the present time; but we may take a future opportunity of referring to them when drawing attention to the marked advance in English pottery during the last few years, of which the recent works of this enterprising firm afford additional and the most recent evidence.

Messrs. Kerr and Binns's manufactory (Royal Works, Worcester) is very efficiently represented; the new works just placed in the collection more than maintain their established reputation. We can but briefly mention a few of these examples to which we would draw special attention. The plaque, with subject from Ary Scheffer's picture of Francesca da Rimini—the Venus Plateau—the Dante and Ariosto vases—the plateaus, with subjects of Ganymede and Sarpidon—are all executed in the style of the Limoges enamels, and are wonderful productions. The artistic feeling and manipulatory perfection evidenced in these paintings we have never seen equalled in this country.

We may, therefore, congratulate Mr. Battam on the very great success by which his labour has been attended: immense benefit has resulted, not only to the manufacturer and the student, but to the public. Assuredly a higher and better taste has thus been inculcated: excellence will be the aim, and not the accident, in our manufactories of porcelain and earthenware. Mr. Battam has achieved an amount of good incalculable, while he has largely served the Crystal Palace, by proving what may be done—in showing what has been done—to render it a great public instructor.

## COPYRIGHT IN PICTURES, AND OTHER WORKS OF ART.

A COMMITTEE has at length been formed to consider and deal with this subject; it is a national reproach that, while Art has been making its way into every household of the United Kingdom, and its professors are counted by thousands, we have reached the year 1858, before anything like an adequate "move" has been made for the protection of either. We cannot take blame to ourselves because of any indifference hitherto manifested; the readers of the ART-JOURNAL know that during the last twenty years we have frequently and earnestly laboured to bring under public consideration this topic, of vital interest to so many of all classes. We heartily rejoice at the probability that long existing evils are about to be removed; and that the law is to become a protector of artists, as well as of all other orders of the community. At present, they are not only without such protection—their rights may be infringed with entire impunity; nay, temptations to defraud them are so numerous, and escape from consequences so easy, that it is scarcely strange to find them continual victims of unprincipled copyists and dealers. So vague and weak, indeed, have been all the acts of parliament concerning Art, that if an artist has any rights, he is ignorant of their amount and value, and has generally preferred submitting to palpable wrong, than trusting to that "glorious uncertainty" which is always costly as well as perilous.

The committee consists of about thirty gentlemen—a large portion are artists; but fortunately they are associated with men of business—men who are familiar with the course necessary for the removal of evils by legislation. There can be little doubt, therefore, that during the present session of Parliament such steps will be taken as shall go far to provide a remedy for a disease that has been pernicious to British Art, since Art became a profession in Great Britain.

The first meeting of the committee was held on the 7th of January in the council room of the Society of Arts—that society having, we believe, commenced the movement, and thus added another to the many services they have rendered the state.

A report was read by Mr. Robertson Blaine, a barrister; it was chiefly a digest of the existing laws concerning Art—a document of the deepest interest and importance, and the foundation of the much that is to result hereafter. He very properly abstained from considering remedies; his purpose being merely to show the present defective state of such laws as are on the statute book, or to explain cases in reference to which no law existed. The document is long and minute; and although it is to be printed and circulated, the circulation is for the present limited to those from whom information for guidance may be expected; a copy will be transmitted to the several Art societies, as well as to many private individuals; and at no distant period the statement will be so augmented and "improved" as to be fitted for publication. We, therefore, in compliance with the wish of the committee, publish merely a circular, which recites the several heads under which information is sought:—

"Society of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce,  
"Adelphi, London, W. C.  
"2nd January, 1858.

"SIR,—A Committee has been formed by this Society for the purpose of considering and reporting on the state of the law relating to copyright in works of Fine Art, with a view to obtaining an amendment of it, and I am instructed to lay before you the following resolution, which has been passed:—

"Resolved—That the inquiries of this Committee be directed—

"1st. To ascertain the existing laws of British artistic copyright, and the chief defects of those laws.

"2nd. How those defects affect the interests of producers of works of Art.

"3rd. How they affect the interests of purchasers of works of modern Art.

"4th. How they affect the interests of the public and the promotion of the Fine Arts.

"5th. How they affect the subjects of those Foreign States with whom Her Majesty has entered into international copyright conventions; and what



the laws of those States are as affecting artistic copyright.

"6th. To obtain instances of fraudulent or wrongful acts relating to works of modern Art.

"7th. And lastly, to suggest such remedies as appear best calculated to amend the defects of our artistic copyright laws.

"The Committee direct me to call your attention specially to No. 6, in the hope that they may be favoured with the details of such instances as have come within your own experience. The Committee will be glad to receive full and distinct answers on this point. The other points are made known to you solely with a view of showing to what objects the Committee are directing their attention.

"In any instance which you may be able to send to the Committee, the names of individuals may be omitted, if so desired.

"I am, Sir,  
"Your obedient servant,  
"P. LE NEVE FOSTER,  
"Secretary."

It would be premature, in the present stage, to offer any counsel to the committee; except that which it will be our duty to do at their several meetings. We are aware, and so are they, that the subject of copyright in pictures is to be approached with extreme caution; there is undoubtedly the danger of substituting a greater for a lesser evil; and it will be an infinitely greater evil, if by restricting a possessor in his power over a picture, we place him in a position of not knowing how far that is his own which he has purchased and paid for. We are quite sure there are many collectors who would cease to collect pictures, if they were not the entire masters of what they had bought—to lend, copy, transfer freely, and even to engrave, if it pleased them so to do. There may be artists—such, for example, as Sir Edwin Landseer—whose works are so universally coveted that he may make what terms he likes, reasonable or unreasonable, according to his will and pleasure; but the great mass of artists can do nothing of the kind; and to them it might be fatal so to restrict the purchaser with reference to his property, as to make him consider it no more his than it would be if it were in the National Gallery. We do not say that we may not so legislate as to secure to an artist a right over his creation, under every and all circumstances; but we do say, there must be exceeding caution to prevent the danger that a greater evil may take the place of a lesser.

So in reference to the copying of pictures, it will be hard to say what law can meet the case; we may go too far as well as stop too short; there can be no difficulty in so legislating as to reach culprits such as Mr. Closs; but any attempt to prevent by law pictures from being copied at all, would be simply absurd.

The subject is, indeed, environed by difficulties that must be treated with exceeding care, with a view, certainly, to protect and increase the interests of artists by every possible means; but not to prejudice or to ruin them by such restrictions as may alarm collectors—especially such collectors as, being merchants, manufacturers, and dealers, are very sensitive of any interference with a right to "do what they like with their own."

Several eminent collectors are now, however, members of the committee, and no doubt their opinions will have due weight—so much weight, indeed, as probably materially to influence the views of those to whom the preparation of "a measure" will be entrusted.

We especially ask their grave consideration of the whole matter; for, after all, the ultimate issue will rest mainly with them. It will be our duty, therefore, to gather the opinions of collectors, and to publish them for public guidance.

As we have intimated, however, this subject is not yet in a condition to receive safe and satisfactory treatment; it may be so at no very distant period, when we shall necessarily bring it, with all its several and varied details, under review.

Meanwhile we have only to hope that the invitation of the committee will receive many replies; and that a mass of information may be obtained, so clear and conclusive, as well as ample, that their appeal to Parliament cannot fail in obtaining at all events right and just, and therefore wise, protection.

## ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

EXTENSIVE and important improvements in the Suffolk Street Galleries have caused the opening of the Architectural Exhibition to be delayed until the second week in the new year, instead of taking place a month earlier, in accordance with the practice in previous years. The only evil resulting from this delay is the shortening of the period during which the exhibition will remain open; this, however, is in itself by no means a trivial matter, since the exhibition is eminently calculated to attract visitors, while its sterling character cannot fail to sustain its powers of attraction.

This exhibition of architectural drawings, consisting of designs for new edifices, and representations of others already in existence, has now assumed a definite position amongst the Fine-Art collections which annually invite public attention in the metropolis; and its position has become recognised as well by the members of the profession, as by all who feel an interest in architecture, and who sympathise with architects. It is, accordingly, a subject for general congratulation to find the two great elements of worthiness combined in this exhibition,—to find, that is, that the collections are thoroughly good, and that they are managed with ability and on sound principles. So much of positive evil has been of late brought about, and so much of precious advantage has been lost to the cause of Art amongst us, through administrative incapacity and blundering, that judicious arrangements in connection with a Fine-Art exhibition may most justly claim warm expressions of grateful acknowledgment. In the instance of the Architectural Exhibition, the arrangements have provided a satisfactory classification of the drawings and other works exhibited; they have so adjusted the charges for admission that all classes of persons will be induced not only to pay one visit, but to frequent the galleries; and with the exhibition itself they have associated lectures upon architecture. Had they gone a step further in advance, and labelled every object, in addition to the good catalogue that has been prepared, the arrangements of the committee of management would have been deficient in no important particular. The *gratuitous* admission, on certain evenings, of workmen connected with Art, has not indeed been announced; but this, we trust, is an oversight that will be remedied forthwith. We would also suggest that on the occasion of these visits there should be brief and simple lectures, or addresses, upon the contents of the exhibition itself, specially adapted to the requirements of the visitors. We are inclined to believe, indeed, that an address upon the exhibition might have found a place with advantage in the programme of the lectures that has been issued by the committee: but, upon this point, we may have some further observations to make on another occasion.

The chief feature in the present exhibition is the presence of several groups of competition drawings, including a series from the great competition for the Government Offices, with others for the Constantinople Church, Bowden Church in Cheshire, the Sheffield and Salford Memorials, the Islington Vestry Hall, the Ulster Bank at Belfast, the Blackburn Infirmary, and the Brighton Pavilion improvements. The first prize drawings from the Lille Cathedral competition, by Messrs. Clutton and Burges, are also exhibited for the first time in London. These very remarkable drawings do not include any perspective views of the proposed cathedral in their number; they consist of a plan, west and north elevations, sections longitudinal and transverse, with a numerous series of details. They claim a careful examination and attentive study. The thoroughly continental, and the no less essentially Roman Catholic feeling of the authors in this work will not fail to strike every observer; and the peculiar excellence of the drawings themselves will command a warm and general expression of admiration. The selection from the Government Buildings Competition Designs is not the happiest that might have been made. Mr. Allom's design is by far the best, and Mr. Tarring's (the design with the *Pelion-on-Ossa* tower) by far the worst—

unless, indeed, some persons should feel disposed to consider that Mr. Fergusson has stepped out of his way to dispute the palm with the author of Nos. 169—171 with his Nos. 192—194. Of the designs for the Constantinople Memorial Church repeated examinations confirm our former opinion that Mr. Street's design ought to have received the first premium, and that the designs of Mr. Truefitt, Mr. Bodley, and Mr. C. Gray, are all of them preferable to the prize-design of Mr. Burges. From the other competition groups we select for special commendation Mr. J. Edmeston's Nos. 314—316, for Islington Vestry Hall; Mr. Johnson's No. 256, for the Ulster Bank; and No. 114, by Messrs. Oliver and Lamb, for Blackburn Infirmary. The competitors in the Brighton Pavilion Competition have evidently started upon the principle that what they had to do was beat the original building in its own style; and verily they have accomplished the task thus prescribed by them to themselves, and have fairly driven it out of the field.

Amongst the other drawings the following are distinguished for their superior worthiness: Nos. 16, 17, and 18, three views of No. 114, Piccadilly, as rebuilt under the direction of Mr. J. Edmeston, jun.; No. 27, by Mr. J. James, a design for a new chapel at the Cheltenham Proprietary College; No. 29, sketches of "sundry churches," by Messrs. Habershon; No. 32, Mr. R. Hesketh's design for some city dwelling-houses; Mr. Street's new church at Hagley, No. 46; Mr. Slater's proposed restoration of the Church of St. Bartholomew the Great, in the City of London, No. 48; No. 92, Mr. Ashpitel's new church near Cardigan; Nos. 96 and 149, two small churches by Mr. White; Mr. J. D. Wyatt's elevation of the tower of St. Mary's, Taunton; No. 98, Messrs. Pritchard and Seddon's marine villa, near Milford Haven; Nos. 102 and 103, two drawings by Mr. Truefitt; Nos. 106 and 109, Mr. Digby Wyatt's iron church for India; Nos. 23, 127, and 389, designs for stained glass, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell; Mr. J. Edmeston's, No. 141, "premises at Chipping Norton;" Mr. W. Slater's restoration of Higham Ferrers Church, No. 142; Mr. Street's "sketches of schools," No. 149; Mr. F. P. Cockerell's "studies in Magna Græcia," No. 346; and Nos. 105 and 301, two sketches of the very beautiful little chapel at Broughton, near Pershore, lately built by Mr. W. J. Hopkins, of Worcester. There are a few drawings that have apparently been admitted as *warnings*; but these speak for themselves, and do not need to be individually noticed.

We miss the names of many leading members of the profession from the catalogue; this, however, may, in some instances, have resulted from their time having been so much occupied with the government competition. It is to be regretted that any engagements should deprive the Architectural Exhibition of the support and co-operation of those, who ought always to be found, if not taking the lead, at least affording practical encouragement to their younger brethren.

On the whole, the present exhibition is altogether satisfactory. It indicates with much truthfulness the condition of anxious thoughtfulness which the subject of architecture now occupies; and it also speaks well both of past progress, and for future advance. One other thing this exhibition also very clearly sets forth, namely, that photography will speedily save architects the trouble of making sketches of existing edifices. This is a benefit of a dubious character; for, while it enables the architect and the student of architecture to obtain actual fac-similes of buildings without drawing them, it is but too much calculated to beguile them from that strictly practical study which careful drawing alone can thoroughly realize. Gladly do we accept the aid of photography to save trouble and to economise time; but we must also entertain the hope that drawing, as an element of study, will still retain its position.

The departments of metal-works and of building materials and fittings, which are so consistently associated with the drawings and photographs in this exhibition, exhibit a marked and most gratifying improvement in their several productions. Messrs. Hardman, of Birmingham, still retain their pre-eminence in the delicacy with which their works in metal are executed. Mr. Hart, of London, however, approaches very closely to the same high



standard; he exhibits a large collection of highly interesting specimens. Mr. Cox of Southampton Street, Strand, has also some admirable works of the same class, with some good specimens of ecclesiastical wood-carving. And Messrs. Johnston's iron and brass works are worthy of special commendation. Our space will not admit of our entering so fully as we should have desired upon the various objects exhibited in parquetry, moulded bricks, &c.

On the evening of Tuesday, January 12th, the first lecture of the present course was delivered, with his customary earnestness and eloquence, by Professor Donaldson, in the great room of the exhibition. The subject, "The origin and progress of expression in the Monuments of Architecture," enabled the learned professor to pass in review before his audience a skilfully arranged sketch of the history of architecture itself. Perhaps a more practical subject might have been better suited to the occasion; but the actual lecture was of sterling value. The attendance was by no means so good as we had expected to have seen, and as it certainly ought to have been; the lecturer, however, must have been gratified with the attention with which his address was received, and the cordiality with which it was acknowledged. The chair was occupied by Henry Hope, Esq., of the Deepdene, near Dorking.

### THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE portraits that have been already brought together as the commencement of this branch of the national collections, are temporarily located in the first floor of the house No. 29, George Street, Westminster. We know of no other similar institution; save the *Ritratti dei Pittori*, at Florence, we do not remember any such assemblage of worthies in any of the Art-capitals of Europe. The Florentines are in this respect much in advance. They commenced their collection of the portraits of painters when such relies were comparatively of little value; and, indeed, now, a long list of the more obscure artists, though necessary to the completeness of such a collection, would elsewhere, and individually, be all but valueless.

In the famous Florentine collection all other portraits are secondary to those of the painters. For those of Galileo, Macchiavelli, and even for that of Giovanni dei Medici, we must look through the galleries. Be it so: such an aggroupment of portraiture as that containing the semblances of Rembrandt, Rubens, the cavalier-like Diego Velasquez, "that Antonio Vandyke," and Jordaens, has never anywhere been equalled, and never can it be hoped to form another similar assemblage. We may, however, possess a highly creditable series of national portraits; but its progress is hitherto very slow: two thousand a-year is allowed for this branch, and with such funds more might have been done. The offers of portraits by purchase will be very numerous, and we may hope that presentations and bequests will not be few. Portraiture without pictorial excellence has no marketable value, yet many portraits of little intrinsic worth might be of great consideration in a national collection; and as any family would desire to see an ancestor among England's worthies, every condition is favourable to the rapid growth of the catalogue under efficient administration.

The portrait of Sir Walter Raleigh appears to be that from which the most common engraving has been taken. The painter is unknown, but it has the appearance of being the work of an Italian artist. The figure is habited in an exceedingly tight white satin doublet, with a striped cloak depending from the left shoulder. It was an heirloom at Downton House, whence it was purchased for the collection. It is thus described in "Aubrey's Letters:"—"In the great parlour at Downton, at Mr. Raleigh's, is a grand piece—an original of Sir Walter, in a white satin doublet, with rich pearls, and a mighty rich chaine of great pearls about his neck. The old servants have told me that the pearls were near as big as the painted ones. He had a most remarkable aspect—an exceeding high forehead, long-faced, and sour-cielided, a kind of pig eye."

The next portrait is that of Lenthall, who was Speaker in the Long Parliament. It is a half-length, in which that person is presented in his chair in the House, and wearing the Speaker's robe. The painter is unknown, but there are evidences of his having studied in the best school of his time; the hands are not perfectly drawn, but they are displayed and refined like those of Vandyke, whom, in this part of his work, the painter has especially followed. Lenthall died in 1662.

The portrait of Dr. Mead was painted by Ramsay in 1754. It is not one of the best examples of the painter, who was a gentleman and a scholar, inasmuch that even Dr. Johnson said of him—"You will not find a man in whose conversation there is more instruction, more information, and more elegance than in Ramsay's."

Hardy's portrait of Horne Took was painted towards the end of the last century, when the manner and colour of Reynolds had revolutionized the traditions of Vandyke, Lely, and Kneller. It presents simply the bust and head of the figure, the latter a three-quarter face, with an expression of querulous narrowness: it is freely painted,—perhaps too sketchily; but no breadth of treatment would give openness to such features.

Hudson has intended his portrait of Handel to be that of a great man, but it is heavy and expressionless, and the painter has fallen into the too common error of glazing the face down—a mistake into which his pupil, Sir Joshua, never fell even in his early career, and hence the superior brilliancy of the features of all his works.

In another portrait we have an opportunity of exemplifying this mistake in its results. In that of Dr. Parr, painted by Dawe in 1747, the natural tone of the colours is subdued by a glaze, which has partially blackened and destroyed all the fine gradations. There is an incomplete portrait of Dr. Parr, by Reynolds, which remains as brilliant as when it was last touched by the painter. The glaze with which Reynolds would have toned it would have been so judiciously transparent as to reduce any rawness which may now be apparent.

The portrait of Thomson, the poet, is a head and bust; the person being enveloped in a drapery, and the head surmounted by one of the fanciful head-dresses or caps worn by the poets and authors of the earlier part of the last century.

The collection must contain portraits of female celebrities; but the selection in this direction is at least extraordinary as a beginning, being that of Elizabeth Hamilton, Comtesse de Grammont, a copy by Eckhardt of the Lely picture. This work was in the Strawberry Hill Collection, and at the sale realised £73 10s.

Dance's portrait of Arthur Murphy was painted for some member of the Thrale family; it is a half-length, presenting the figure seated, but turning round from some papers which lie before him on a table.

The Chandos portrait of Shakspeare is entirely a work which should belong to the nation. On the distribution of the effects at Stowe, it was purchased by the late Lord Ellesmere for £372 12s., and by him presented to this collection. We know not the intentions of the authorities in reference to this picture; but it is obscured by a coat of smoke and dust, which we presume to suggest should be removed, and the picture, after a very careful detersion, should be placed in a hermetically-sealed frame, with a glass before it.

The portrait of the first Lord Torrington, by Kneller, presents that nobleman in his peer's robes. The draperies are well drawn and painted, apparently by the same hand as those of his best works.

The portrait of the first Earl Stanhope, also by Kneller, introduces the subject in peer's robes.

Gibson's portrait of Dr. Wake, Archbishop of Canterbury, is by no means an agreeable production. Dr. Wake succeeded Archbishop Tenison as primate, in 1716, and died in 1737.

Bishop Warburton is represented in a portrait by Charles Phillips. The figure is half-length, and seated, and the subject may be considered as engaged in the composition of his work, "The Divine Legation of Moses."

Sir William Wyndham, painted by Highmore, was Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, and the friend of Pope and Bolingbroke. The figure is half-length, seated, and wears the robes of the office,

and the features are animated by a very benevolent expression.

Another portrait by Kneller represents Harley, first Earl of Oxford, who was speaker of the House of Commons, and Lord High Treasurer under Queen Anne, and the last that held that office.

The portrait of William, first Earl of Cadogan, by Laguerre, is perhaps the best work in the collection, as far as it has gone. The figure is presented standing, equipped in a demi-suit of armour, at half-length, and relieved by a dark background. In this portrait there is, notwithstanding its perfect simplicity, more of pictorial quality than in any other work on the walls. It may, perhaps, be one of his very best productions; for they were not much esteemed in his life-time, although he was extensively employed in interior decorations, where, says Pope—

"—Sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."

This Earl of Cadogan was the friend of John, Duke of Marlborough, whom he succeeded in the office of Commander-in-Chief. This portrait was procured from Shroton.

Romney's portrait of Richard Cumberland presents the subject in a suit of cherry-coloured satin, seated, and looking upwards for an idea—the face being in profile. It is said never to have been finished. We cannot, however, see that anything is wanting to the head, which seems to have been worked with much care.

The portrait of Mr. Huskisson, by Rothwell, recalls to memory the melancholy death of that gentleman, in 1830, when present at the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. The portrait is the size called Kiteat, showing the three-quarter face.

The portrait of the Right Hon. Spencer Perceval is a bequest of the late Sir R. H. Inglis, and another bequeathed by the same gentleman is an unfinished portrait of Wilberforce by Sir Thomas Lawrence. In this work nothing but the face is as yet touched, but the features and their engaging expression are so well known that this must have been the picture from which the engraved portrait of Wilberforce has been taken. The work will be interesting to painters, as showing Lawrence's habit of using raw canvas, pressed smooth, and primed only with some slight preparation, as size, or wax and oil.

A portrait of Thomas Stothard, by James Green, and a small full-length, in water colour, of Lord Sidmouth, by Richmond, conclude the catalogue.

### — EVENING MEETING AT THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.

ON Wednesday, January the 13th, the committee of the Architectural Museum invited their subscribers to the first public meeting which has been held at the museum since its removal from Cannon Row to the government buildings at South Kensington. This meeting was to introduce the first course of lectures in the new *locale* of the museum; and its special attraction was to consist of an address by Mr. Ruskin, on the occasion of his presenting the prize, given by himself, for the best specimen of carving in stone designed and executed by a workman-student of the museum. This prize was announced last winter; the subject was to be a Gothic quatrefoil panel filled with a group of figures, the motive of the composition being some incident characteristic of the late campaigns in the Crimea. The amount of the prize was ten guineas; and with the prize would be associated a memorandum, which should serve to commemorate the circumstances under which it was gained, and which accordingly might be regarded as a diploma of merit awarded to the prizeman.

Professor Cockerell, R.A., presided at the meeting. Whoever has been present on any similar occasion when this amiable and accomplished gentleman has discharged the duties of chairman, will be glad to have another opportunity for witnessing the gratifying spectacle of the chair being occupied by the veteran professor. And, in like manner, who-soever has once heard Mr. Ruskin speak upon Art to Art-workmen, will not readily neglect any chance which may enable him again to listen to the feli-



citous eloquence of that remarkable personage. The gallery of the Architectural Museum was, as might have been anticipated, filled on the present occasion with a most attentive assemblage, who showed that they did not then consider the distance of the museum from Trafalgar Square to be any serious difficulty. The chairman was courteous, agreeable, and impressive, as it is his wont to be; Mr. Ruskin spoke well and to the purpose; and so the affair proved a success. The only difficulty that lay in Mr. Ruskin's way, and that also affected in a painful manner the entire proceedings, arose from circumstances connected with the presentation of the prize. There proved to be but two competitors for the prize; and both the works sent in for competition, though certainly very well meant, were ludicrously unworthy of either prize or certificate of merit. Recent occurrences invested with painful associations one of the groups, in which Redan Windham figured as the hero. Unfortunately, the prize was promised unconditionally, and consequently it could not be withheld. We do not desire to enter any farther into particulars with reference to this prize, neither is it our purpose to discuss in detail any of the speeches of the evening, but we must seriously endeavour to impress upon the present authorities of the Architectural Museum the importance of their taking prompt and effective measures for doing something that may really prove of value to architecture as that art is now practised amongst us. The forthcoming lectures promise well, and we anticipate from them highly beneficial results. We presume, however, that the museum is to accomplish more than may be expected from these lectures, however excellent they may prove. If so, it is time for the committee to make some sign of both their capacity for action, and their intention to act. It is time for them to show that their testimonials and prizes are held in some estimation amongst architectural students and workmen. It will not do again to bring Mr. Ruskin forward to determine between the pretensions of two such candidates, and then to induce him to throw over the museum the shield of his eloquence. The treasurer of the museum, Mr. G. G. Scott, has recently issued a circular, in which he appeals for a largely increased measure of public support for this institution. Mr. Scott must feel that the museum has not shown of late any claims to such support. His own earnestness and energy have saved it from sinking to nothing; but this prize competition has proved that the great object of the museum—the *instruction of architectural workmen*—has yet to be achieved, and, consequently, it must be evident to every person interested in the subject, that the sympathy of the public has yet to be won. It is no less palpable that the museum has failed to secure the recognition of the architectural workmen of the metropolis, as their Art-school. This must be done before these men will even seek to derive instruction from the museum; it must be done before the prizes, which may be offered either by Mr. Ruskin or by the committee, will awaken that spirit of emulation, or will kindle those ennobling sentiments which alone have power to distinguish one man above his fellows.

We shall most gladly record any tokens of practically beneficial results that the present administration of the Architectural Museum may produce. While in its quaint and inconvenient old quarters in Canon Row, the museum was quietly working its way, and bringing to bear a silent but powerful influence; since its removal this influence has lamentably declined, and the whole affair has been at a standstill. What are the causes of this? We expected great things from the establishment of the museum at South Kensington, and our disappointment is proportionately great at finding retrogression instead of progress. The committee profess to retain the absolute control and direction of the institution: is this really the case, and if it is the case, how is it that they have permitted the existing state of things? We are far from being alone either in asking such questions, or in looking anxiously for a practical reply to them in the shape of decided improvements promptly effected. It is not impossible to retrieve what has been lost, and to advance with even accelerated speed; but we must wait awhile before we can promise these things to be not improbable.

## THE

## ROYAL POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

POPULAR science requires to be dealt with after a popular fashion. This does not imply that popular science is merely a scientific species of amusement, in which the amusement is the chief object, and the science rather a fiction than a reality. Far from this,—popular science must be very genuine and sound science; but, being such, it must be applied in an attractive form, and through the instrumentality of agreeable agencies. We have repeatedly had occasion to congratulate the public on the happy method which distinguishes the administration of the Royal Polytechnic Institution, and we, at the same time, have felt it to be but an act of justice gratefully to acknowledge the high character of this most deservedly popular establishment. The Christmas novelties which, according to yearly custom, have at the present time been produced, demonstrate in the most satisfactory manner the ability of Mr. Pepper, the lessee, to make one step in advance the prelude to another. Last year, the Polytechnic surpassed itself in former years; now, the success of last year is eclipsed altogether. As usual, the events of the time are seized upon and made the most of. It is also to be observed that the established system remains the same. The improvements are something better than mere changes—their characteristic is genuine superiority. In nothing are these improvements more satisfactorily displayed than in the Art-character of the dissolving views. The more ambitions of these views are now really beautiful pictures, and the simpler diagrams are in their capacity absolutely incapable of further improvement. Whenever experiments are introduced, they are brilliantly performed, and the various lectures are carefully prepared and well delivered. Mr. Pepper's own admirable lecture on coals, in which he describes the phenomena of the coal formations, gives graphic pictures of mines and miners, and brings the precious fuel to the firesides of both town and country, stands at the head of the varied programme in intrinsic merit and in universal popularity. It is indeed a first-rate lecture, and illustrated by dissolving views in first-rate style. Then there is a numerous series of views in India, which bring vividly before the public scenes and localities that may not be permitted to lose one particle of their strong claim for wakeful remembrance. These pictures are excellent, and the changes in most cases are made to tell with the happiest effect. Not the least striking amongst these changes are those in which the portraits of some of our Indian heroes are developed from the dissolving elements of the scenes of their magnificent exploits. Thus, the portraits of the lamented Havelock and Nicholson succeed to views of Lucknow and Delhi, and gallant old Sir Colin closes the series, as if presiding over the whole. A powerful pencil has furnished sketches, drawn on the spot, of some places and incidents of undying interest. A useful and effective narrative accompanies the views. Illuminated stereoscopic pictures; brilliant experiments, with a clever and lucid lecture on electricity; some descriptive illustrations of the "Leviathan"; a musical entertainment, accompanied with another series of dissolving views; a conjuror, who conjures skilfully, and who also very pleasantly explains the manner of his conjuring, with a host of other attractions, will be found by visitors to provide for them ample means for spending, with their families, a most delightful day. Always a favourite with the public, the Polytechnic has this season attained to a higher degree of public favour than it enjoyed in times past. It is truly pleasant to see that such a man as Mr. Pepper is appreciated, and that the public are prepared to reward with their warm support that which is most worthy of patronage. We must not omit to notice the formation of a class for teaching drawing, amongst the educational classes connected with the Polytechnic Institution. We shall watch the proceedings of this class with much interest. It is in contemplation to form another drawing class, for pupils in comparatively higher stations in life, who should meet during the day-time for their lesson in the same class-room as is occupied by the evening classes. Such a class *ought* to be attended with the most complete success.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## KILCHURN CASTLE.

G. H. Fripp, Painter. R. Wallis, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 5½ in. by 1 ft. 9⅝ in.

COLCHURN, Kolchurn, or Kilchurn Castle—for the orthography of the word has been thus varied by different writers, though the last is now generally adopted—is in one of the most romantic and picturesque parts of Scotland. It is situated at the eastern end of Loch Awe, in Argyleshire, and stands on a small promontory of low rock, which, when the water is high, becomes insulated. The loch is among the largest inland lakes in the country, its length being about twenty-four miles, and its breadth varying from half a mile to two miles and a half: it is thickly studded with small green islets, and surrounded with truly beautiful scenery, woods and mountains, Ben Cruachan rising majestically over all to the height of nearly 3700 feet.

The castle, diminutive as it appears in the picture by comparison with the lofty mountains that overlook it, is of considerable magnitude, and of a most picturesque character, recalling to mind the strougholds of feudal times: "the exterior walls are still nearly entire; the circular towers which project on the south and east prevent the monotonous effect of a too regular line," and give to it, when regarded pictorially, what Mr. Ruskin would call the "lamp of power." The entrance is by a small doorway, bearing the date 1633; but the principal building was erected early in the fifteenth century by the lady of Sir Colin Campbell, the black knight of Rhodes, during the absence of her husband in foreign wars. The castle, from its almost insular position, and from the little shelter which the country immediately surrounding it could afford to an enemy, must have proved a stronghold to those in possession before the introduction into warfare of artillery.

The whole of this locality is associated with the romances and the realities of Scottish history: at the Pass of Awe Bruce discomfited the men of Argyle under John of Lorn, which Scott refers to in his "Lord of the Isles;" while the powerful clan of the Campbells, for centuries the possessors of this part of the country, was frequently compelled to arm in its defence against the attacks of other chieftains. One of our poets, T. Campbell, assumes it to have belonged at some period to the clan Macgregor, whose chieftain thus laments its loss, and calls upon his people and vassals to avenge themselves on their oppressors:—

"Glenorchy's proud mountain, Colchurn and her towers,  
Glenstrae and Glenlyon no longer are ours;  
We're landless, landless, Gregalach:  
Through the depths of Loch Katrine the steed shall  
career,  
O'er the peak of Ben Lomond the galley shall steer,  
And the rocks of Craig Royston like icicles melt,  
Ere our wrongs be forgot or our vengeance unfelt:  
Then halloo, halloo, Gregalach!  
If they rob us of name, and pursue us with beagles,  
Give their roofs to the flame, and their flesh to the  
eagles."\*

At the present time the chief landed proprietor of Argyleshire is the Duke of Argyle, whose ancestors, the Campbells of Luchow,—the original name, as we presume, of Loch Awe,—possessed such influence and extensive possessions that they could summon from 3000 to 4000 men to their standard.

Mr. Fripp, who has obtained high rank in our school of water-colour painters, has given to this passage of Highland scenery a solemn and impressive character in harmony with the subject, and the romantic history connected with the locality: the sky is overcast with dark tempestuous clouds, except in one part, through which the sun breaks, lighting up the distant mountain and the tract of flat pasture ground immediately below. Ben Cruachan is in shadow of a deep purple grey; not so grey, however, as to conceal the silvery stream that rushes down the gorge towards the loch. The foreground, rich with the tints of the red and purple heather, diversified in strength of colour by the alternations of light and shade, is redeemed from utter solitude by a few figures judiciously scattered over it.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

\* The "Macgregor's Gathering."











## SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

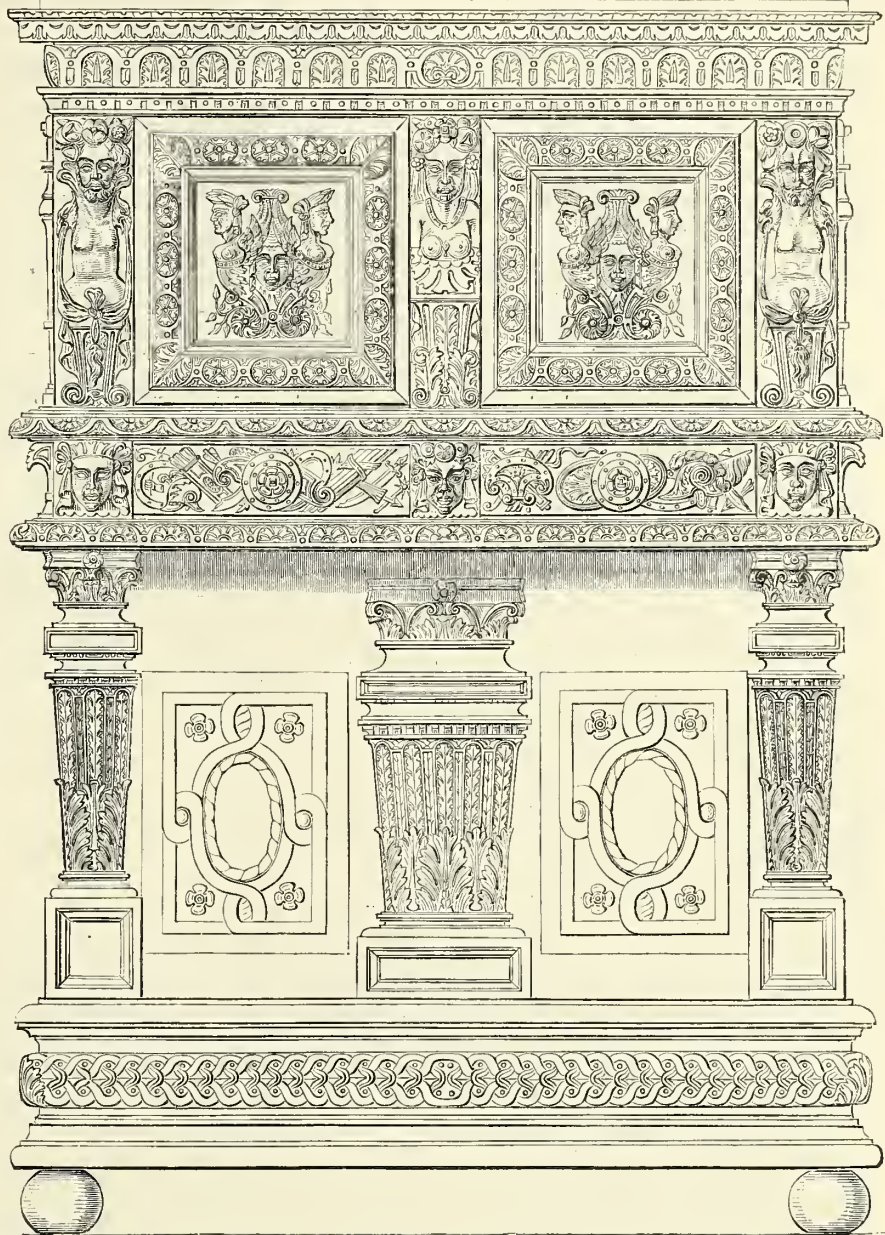
## OBJECTS OF DECORATIVE ART SUGGESTIVE TO DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

SOME time ago we gave a series of illustrations of works of decorative Art, selected from the museum at Marlborough House; that collection has since been augmented liberally by daily additions, and has now acquired the status of a great national museum. The public are aware that these acquisitions now constitute the Art Collections at South Kensington: and in proposing to resume the series, we feel assured of rendering an acceptable service to, at any rate, a very considerable section of our readers. In making our selection from the great mass of objects,—all valuable either as historical records of the progress of Art, or for their intrinsic beauty and excellence,—our intention will be more especially to choose such as are calculated to be of direct utility as models for the designer and manufacturer; and we must, at the outset, state that by the liberality of Government we have been allowed to avail ourselves of copies of some of the engravings executed for the excellent official catalogue of the collection. These have been engraved with great accuracy by the lady pupils of the class for wood engraving, supported by the Department of Science and Art; and although the work of students only, some of them will, in respect of the truthful rendering of the details of the original objects, lose nothing by comparison with the best productions of their class by established engravers of the sterner sex. We shall accompany each subject by an extract from the catalogue referring to it, appending such remarks, in addition to the information respecting the date, origin, and technical characteristics of the several works therein contained, as may seem desirable to illustrate our special object. It is not, however, to be understood that we hold out these examples as models for literal reproduction; very few objects of ancient decorative or industrial art exist which would admit of such direct imitation; and, moreover, in the interest of Art the servile resuscitation of by-gone work is by no means desirable. If collections of the fine works of former days served no other purpose than this, their formation would be a great evil,—a result, indeed, so inimical to the healthy progress of industrial design, would be in no way counterbalanced by the learned or archaeological pursuits, which such collections, nevertheless, also subserve, and the spending of public funds in the acquisition of rare and costly specimens would be unjustifiable. Happily, however, we are convinced that no such evil will ensue: servile minds will always resort to copying, and it is clearly better that they should copy good models than bad ones; but, on the other hand, the designer or manufacturer who is endowed with inventive power, or even with that taste or judgment which is often almost tantamount in value to inventive genius itself, will know how to make beneficial use of such works as we now illustrate. To him they will convey an infinity of suggestions, which, when elaborated and worked out, will be no mere copies of preceding types; but, on the contrary, truly original works, replete with that true artistic style, which is the invention of no one person alone, but which has been always handed down in the very way here indicated. Viewed in this light, collections such as that at South Kensington are of the highest national importance; and in aiding to give increased publicity to the treasures of Art there preserved, we feel convinced we are working in the direction of unmixed good.

Our first illustration represents a cabinet in carved chestnut wood, of French Renaissance work, date about 1570. Cabinets of this description were generally placed in the "salle à manger," or dining-room of the old French chateaux, and were generally the chief pieces of the scanty furniture of the room: they held the more costly articles of the table—the salt-cellars, silver flagons, hanaps, "nefs," &c., then so much in vogue. Many of these objects were displayed during the repast on the tops of these cabinets, as likewise the dishes—"plats de parade"—of Palissy or Briot. The underpart of the cabinet served to contain the large flasks or pilgrim's bottles, tall flagons, &c., so often met with, and which were clearly rather for show than use. There is much in this piece of a suggestive character both in design and execution. The base or plinth, and the square columnar supports, are in excellent taste, rich and

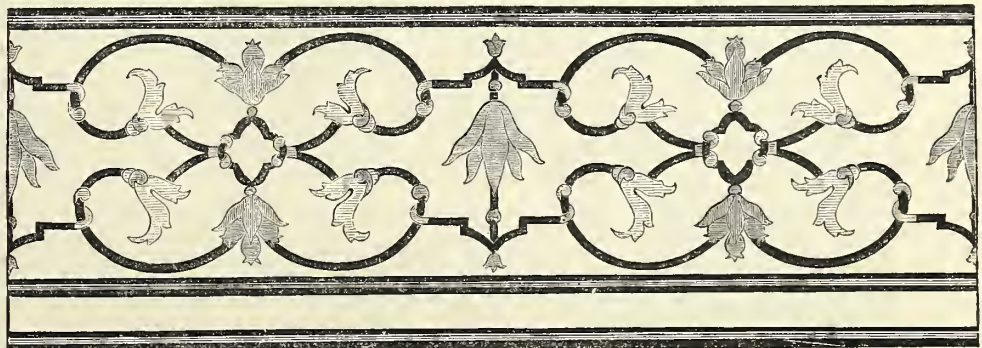
effective, and yet by no means of costly work. The carving at this period, like our own Elizabethan work, is of a bold and expeditious character; its sharp and decisive execution giving rise to striking contrasts of light and shade, which induce a great appearance of richness with little labour; every

touch, in fact, is made to tell, and there is never any work thrown away. How much preferable is the regular architectonic elevation of this piece, in which every moulding is well designed and contrasted, and where the plain surfaces are designedly arranged to set off the richness of other parts, to that indiscrimi-



nate and purposeless overloading so often seen in modern decorative furniture, in which costly carving is made to look like putty-work, and, instead of richness of *ensemble*, results in a mere aggregation of frittered details, alike without meaning or effect.

Piece of marble frieze, inlaid with mosaic-work of precious stones; Hindoo work of the seventeenth century, brought from the "Taj Mehal," or tomb of Akbar, near Agra. The species of mosaic here represented is analogous to the Florentine "Pietre



commesse," although, of course, entirely different in design. It seems to have been long in use in the neighbourhoods of Delhi and Agra: the blood-stained palace of the former city is richly decorated with this costly work. A singular tradition exists in India, that the process was indeed introduced by Italian

artists, patronised by the great Sultan Akbar, in the seventeenth century; however this may be, the art is still carried on in the same locality as a recognised branch of industry; but it has quitted the domain of architecture, and is now chiefly displayed in articles of use, such as table-tops, ink-stands, &c.



Our next illustration is a panel in carved oak, of Flemish Renaissance work, dating about 1530. The



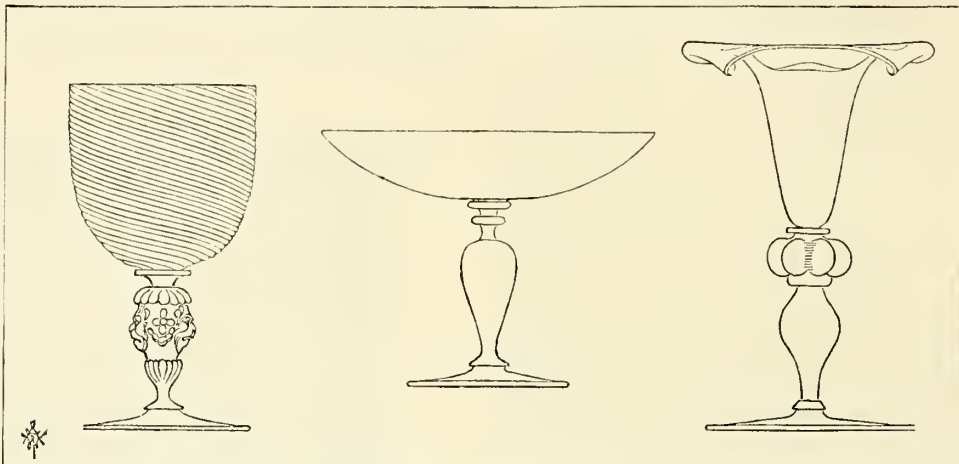
ornament of this beautiful piece is almost equal to the finest Italian arabesque; it displays, indeed, very strongly the influence of ultramontane design, which



about this period had invaded the old Gothic manner of the Low Countries. We have, indeed, indirect historical evidence of the causes of this revolution

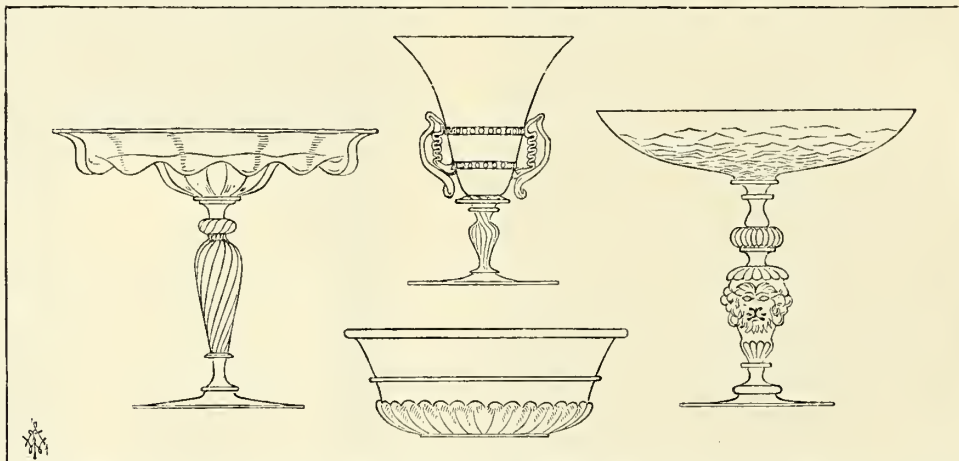
in taste, in the well known fact of the commencement of that system of resorting to Italy as the great

school of Art, which soon became general with the Flemish artists of the sixteenth century.



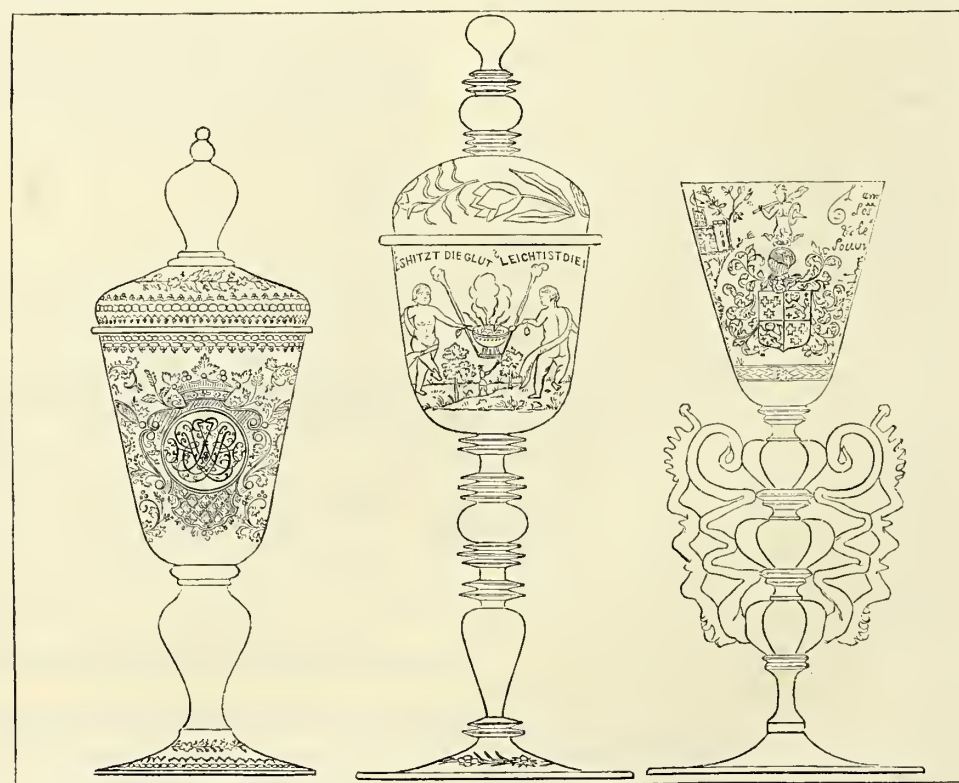
Bolt in chiselled-iron: French Renaissance work, date about 1550. The vigorous design is entirely executed by hand, and is a characteristic specimen of

the care and labour bestowed on the slightest details even at this remarkable period; proving that even the hard-handed smith was an artist.



The series of seven specimens of old Venetian glass, next in order, have been chosen for simple elegance of form. In this respect the glass makers

of Murano have left us an inexhaustible store, the varieties being almost infinite, whilst in no class of modern manufactures, perhaps, is there more scope



for improvement than in this. The three glasses at the bottom of the page are interesting as showing a decidedly different style, less pure and graceful than

the Venetian wares, but still by no means deficient in merit. They are of old Dutch and Bohemian origin, and are of the latter part of the seventeenth century.



The carved-oak panel is of English origin, and illustrates in a most interesting manner an early phase of the revival, or Renaissance in this country.

It is not known whence the panel was originally obtained; it probably dates about 1540.

Cover of an oblong box in wood, inlaid with ivory

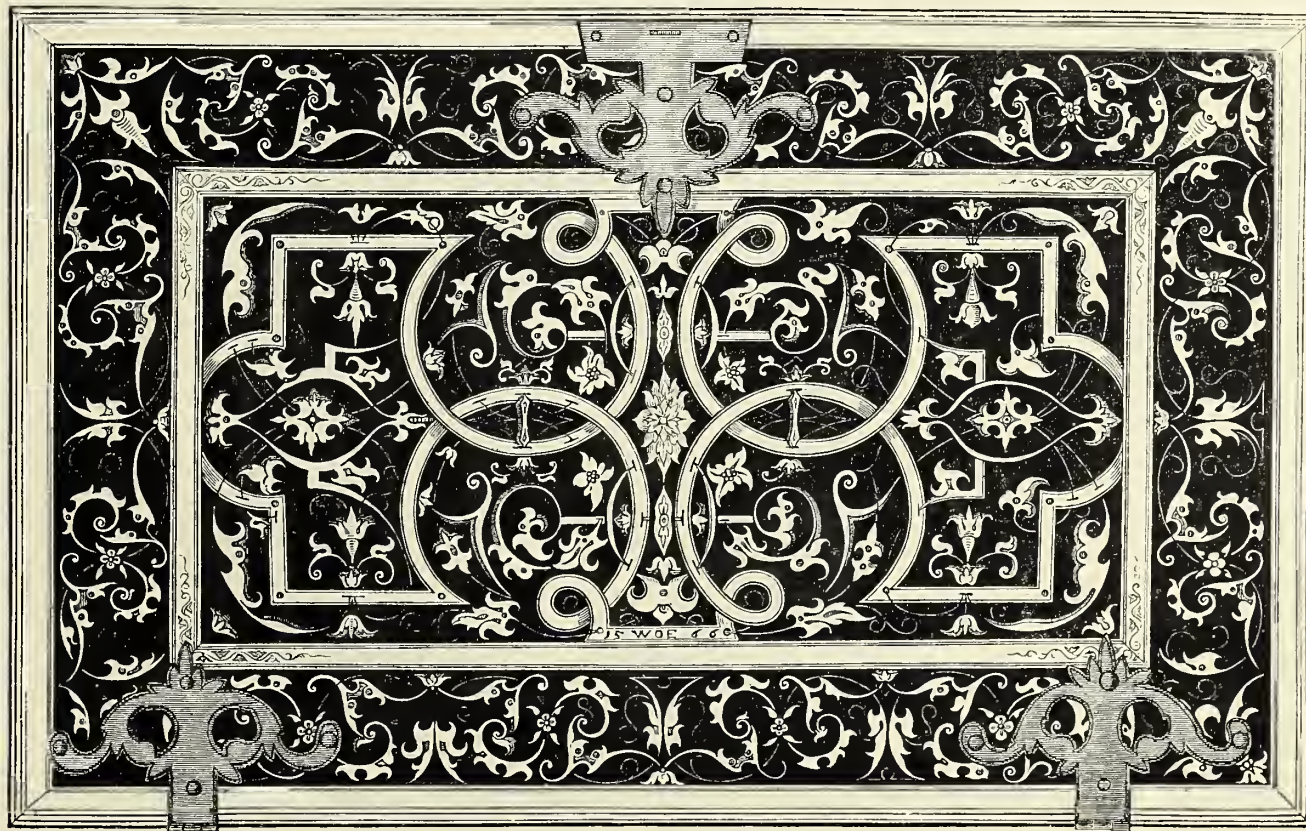
marquetry; German, dated 1566; purchased from the Bernal Collection. The decorative process exemplified in this specimen was extensively em-



ployed in the sixteenth and first half of the seventeenth centuries, especially in the stocks and mountings of fire-arms, cross-bows, &c. It consists of an inlay of thin plates of ivory, cut to the shape of the

scroll ornaments, figures, &c., the shading and details of the same being engraved or incised, and filled in with a dark substance. This process, like most other natural and consistent applications of decorative materials, is

of extreme antiquity. It is probable that this box may originally have been intended to contain a costly manuscript. The cover is decorated with an oval compartment, surrounded with elaborate cartouche



strap-work, interspersed with grotesque figures, garlands of fruit and flowers, and minute arabesque ornament; within the compartment is a shield of arms, surrounded with the collar of the Golden

Fleece, and surmounted with an electoral crown. The inner side of the cover is likewise inlaid with arabesque ornament of a different character, and has the initials W. E. (probably those of the artist), and

the date 1566. The sides of the box have elaborately ornamented cartouche compartments, containing mythological and battle subjects of small figures.



## ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE.\*

So large has been the issue of illustrated gift-books this season, that we have been compelled to postpone to this time our notice of some which reached us early in the year. Two of these we have especially kept back to afford an opportunity for introducing examples of the engravings which embellish them, though there is little doubt of the books themselves—"The Proverbs of Solomon," and "Lays of the Holy Land"—being already familiar to many of our readers, as they deserve to be.

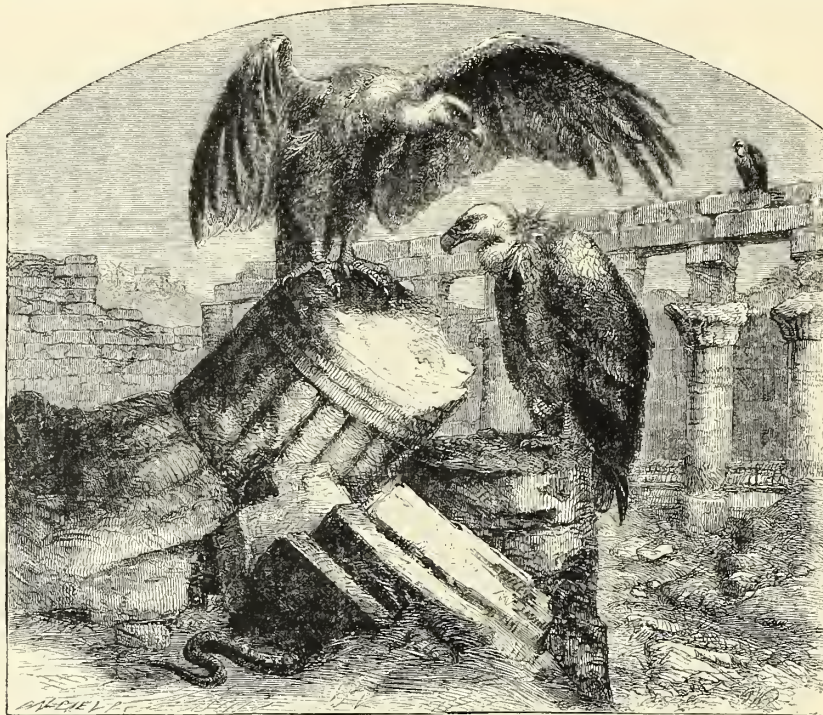
As the instructive lessons taught by the wise king of Israel are, in general, not of a strictly pictorial character, or not calculated to form pictures, Mr. Gilbert has selected his materials "from the regions not of fancy, but of fact, and the design has been to enforce some of the lessons of Heavenly Wisdom by the occurrences of actual history, so that the series might almost have been entitled 'Texts from the Book of Proverbs, illustrated by Incidents from the Book of Providence.'" The subjects are taken principally from sacred history, others are borrowed from the annals of our country, and from those of foreign lands, but all elucidating some themes in the Proverbs. The frontispiece represents the visit of the Queen of Sheba to Solomon; it is followed by "David's Charge to Solomon," a composition of much interest, and very poetically rendered. "Abraham's Servant and Rebekah" is the subject of the next engraving, not so much to our liking as its successor—"Samson in Captivity," original in treatment and full of deep pathos, obviously the work of a master in Art. "The Prodigal Son," tending the swine, illustrates the passage—"I perceived a youth void of understanding" in a most impressive manner, both morally and pictorially. "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom," is illustrated by the young Timothy instructed by his grandmother Lois; and "A wise son maketh a glad father," by the "Meeting of Joseph and his father Isaac"—two subjects of very opposite natures, but each very skilfully rendered. "He that tilleth his land shall be satisfied with bread," by the "HARVEST-FIELD OF BOAZ," one of the most charming pictures in the volume, and introduced here. "In the fear of the Lord is strong confidence," is illustrated by an incident in the life of a distinguished divine, the Rev. J. W. Fletcher, of Madeley, whom a profligate nephew threatened with death for retaining a sum of money which the latter had dishonestly acquired, and placed in his uncle's hands. "Better is a little with righteousness than great revenues without right," by a story in the history of Napoleon after his defeat at Waterloo: in treating this subject Mr. Gilbert obviously had in his mind Delaroche's well-known picture of "Napoleon at Fontainebleau." Fox's "Book of Martyrs" has supplied a subject for "The hoary head is a crown of glory when it is found in the way of righteousness," in the arrest of Dr. Rowland Taylor. Following this we have, in succession, "Luther before the Emperor;" "George III. visiting a Destitute Family;" "George Buchanan and his Last Pupil;" "Benjamin Franklin at the Court of Versailles;" "The Death of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham"—a solemn and affecting picture, appalling in the intense wretchedness of the scene; it illustrates the passage—"The candle of the wicked shall be put out." "David sparing Saul;" "Achan concealing the Spoil taken from Ai;" "Peter in Prison;" and "Dorcas," complete the list.

Taking this series of illustrations as a whole, they seem to us to surpass anything of a similar kind which Mr. Gilbert has hitherto done; as compositions, they are of a very high order—historical in the true meaning of the term as applied to Art: many of them, if painted on a large scale, would make fine pictures, that would do honour to any school. The mind of the artist has evidently risen with the subjects he has selected. Messrs. Dalziel, Whympers, Thomas, and Jackson respectively, have engraved the designs in a most superior style.

LAYS OF THE HOLY LAND is a collection of short poems, and extracts from longer poems, with which

the reading public is tolerably familiar; they have been judiciously selected from the writings of almost every poet who has sung of the scenery of Palestine,

and the events which the pages of Scripture describe as taking place in the East. The illustrations are upwards of sixty in number, by nearly a score of



VULTURES: FROM "LAYS OF THE HOLY LAND."

artists, the majority of whom are extensively known in subjects, and animal subjects, and marine views, but works of this kind. There are landscapes, and figure we can only speak of them thus collectively; nor



THE HARVEST-FIELD OF BOAZ: FROM "THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON."

\* THE PROVERBS OF SOLOMON. Illustrated by Historical Parallels from Drawings by John Gilbert. Published by Nisbet & Co., London.

LAYS OF THE HOLY LAND, from Ancient and Modern Poets. With Illustrations from Original Photographs and Drawings. Published by Nisbet & Co., London

from their general character does there seem the necessity for particularizing, as in the case of the book just noticed. We can, however, commend it

as one of the most elegant volumes the season has produced. The typography and printing, by Messrs. Clark, of Edinburgh, are unexceptionable.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has done honour to itself while conferring honour upon JOHN HENRY FOLEY, Esq., who was elected R.A. on the 13th January. Mr. Foley has long held a high position—perhaps it is not too much to say the highest—in Europe as a sculptor, not only with reference to the gentler delicacies and graces of the Art, but with regard to those more palpable realities with which sculpture is so continually called upon to deal; while his group of “Bacchus and Ino,” his most beautiful statue of “Egeria,” and many others, are unsurpassed, his equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, and the several works which adorn the entrance-corridor of the Houses of Parliament establish his claim to equality, at least, with the greatest artists of the continent. His election into the Academy was, therefore, an unquestionable right: we rejoice to know it has been acknowledged. Mr. Foley is (as his name indicates) an Irishman; but he has been nearly all his life a resident in England, and his Art-education was obtained in the schools of the Royal Academy. He is one of the many of whom Ireland may be justly proud; and it is not a little singular that another accomplished sculptor—MacDowell—is also Irish; so also are Behnes, Kirk, Lawlor, Jones, Doherty, and, we believe, others settled in London.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY, it is understood, are engaged in a very significant discussion, out of which will probably arise a law that shall provide honourably for such members as, having laboured enough, and being consequently released from professional toil, can in no way contribute to the honour or prosperity of the institution, but who, while remaining among “the forty,” keep out of it men who could be both honourable and useful, not only as exhibitors, but as legislators. We earnestly hope this purpose will be achieved; it can in no way prejudice retiring members, who will continue to receive all “the honours” to which they are entitled, while it may render unnecessary, for a time, any augmentation of the body.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The *Athenæum* announces, on intelligence received from Florence, “that the choicest pictures of the Lombardi and Baldi Collection, recently offered for sale, have been acquired for our National Gallery.” They are said to be twenty-two in number, and were obtained for the comparatively small sum of £7000. These pictures are examples of the early Florentine masters: a few of them are enumerated:—An altar-piece, by Jacopo di Casentino, or Cassentino, born about 1270, a pupil of Taddeo Gaddi, and supposed to have been one of the first founders of the Florentine Academy; an altar-piece, with three pyramidal heads, by Taddeo Gaddi; another altar-piece by Andrea Orcagna, born 1329; an altar-front picture, by Margaritone, born in 1198, about forty years before the birth of Cimabue (Mr. Stanley, in his edition of Bryan’s “Dictionary of Painters,” says all the pictures by Margaritone are lost, with the exception of one, engraved in Lastri’s “Etrurie Pittrice”); “a curious Greek picture,” by Emanuel, an artist whose name does not appear in any work to which we have access, “which represents,” according to our contemporary, “the Almighty blessing the saints Cosmo and Damian, according to the Greek ritual,” is a fair example of the connection between the Byzantine School and the Early Italian of the thirteenth century; a triptych, “Virgin and Child,” by Duccio, of Sienna, who died about the year 1340; “The Coronation of the Virgin,” Giotto; a large altar-piece of three saints, by Aretino Spinello, who died in 1400; “The Adoration of the Magi,” and “The Martyrdom of Saints Cosmo and Damian,” by Fra Angelico, born 1387; “The Brides of Venice,” by Gentile Fabriano, contemporary with Angelico; “Portrait of the famous poetess Isotta da Rimini,” and “Poppea sending Presents to St. Peter,” by Pietro della Francesca, born 1398; a large altar-piece, representing “The Virgin and Child enthroned, surrounded by Saints and Angels,” by Fra Filippo Lippi, born in 1400; “Adoration of the Magi,” by Filippino Lippi, son of the preceding; “St. John and Joseph of Arimathea lifting the Crown of Thorns from the Head of the Saviour,” by Andrea Mantegna, born 1431. With these there are said to be three pictures respectively by Cimabue (1240), Paolo Uccello (1349), and Masolino da

Pancale (1378). We have given the above dates that such of our readers as are unacquainted with ancient Art may have an idea of the period to which these national acquisitions—if they really have been acquired, and there is no reason to doubt the fact—belong. Until they are made accessible to us we cannot, of course, have anything to note of their merits, but thus much may even now be said, that, except as curiosities of Art, because elucidating the earliest steps in its revival, and as aids in the formation of a historic gallery of Art, they will prove utterly valueless, unless to our Pre-Raffaellite school, who will, perhaps, take new courage from our Florentine importations, and show us hereafter how well they have studied these specimens of Gothic painters. But where will Sir Charles Eastlake and Mr. Wornum find room in the present building for twenty-two new pictures, of which several are large altar-pieces? we must have a new gallery.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—Mr. Fergusson has resigned the management of the Crystal Palace. Four new members have been added to the body of the Directors, in the persons of Captain Walter, Mr. Bicknell, Mr. England, and Mr. Horsley. Punch, a conjuror, some dancing (not dolls, but) girls, with blacked singers, round-abouts, rocking-boats, and other “national institutions” of the same class, have been introduced, in order to produce a “Crystal Palace Christmas Revel.” We do not propose to deal critically with the said “Revel;” nor, indeed, do we contemplate any further notice of it than simply to record the fact that it has been produced, and produced by the concurrence of such elements as we have enumerated. Neither do we desire to be supposed to associate this particular “novelty of the season” at the Crystal Palace with either the retirement of Mr. Fergusson, or the appointment of the new directors. What we do desire, and that very anxiously, is to express our hopes that this infusion of fresh blood into the directory of the Crystal Palace, may lead to some energetic measures for placing the really noble establishment at Sydenham in a proper position; that a new manager may be appointed, who will prove competent to deal with the Crystal Palace under its manifold capabilities, and to treat the whole on one high principle which shall be found to be all-comprehensive, and also ever-consistent; and further, that the late “Christmas Revel,” as it was designated, may not throw away the two-fold lesson, that the attractions of the Crystal Palace must be made to declare and impress their own attractiveness, while anything approaching low and vulgar buffoonery must be resolutely kept at a distance. We have uniformly anticipated success for the Crystal Palace—success as well as an investment for the capital of the proprietors, as in its capacity of an unrivalled claimant for public support and attention. But our anticipations have necessarily been based upon the condition, that the palace should be well handled—that the administrative ability displayed in the management of the institution should be fully equal to the high character of the Courts and other components of the establishment itself. It was the want of administrative ability that has made the Manchester Exhibition so complete a failure, when it is brought to the test of results. We might easily look much higher, and find the same lamentable short-coming producing a corresponding issue. In the Crystal Palace much has been well done; but much has been omitted, and more than a little has showed an inability to comprehend the true system for working the institution successfully. The right man has not yet been in the right place. Shall he find that he is soon to be placed there? Or must we again await the warning of another failure?

THE FIRST CONVERSAZIONE of the “Artists and Amateurs” is fixed to take place at Willis’s Rooms on the 4th of the month: the future meetings for the season will be held on the first Thursday in the three succeeding months respectively.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—The several “ceremonials” associated with the marriage of the Princess Royal of England with the Prince of Prussia took place at a period of the month too late for notice in our pages. Art, however, had little to do with the auspicious event. Her Majesty’s Theatre was decorated with orange blossoms; the upholsterers were industriously occupied in the Chapel Royal and elsewhere; and the consequent festivities at Buckingham Palace were, no doubt, brilliant in dresses and deco-

rations: but we may be permitted to regret that Art has been comparatively unemployed in honour of the occasion, although it is understood that Mr. J. Phillip, A.R.A., is painting a picture of the ceremony. At all events, we may share in the universal feeling of joy that is felt throughout the kingdom. The alliance is one that promises sure happiness, based as it is on mutual affection, the growth of long and intimate acquaintance; while to establish closer relations between this country and Prussia is political wisdom. We fervently hope and pray that God will bless this marriage, and that it may be another cause to render happy the Queen and her illustrious Consort. The Princess Royal is beloved by all who approach her; and report speaks quite as highly of the Prince of Prussia.

SEVERAL OF THE MUNICIPAL BODIES of England are, we find, arranging to present to the Princess Royal various articles, the produce of the manufacturing towns in which they are interested. Thus, in Prussia they will be able to estimate our Art-manufacture, and great good may be the result. It would be a graceful act if THE ARTISTS were to associate for a like purpose; and then Her Royal Highness might possess an album of examples of our school in water-colour Art.

PRESENT TO THE PRINCESS ROYAL.—It is understood that Mr. Messenger, of Birmingham, has obtained permission to present to Her Royal Highness a group, in bronze, of Her Majesty and the Prince of Wales, from the model by John Bell. It is to be accompanied by a pair of candelabra from Mr. Messenger’s famous factory. The group is admirably executed; the sculptor has done his work well; and the manufacturer has produced an example of his skill, second to nothing that has been achieved in bronze in this country.

THE RAPHAEL PLATEAU—which was described some months ago—the admirable *chef-d’œuvre* of the now famous manufactory of Messrs. Kerr and Binns, at Worcester, has been purchased by the Mayor and Corporation of the city, and presented to the Princess Royal. We heartily rejoice at this, for it is one of our ceramic excellences of which England may be proud; and we feel assured it will be accepted in Berlin as unequivocal proof that we may rival the produce of the best manufacturers of Saxony and Prussia.

MR. JOHN RIDGWAY, Mayor of Hanley, potter to the Queen, has also presented to the Princess Royal a very beautiful *déjeuner* service, produced at his manufactory: it is an excellent example of the Art of Staffordshire.

THE SKETCHING SOCIETY.—A series of drawings, executed by the members of this society, which was established so far back as the year 1808, is preparing for publication. The club has had enrolled on its list of members during the fifty years of its existence, the names of many of our most distinguished painters in oil and water-colours.

MR. OTTLEY’S LECTURES.—A course of lectures has been delivered by this gentleman, “On Painting and Painters, Ancient and Modern,” comprehending a review of the Italian schools, of the German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, and the Spanish, French, and English schools. The course was delivered, at weekly intervals, at the Marylebone Literary Institution, commencing on Wednesday, November 11th. It may be supposed that each school could be but briefly considered in four lectures, wherein the Art-history of at least the last five hundred years must be epitomized. Notwithstanding, however, the difficulties of the subject, Mr. Ottley’s discourses were comprehensive and discriminating, and the characteristic features of each school were judiciously dwelt upon, inasmuch as to communicate to the audience a correct impression of periods, schools, and individual celebrities.

HAMPSTEAD CONVERSAZIONE.—The first meeting of this society was held on the evening of January 20th, after our sheets were in the press; our notice must therefore stand over till next month. The successive meetings will be held on February 24th, March 17th, and April 21st.

STATUE OF THE LATE LORD MELVILLE.—A colossal bronze statue of the late Lord Melville, by the Scottish sculptor, John Steell, R.S.A., has been erected in Melville Square, Edinburgh. The attitude of the figure is easy and unaffected; the drapery flowing and massive; the countenance indicating great sagacity and kindness; altogether recalling



vividly to memory the excellent county gentleman, who always took such a lively interest in promoting the public weal of his native county. His Lordship leans with his right arm on a truncated column; his left arm falls easily by his side, the hand holding a scroll, resting on his thigh; the head is bent forward, and altogether the work is of high excellence. The cost, including pedestal, is about £2000, and has been defrayed by general subscription.

MR. RUSKIN, in a letter to a Mr. Hunt, of Liverpool, referring to the recent "Art-squabble" there, thus expresses himself:—"Since Turner's death, I consider that any average work from the hand of any of the four leaders of pre-Raffaellism (Rossetti, Millais, Hunt, John Lewis) is, singly, *worth at least three* of any other pictures whatever by living painters." This is mere insanity: the writer will find no one person in all England, capable of judging, to adopt so grossly absurd an opinion—if, indeed, an opinion it really be. We protest, however, against the compulsory enlistment of John Lewis into the pre-Raffaellite band.

THE MUSEUM AT SOUTH KENSINGTON has been presented by Prince Napoleon with a fine specimen of Gobelin tapestry, the value of which is estimated at upwards of £2000. The subject represented on it is "Arria presenting the dagger with which she has just stabbed herself to her husband Pætus." The work was commenced in the reign of Louis XVI., and was completed during the first republic; the border was added under the first empire. Napoleon, the emperor, gave it to his brother Jerome, King of Westphalia, who presented it to his son, Prince Napoleon, that he might give it to the museum, as a proof of the interest which both take in the institution to whose contents it forms a valuable addition.

EXHIBITION OF ENGRAVINGS.—We have reason to believe that arrangements are under consideration which may be expected to result in the formation, during the spring, of an Exhibition of Engravings. The object is to illustrate, historically, the productions of the burin and the etching-needle, and also to combine with the works of the earlier engravers some of the finest specimens of this great and important art, as it is practised at the present day. The different styles of engraving will also be characteristically illustrated by groups of examples. The project is a good one, and, if ably carried out, must prove both attractive and instructive in the highest degree. We hope to be able in our next issue to enter fully into the subject of this exhibition.

MR. SMITHIES, the excellent condutor of two most admirable and valuable works, "The British Workman," and "The Band of Hope Review," has obtained a portion of the reward to which he is eminently entitled. He received a graceful "testimonial" at a large assembly of his "friends and admirers," held during the month, at the London Coffee-house. These publications, although so cheap as to be issued, the one at a halfpenny, the other at a penny, are so ably conducted in reference to their *Art*, as well as their *literature*, as to be boons of immense magnitude to the "masses." Their circulation is very large, about 250,000 monthly, yet they cannot be described as profitable; but they are among the most remarkable publications of the age, and are rendering incalculable service to morals, social progress, and true religion.

PRE-RAFFAELLITE ART IN OXFORD.—Mr. Ruskin, the "Oxford Graduate," seems to have just cause to rejoice in the triumph of his Art-doctrines in his *Alma Mater*, for we learn from the *Builder* that—"The new debating room for the Union at Oxford has been completed from the designs of Mr. Woodward; and several artists of the pre-Raffaellite school have undertaken to adorn its walls with paintings in distemper, on subjects from Arthurian romance. Some are already finished; others only begun. There are:—King Arthur receiving the Sword Excalibur from the Lady of the Lake, by J. H. Pollen; Sir Palomides's jealousy of Sir Tristram and the Fair Isulte, by W. Morris; Merlin allured into the Pit by the Lady of the Lake, by E. Jones; Nimue bringing Sir Pelcas to Ettaude after their quarrel, by V. Prinsep; Sir Launcelot asleep before the shrine of the Sangreal, by D. G. Rossetti; and the Corpse of Arthur conveyed by weeping Queens to Avalon, by Arthur Hughes. Mr. Pollen is, we believe, an amateur; but every one who has seen Oxford will recollect

with pleasure his paintings on the roof of Merton Chapel. It is proposed to adorn the new Museum with similar decorations."

DRAWING PENCILS.—An improvement in drawing pencils is a matter that at once claims the attention of the world of Art. A new description of these materials has just been produced by Messrs. Winsor & Newton, combining some very novel and valuable qualities, and therefore requiring special notice at our hands. The name of these new drawing pencils—"Ever-pointed Tubular"—at once suggests one of their most important features, viz., that of being *ever-pointed*, and therefore requiring no cutting. Every student has been more or less a martyr to the simple, yet great annoyance of cutting a drawing pencil, and resuming operations with soiled hands. Drawing masters especially suffer much inconvenience from this cause. We therefore place as of first importance the fact of these new drawing pencils being ever-pointed, and thereby obviating the trouble of requiring the use of a knife. The application of the "ever-pointed" system to these drawing pencils is extremely simple and ingenious. The holder is *tubular*, or hollow, and the lead is inserted at the point. A gentle propellatory pressure of the thumb brings down the lead as required. There is no turning, screwing, nor unscrewing, as with the ordinary ever-pointed pencils, and consequently these new drawing pencils are firm in the hand, and free from looseness or vibration. The Ever-pointed Tubular Drawing Pencils are composed of pure Cumberland lead, said to be selected with great care, and to be graduated to a nicety. It certainly is very fine. The pencils work with great freedom, and yet are extremely firm. We find that the most powerful effects are ready to the touch, while at the same time the most delicate tones can be produced with equal facility. The lead being movable within the holder, of course no glue is required to fix it, as in ordinary drawing pencils; this peculiarity must assist the working of these new pencils. We are glad to see so much attention paid to the quality of the lead of which they are composed, since the sphere of their utility will thereby be considerably enlarged. The fact of always using the same holder (using the same pencil as it were) would appear to ourselves to be an important advantage. At present a favourite pencil, however hoarded, is at last consumed; but with these new pencils one's favourite holders will be constant companions. The Tubular Drawing Pencils are made of ebony, with silvered points; they are smooth and pleasant to the hand, and very neat. We observe that economy has been consulted as well as quality, and that after the first expense of holders these new pencils cost a comparative trifle: this is an advantage, for it is essential to bring good Art materials within the reach of all classes. The Ever-pointed Tubular Drawing Pencil will doubtless soon be in universal use; for the combination of good lead, cleanliness and great facility in its use, and economy, offers the nearest approach to a perfect drawing pencil that can be conceived.

PERFUMERY AS AN ART.—Perfumes are supposed by many to be simply distilled from the flowers they represent. Such, however, is not the case: there are but very few flowers possessing sufficient aroma to yield an extract. The others are a more or less skilful combination of various materials. The principal flowers used to produce extracts are the rose, the jessamine, the orange-flower, the tuberose, the cassie (*acacia farnesiana*—a pretty yellow flower peculiar to the south of France and Italy), and the violet: the latter, however, is used in small quantities, the aroma being very delicate, and requiring others to support it. They are chiefly obtained at Grasse and Cannes, in Provence, and at Nice, Menton, Monaco, and other minor places on the Gulf of Genoa. The process is as follows:—Freshly-gathered flowers are strewn on glass frames, over which a layer of very pure grease has been spread; these flowers are renewed every morning whilst they are in bloom—the grease absorbs all the perfume of the flower, and by treating it afterwards with alcohol, a spirituous extract is produced. These extracts form the groundwork of all fine perfumes, but the perfumer calls to his aid besides fragrant materials from all parts of the world—otto of rose from Turkey, essence of bergamot, orange, and lemon-peel from Sicily, neroly, or essence of orange-flowers, from France and Italy, vanilla from Mexico,

balsam of Peru from South America, wintergreen and sassafras from the United States, benzoin from Java, verbenas from Ceylon, cloves from the Moluccas, sandalwood and vetiver from India, patchouly from China, and last, not least, lavender from our own sweet fields at Mitcham. To these we may add three perfumes belonging to the animal kingdom—musk from the musk-deer, and civet from the civet-cat, both from the East, and ambergris, found on the sea-coast in various parts, and supposed to be thrown up by some species of whale. With these comparatively limited materials the perfumer strives to imitate the aroma of all the different flowers, as an artist by combining the colours on his palette produces all the shades in nature. [For these interesting details we are indebted to Mr. E. Rimmel, the eminent dealer in perfumery, whose thorough acquaintance with his "Art" has enabled him to occupy the high position he holds.]

BLACK-PAPER PICTURES.—A young German, George Schmidt, of Düsseldorf, who has recently come over to London, is undoubtedly the most ingenious artist with scissors and paper of any we have met with. His landscapes are really marvellous productions, with trees beautiful in form, graceful in *pose*, and so graduated in tint as to take their proper places in the perspective of the picture; figures and animals are life-like, and perfectly true in drawing. He works entirely without any previous sketch; with a small sheet of black paper in one hand, and his scissors in the other, he will, in the space of half an hour, hand you a hunting-scene that would delight any modern Nimrod; or a quiet, umbrageous nook, that would tempt us as a covert from a July sun. We hear that this ingenious artist attracted great attention in the aristocratic circles of Paris.

PROPOSED MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The committee have announced that the designs, models, and drawings of competitors shall be exhibited at the South Kensington Museum, and that all such drawings and models must be sent in on or before Tuesday, the 2nd February. It was found that the room at the Society of Arts would not be spacious enough for the purpose, several of the models being of large size. The committee sought and obtained the consent of Daniel Maclise, Esq., R.A., Richard Westmacott, Esq., R.A., and William Tite, Esq., M.P., to co-operate with them in selecting a design for the premium, which design it is understood will be adopted for execution, unless there shall appear objections that are insuperable. We can scarcely imagine that any such will occur, for obviously the duty of the committee will be to consider "fitness" as well as merit. We shall publish the names of the committee in due course. The sum at their disposal is about £6000; but it will perhaps be much augmented if the design meet with approval, for there is a strong and general opinion that the great event of 1851 ought not to be without a record more palpable and impressive than memory. But even that amount will do much to produce a work of Art that shall be worthy of the occasion and of the country. We shall have more to say on this subject next month.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.—Gas has been introduced into the nave, which, on the occasion of the Sunday-evening services, is now lighted up by two rows of plain but effective standards. The result of this illumination is singularly fine: the grand old abbey assumes an aspect of peculiar solemnity; and assuredly, if any combination of external circumstances can have power to enhance the impressiveness of the public worship of a vast assemblage, Westminster Abbey, on these winter Sunday evenings, cannot fail to exercise a powerful influence for good upon the crowded congregations who weekly gather beneath its venerable roof.

MR. SAMUEL OWEN, a marine-painter, whose works are still valued by collectors, died at Sunbury on the 8th of December, in the eighty-ninth year of his age. For a very considerable time past, Mr. Owen's name has disappeared from the catalogues of our annual exhibitions; and his pictures are only to be met with at some occasional sale: they generally realise good prices.

A VERY CHARMING BUST of the Princess Royal of England has been executed by Mrs. Thorneycroft: it is admirable as a likeness, with the happiest expression, and is moreover an excellent work of Art.



## REVIEWS.

THE POLITICAL ECONOMY OF ART. By JOHN RUSKIN. Published by SMITH, ELDER, & Co., London.

The Manchester gathering of Art-treasures last year, drew forth from their secluded habitations things new and old: objects which the dust of ages had covered, and works that had not yet lost the brilliancy of their early days, were alike exposed to the gaze of the multitude of visitors who thronged the city of the cotton magnates. Among the novelties produced by the exhibition was the appearance of Mr. Ruskin as a lecturer on political economy: one can scarcely fancy this imaginative and eloquent writer discoursing to the men of Manchester on such a matter, for though Art is the special subject of his discourses, his remarks frequently took a wider range, comprehending general principles of social, if not political, economy. Two lectures were delivered by him in the month of July; they are now published, with additions, in a small volume.

Political economy he considers to mean nothing more or less than "citizens' economy," or the art of managing labour, either that of an individual or of a community; if either be misapplied, or insufficient, suffering and want result exactly in proportion to the indolence and improvidence which are the causes. After a few remarks upon this as a general question, he enters upon the speciality of his subject, that is, labour as applied to Art, by a fourfold inquiry: "first, how to get your man of genius; then, how to employ your man of genius; then, how to accumulate and preserve his work in the greatest quantity; and lastly, how to distribute his work to the best national advantages."

In all Mr. Ruskin's previous writings upon Art-matters, he takes, generally, a retrospective view, and would lead the country back a few centuries; now he would carry us to a period of such peaceful communisms and pure enjoyment of Art as we can only expect to reach when "the leopard shall lie down with the kid," and the "lion shall eat straw like the ox." We are much afraid that his well-grounded arguments, enforced as they are by eloquence of language which it is delightful to read, will never urge the people to impress upon Government the necessity of establishing "schools of trial in every important town, in which those idle farmer's lads whom their masters can never keep out of mischief, and those stupid tailor's 'prentices who are always stitching the sleeves in wrong way upwards, may have a try at this other trade" (Art); "only this school of trial must not be entirely regulated by formal laws of Art-education, but must ultimately be the workshop of a great master-painter, who will try the lads with one kind of Art and another, till he finds out what they are fit for." Neither is it very probable that we shall live to see one of the representatives of the people rising in his place in Parliament to advocate the establishment, by the Government, of "a paper manufactory, under the superintendence of any of our leading chemists, who should be answerable for the safety and completeness of all the processes of the manufactory," in order that the purchaser of a fine water-colour drawing may be assured that he had bought something that would stand the test of time, and not "a coloured rag." In the notes now added to the lectures, Mr. Ruskin carries his principle of government interference with education into every branch of manual and mechanical labour: he is of opinion that all youths, of whatever rank, ought to learn some manual trade thoroughly; "in order that men may be able to support themselves when they are grown, their strength must be properly developed while they are young; and the state should always see to this, not allowing their health to be broken by too early labour, nor their powers to be crushed for want of knowledge." When they have grown up, and have thus been made "practically serviceable," and are ready to begin life, an "entrance should always be ready for them, in cases where their private circumstances present no opening. There ought to be government establishments for every trade, in which all youths who desired it should be received as apprentices on their leaving school, and men thrown out of work received at all times."

We feel some curiosity to know what the people of Manchester have thought about Mr. Ruskin's visionary and Utopian schemes: it can scarcely be supposed he could win the suffrages of a class whose ideas of political economy are so thoroughly and entirely practical as theirs have ever been. To speak of what he advocates as "visionary and Utopian," is not calling in question the soundness of his views or the propriety of a nation's adoption of them: the terms are used because he argues for what, in the present state of the popular feeling, taste, and inclination, is simply impossible. Not-

withstanding all that is doing to ameliorate the condition of the lower classes, both socially and morally, the tendency of the age is confessedly towards a separation of ranks and positions, instead of uniting them together in a bond of mutual obligation. What the lapse of another century may produce no one would venture to predict: but it is just possible that the bread Mr. Ruskin has "cast upon the waters may be seen after many days;" we will not charge him with speaking unwisely, and certainly he has spoken well.

There are many passages in these lectures we should be heartily pleased to transfer to our columns, either for the truths they contain, or the beauty and eloquence of the language in which they are expressed; but we can only direct the attention of collectors of modern pictures to the advice given them respecting the purchase of paintings—will artists and collectors forgive him for what he says?—and advise every one, whether or no he feels much interest in Art, to possess himself of a little book that none but a mind of the highest intellectual order could have produced. If Mr. Ruskin does not convince, he will assuredly charm the reader.

VENICE: BELLINI'S PICTURES CONVEYED TO THE CHURCH OF THE REDENTORE. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER. Published by the Art-Union of London.

This is one of the very few good engravings, on a large scale, which have been published since the death of Turner; we scarcely seem to miss those wonderful touches and tonings that the great painter was wont to put on the unfinished proofs submitted to him by the engravers of his works, which ultimately gave to the prints such force and magical beauty. Turner cared not for what was in the painting if it did not satisfy him as to what should be in the engraving; and hence he applied his black and white chalks over the engraver's work, with an almost merciless disregard of the transformation he was effecting from the original, and of the extra labour it entailed upon the copyist; but what "things of beauty" were the result! We have no right to expect such again, for no engraver would dare to take such liberties as the painter took with his own work.

The picture which the Art-Union of London purposed to present to the subscribers of the current year, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1841. From what source Turner had his authority for the incident he introduced into this view of Venice we know not; neither Vasari nor Lanzi mentions the circumstance: Ridolfi may, perhaps, but we have not his work at hand to refer to. It is certain, however, that this ovation to the genius of one of the greatest Venetian painters must have taken place some considerable time after his death: Giovanni Bellini died in 1516 or 1517; the church of *Il Santissimo Redentore*, which stands upon the canal of the Giudecca, was not erected till 1576; it was built by Palladio, at the command of the republic, to commemorate the staying of the plague which had a short time before desolated the city. Neither can we learn what were the pictures thus honoured; the church at present contains several paintings by Bellini, an "Ecce Homo," the "Ascension," and three of the "Holy Family;" these last are placed in the sacristy: Sir C. L. Eastlake, in his "Handbook of the Italian Schools," says they "merit special study, as presenting the same subject treated by this great master at three periods of a life in which every step—and they were many—was a step nearer perfection." Bellini lived to the age of ninety, yet was able to employ his talents to the last; there are pictures by him in existence bearing the date of 1516.

We have wandered away from the picture itself into its subject, because many of our readers will doubtless become possessed of the print—it is one really worth having—and would consequently feel interested in knowing something of what is represented, though the information we afford is sufficiently meagre. It is a gorgeous composition, a scene which Venice alone, of all the cities in the world, could supply, and, moreover, when she was in the height of her prosperity and grandeur. Towering above the gondolas of the nobles and the citizens, is the Bucentaur with the banners of the republic flaunting in the golden sunshine; on either side of the church a vast multitude is assembled to witness the ceremony of conveying the three pictures, seen in the centre, into the sacred edifice; the whole scene, except that the attributes of war are absent, is more like the triumphal advent of a conqueror than a demonstration in honour of one whose victories were achieved in the seclusion of a studio.

The picture belongs to Turner's latter period, and has all the peculiarities, and all the glorious colour-

ing of that epoch; it is a dream of Venice in the days of her magnificence, seen with the eye of a poet-painter, whose vision appears to have absorbed all the tints of the rainbow, and his hand to have flung them back on the canvas before him. Mr. Willmore must have had almost insuperable difficulties to overcome in translating the subject, especially in putting the masses of undefined figures—mere dots and patches, but expressing much—into form and shape, yet still retaining the character and feeling of the composition. It is a brilliant print, and ought to procure for the society which publishes it a large accession of subscribers.

THE BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE, ART, AND LIFE. By ANDREW JAMES SYMINGTON. 2 Vols. Published by LONGMAN, BROWN, & Co., London.

"All the world worships Beauty," writes Mr. Symington in the opening passage of his book. The remark amounts to a truism, yet it is not the less true that the homage paid so universally is offered to an infinity of idols which men have set up and known by the name of Beauty. Every individual forms his own idea of the goddess, and will recognise no other; while amidst the multitude of these idols, outnumbering the longest catalogue of heathen mythology, there is the widest difference of shape and feature, attractive to some, indifferent or repulsive to others. But there are laws and principles by which the really Beautiful in Nature, Art, and Life, may be defined and known, and much has been written to show the world what these are. Mr. Symington's is less a statement of his own theories than a gathering together of the thoughts and feelings of others; his volumes consist mainly of quotations from the highest literary sources, arranged systematically, and linked together so as to become something of a "harmonious whole" by the author's own experience and thoughts. "We have sought," he says, "to enter the great temple of the universe by 'the gate which is called Beautiful,' and endeavoured to show that it is built according to one mighty plan, its combinations and diversities ever being referable to higher unities, and those again to laws yet more general; our finite minds, we deem, alone preventing us from assigning all things whatever to an absolute unity."

The weakest portion of the work is the chapter on painting. Mr. Symington is evidently not quite at home on this subject, and handles it as if half-conscious of the fact. Among those whom he classifies as "our most distinguished artists" are some with whose works he cannot be very well acquainted, or he would not have so designated their authors; at least we think not. He evinces a strong leaning towards Pre-Raphaelitism, but this is a matter of taste—certainly not a question of Beauty. We can, however, overlook such shortcomings as we have pointed out in the high moral and intellectual tone exemplified throughout these volumes.

CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHIC IMITATIONS OF PICTURES BY J. M. W. TURNER, IN THE NATIONAL COLLECTION. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London and Paris.

Every attempt, by any mechanical or scientific process, to imitate the pictures Turner painted must only be regarded as a humble tribute to his genius, and an instalment—a very small one too—of what that genius really accomplished: the best of such attempts is but "a poor epitome of his greatness;" the delicacy and marvellous variety of his tints, the almost imperceptible gradation and blending by which he effected his magical aerial perspective, defy the powers of the most skilful copyist to reproduce; no wonder, then, that mere mechanical labour should fail to realise what the pencil cannot accomplish. But it is something for the public to be able to procure what at least will remind them of what Turner has done, and of what he has left them. The series of chromo-lithographs published by Mr. Gambart will just serve this purpose, but nothing more: we have a few of these colour-prints before us just now. First, and most ambitious, is a copy of that noble picture, "The Fighting Temeraire;" here the sky has been imitated with tolerable success, but it is so gaily coloured as to "kill" the rest of the composition, and put everything else out of its place in the perspective. "Bacchus and Ariadne," the celebrated circular picture, is heavy and opaque; the "Approach to Venice" is better, perhaps we should say good, for a print. "The Ducal Palace, Venice," is thin and poor, especially in the architectural portions. "Stangate Creek" is a sunny little bit, very sketchily produced; "Kirkstall Abbey," another small subject, is not so successful as "Norham Castle," its companion in size, and one of the best in the series. The last is "Hastings," which is better still—bold, effective, and good in colour.



THE SUNBEAM, A PHOTOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE. Edited by P. H. DELAMOTTE, F.S.A. Part 3. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

This is by far the best number of the "Sunbeam" that has appeared; it opens with "The Country Bridge," photographed by J. D. Llewellyn,—one of those rustic bridges of which little is seen but the outlines of their forms, brick and stone work being more than half-concealed by the creeping ivy and tangled briars springing up at its base: it is a winter scene, the trees leafless, or nearly so, and showing their tiniest sprigs with the utmost clearness; a beautiful picture, with nothing in it that "comes" artistically wrong. The next is a circular subject, "St. Paul's" from the Surrey side of the river, photographed by "Phœbus," as we are told, who has certainly adjusted his apparatus with much skill; the block of houses and warehouses between the cathedral and the river is brought out with wonderful distinctness,—"St. Paul's high dome" and the western towers exalting themselves above all, but keeping at a respectful distance, with due regard to aerial perspective. In contrast to this city scene, with its noisy and busy associations is "The Thames at Ifley Mill," photographed by J. Cundall; here everything seems at rest; not a breath of air ruffles the surface of the water to break the deep shadowed reflections cast from tapering poplars, and wide-spreading elms, and thick bushes which cluster round the old mill; there does not seem to be a leaf nor a line which the camera has not transferred to the paper. The last subject is, "The River-side at Streatley," photographed by L. Colls, a sunny picture, perfect in detail and beautiful in effect.

H.R.H. VICTORIA, PRINCESS ROYAL. Drawn from Life by E. M. Ward, R.A.; Lithographed by E. DESMAISONS. Published by GAMBART & Co., London.

A sweet, unpretending portrait of the young royal lady, who has just been taken under the fostering care of "our royal cousin of Prussia," with the earnest wishes of every true-hearted Englishman and Englishwoman for her prosperity and happiness. Mr. Ward has sketched her placid intelligent face—almost too child-like it looks, in its simplicity, for the cares and duties of princely womanhood—with a firm and delicate pencil; it is a true picture of a high-born English girl, without any of the artificial trappings and dressings of royalty.

MEN OF THE TIME. Biographical Sketches of eminent Living Characters. Published by KENT & Co., London.

The scope of this book is wide, for it includes biographical notices of distinguished characters of all countries—men of all creeds and of all professions. Such a work cannot fail to be both instructive and amusing,—very useful too, as a book of reference, for most of us like to know something of the histories of those who, to a certain extent, have become the property of the public. The editor has performed his difficult and delicate task with much tact and judgment; the biographies are as ample as the nature of the work would permit without swelling it into a bulky volume; and though, perhaps, it would have been more judicious to enlarge some, and curtail others, an average fairness of space seems to be allotted to each subject. There are also some "good men and true" that have escaped the attention of the writer, such as Sir Henry Ellis and Mr. Linton, the artist, who certainly deserve, quite as much as several who are mentioned, to have their names enrolled among the "Men of the Time." As, however, the publishers invite suggestions and information, we shall probably see in a future edition such omissions supplied. Though the title of the book infers that the notices are limited to the male sex, the ladies have not been forgotten: about two hundred pages at the end of the volume tell us of their genius and their virtues in language as truthful as it is complimentary—if truth may be accepted as a compliment.

THE BRIDAL SOUVENIR. Illuminated by SAMUEL STANESBY. Published by GRANT & GRIFFITHS, London.

This book is well-timed: the nation has been busy with an exciting theme, and from the highest to the lowest there has been a fervent prayer, throughout the kingdom and its dependencies, that God will bless the marriage of a daughter of our Queen. The volume, very beautiful as it is, cannot fail to be an acceptable gift even to a princess—her Royal Highness will, we have no doubt, receive a copy; but it will be a welcome guest in every English home that is gladdened by the presence of a bride,

not only for its graceful and attractive aspect, but for the many charming passages it contains from the poets who have written immortal verse on the subject of "marriage." Each page is illuminated, chiefly by flowers—the flowers being emblematic—designed to speak the language of love. The book is altogether one of the most attractive of modern publications.

LEONILDA: A ROMAN ROMANCE OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. By FELIX MELDRED. Published by JOHN MITCHELL, London.

We are not often called upon to review poetry; we do not often find it, as it is here, in close association with Art. The age of Leo X. is the Augustan age of Christian—or, to write more correctly, Catholic—Rome. Then flourished the greatest of its great men—Ariosto, Raffaele, Michael Angelo; then, too, were rampant the worst of the luxurious vices, the practice of which in high places led to the reform of a debased and degraded church. The author of this very beautifully written poem—in what is styled by us the Spenserian stanza—has treated Rome during the period of its extremest wickedness and its greatest glory, in a story of exceeding interest, partly made up from hitherto hidden sources, and partly from the narrative of Gibbon: he has dealt with a time when, notwithstanding almost universal crime,

"Art was a religion;"

and he has treated his subject much as an artist would treat a picture—bringing palpably before us the persons, things, customs, and characteristics of an epoch of crime and glory. We imagine the author is an artist; at all events he is a poet. His work may not find its way into general circulation, but it will exceedingly gratify all who read it.

THE LAST OF THE BRAVE; OR, RESTING-PLACES OF OUR FALLEN HEROES IN THE CRIMEA AND SCUTARI. By Captain the Hon. JOHN COLBORNE, and F. BRINE. Published by ACKERMANN & Co., London.

There is a mournful interest in this, the last of the pictorial works devoted to the war in the Crimea; it is devoted to the tombs of those who died there, the last earthly tenements of those gallant men who, while they lived, were their country's noblest pride, and now that they can fight her victories no more, assert a just claim to her undying remembrance. The engravings are beautifully executed views, in tinted lithography, of all the localities thus devoted to the dead; the letter-press consists chiefly of a literal copy of the inscriptions placed over each grave. All was the work of their fellow-soldiers, and some few of the records were written in pencil. A few years hence and this little volume may be the only existing record of the noble hearts who died for us. Severely stricken as England has been in its home affections by this war,—undertaken solely from a high sense of honour,—there are few families who will not look upon such a record as this with absorbing interest. The view of the hospital at Scutari will call to the mind of many a convalescent the deeds of Florence Nightingale,—she who left home, and all its comforts and ties, to minister to the dying and the wounded. Never did war before bring out such noble traits of English right-heartedness; and the labours of the gallant officers over the present volume are greatly honourable to them, and will outlast the frail marble of their companions' tombs.

A TREATISE ON PERSPECTIVE, EXPLANATORY OF A SYSTEM FOR SIMPLIFYING A KNOWLEDGE THEREOF. By H. H. HADFIELD, Teacher of the General Drawing Classes at the Manchester Mechanics' Institute. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON, London; AGNEW & SONS, Manchester.

Perspective stands in the same relation to Art as grammar does to language, and both are studies equally unpalatable to most learners, because of their comparative dryness and the difficulty of mastering them. Whoever, therefore, is able, by a plan of simplification and condensation, to render either branch of education less wearisome, and of more interest to the young mind than books and treatises on such subjects generally are, must be considered a great benefactor to those for whom he writes. Now we think Mr. Hadfield's small work, with its accompanying large sheet of coloured diagrams, has accomplished this object with regard to perspective. Into about forty pages he has compressed almost the whole A B C of the science; and in so simple and untechnical a form, as to render himself intelligible to any youth of ordinary capacity. As an elementary book for drawing-schools it is invaluable.

THE BUILDING NEWS. A Weekly Illustrated Record of the Progress of Architecture, Metropolitan Improvements, Sanitary Reform, &c. Vol. III. 1857. Published at 20, Old Boswell Court, Strand.

A large quarto volume has been forwarded to us from the office of the *Building News*: it is the last year's issue of that weekly "periodical," the object of which is indicated on the title-page. It is, generally, a well-conducted publication: the principal papers are very ably written, whether as essays or criticisms, but in the latter case with an occasional tone of severity. A careful revision of the "correspondents'" contributions appears also to be sometimes necessary; several of these writers appear to have forgotten, if they ever learned, that "*Ingenuus didicisse fideliter artes*," &c. &c. We point out these "errors in judgment" with a desire to see them amended, in order to make this serial truly valuable to the profession, to whom it is especially addressed. The volume contains a large amount of very varied information on subjects with which the, at least, personal comforts of the community are more or less associated; and the illustrations are engraved in a most superior manner.

THE CHILDREN'S BIBLE PICTURE-BOOK. Illustrated with Eighty Engravings. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

This "Picture-book" will be a treasure in the hands of teachers, and intelligent nurses: the Bible incidents and stories are told with simplicity and reverence, and many of the engravings are copied from designs by Steinle, Overbeck, Veit, and from the Bible pictures by Julius Schnorr. We may wish they had been engraved in a better style of Art; they are sometimes coarsely rendered, and the expression of the groups frequently injured by careless cutting: the little readers and lookers-on may not discover this, but we are none the less bound to protest against it.

AN ACCOUNT OF CHURCH BELLS; WITH SOME NOTICES OF WILTSHIRE BELLS AND BELL-FOUNDERS, &c., &c. By the Rev. W. C. LUKIS, M.A., F.S.A. Published by J. H. PARKER, London.

Everything connected with ecclesiastical architecture is just now exciting very diligent, and, as we think, very laudable, inquiry. The history of church bells—

"Those chimes that tell a thousand tales,  
Sweet tales of olden times,  
And ring a thousand memories"—

is perhaps as curious, and scarcely less interesting than the histories of the churches themselves. Mr. Lukis's inquiry into, and descriptions of, these ancient objects, ought at least to be in the hands of every benefited clergyman, and every churchwarden; whilst others to whom the care of the sacred fabric and its appointments does not pertain, but who, nevertheless, desire to maintain all in their integrity and usefulness, will find much in his pages that is worth reading.

AN ELEMENTARY TREATISE ON ORTHOGRAPHIC PROJECTION. With numerous Illustrations on Wood and Steel. By W. BINNS, C.E. Published by E. and F. N. SPON, London.

This is a comprehensive and practical book of instruction on mechanical and engineering drawing, by one who, having filled the post of Professor of applied Mechanics at Putney College of Civil Engineers, and who, being at the present time master of the mechanical drawing classes at the Department of Science and Art, and at the Government School of Mines, has had much experience in teaching, and consequently must have a considerable knowledge of what scientific students require. The design of this work is, he says, "To lay before the reader a simple and condensed course, forming the groundwork of mechanical and engineering drawing, so as to place within his reach the means of acquiring a knowledge of such delineations when laid before him to work from; and also to give him the power, if only with a piece of chalk and a board, of expressing his ideas of any mechanical or engineering structure which he may have occasion to carry out in practice." The author appears to have worked out his geometrical problems—for the term "orthographic" is little else than a substitute for "geometrical"—by as simple a method as possible, and this has given facilities to the pupil in mastering what must be considered, under the most favourable circumstances, a difficult and abstruse branch of science.

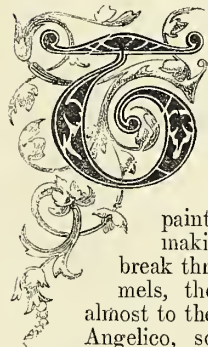


## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MARCH 1, 1858.

## GIOVANNI BELLINI.



THE rise of the art of painting at Venice, about the middle of the fifteenth century, it is remarkable, was not until more than a century and a half after its rise at Florence; and at the time when the painters of north Italy were making their earliest efforts to break through the mediæval trammels, the Tuscans had advanced almost to their highest excellence. Fra Angelico, so much revered as the master of seraphic expression, and Masaccio, who, enlightened by the Florentine sculptors, at length introduced well-shaped, ably-limbed humanity into pictures—a most tardy improvement—both died about the time when the painters of the lagune were only just beginning to infuse some life and bloom into the old traditional Byzantine forms, with aid derived, not from the Florentines and Siennese, but first from the ruder and more homely early schools of Germany, and secondly from certain hard and crabbed notions of the antique which were beginning to be taught in the neighbouring city of Padua. At an age when Giotto had long before adorned almost every quarter of Italy with his most vigorous and pathetic conceptions full of dramatic expression, and with allegories replete with beautiful serious wit and sapient fancy, and his successors had produced many a long poem of the pencil, deeply imbued with the favourite mystical theology of the age, or awful with Dantesque power, the Vivarini of Murano—as if Venice had meanwhile, in her island seclusion, been wholly ignorant of these grand and most intellectual works, or rather as if, with her characteristic jealousy, she had turned her back wilfully and resolvedly on the example and teaching of the Italian *terra firma*—commenced with monotonous single figures of saints, standing apart from each other in Gothic panels, such as are characteristic of the earliest period of Art. And in their more ambitious efforts they contented themselves with an occasional Coronation of the Virgin, in an antiquated half-German and somewhat rustic style, or some very quaint and feeble representation of more active events, painted on a diminutive scale, and inlaid in the gorgeous frames of their more important works, like illuminations in the border of some old missal. The chief interest in their works, so soon as they show any—although religious tenderness of expression is not altogether wanting in them—derives itself, not from any tendency to ideal grace and unearthly sanctity,—such as characterises the similar subjects painted ages before by the Tuscans,—but from a portrait-like individuality of character, leaning towards ordinary life; and,

above all, a soft, delicate, and rosy dawning of that beautiful and magnificent colouring which became the distinguishing glory of Venetian Art.

A succession of the Vivarini extended to the close of the fifteenth century; and the works of the latest of them, Bartolommeo and Luigi, display a rapid advance in this soft and splendid colouring, and in the liveliness of their saints; but their progress seems to have been derived in a considerable degree through the example of a second independent school of painters which had meanwhile arisen in Venice—that of the Bellini. The founder of this second school, Jacopo, chiefly known by his studies of the antique at Padua, under Squarcione, was not a painter whose abilities call for extended notice: but his second son, Giovanni Bellini, is one of the most venerated names Art has to boast of; for he it was who raised the devotional spirit of Venetian painting to the utmost height it ever attained, and also carried forward many of its more purely technical merits to an excellence so appropriate to his class of subjects that his scholar, Titian himself, could not, in that respect, have equalled him. Not only have his saints more tenderness and pious fervour than those of any other Venetian, but the colours in which they shine forth are unrivalled in clear strength by those of any previous Italian painter; owing in some degree, perhaps, to a study of the Van Eycks, but far more, I believe, from Van Eyck's medium of oil, which he was the first Venetian to adopt, enabling him to produce richer and more transparent tones than the former method of *tempera*, and so more fully express his own notions and feelings with regard to colour. In grouping and composition likewise, Bellini introduced the first essential improvements. He led the way in breaking down those Gothic partitions between the solitary saints; by that means enabling them to meet and look tenderly on one another, and, by-and-by, assemble round the throne of the Madonna in those orderly but dignified groups called *Santi Conversazioni*, which constitute the chief charm and attraction of the purely devotional painting of Venice.

These groups supply, assuredly, some of the Venetian recollections on which you are apt to linger with the most delight, for ever afterwards. The prow of your gondola strikes against the weedy steps of some church, which is shabby enough in all conscience exteriorly,—an unfinished rubbishy brick façade, perhaps; and the dingy black veil hanging across the portal is lifted up by some equally shabby and sometimes almost idiotic-looking, neglected youth; but within, even in the midst of meanness and obscurity, a picture of a most rare splendour and preciousness may dawn and brighten before you, such as you will never forget, if you have any heart or memory for such things. A group of saints of a dignified and holy aspect, standing around the enthroned Madonna, within a niche of some resplendent temple, or surrounded by some landscape serene and heavenly-peaceful as themselves, is before you, making “a sunshine in a shady place,” with glorious hues of crystalline, *spiritual* purity, glowing with an internal light, and therefore admirably suited to the beatified condition of the sacred personages whom they irradiate; and still more movingly are the shady tribunes lighted up with the gentle looks of just and reverend men made perfect, and there fascinating you with the loveliness of a calm religious peace. Defects the work perhaps has, for it was produced at an early period, when drawing had been but imperfectly cultivated; yet it is undeniably a holy vision for all that. They could not—those early painters—draw feet and hands by any means adequately; but some of the purest and most

sacred emotions of the soul they could draw, in their happiest moments, profoundly and quite marvellously. The architectural backgrounds (usually an apse or magnificent altar-niche, where these gentle-eyed personages, as in the intermediate Paradise, seem calmly awaiting their final glorification) are painted in a consummate manner, amounting almost to the appearance of clearest yet deep-toned reality: and they are especially fond—these devout, tender-hearted old masters, Gian Bellini, Vittore Carpaccio, Girolamo Sante Croce, and others—of introducing infant angels playing on musical instruments with naïve assiduity, at the feet of the enthroned Madonna, or with an artless serious simplicity which is inexpressibly beautiful and touching. Their harmony is evidently ministering to the sweet and solemn thoughts of the saints who stand above; and its tones are not unheard by the soul of him who gazes at the picture, although unrecognised by his mortal ear. Those little earnest Bellini-musicians will often revisit the memory, always piping some persuasive strain in honour of innocence, and gentleness, and peace: and at the feet of the Infant Redeemer are sometimes placed a few fruits or flowers,—beautiful simple things which had conciliated the affections of the painter, and seemed to him not unworthy of being offered in that holy place.

The first picture of this class by Bellini I met with at Venice is in the Academy, in the same room with one of the freest and most brilliant triumphs of his great scholar—“The Assumption of the Virgin.” The fastidiousness of critical writers of an ascetic turn, has been prone to hint slightly of that glorious work of Titian's, whose liberal heaven, full of blooming joy and sweet healthy human tenderness and innocence, there honoured and exalted, it is nevertheless truly refreshing to contemplate, even as a relief, after reading their mongrel compositions, made up of sour bad theology and rambling fancy. I cordially admire that work of Titian's. It is a delightfully humane and cheering conception. Yet we can admire Bellini's melancholy tone of piety in this picture too, as an *amiable weakness*; or rather as a feeling of short duration, justified by some real intelligible sin or affliction, and not by any means a mood to be encouraged or permitted long. Nay, we think it is rendered even more striking by the contrast with Titian's blooming heaven, from which every trace of ascetic care is so properly, judiciously, and amiably banished. The work we are now approaching was formerly an altar-piece of the Church of St. Job in Venice. The Madonna, with the Bambino on her knees, is enthroned under a superb golden semi-dome or alcove; “San Giobbe,” St. Sebastian, and two sainted monks, standing in sorrowful and indeed somewhat lachrymose piety about her; whilst at her feet are seated three of those draped girl-like angels, playing on lutes and a viol. The present picture is an admirable one, though not quite a first-rate Bellini. On approaching it, you are at once hushed into a deep respect by the very atmosphere of contemplative, cloistered religious feeling which you are breathing; and it is some time before you descend to think of the magnificent but reverential elaborateness of the painting. Considerable remains of the old feebleness and meagre stiffness there are, it is true, in the drawing; but otherwise the painting is generally soft and delicate, the colouring especially meritorious, of a tender subdued warmth, beautifully clear and harmonious, animated throughout by a mild glow. The niche around the throne, with its golden semi-dome, mosaiced with Byzantine cherubim, exactly like some in St. Mark's, is, characteristically of Bellini, quite magnificent in its apparent solidity and warm transparent tone. The attendant saints—as frequently with the



painter—are, it must candidly be admitted, somewhat monkish and mawkish in their melancholy devoutness; but for this it looks as if truth and nature, or rather the mis-tempered piety under the eye of the painter, were justly responsible; for the faces and expressions have all the air of real and truthful portraits. The pity is that Bellini had not better models, and that he had not here learnt—as in his last and greatest works, accomplished at a marvellously advanced age—to represent through combined imitation and feeling, a more manly, noble, and beautiful expression of devoutness. But be this as it may, no one can doubt his perfect sincerity and tenderness of feeling, up to the measure of his light; and these it is which give a deep and edifying charm and fascination to the present work, notwithstanding its shortcomings. Bellini's pictures do not often display any very intense appreciation of physical beauty. The Madonna here, one of his most pleasing, is a somewhat interesting woman, not much above the ordinary kind, rather heavy in her form and languid in her looks. Yet a sweet feeling mildly animates her; and she is very softly and beautifully toned and painted. One of the girl-like angels beneath her, playing on a lute, has, perhaps, the prettiest face to be found in the painter's works; but that of another tends too much to the reverse. Lovely nevertheless in feeling are for the most part these innocent young beings, seated at the feet of the venerable Sanctities, and soothing you, both at first and whenever afterwards you think of them, with their looks and with the spirit-heard airs of their viols and mandolins.

Eventually it came to pass that one of our favourite pursuits at Venice was Bellini-finding. Yet, in the first instance, I am bound to say, the works of this painter disappointed us. The picture just described is by no means healthy-minded in expression; and his other productions in the same collection (small ones of subjects similar, with half-length figures) are likewise disagreeable, from the same monotonous defect of a morbid melancholy devoteism, expressed not unfrequently in visages so ill-favoured as to be altogether the reverse of pleasing. Hanghty or sickly-looking Madonnas, sometimes with weak eyes and disagreeable countenances, Bellini evidently passed lamentably too much of his long life in painting, holding up before them Bambinos, now and then *extremely* ugly, for the adoration of lackadaisical old saints, whose piety seems to be of the most rapidly sentimental kind, and younger sanctities quite dully woe-begone; these pictures being chiefly distinguished from those around them of the same period by the greater force of the colouring, which is commonly tempered by fine sober greenish tones. But with regard to subject and expression, religion here seems to have but one idea, and that idea, like even the very highest and best when entertained too long, becomes deadened and diseased from constant repetition. Madonnas and Bambinos continually required by the priesthood, and continually limned by the painters, become at length—it is here abundantly evident—very incubi on the imaginations of the latter; oppressing them most drearily, till all freshness and healthiness of feeling and conception being worn out, the lugubrious inane result becomes most cloying and wearisome to the beholder. These were the inferences which, with much unwelcome violence to our predilections, we could not escape from, after passing through long galleries in the Academy, abounding in the minor devotional pictures of that "serious and loving man," Gian Bellino—as Mr. Ruskin calls him—and his followers; and indeed we went away (absolutely we could not help it) with a mortifyingly prevalent disinclination for his works.

But soon a change came over us, and this feeling was utterly reversed. To account for so sudden an alteration in our views, we must now explain that we had not yet seen those three pictures of his which display conceptions so incomparably more beautiful, elevated, and touching than any of the others, that, on first seeing them, you would perhaps be tempted, in the true spirit of some graceful sentimental lady-critic, to entertain for a few moments the fancy that the painter's guardian angel, pleased with his good and devout intentions, and compassionating his partial deficiencies of power, had here verily and indeed guided his hand, and so done the best part of his work for him.

The first which we saw of this matchless triad was the picture in the Church of Il Santissimo Redentore, on that long narrow island to the south of the Canale della Giudecca. The morning before we first went there was cold, wet, and gloomy. No; by no means is it always sunshine and warmth in this soft Italy. The rain-drift threw quite a dim grey veil before the domed Church of Our Lady of Safety, close opposite; and the mouth of the Grand Canal was roughened with waves, brown, turbid and stormy, which required a far longer stroke, and far more vehement forward movement than usual on the part of the gondoliers, whose craft continued to shoot along extraordinarily fast, considering the impediments with which they had to contend. But what most struck me was the entirely altered appearance of the men themselves, all equipped for the weather, in high-crowned hats and long dark coats, which, reaching to the ankles, reminded me at once of my old acquaintances, the tall dismal-looking peasants of Tipperary: indeed nothing could correspond less with one's usual notions of a Venetian gondolier. The whole scene, in point of gloom and chilliness, was not unworthy of England, not unworthy of the Thames itself—*so long as it lasted*; but how different in its short duration, and in the complete oblivion of it which smiled through all the serene air within an hour or two afterwards! That which with us at home commonly remains so long, and at last quits us as slowly and gradually as care itself, lingering for days in heavy sullen shades and damps, here rolled off at once in clouds bright and solid as the silvery domes beneath them, hnger than accumulated piles of snowy alps, yet swift as victorious bannered hosts hastening away with joy and glory to receive the congratulations of their friends, their queen, and country. During our stay at Venice, at any rate, thus it was the very little wet and gloomy weather came and went; coming as if simply for the benign purpose of giving Venice a thorough right good washing; and having accomplished that object in an hour or two—and in so doing no doubt subdued in the narrower canals and purlieus a thousand smells, a thousand germs of epidemic malady—departing magnificently, cheerfully, utterly; leaving no sign of its visit except a yet purer softer blue in the heavens, a delightful lightness and freshness in the air, and sometimes (we have seen it once) an apparent *lake* in the piazza or grand square in front of St. Mark's Church, in which the cupolas and glistening mosaics, and the groves of variegated columns of that Oriental Pageant of a building, are reflected for a brief space, smoothly and vividly as in a burnished mirror. This beautiful effect, it is said, sometimes occurs in the most complete perfection during the full flow of the spring-tides, when the gondolas glide about freely in the square, and deposit their inmates at the porch of the mirrored basilica itself. But I am forgetting the Bellini. The Church of Il Santissimo Redentore, which contains it, is a thank-offering for the remission of the plague which carried

off Titian; and its notable inferiority in size and costliness to the opposite one dedicated to the Madonna on a similar occasion, is alluded to by Mr. Ruskin as illustrating neatly and appositely enough, the comparative estimation in which the Redeemer and his Mother are usually held in this part of the world. Nevertheless, Il Redentore was pronounced by Palladio's admirers of the by-gone days to be his finest church; and even such men as Beckford and Goethe, carried away by the fashion of their age, praise it ridiculously, hailing it with rapture as an object most conducive to graceful classical impressions. But it really seems marvellous that it was so admired; for what can be more unmeaning and awkward than a pediment supported by pilasters, with lower down, the ends of another pediment sticking out on each side. It is as if two façades had been shuffled, or inlaid, into each other. The composition, on the whole, reminds one much of the houses which children build with cards. The interior with its handsome Corinthian columns, and cold and bare proprieties of proportion, might perhaps have formed a tolerably appropriate rotunda for some Roman prætor to dispense justice in; and the niches around are, it may be, not altogether unworthy of receiving statues of some of the philosophers and rhetoricians of the declining empire; but certainly any figure more graceful and poetical would be ignobly placed in them, whatever Goethe and Beckford may have fancied and eloquently advanced to the contrary. Christian sanctities are, of course, wholly out of place there.

In the sacristy is the first we met with of the three first-rate Bellinis now remaining in Venice, a somewhat small very simple picture of a half-length Virgin with the infant Saviour lying in her lap, and two infant angels sitting beneath, playing on lutes. It is indeed an exquisite work. The Madonna, with something of the old Byzantine stiffness, is nevertheless highly impressive, as she sits solemnly with downcast eyes and palms together; but the two little cherub lute-players, for a truly touching infantine simplicity, are absolutely, and without any exaggeration at all, little wonders. Yes, it is quite evident here at once that old "Zuanbelin" was, in his happiest moments, one of those wizards of the brush who could stir up from their sleepy beds some of our very deepest and sweetest feelings. It is, I verily believe, to these identical little cherubims that those in Raphael's Madonna di San Sisto are so thoughtfully listening, as they lean on the threshold of heaven's court; but these, I think, in their simple, serious, artless childishness are even lovelier and more affecting. I do not remember in Art any figures of the kind more thoroughly exquisite. The one who sits to your left, looking before him, and seriously touching his mandolin, is more like a simply human child; the other, throwing up his eyes rapturously, is more cherubic and heavenly. Their lovely strains (lovely no doubt) have drawn thither a goldfinch, who quietly perches on the top of a green curtain hanging behind the Madonna: and to complete this most simple composition in that exquisite way so characteristic of these tender-thoughted early masters, three cherries, two peaches, and two pears, painted with the most affectionate delicacy, lie scattered on the sill at the foot of the picture. Some innocent child has left them there for a loving gift or offering. I should humbly imagine little "San Giovanni Battista."

There is in the same sacristy another unusually captivating Bellini, of four half-length saints standing side by side, in which a female saint and a St. John look with a beautiful expression of serene and thoughtful tenderness. It may be observed of these pictures,



generally, that the eyes are often exquisite for calm gentleness and depth of love, but that the mouths are usually weakly drawn, too small, and defective in expression, and therefore apt to leave something wanting to the moral and intellectual strength of the physiognomy. There is also a Paul Veronese of the Baptism of Christ, in which the silvery painting is admirable; but then Bellini's little lute-players would not let us escape from the conviction that there is something, as usual with the painter, much too cold and pompous in the expression, and in the conscious stateliness of the attitudes; and there are two dignified little compositions by Bassano, which make us regret that he should eventually have confined his thoughts so much to farm-yards and poultry-coops. All these pictures are highly interesting; but those children drew us away from them, and kept us ever so long fascinated, enchanted, with their sweet and innocent "spirit ditties of no tone." For so fine a work, being no flat and gilded negress of an uncouth Byzantine Madonna, this picture seems more than usually an object of religious veneration. Not simply is it protected by doors, but several odd little trumpery scraps of things, votive offerings, some of them like babies' toys, are preserved in a glass case, forming a sort of base or predella to the picture. Whilst we were yet there, one of the Capuchin monks—whose establishment is attached to the church—came right between us, and knelt down before it. "Now I should not wonder," said my companion pulling my sleeve, "from his looking so seriously at us for the last few minutes, if it has entered into his head to pray for us, and for our redemption from the awful pains and penalties of heresy."—"Do you think it likely?" thought I; "then let us away on tip-toe, lest we disturb him; beseeching heaven to reward him for his kindness; and above everything, resisting all such temptations to coarseness and hackneyed sneering at 'benighted ignorance and superstition,' as are apt to get the better of us on such occasions." Besides, let us look at home. Do we not there often meet, now-a-days, with subtle *metaphysical* superstitions as erroneous, and a thousand times more dreary and melancholy? misrepresenting as they do, most grossly, the nature and the requirements of the Supreme Being himself, through mistaken fanatical interpretations of Scripture. When we are freed from the wide growth of dull and incongruous superstitions such as these, we shall be in far better condition for plucking the mote out of our brother's eye, without the risk of bringing down on ourselves triumphant recriminations. But, meanwhile, what are these reverent little lute-players now singing?—nothing but this, "Oh be thankful for the good wishes which are sincerely breathed, whether by bonze or imaum, by priest of Buddha, or of Mahomed's Allah, or of an imaginary Queen of Heaven, named after the Blessed amongst Women who sits above us, adoring with deep awe her Maker, now resting on her knees. As for ye, Strangers, simply consider whether the errors of this man may not, peradventure, share his breast with truer and more gentle love than Truth has yet instilled in yours. Believe us, dear and respectable Signori, that with regard to him, this is the chief matter you have to consider."

From this time forward, when the little luteists first played to us in the sacristy of Il Redentore, we sought the remainder of Bellini's works with greatly heightened interest; and in gliding about to the churches which contain them, it was one of our pleasures to find out and communicate to each other such information respecting their author as our means afforded. Whilst in the garden of the Vivarini of Murano, the Byzantine grub of Art was first putting forth the butterfly wings of Vene-

tian life and splendour, a rival school, as we have said, sprung up in the city of the lagune, under Jacopo Bellini. Both his sons, Gentile and Giovanni Bellini (the latter born in the days of Doge Foscari), were brought up by him to the art to which he was himself so devotedly attached; and we are told of the pure unenvious spirit of emulation in which the two brothers were reared by their father and teacher; how he longed that Giovanui should surpass himself, and Gentile them both, and any children they might be blessed withal, rise yet higher in excellence and reputation: and well and reverently through life did his sons remember his wishes and exhortations, vying with each other in their art, but still more in affection; each praising the other and attributing less merit to himself,—a custom which in Gentile was truth, and in Giovanni *may* have been modest sincerity, though it is not easy to think so, unless he alluded merely to some particular kinds of merit. In his own age his fame, which has come forth again in our days, after being thrust back to the wall for nearly three centuries, must have been widely known indeed, since we hear that the Grand Signor Mahomet II. sent for him, and that Louis XI., of France, urgently begged of the Barefooted Friars of San Francisco della Vigna, one of his pictures, a Pietà, the reputation of which had reached him. Cardinal Bembo commends him in a sonnet, for a beautiful portrait of his mistress; and Ariosto wreathes his name in the sweet immortal garland of a rhyme, with those of his brother-in-law Andrea Mantegna, and Leonardo da Vinci, as one of the most celebrated painters of the age. In Germany, too, his fame was extended by Albert Durer, whose testimony is especially gratifying, since it bears record also of his moral worth. It was in Bellini's eightieth year that the unhappy Durer, slipping for a while his conjugal tether, quite ran away, and paid a second visit to Venice; where, by way of an inspiring contrast to his recent privations and humiliating miseries, he speedily found himself an object of general interest. Indeed his house was soon so besieged by nobles, musicians, and learned men, that he was sometimes obliged to hide himself for a few hours unmolested, quiet. "One would take them for most charming men," he writes: "They well know that one is not ignorant of their follies; but they only laugh at it." Except of Bellini, who warmly praised and encouraged him, Durer had much cause to complain of the painters here; for no less than thrice did they summon him vexatiously before the magistrates, because without paying the dues of their Companies, he had ventured to paint in Venice. "I have many friends here," he writes to his friend Willibald Peckheimer, "who have warned me neither to eat nor drink with their painters; among whom I have many enemies. They exhibit copies of my works in their churches, and other buildings, and afterwards disparage them because they are not antique. However, Bellini praised me in the presence of many gentlemen, and paid me a visit, and asked me to paint him something, for which he promised to pay me well. Everybody tells me he is *gran galantuomo*, and my best wishes are his. He is very old, but still the best painter we have." This preference, at a time when Giorgione and Titian had accomplished many an exquisite triumph in their bold and easy new manner, is remarkable, and highly characteristic of Durer. Bellini wished for the pencil with which he painted hair so minutely; when Durer held out a number of every size, and invited him to take whichever he liked, observing that he could do his finer work with any one of them,—such was his facility of hand.

The excellence of Bellini's portraits is said by Vasari, to have first led to the custom which soon became general in Venice, amongst the upper classes, of having their likenesses preserved in their palaces, as family memorials of ancestral worth, beauty and distinction. Few of Bellini's now remain; the finest existing is probably the Lionardo Loredano in our own National Gallery; and thoroughly well it realises one's ideas of a Doge of Venice of the better sort. The firm but mild mouth, the calm sagacious eyes, the flesh thin and rigid, not merely with age but with honourable toil, the plain upright port—all these are worthy the prince who upheld the fortunes of the republic in a most trying hour, and by his wisdom and magnanimity, averted the ruin threatened by the League of Cambray. How much this picture\* makes one regret the loss of the numerous portraits of distinguished Venetians with which Giovanni enriched those large historical paintings of his in the ducal palace, which employed so much of his life, and were so soon afterwards destroyed by fire. Some of his portraits were, on a certain embassy, presented by the Signory to Mahomet II., and though such works are forbidden by the Koran, the Sultan was so fascinated with their life-like appearance, that when, soon after, he dispatched his messenger, "a Jewish orator," to invite the Doge to his son's marriage, he requested that marvellous limner (whose handy-work seemed to show that he had some Afrit of peeniar powers at his beck) might be immediately sent to him. The senate, however, reluctant to part with their favourite painter, especially as he was then employed in decorating the public palace with the paintings just alluded to, sent his elder brother Gentile instead, though Gentile was then an old man. Vasari, with that simple amiable feeling which renders many a page of his work delightful, and which is lamentably contrasted by the slavish unfeeling pseudo-Michael Angelism of his paintings, draws a very pleasing picture of the affection which ever subsisted between these two brothers, Zuan and Zentil Belin (as they were called in the old Venetian dialect), of the high esteem in which they were held, and of the long and prosperous career which rewarded their uprightness, modesty, kindness, and general moral worth. Giovanni lived to the age of ninety, having survived his brother nine years. They were both buried in SS. Giovanni e Paolo, or *Zanzenopolo*, as it is called in Sanuto's diary, in which a few very slight but characteristic allusions to them may be met with.

In the church which shelters their grave, there is a large picture by Giovanni—an altarpiece of the enthroned Madonna and Child, with several saints beneath, and a group of infant angels singing. It is painted in *tempera*, and not in his best time; and now, having been restored—that is to say, grossly overdaubed—twice, is so disagreeable and *ugly* as to be likely to nauseate hasty visitors altogether with the venerable Bellini—though in its present state it may be that there is scarcely a line in it which does not debase and caricature his work. Our next Bellini was the Christ at Emmaus, in the Church of San Salvatore, which Kugler styles one of the finest works of the painter and of the period; whilst Mr. Ruskin, on the other hand, considers it as of little value, and so unlike Bellini's manner as to be in all probability wrongly ascribed to him. The last

\* The Doge's dress is the very perfection of painting. The drawing of the face, though rigid, is grand; the expression of the eyes and mouth wonderfully fine and characteristic. Altogether it is one of the most admirable and valuable of portraits. Our "Madonna and Child," by Bellini, is highly characteristic in its solemn greenish harmonies of tone, and in expression more interesting and beautiful than any of the painter's smaller works of the same class in Venice.



of these contrary opinions appears to be the correct one. Speaking of the Saviour's face, Kugler says, "Divinity is stamped on his marvellous features." Surely, when he beheld the picture, his fancy must have superseded the use of his eyes, for the countenance in question is wholly inexpressive, with a hard cold unmeaning stare, altogether devoid of intellectual and moral beauty. "Divinity!"—I feel sure the reader would say that this stiff cold figure is that of a very ordinary and somewhat disagreeable person. These two works might be passed over, but not so Giovanni's picture in the Church of the Frari, perhaps the fourth most excellent of his paintings now remaining, executed late in his artistic forenoon at sixty-two years of age, and scarcely equalled by any of his other productions for delicacy of finish and tender richness of effect. In the centre of its three compartments the Madonna, azure-robed and hooded, is seated with the Sacred Child under a golden semidome. She has a somewhat full round face, with a very gentle but languid expression in her soft eyes: the child stands on her lap with a sturdy stiffness which is decidedly awkward and unpleasing. Below them are two little infant angels crowned with flowers, and seriously engaged with their musical instruments—one blowing a pipe, and the other inclining his ear to ascertain whether his lute is in tune. You might take them for two little elves, or fairies, rather than cherubs. In each of the side compartments stands a pair of priest-saints, not prepossessing individuals—one looking harsh and arrogant, and another with an untenderly whining expression; both of them being peculiarly and intensely like Romish ecclesiastics of somewhat sinister and equivocal kind. The second, one cannot help fancying such as would not mind telling a little ephe-meral lie now and then, for the sake of the eternal truths of the church, or arguing with a sufficiently bland and oily tongue in favour of the divine and benignant "theory of persecution." These heads look like living portraits; and as illustrations of character they are very precious; but such expressions, *when given to saints*, indicate that the perception of moral and intellectual beauty on the part of the painter is still imperfect. The warm rich colouring (of the central compartment especially), and the solidity, purity, softness, and finish of the painting, however, are superb, and certainly tempt one not a little to fancy that Bellini had near his palette, or at all events brightly in his heart's memory the while, some wondrous, dear old work by Hubert or John Van Eyck,—Uberto or Giovanni da Bruggia, as the Italians called them. In those days, when treasures from the remotest countries kept pouring into Venice, it is well known that the somewhat homely, yet truly devout, and marvellously coloured and finished early pictures of Bruges were not unfrequently to be met with there. Indeed, it has been ascertained that Hans Memling, or Giovanni Memellino, as the Italians called him, resided for some time in Venice. Yet I think Lord Lindsay much over-rates the obligations of the early Venetian to the early Flemish painters, when he says that the former derived their excellence in colour chiefly through the example of the latter. His impression that the Venetians did not display that power previous to an intimate connection between the two schools, is more than questionable, but at all events, they could not develop it fully until they became acquainted with a more powerful medium, such as Van Eyck's technical ingenuity supplied them with: so soon as that was introduced amongst them, their tints deepened, brightened, and softened at once to a beauty and magnificence which fully rivalled the Flemings, if they did not surpass them. Especially remarkable here, is the never-surpassed proficiency in Van Eyck's new

medium, shown by one of the very first Italians who used it, in this gentle azure-robed Madonna of the Golden Dome, in the memory-haunting sacristy of Santa Maria Gloriosa de' Frari.

It was one of our excursions in search of the works of this painter that took us to the Church of Gli Scalzi, in the north part of the city,—a structure which, from the rare costliness of its materials, has become one of the prime favourites of the Venetians of the present days. The interior is of that kind of architecture which the Church of Rome has delighted to produce since it was left to itself: the principal details pseudo-classical, but so broken up, betwisted, beflourished, and beflooned, and so further encumbered by a variegated confusion and waste of most costly marbles, that the first impression of the whole is as of some immense clumsy fabric, reared all of smart Dresden china. Let us add the theatrical statues of saints, attitudinizing in the mawkish affectation of pain and pious rapture, amidst sculptured feather-bed clouds, sunbeams, disorderly windy drapery, and a variety of other such things, which Sculpture, in her decrepitude, took it into her head to represent in vainest emulation of painting, and then it will assuredly be sufficiently manifest that nothing could be more purely abominable in taste. We should ourselves have retreated precipitately, even as from some offensive odour or sound, had not the exquisite beauty of many of the separate pieces of marble detained us with its fascination—the rich blood-jasper, the cipollino, the lapis-lazuli, the black *paragonia*, as our cicerone called it. These precious materials line the little side chapels throughout, panel door after door, and seem to hang out of the windows in imitation of tapestry; they cover the floors in simulation of carpets, and the walls in Florentine inlaying of trees, and fruits, and flowers, and birds, and soar in huge lustrous columns to the ceilings; but only, alas! to lead the eye to Saints, and Virgins, and cupid-like cherubs painted there, reeling and tumbling in the clouds, like the nymphs and goddesses on the ceiling of an opera.

The monk who conducted us through the building, was so contrasted in the boorishness of his manners and most neglected person with all this material splendour, that he reminded us immediately of Savonarola's complaint that, whereas in the best ages of the church her vessels were of wood, and her priests of gold, in modern times, the reverse was unhappily the case. He was civil enough, and not uncommunicative in his way, certainly; but St. Francis himself, in the exalted exercise of one of his favourite vows,—that is to say, in the fulness of his purely spiritual disregard of soap and water,—could scarcely have worn a more darkly ingrained complexion; and few uncultivated tillers of the earth ever had a ruder physiognomy than resulted from his thick blubber lips and flat broad features. Another monk, no less dirty, but of a more meagre and emaculated appearance, passed through the chapels as we were examining them, simpering most seraphically, wagging his head from side to side affectedly, and curtsying right and left at the altars as he silently went along. A piteous spectacle! the contrast supplied by which made all the heartless care and cost bestowed on the inanimate things around him seem ten times worse than they had seemed before. The Bellini, to which we fled for relief from this painful subject, is a disagreeable picture—an ugly Madonna with an ugly child. It seems to have been produced in a state of somewhat sour and dreary pseudo-spirituality, in which the painter had risen to the height of lightly esteeming personal beauty, but had there stuck, and got no further.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE KING AT HOLYROOD.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. W. Greatbach, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 6 ft. 3 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 3 ft. 11 $\frac{3}{4}$  in.

SINCE the downfall of the Stuart dynasty, Scotland had not welcomed her sovereign king till George IV. visited the country in the autumn of 1822, not very long after his accession to the British throne. Though recent events of a political nature had contributed to render the monarch unpopular with a large number of his people, his northern subjects gave him a hearty and loyal reception: the visit was an epoch in their later history, and whatever opinion they generally entertained upon the questions which had agitated the public mind, the only exhibition of their feelings was the manifestation of a generous and kindly welcome that was most gratifying to the royal recipient. As a memorial of the event, he gave commissions to Wilkie, who held the office of "King's Limner for Scotland," to paint two pictures, one the "Reception of his Majesty at the Palace of Holyrood, on the 15th of August, 1822;" the other, a "Portrait of the King in the dress of the Royal Tartan, in which he held his Court at Holyrood, on the 17th of August." It is the former of these which is the subject of the annexed engraving: the following key to the picture appeared in the catalogue of the Royal Academy, where both works were exhibited in 1830:—

"We'll show him wit, we'll show him lair,  
With gallant lads and lasses fair;  
And what wad kind heart wish for mair  
Carle now the king's come?"—Sir W. Scott.

"In the principal station of the picture is represented the King, accompanied by a page and the exon of the yeoman of the guard, with horsemen behind, announcing by sound of trumpet, to all ranks of his expecting subjects, the arrival of the royal visitor to the palace of his ancestors.

"In front of his Majesty the Duke of Hamilton, first peer of Scotland, in the plaid of the Earls of Arran, is presenting the keys of the palace, of which he is hereditary keeper. On the right of the King is the Duke of Montrose, Lord Chamberlain, pointing towards the entrance of the palace, where is stationed the Duke of Argyll, in his family tartan, as hereditary Keeper of the Household. Behind him is the crown of Robert the Bruce, supported by Sir Alexander Keith, hereditary Knight Marshal, attended by his squires with the sceptre and sword of state. Near him is carried the mace of the exchequer, anciently the chancellor's mace, when Scotland was a separate kingdom. On the left of the picture, in the dress of the royal archers, who served as the king's body-guard, is the late Earl of Hopetoun, and close by him, in the character of historian or bard, is Sir Walter Scott. These are accompanied by a varied crowd, among whom are some females and children, pressing forward with eagerness to see and to welcome their Sovereign upon this joyous and memorable occasion."

Wilkie, as it has already been stated, received the commission for the picture, and commenced it soon after the King's visit to Scotland, in 1822; but it was not completed and exhibited till eight years after. In the intermediate time the artist had journeyed into Spain, and had returned with his eyes and his mind filled with the prevailing characteristics of the colouring of the Spanish school of painting, in which browns predominate: in most of the pictures painted by Wilkie after his visit—and in none more so than in this—we find him adopting the free use of brown pigments, oftentimes without reference to their applicability to the objects represented. Hence, as in the picture engraved here, the colouring is heavy, and in certain portions of the work untrue to nature. The genius of the artist did not accord altogether with subjects of this class; moreover, the picture was composed, in a considerable degree, almost under the direction of the royal patron, so that Wilkie was scarcely left to follow the dictates of his own taste, experience, and judgment: had it been otherwise, we should doubtless have seen such alterations in the composition as would leave it less open to objection than it now is. It would be absurd to deny that the picture is marred by formality and affectation.

The painting is at Windsor Castle.





SIR D. WILKIE, R.A. PINX.

W. GREATBACH SCULPT.

# THE KING AT HOLYROOD.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION







## COLOURING STATUES.\*

IN a former number, I stated my view that the marble statues of the Greeks were not painted, but that the vast ivory idols of the divinities of the temples usually were; and I purpose to continue the subject with a few more remarks. I called attention to ivory not being in itself a truer imitation of flesh than the finest kinds of marble, or at least that opinion would differ on this subject, or at any rate, even if some might prefer the tint of ivory, that it was not preferable to marble to that degree as to counterbalance its perishable quality when laid on in thin plates, as was the case with the cruseo-elephantine statues. In these instances the joinings could never have been perfectly hidden, and there must have been a world of trouble connected with such a surface even after it was perfectly adjusted. In some cases we are told it was moistened by means of oil, at others of water. The manufacture of these idols is elaborately set forth in the magnificent work on the Olympian Jove by Quatremere de Quincey, and seems to have been of the most troublesome and intricate character—I had almost said undignified—being put together on wood cores, being hollow within, and strengthened in the interior with rods of metal and various appliances; which hollowness was requisite probably not only for strengthening the structure, but for adjusting and fixing the ivory and gold plates of the surface from within.

The sculptor prides himself on his art for its lasting qualities; but these cruseo-elephantine idols had not this dignity, and must have required the utmost attention to keep them in good repair. We are inclined to call sculpture *par excellence* the lasting, the imperishable art, and yet here were the highest subjects of the time executed in materials so little calculated to last, that not only not a vestige of any of them have come down to the present time, but they must have been about the first things in the temple to decay. The marble statues of the Parthenon are not very much more destroyed than the columns, but not a "pinch of dust" is left of the daughter of Jove.

How just is the retribution that the idols should have perished, while other works of the same art, less closely connected with the grossness of superstition, have remained. How much have we to thank the Providence, which, while it crumbled these Greek Dagons, garnered up for us in less perishable materials so many triumphs of Greek art.

We have no definite accounts how the cruseo-elephantine style of art first grew up in Greece. It was not borrowed from the Egyptians, from whom the Greeks borrowed so much, for not only have we no records of such works having been ever executed in Egypt, but it is wholly opposed to the spirit of Art in that ancient country, which emulated eternity in the steadfastness of her productions; and if it was heralded in by the Phœnicians, we have no account of any works on a similar scale being executed in that country, or by any other Asiatic race. It appears, at least to all the degree in which it prevailed among the Greeks, to have been an indigenous growth, although for their ivory they were of course indebted to other lands. It does not seem, however, to have been universally adopted.

On the authority of a passage in Valerius Maximus, we understand that Phidias desired to execute the Minerva in the Parthenon *not* in ivory and gold, but in marble, but that he was overruled; and this reason is given,—that marble was not thought a material sufficiently expensive and precious to do sufficient honour to the goddess. But it is evident that this could not have been the true cause, for the quantity of ivory requisite for a cruseo-elephantine statue would not have been more expensive than to have obtained huge blocks of sufficient scantling to have executed the colossus satisfactorily; and the gold and other precious enhancements could as well have been applied to a statue in marble as in any other material.

The difficulties of the manufacture of such vast statues of ivory and gold as the Jupiter at Elis, the Minerva at Athens by Phidias, and the Juno and Æsculapius by Polyctetus, are perhaps sufficiently illustrated by the quotation in the last article from

Muller on the subject; but they are mentioned also by Flaxman, and are elaborately detailed by Quatremere de Quincey. It is further illustrated by these authors that the trouble of keeping them in repair was also very great, the veneers of ivory which formed the surface of the flesh being liable to curl, unless very securely fixed, and to gape and display the joinings from time to time, ivory being a material that swells and contracts according to the state of the atmosphere. In addition to this, the perishableness of statues constructed in this manner requires no illustration; and when we consider how opposed such perishableness was to the spirit of anything consecrated to the gods, especially their images, and that ivory in itself is not superior to fine marble in the imitation of flesh, indeed, when left to itself, it is apt to become very yellow and somewhat ghastly in effect, it seems forced on us that there must have been some other substantial reason for the employment of ivory instead of marble.

I repeat that I consider this was that these great idols were desired to be coloured, and were so, if not quite up to the hues of human flesh, yet to a pretty close simulation of it; and that ivory, instead of marble, was employed as more suitable for colouring. Ivory is a material still selected for the most delicate of all painting, miniature painting, and is also capable of being indelibly and beautifully stained; and in one of these two methods, I believe, the flesh-surfaces of these great statues to have been tinted. And, let it be observed, that this view of the subject, if allowed, affords a double light; not only does it elucidate why ivory was used for these works, but also shows why marble was not—viz., because it was not thought suitable for receiving colour, and moreover illustrates that it was *not* the practice of the Greeks so to treat the latter material; for if they were in the habit of colouring marble, why, *par excellence*, was it not used in this manner in these cases?

It may be suggested that Phidias's objection did not probably stop short at not wishing the statue to be made of ivory and wood, &c., but extended to the wish that it should not be coloured; and that, if his idea had been carried out, the whole treatment of the Parthenon might have been modified by such adoption of a simpler style for the figure which, forming the acmé of the whole, would have given the key to the whole decoration of the building.

I conceive, as I have said before, that the style of temple sculpture among the Greeks was by no means uniform, but, on the contrary, various. The simple style in which Phidias desired to execute the colossal Minerva was not without precedent; but the more elaborate and decorated style was preferred by the priests and the people. Phidias, no doubt, viewed the future statue more as a work of Art; the priests more as an engine of state religion; and the priests prevailed, the consequence of which is that their idol utterly perished long ago; whereas, had the artist had his way, some lordly fragments would probably have remained to the present time to give us a still higher veneration than we even now have for the triumphant sculpture of that period.

In entertaining the view, however, that these great statues of the presiding divinities of the temple were thus done in ivory for the purpose of being coloured, so as nearly to imitate the hues of flesh, we must not suppose that they had a common vulgar effect like wax figures, to which we seem to have an instinctive repugnance. This, indeed, would have defeated the very object for which the priests were so anxious. No doubt the exquisite artistic taste that characterises nearly everything that has come down to us from the Greeks in anything like perfection, was also exerted to the utmost degree upon these works. The Minerva of the Parthenon was no sham of an actual being (even the mere scale of the work would have prevented this), but a bold attempt to realise the celestial idea of a being solemn, impassive, far above the human level, and through whose veins coursed not blood, but celestial ichor.

I conceive, then, that in these works the Art-craft (so to speak) was overruled by the Priestcraft; and, in considering this branch of the sculptures of the Greeks, we must hold in view that they were not only works of Art, but that the native truth of Art in its inherent principles was bent to

be the instrument of a false religion, in creating images which were to be the objects of worship. These were created at vast expense to be the means in the hands of the priestcraft to rule the people and impose upon the public. In the temples that contained them a "dim, mysterious light" reigned around, produced in part by the overlapping of the centre roof over the side roof, for the protection of the interior, affording but a modified triforium-like light, and in part by the sacred veils, which probably were also coloured, so as to produce an effect analogous to that of the painted windows in our cathedrals. All was shadowy; the dimness that reigned around increased the apparent proportions of the divine occupant, and harmonised the general effect of the colours.

Dramatic effect in their worship was ever sought by the Greeks, and it has been supposed that it was only at certain times that the divinities were unveiled at all. Doubtless, on these occasions of unfolding them to the eyes of enthusiastic worshippers, every means were taken to work upon their senses. Ceremony lent its impression, and music and the chant their charm, and sacrificial incense waved before the god in curling clouds, like those of his imaginary heaven, from behind which moving veil the votary might deem he saw his divinity frown or smile. To effect impressions like this naturally led to these statues being very nearly fully painted, so as the more to awe and terrify; and whatever might have been the taste of the artist, he had to bend to these requirements.

It appears, however, probable that just as Mr. Penrose observes with respect to the marble surface of the architecture—viz., "that it played a considerable part in the appearance of the temple," it is also probable that the ivory statues were not ever heavily painted, but rather that the translucent quality of the ivory was taken advantage of by the most delicate colours that would enter into the material, like a stain rather than by body colour applied over the surface. I have alluded to both methods as probable, but quite incline to the view that staining colours were probably used, not only as more beautiful, but as more durable. Still, however, as we have no positive evidence on the subject, it is safest to suppose that no constant identity existed in the treatment of these statues, still keeping in view that the actual material—as this was always precious in cherished works to a more or less degree—played a considerable part in the variety of tint produced. This was probably more especially the case as regarded the outer decorations, as such treatment was more adapted to withstand the elements than any adjuncts of paint, the repair of which, too, would be attended with great trouble, as it would have of course to be done in an exquisite manner, not unworthy of the other parts of the structure.

It appears, indeed, probable that what was effected in the way of variety and relief of tint on the outside sculpture, was chiefly carried out by means of variety of material and not by paint. If actual paint, for instance, had been used on the statues in the tympana of the Parthenon, Minerva might just as well have had a marble helmet painted or gilt as a bronze one, the holes for affixing which are still remaining; and the same as regards the buttons and other adjuncts. If any general slight stain, however, was applied to the broad surfaces of the architecture, it is probable that the outer statues received the same treatment to harmonise them with the architecture; for the same reason that caused in them a distribution of coloured material to carry off that similarly introduced on the outside architecture, as the shields which were hung round the entablature, &c. Also, it is highly probable that a faint blue stain was introduced at the back of the tympana, to increase the relief of the figures they contained.

As regards the frieze under the colonnade being protected from the weather, it would hear, if requisite, a higher degree of decoration: but as the forms in it are so small in comparison with those on the outside, a similar treatment with that in the tympana would give the effect of being more decorated. They were probably relieved by a faint blue background of an atmospheric character, and the bridles, helmets, buttons, and even the hoofs of the horses might have been gilt. These reliefs of men and horses in this frieze had no light from

\* Continued from page 20.



above, but were lit from below by reflection from the marble pavement, in the same way as the faces and forms of performers are at the theatre when they advance to the footlights. A somewhat similar effect may be perceived where dust has been allowed to accumulate on casts of such works, producing much such dark tints on the upper surfaces as would be caused by light from below. These Parthenaic reliefs, in especial, are remarkably well displayed under such circumstances, whence it is evident this effect on them was studied. It does not appear probable that the colouring in these works was carried much further than I have mentioned above, as any distinguishing of the horses by colour wholly destroys the beauty of the groups as a continuous piece of ornament, which is the great feature of their decorative effect; and their relief being very flat, and their effects of light and shade most delicately studied, points decisively to their distinctness not having been destroyed by any addition of various and full colour. If, however, more of their surface was treated with colour than that of the tympanum statues, I conceive it was by means of sub-tinting with the most delicate stains.

Having thus, in some measure, considered that class of statues which were probably tinged, or painted, or coloured by difference of material in various degrees, we come to those which I conceive there is sufficient evidence to show were monochrome, their surface being left pure. Among these I submit were the superior marble statues—not specially used as idols, and not secondary to architectural effect.

The Venus of Cnidos, by Praxiteles, was doubtless, on the whole, the most celebrated statue of antiquity. So great was the admiration of this work, that Nicomedes, King of Bithynia, offered to remit the whole public debt of the city if they would allow him to be the possessor of it; but so highly was it prized by the Cnidians that they rejected the offer. They built a small circular temple expressly for it, open on all sides, so that it could be seen in all views, and surrounded the spot where it stood with every beauty of trees and flowers that their climate could supply.

Neither was the admiration of this statue confined to the King of Bithynia and the Cnidians themselves. "Many persons," Pliny states, "sailed to Cnidos with no other object but to gaze on this statue." "It was," he adds, "not only the finest statue of Praxiteles, but the finest statue in the world. Every point of view was beautiful," and visitors remarked that, "whichever way they approached her the goddess smiled benignantly on them;" but not a word about colouring does there appear in the whole account. Now is it probable that if colouring was really considered an essential enhancement to the highest class of marble statues, that it would have been omitted on this great occasion? or, if the eyes had been painted blue, and the hair blonde, or any other colour, and the flesh tinted, would Pliny's account have been completed without any allusion to it?

But Lucian enters still more into particulars as regards this statue. In the "Amores," (13, vol. v.), he tells us that the mouth was a little open, and somewhat smiling. In another part of his works, he goes on to expatiate on the beauty of the hair and forehead, and admires the precise yet delicate eyebrows; but not a word of the colour of the hair and eyebrows! He then makes especial mention of the swimming softness of the eyes, but not a hint of their hue, which surely he would have mentioned had they been painted, or even tinged ever so slightly.

The statue was nude, the position of one hand like one of the Venus de Medici; the other holding a pendant of drapery that fell over a vase: but there is no mention of colour even on these.

But the part of the evidence on this marvel of ancient Art yet to come is the most important, as it has direct reference to the surface of the nude portions of the figure having been left untouched. The statue, Lucian says, was made of Parian marble (*Παριανὴ δὲ λίθος*), and a blemish or a stain on the left thigh, he says, was the more remarkable on account of the extraordinary brilliancy (*λαμπρότης*) of the marble. Now whatever fancied foil such a stain might be in the idea of the loving possessors of this statue, this remark can be considered but an ingenious defence of a blemish in that they loved. The

artist, we may be sure, was not of this way of thinking. Solicitous as sculptors are to obtain the most beautiful and unblemished marble, especially for nude figures, there is no doubt that Praxiteles would have done all he could to conceal the blemish in question. And if his friend Nicias had been in the habit of finishing the flesh of the sculptor's works by painting, it would have been on this occasion that his services would have been particularly in requisition.

Painted, it appears to me, as regards the flesh, certainly this statue was not, or the stain in question would have been assuredly the first thing to have been concealed. Neither could it have been even stained,—the word *λαμπρότης* is conclusive on this point. The sparkle and brilliancy of marble is at once destroyed by any foreign substance applied, as it hinders the lambeuency produced by the reflection of light from its innumerable crystals far down in the material. One might as well attempt to varnish a diamond!

That the ancient Greeks did their best to obtain for their highest class of works the most precious quality of marble is evidenced by every bit having been scooped out of Paros,—the pure quality of which, when untampered with, is perfectly expressed by Lucian's word—*λαμπρότης*. Any one who, having the opportunity of examining a fine specimen of Parian marble perceives the purely brilliant, lightsome character it possesses, like that of the milky-way, will acknowledge how descriptive is the epithet applied to it by Lucian as existing in the surface of the statue he describes, and how certainly any application over it would mar the quality he mentions.

Thus we have seen that there was no marble statue of ancient time, that was prized or honoured as this statue of Venus was; and yet we have evidence of the strongest nature that, in her case, not only the flesh was neither painted nor stained, but that neither the eyes nor hair were tinged. No impartial judge can have any doubt (in consulting the above passages from Pliny and Lucian) that if these parts were coloured, it would have been mentioned in so detailed a description. It is impossible to deny the above conclusion as regards this work, and further in respect to the general practice of painting marble statues of the same class, the evidence is the stronger from the very fact of its being negative. Had Pliny or Lucian felt called on to specify that the Venus of Cnidos was not painted or stained, it might have been argued that she was an exception in this respect to the general rule; but not a word is said on the subject. In fact these writers both treat the subject just as we should now, or at any time when the painting of statues is ignored.

Among the meagre and vague details that we have in the way of evidence on the painting of statues by the ancients, it appears most fortunate for the interests of pure Art that the above most important evidence should remain to us that this *chef-d'œuvre* of ancient Art was decidedly not painted or stained as regards the flesh. Further, it is valuable inasmuch as it conveys the strongest presumption also that neither the eyes nor hair were coloured in any degree. Moreover, it is to be remarked that it contains no allusion whatever to such additions even on the secondary parts, as the drapery or the base. In addition to this, the passages in question contain no hint that the above purity of surface was any way unusual; and in the absence of all positive evidence whatever that the highest class of marble statues of ancient time were coloured, the silence of Pliny and Lucian in this case must be taken as proving that the colouring of statues was by no means universal with the Greeks, but that it was common for them to leave the marble surface of their best works wholly untouched, as has been the recognised mode in the best modern times.

In regarding therefore this whole section of the subject, it appears from the preceding considerations that the question of the colouring of their statues by the Greeks is not a simple one, and that not only is there no reason to suppose that the same mode prevailed with respect to all statues, but the evidence of the contrary is direct and plain. The Venus of Cnidos was not coloured. Some of the other statues of Praxiteles appear to have gone under the hands of an eucastic painter, and may have had some of

the adjuncts tinted; but there is no mention at all with regard to his works of the flesh, eyes, eyebrows, or hair being coloured, although he probably executed works in various ways. There appear, however, to have been other works of the greatest importance connected with architecture that had coloured adjuncts by means of different materials. There were also those colossal occupants of temples, that were covered with ivory, probably for the purpose of being tinted, at least to a subdued imitation of natural colours. And there were the Archaic statues, and those connected with licentious rites, in which their crudity of form and exaggeration of character were probably carried out in the colour that was added.

The chief passages in the ancient writers bearing on this subject of colouring statues exist in the works of Plato, Pausanias, Pliny, Lucian, Virgil, and Plutarch. But the array of all these would be out of place in these brief remarks; and also what information they really afford, is confined to a few passages. I have detailed those which appeared to me the most important. The most valuable of them all, being, I conceive, those from Pliny and Lucian just quoted, which evidence that no colour was used on the pure Parian surface of the far-famed Venns of Cnidos.\*

JOHN BELL.

## VEGETABLE COLOURS USED IN THE ARTS.

### MADDER.

As a dye drug, madder is of equal importance with indigo, and in some respects superior to it. It yields, by different modes of treatment, several very beautiful and permanent colours. Madder is the root of the *Rubia tinctorum*, a plant which is grown extensively in the Levant, in France, and in Holland. This plant was certainly known both to the Greeks and the Romans, and appears to have been used by them as a dye drug. Dioscorides describes a plant *creuthodanon*, which is no doubt our madder, and he says, "The thin long roots, which are red, serve for dyeing, and are cultivated in Galilee and in Italy."

It was a belief among the Romans, that sheep which were fed on madder had red wool; and the poets Martial and Virgil describe in their verses flocks which were thus coloured, and from whose wool, coloured garments were woven. It is a fact that madder has the property of colouring the solid parts, as the bones, of animals which have been for some time fed upon the plant, but we are not aware that any modern experiments have been made upon the wool. Beckmann states that the discovery of the fact that madder colours the bones of animals red, dates no further back than 1736. His words are—"In the above year, however, a property of it was discovered by accident, as usual,† which rendered it an object of more attention. John Belchier, an English surgeon, having dined with a cotton-printer, observed that the bones of the pork which were brought to the table were red. As he seemed surprised at the circumstance, his host assured him that the redness was occasioned, by the swine feeding on the water mixed with bran, in which the cotton cloth was boiled, and which was coloured by the madder used in printing it. Belchier, to whom this effect was new, convinced himself by experiments, that the red colour of the bones had arisen from the madder employed in printing the cotton, and from no other cause." He communicated his observations to the Royal Society, and they are printed in their transactions.

This paper drew the attention of naturalists to the subject, and numerous experiments were made, which fully confirmed Belchier's statements. Pliny

\* To be continued.

† There are few more absurd errors committed by writers, than that desire which they show to bring all discoveries within the lists of accidents. By observation, all discoveries are made, but the mind must have been duly prepared beforehand to derive any benefit from the thing observed, and which had, without doubt, been noticed hundreds, or even thousands of times previously. In the above example quoted by Beckmann, the coloured bones had been known to men through all time; and it is only when one mind more educated than others remark the phenomenon, that man derives any benefit in the way of useful application—that, indeed, what we call a discovery is made.



states, in his 24th Book, that the *ereuthodanon* was, in his native tongue, called *rubia*, and that its red roots were used to dye wool and leather red. The cotton dyers, through the middle ages, evidently employed madder as a dye.

The best madder roots are about the size of a goose-quill, they are semi-transparent and reddish, with a strong odour and a smooth bark. There are several madders known in commerce, as Dutch madder, madder of Avignon, Levant madder, and Alsace madder.

**DUTCH MADDER.**—The Flemish refugees are said to have instructed the Dutch in the use of, and the mode of preparing these roots. These madder roots are coarsely ground by the Dutch cultivators; they have a greasy feel and a nauseous odour. The powdered root varies much in colour, exhibiting almost every variety of shade between a brown and an orange red. Much of this is due to the quantity of moisture which the powder contains; for if good brown madder is placed in a damp spot, it passes from this brown tint, gradually through orange to a fine red. By this mode the quality of madder may be determined. Dutch madder is never employed fresh, it is always kept one year, and it is said to be improved by keeping for three years. The madder root being gathered and powdered is kept in casks, and in the first year or two, it undergoes some peculiar internal change; it becomes much brighter in colour, and coheres firmly together, often swelling so much that the bottom of the cask assumes a convex form. Dutch madder is known as *cropped* and *uncropped*—signifying, that in one case the bark has been removed, whereas in the other case it has not. It is also known as *null*, and *superfine*.

**THE MADDER OF AVIGNON** differs in many respects from the Dutch. Its odour is very agreeable; the taste a bitter-sweet, and the colour varying from a pink or rose hue to a reddish brown. The finest madders are those which have grown in marshy places, and especially in soils which have been greatly enriched by an admixture of animal and vegetable matters: such soils are called by distinction *palus*, and hence the name has been employed to indicate the quality of madder sent into the market. The varieties in commerce of the madders of central France, are indicated by the following table of the marks by which this dye drug is known:—

1. Null } without any distinctive marks.
2. In sorts }
3. FF, signifying fine.
4. SF, superfine.
5. SFF, ditto superior.
6. SFFF, ditto very superior.
7. EXTFF, extra fine.
8. EXTSF, extra superfine.
9. EXTSSF, very extra superfine;

and to these marks are added—

- P to signify *palus* (marshy).  
R " roseate.  
PP " pure *palus*.  
RPP " for pure red *palus*:

and thus we may sometimes see parcels marked

EXTSFFRPP,

signifying *extra-superfine pure red palus* (or marshy) madder, which contains the heart or centre of the roots, and the internal part of the oily ring which surrounds it. It is also twice sifted, so as to separate the fine parts completely from the null. Avignon and the adjoining districts prepare annually 4,200,000 kilogrammes (the kilogramme being rather more than 2 pounds avoirdupoise).

**ALSACE MADDER** is not unlike the Dutch; it is, however, almost always barked or cropped, but it is not considered to be equal to the production of Holland as a colouring matter.

**LEVANT MADDER** is the roots merely cleaned and scraped: it is in slender fibres, brown externally, and red internally. We receive it from Smyrna and from Cyprus.

The preparation of madders is carried on to a very large extent in the department of the Rhone; the following is the process of preparation to which it is ordinarily submitted:—The roots are dried in a stove, heated by a furnace, from which the air is allowed to issue only at intervals, at the moment when it is judged to be saturated with moisture. The furnace-flue usually occupies a considerable portion of the floor; and above it are arranged three close gratings, on which the roots are distributed in layers of about eight inches deep. At the end of

twenty-four hours, those which are on the first grated floor directly above the stove are dry, when they are removed, and replaced by those of the superior floors. This operation is repeated whenever the roots over the stove are dry. The roots are thrashed with a flail, passed through fanners, similar to those employed in winnowing corn, and then shaken upon a very coarse sieve. What passes through is subjected to a second sifting; the operation of winnowing and sifting is repeated five times, what passes through the fifth sieve being rejected as sand and dust. After these operations the whole fibrous matters remaining on the sieve are cleaned with common fanners, and all the foreign matters not previously removed, are picked out by women. The roots are now divided into different qualities, by means of a brass sieve, whose meshes are from one quarter to one eighth of an inch in diameter. What passes through the finest is rejected, and what passes through the coarsest is regarded as of the best quality. These roots thus separated are removed to another stove of a different construction from the first, where they are spread out in layers, about four inches deep, on lattice-work frames. When on taking up a handful and squeezing it, the root breaks easily, it is known to be sufficiently dry. On being removed from the stove, the madder is carried still hot into a machine, where it is minced small, and a sieve separates the bark which has been reduced to powder. This operation is repeated three or four times, and then the boulder is had recourse to. What passes through the sieve, or the brass meshes of the boulder, is regarded as common madder, and that which issues from the extremity of the boulder is called the flour. Lastly, the madder which passes through the boulder is ground in a mill with vertical stoues, and then passed through sieves of different sizes. That which remains in the sieve is always better than that which passes through.\*

This useful dyeing material is frequently adulterated by mixing with it brick-dust, red and yellow ochres, sand and clay, and by adding to it the saw-dust of mahogany, logwood, sandalwood, or the like. The adulterations first named may be detected by putting the suspected madder into water; the mineral substances sink to the bottom, while the madder floats on the surface: or the madder may be burnt, while the mineral matter will remain behind as incombustible ash. The adulterations with woods are not so easily detected: the method usually adopted is that of testing, by what the French call their *colorimeter*, the colouring power of the sample. Madder has been carefully examined by many French and English chemists, and from its importance to the calico-printer, men of science have been tempted to search diligently for the true colouring agent of this root. Bucholz gives the following as the constituents of madder root:—

Resinous red colouring matter	1.2
Extractive ditto	39.0
Reddish-brown substance soluble in alcohol	1.9
Pungent extractive	0.6
Gummy matter	9.0
Woody fibre	22.5
Matter soluble in potash	4.6
Salts of lime with colouring matter	1.8
Water	12.0
Loss	7.4
	100.0

Koechlin informs us that dry and ground madder contains—

Matter soluble in cold water	55.0
Ditto in boiling water	3.0
Ditto in alcohol	1.5
Woody fibre	40.5
	100.0

Madder (*garance* in French) is often called *alizari*, which is a name given on the continent to all kinds of unground madder. Garanc madder (*garance robe*) is the name of madder from which the outer pellicle has not been removed. At a very early period in the chemical investigation of madder, two distinct colouring matters were discovered—one yellow, and very soluble in water, called *xanthin*; the other red, and moderately soluble in hot water, called *alizarin*. To Dr. Schunck we are especially indebted for the investigation of the several principles upon which the colouring power of madder depends. *Alizarin* may be obtained by different methods, the following is, however, usually em-

ployed:—One pound by weight of madder is mixed up with an equal weight of concentrated sulphuric acid; the vessel is so closed up that no heat is evolved; it is allowed to stand in a cool place for three or four days: by this process all the constituents of the madder are converted into charcoal, except the alizarin. When this carbonizing process is completed, the mixture is carefully dried, and then digested in alcohol, which dissolves alizarin, and leaves the carbon. The solution may now be diluted with water, put into a retort, and kept at a heat of 170° Fahr.; the beak of the retort being connected with a receiver, the alcohol distils over and is recovered. Water and alizarin remain in the retort, which, being poured out and filtered, the alizarin remains upon the filter in a state of great purity. Alizarin is of a beautiful red colour, and it gives the same colour to boiling water. It was at one time supposed that alizarin was the true colouring matter of the madder, but it was eventually found that pure alizarin would not produce a fixed dye; something, therefore, was wanting, and further investigations were made, which led to the discovery that madder had five different colouring matters, the preparation of which must now be described.

**MADDER PURPLE.**—If madder is washed in water at about the temperature of 70° Fahr., and then boiled in a strong solution of alum for an hour, and—the clear liquor being decanted—sulphuric acid is added, the *madder purple* is precipitated in an impure state. By washing it with boiling water, then with muriatic acid, and by dissolving it in alcohol, the purple is obtained in great purity. If cotton be saturated with the acetate of alumina, and dipped in the solution of madder purple, it is dyed a bright red. A boiling solution of alum forms, with madder purple, a cherry-red solution; caustic potash forms with it a fine yellowish-red colour; carbonate of potash and soda have a similar effect; and sulphuric acid produces a bright red or rose colour.

**MADDER RED** may be separated from the madder purple in consequence of its not being soluble in a strong solution of alum. It is obtained by boiling madder in a weak solution of alum, by which a reddish-brown precipitate is obtained. This precipitate is boiled in pure muriatic acid, washed with water, and boiled in alcohol. The alcohol dissolves both madder red and madder purple; but by gently evaporating the alcoholic solution until it is very much concentrated, and then allowing it to cool, an orange-coloured precipitate is formed, which is collected and repeatedly boiled in a strong solution of alum, which comes off coloured so long as there is any madder purple to dissolve. The insoluble part is madder red. Madder red is a yellowish-brown powder, which gives to cotton, mordanted with acetate of alumina, a dark red colour.

**MADDER ORANGE** is distinguished from the red or purple, by its slight solubility in alcohol. It is prepared by macerating madder for twenty-four hours in distilled water. This infusion being strained off, is allowed to repose a few hours; it is then filtered, and upon the paper the madder orange remains. It is a yellow powder, soluble in boiling water, and imparts to cotton, impregnated with an aluminous mordant, a bright orange colour when in excess.

**MADDER YELLOW** is distinguished by its great solubility in water. It communicates to mordanted cotton a pale nankeen colour.

**MADDER BROWN** is a brownish black, dry mass, obtained in the preparation of the other colouring matters. It is neither soluble in water nor alcohol, and is of no importance.

Such are the products which are obtained from this important root. For the special information given in this article, the following authorities have been used:—"Encyclopædia Technologique," Dr. Ure's "Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures," Beckmann's "History of Inventions," and Napier's "Manual of the Art of Dyeing." Dr. Schunck and Mr. Walter Crum have published some valuable papers on the colouring matters of madder; and there are some patent processes for employing the madder colours. These cannot, however, be embraced within the present article. They are, indeed, so extensive and so interesting, that it is purposed to devote an entire article to their consideration.

\* Dr. Ure.



THE PROPOSITION FOR PURCHASING  
"THE SOULAGES COLLECTION"  
FOR THE NATION.

It proves to be by no means an easy matter to provide a permanent resting-place for the miscellaneous assemblage of Renaissance works, known as the Soulages Collection. Purchased from M. Soulages himself, under certain conditions, by the subscribers to a fund raised for that particular purpose, this collection has been publicly exhibited in London at Marlborough House; and having been offered to the Government for the National Art-Museum, the purchase of it (after very mature consideration) was declined. Then came the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition, and forthwith the cotton lords of the north determined to secure for themselves the much-praised collection. To Manchester, accordingly, the museum of the old advocate of Toulouse was dispatched; amidst the other "Art-Treasures" its choicest specimens were to be found; and, when the general dispersion took place, we awaited with some anxiety the arrangements we naturally expected would be made for the final establishment of this collection at Manchester. Manchester was supposed to have learned the practical value of Art in manufactures. The Soulages Collection was declared to be a great practical Art-teacher, whose lessons were specially addressed to manufacturers. At Manchester, therefore, this collection was the "thing wanted;" and Manchester would be, in every sense, a fitting home for it. Here it would be the right thing in the right place.

But a change came over the sentiments of the Manchester proprietors of the Soulages Collection; they desired to send away their purchase with the Art-treasures that had been entrusted to their care, and so a second appeal has been made to Government on the subject. No other purchaser could be expected to appear, and, in accordance with established precedent in such cases, the collections were generously offered once more to the nation. The offer would probably have elicited a prompt refusal, had not certain active agencies been set in motion to urge the purchase upon the "authorities," under the pretext that the acquisition of this collection is really a matter of grave importance to the completeness and utility of the National Art-Museum. The Society of Arts has put itself at the head of the movement; and thus the Government finds itself called upon to relieve the men of Manchester of their purchase, and in so doing, to act in defiance of its own deliberate decision.

On a former occasion we declared our entire concurrence with the views that had led the Government not to become the purchasers of the Soulages Collection, and now we are prepared to maintain that those views were based upon a sound discretion, and we must consequently deprecate, in the most decided manner, the adoption of the present proposal.

Since the first half of this nineteenth century was completed, we have been living in an era of "great exhibitions." And the result, here in England, of all these unusual Art-gatherings has been to impress upon the national mind the fact, that ART is a grand, a powerful, a comprehensive, and most important element in national education. With the many, accordingly, Art has lately become the fashion, while the more thoughtful few have laboured to secure for Art both a just appreciation and a consistent range of action. Each year that passes witnesses some important step in advance; every such step being an independent testimony to the combined zeal and intelligence with which the true lovers of Art are devoting themselves to the cause. Thus, we have schools of Art established and supported at the public cost; and we have a National Museum of Art; and our manufacturers are beginning to seek for the co-operation of genuine Art in their productions of every class; and besides, what is of the utmost moment, the great mass of the community are showing signs of *expecting* to find Art as well as good workmanship in the various objects in use in every-day life. It is more than probable that, before the Great Exhibition of 1851, but few persons were conscious of the painful inferiority of the position occupied by Art, when brought into comparison with manipulative skill and that dexterity which ensures what we designate good workmanship. The 1851 collections declared, in a manner not to

be misunderstood, that in our manufactures the intellect and the hand were both at work in false positions. Since 1851 we have been striving, or, at least, we have been desiring and beginning to strive, to assign their own true and natural position to each of them. While even seeking to raise still higher the faculty of hand-power, we have studied by what means the pre-eminent supremacy might be secured for the mind-power: in other words, we have cultivated Art, and have laboured to apply Art to all manufactured productions in *design*, and *feeling*, and *expression*, that thus the skilled workman may produce works worthy of his skill. With this view, the formation of a most comprehensive Museum of Art-manufactures has engaged the attention, and employed the energies of the government "Department of Science and Art." And it is for this museum that the Government is a second time urged to purchase, at a considerably increased rate, the Soulages Collection. It is evident that the propriety of such a purchase must be determined by the character of the Soulages Collection itself, and by its quality and capacity as an Art-teacher. These points are matters of fact, and not of opinion. But, before we touch upon them, it appears to be desirable briefly to notice the two-fold character which ought to distinguish a National Art-Museum. In the first place it ought to contain historical collections—illustrations of the history of Art in various countries, and at different epochs, as well as under diversified conditions and modes of application and expression; and, in the second place, it should comprise numerous series of examples, which may be regarded as models for study, as authorities in practical Art, as exponents of the principles upon which the Art-student is to develop the resources of his own intellect. Now, in the former group—the historical—all that is necessary is, that every object should furnish, or assist to furnish, a truthful, expressive, and complete illustration, either of some period, some country, some artist, or some class of productions. In these historical collections many objects would appear that are simply curious, while others could only teach as warnings. Not so, however, with the collections of the second division: nothing should be admitted here, upon any ground, excepting that of excellence; here also it would not be enough, that any class of works be fairly exemplified and fully illustrated, but every noble and worthy specimen would be sought for, because each would possess its own faculty of conveying precious teaching. The most zealous advocate for the purchase of the Soulages Collection by the nation, we presume, will scarcely venture to assert that its contents are individually important as Art-teachers,—authorities and examples for the study, the guidance, and the practical improvement of our own manufacturers. The collection belongs rather to the former than to the latter of the two classes into which we have divided the National Art-Museum. It illustrates a period in the history of Art, in several departments of its practical application; but it by no means furnishes a series of noble works, each one of special value and interest in itself: consequently, if the nation did not already possess good and characteristic specimens of the several classes of works that make up the Soulages Collection, in such a case here would be an advantageous opportunity for securing such historical specimens. Even in this case, however, we should deprecate the purchase of the entire collection. It contains by far too much of the same thing in each of its divisions for the purpose of illustration. Does it contain in any of its divisions, we confidently ask, any specimens that can teach, and will teach, lessons in practical Art, which the national collections are not already fully competent to teach in the most satisfactory manner? If so, then, wherefore make the purchase? Consider for a moment of what this Soulages Collection is composed. It is composed exclusively of Renaissance works in pottery, glass, bronze, and miscellaneous furniture. Have we not had enough of the Renaissance already, and to spare? Do we propose to reproduce majolica ware, or the fayence of Bernard Palissy, for use amongst ourselves? Do we contemplate Victorian Della Robbia sculpture, or the fantastic glass of the Venetians of the seventeenth century, or the Soulages bronzes, weapons, furniture, and domestic implements? Most certainly we hope that we do not. What we are struggling

to achieve is, to secure the practical influence of Art in our manufactures,—such Art as is pure, and truthful, and ennobling, and, at the same time, consistent with the usages, sentiments, and requirements of the present day. And we refer our manufacturers to the productions of past times, not for them to reproduce—in other words *to copy*—what was done two or more centuries ago; but that they may learn to acquire that *Art-feeling* which characterises in so remarkable a manner the majority of early works. In skill of hand and in scientific appliances, our manufacturers need but little aid from the artists and Art-workmen of the Renaissance: but they will do well to sympathise with them in sentiment and feeling as artists and Art-workmen. The South Kensington Museum already possesses abundant materials for conveying both the teaching and the impulse that can be conveyed by the Soulages Collection. This collection might do some good at Edinburgh, or at Dublin, or at *Manchester*; but at South Kensington its office is discharged by other means.

But little has been said respecting the circumstances that have brought the Soulages Collection again so unexpectedly into the market. The Manchester purchasers not very long ago professed themselves to be delighted with their purchase, and proud of such an acquisition for their city. What can have caused so complete a change in their sentiments? When brought into contact with other works of the same class in their "Art-Treasures Exhibition," did the Soulages works lose their assumed pre-eminence? Or, now that the "Art-treasures" are gone from Manchester, is the Art-feeling gone also, and has the Art-enthusiasm altogether subsided? Their exhibition has not left behind it much in the way of *results* at Manchester; so that the acquisition of this Soulages Collection, such as it is, would seem to be precisely what the men of Manchester would have treasured up in *memorial* of their remarkable enterprise. Perhaps they may assert that the collection is more precious than ever in their eyes, but yet that they are willing to forego for the national good their own feelings in the matter—for a consideration. Let them not contemplate any such act of self-sacrifice. The nation is quite content to leave the Soulages works with them. If, on the other hand, the Manchester motive must be admitted to be simply an anxious wish to dispose of what the men of Manchester neither esteem nor desire to retain, by all means let the collection be sold, only spare John Bull from becoming the purchaser in his national capacity. In serious earnest, the dispersion of this collection is the only course that we could cordially approve for determining its ultimate destination. It ought not to be kept together in any place, as a museum of Art for practical study. A very large proportion of its contents are antiquarian curiosities, and nothing more: let them go to enrich, or to take their part in forming, antiquarian collections. Some few specimens are very admirable; the nation will be ready to purchase them if they prove obtainable upon anything like adequate terms, but even these choicest specimens we can spare, should it be necessary. There will remain more than a little for which we are not prepared to suggest a fitting depository. In the national collections these specimens are not needed, since there may be found there enough, in the way of *warning*, without them.

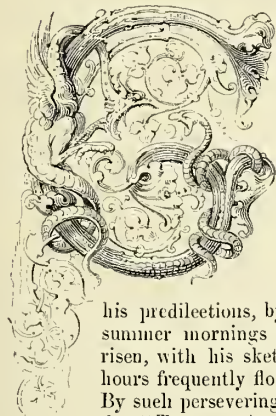
There is one circumstance to which, before we close these remarks, we would invite the attention of the "authorities." There prevails at the present time a very strong impression in favour of the earlier periods in the history of Art than that to which the Soulages Collection belongs, and these are periods scarcely represented at present in the National Art-Museum. Would it not be well, instead of applying upwards of £17,000 for the purchase of another Renaissance collection, to devote from time to time much smaller sums to the acquisition of works that will extend the range of the National Art-Museum, and will open before its students fresh fields for study, and familiarise them with additional sources of information? The time is come in which the nation expects from the "Science and Art Department" of the Government a system of action based upon broad and comprehensive principles, and administered with a liberality that shall be just as well as generous, and no less impartial than judicious and discriminating.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXIII.—GEORGE HARVEY, R.S.A.



GEORGE HARVEY was born in February, 1806, at St. Ninian's, a small village in the neighbourhood of Stirling, but in the same year his father removed to Stirling, where the future artist remained till his eighteenth year. Though evidencing at an early age a very decided taste for drawing and painting, his father had marked out another career for his son than the precarious pursuit of Art; he articulated him, at a suitable age, to a bookseller. Notwithstanding the ungenial nature of the business to his taste, he shrunk not from the labours it imposed upon him, while he found opportunity to follow his predilections, by "rising up early, and late taking rest;" the summer mornings found him in the fields, almost ere the sun had risen, with his sketch-book in hand, and the long wintry evening hours frequently flowed on to midnight ere the pencil was laid down. By such persevering studies, young Harvey qualified himself to enter the "Trustees Academy," in Edinburgh, which, in his eighteenth year, his friends permitted him to do; he remained there two years, that is, till the time of the establishment of the Scottish Academy.

His first picture, however, was exhibited, in 1826, at the Edinburgh Institution,—the subject, a "Village School;" it was purchased by Lord Suescuth. To this class of subject, and to history, partaking in some degree of the nature of *genre*, Mr. Harvey has always employed his pencil, and in a way that entitles him to a very distinguished position among his British—not Scottish only—contemporaries.

As he had been an active agent in the formation of the Academy, it was natural to expect that he would make great exertions for the first exhibition of the society, of which, by the way, he was elected an Associate, although at the early age of twenty: such a compliment would never have been paid for

his services only; he had already shown sufficient talent as an artist to justify the election. When, in 1827, the Academy opened its doors for the first time to the public, Mr. Harvey's contributions to the exhibition were seven in number; the principal of these were,—*"The Leisure Hour," "Disputing the Billet," "The Small Debt Court,"* and *"Harrying the Byke,"* or, as we Southrons would say, *"Stripping the Cowshed;"* the *"Small Debt Court"* is a good picture, full of figures, so truthfully presented that there is little doubt all were sketched from nature. In 1828 he exhibited *"The Consultation,"* and five smaller works: the former is not a pleasant picture as to subject,—a physician visiting a sick lady, around whose couch a number of anxious friends are gathered,—but it is good in composition, and very carefully painted: it was sold to Mr. Stewart, of Glenormiston, Peeblesshire. In the following year Harvey was elected Academician of the Edinburgh Academy, and exhibited *"The Lost Child restored,"* and two others; but they were not quite equal to his former productions.

In 1830 appeared the first of a series of pictures—for they must be considered as a series, though probably not intended by the artist as such—which refer to the history of Scotland during the latter part of the seventeenth century, when the Covenanters suffered persecution for their religious and political faith. The picture was called *"COVENANTERS PREACHING;"* it created considerable sensation in the Art-world of Scotland, and when a large engraving from it was published in London, the novelty of the subject, and the excellence of the composition, rendered the work as attractive here as it had been in the north. The *"Covenanters Preaching,"* which forms the illustration on the next page, was purchased by Mr. Eagle Henderson for 100 guineas: it is now in the possession of Mr. Holdsworth, of Glasgow, who recently purchased it for 300 guineas.

*"The Covenanter's Baptism,"* and three smaller works, were exhibited in 1831: the former we believe to be one of the painter's favourite pictures; it was sold to Dr. Slack, of Macclesfield, and has been engraved in mezzotint. In 1832, he exhibited *"The Examination of a Village School," "The Foundling,"* and *"An Old Shepherd;"* the first named has been engraved in mezzotint by Bromley, but not well: it was sold to Mr. McConnell, of Manchester; the second to Mr. T. Henderson, of Edinburgh. *"Saturday Afternoon,"* and *"The Village Schoolmaster,"* were exhibited in 1833; the former is a rather large picture—the subject is composed of two groups of children at play outside the village school; we have not been able to get any tidings of the owner, past or present, of this picture; the *"Schoolmaster,"* a capital little bit of painting, belongs to Mr. A. S. Logan, of Edinburgh. In the following year he exhibited *"The Collection-Plate," "Boys with a Burning-Glass,"* and *"Dr. Franklin—*



Engraved by]

SHAKESPEARE BROUGHT BEFORE SIR T. LUCY.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

*"He paid too much for his Whistle,"*—three pictures of a right good order: we know not what has become of them. Two small subjects and one of large dimensions—*"The Curlers"*—were exhibited in 1835; it is an amusing representation of the favourite Scottish game of "curling," and is painted with a firm, careful pencil: it has been engraved in line, and was bought by Sir Gilbert Stirling, of Larbert House, Stirlingshire, where it still remains.

Walter Scott's account of the *"Battle of Drumclog,"* another of the *"Covenanters"* series, was exhibited at Edinburgh in 1836: it was sold for 400

guineas, a sum which included the copyright, to Messrs. Graves & Co., who engaged Wagstaff to engrave it in mezzotint; a large engraving was executed and published; but the bold and dramatic conception of the painter is but feebly represented in the print. The picture is now the property of Mr. Muspratt, of Manchester. In the year following he exhibited *"The Minnow Pool,"* and *"SHAKESPEARE BEFORE SIR T. LUCY ON A CHARGE OF DEER-STEALING;"* the latter we have engraved on this page: the picture was sold to the "Edinburgh Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts" for £360; and



an admirable engraving from it in line, by R. Graves, A.R.A., was published by the Association. The original is now in the possession of Mr. Gordon, Sheriff-Clerk of Kirkcudbright. In 1838 he produced "John Bunyan imagining his 'Pilgrim's Progress,' in Bedford Jail," and a subject from Bunyan's noble allegory, "A Sceue in the Interpreter's House;" the former, which was purchased by Alderman Moon for 400 guineas, and is still in his possession, is, we have reason to know, one of the artist's favourite pictures—that is, one which he considers among his best paintings: the other is an excellent work.

About 1839 a circumstance occurred which, for many subsequent years, made Mr. Harvey the subject of much mental and bodily suffering; and at one time caused him to fear that his career as an artist was rapidly terminating. He was proceeding from Edinburgh into the country with a friend, in a gig, when the horse stumbled and fell, pitching him out of the vehicle full on his head. His hat saved him from any apparent serious injury, and at the time he did not feel much to cause uneasiness; but not very long after, and at considerable intervals, he experienced severe headaches and frequent depression of spirits. These continued augmenting and concentrating until work became a burden, from the dull, weary, chronic pains that settled down in the head, overpowering every faculty; his sight also began to fail, and yet his general health was good. He tried every remedy suggested by his medical adviser, then homœopathy, then

hydropathy, and subsequently a journey of some months into Italy; but all without success. Matters were going on in this way with increasing hopelessness, until they were brought to a climax while painting the picture of "Columbus," in 1848 or 1849; he gradually found that his pencil seemed to disappear from the point of work, and after some moments every thing before the eye became a dim mass. No amelioration taking place at the end of a few days, he took down the half-finished picture from the easel, turned its face to the wall of his studio, sadly saying to himself, "My work is done—I shall never paint more!" But he had not yet accomplished his destiny: at the deepest moment of this dark time, his friend and brother-artist, Mr. J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., entreated him to consult his friend Mr. Beveridge. Harvey declined the kind advice for a long time, but at length yielded to his entreaties, and placed himself under the care of Mr. Beveridge, by whose marvellous and peculiar skill in the treatment of such complaints Mr. Harvey was, after prolonged attendance at his establishment, rendered completely free of the cause of all those distressing symptoms which had weighed so heavily upon his health and spirits for several years previously, and he is now quite well. The disorder which had caused him so much suffering was incipient congestion of the brain.

A subject of a totally different nature from any Harvey had hitherto painted, was represented in the solitary picture he exhibited in 1839, under the title of



Engraved by]

COVENANTERS PREACHING.

[J. and G. P. Nisbolls.

"A Cast-away," a shipwrecked sailor floating on a raft: it was sold to the Edinburgh Association, who had it engraved, in line, for their subscribers; it is now in the possession of Sir Robert Abercromby, of Birkenbog. Another of the "Covenanters" series appeared in 1840, "The Communion:" it is the property of the Rev. G. D. Cullen, Edinburgh; and has been engraved in line, but not satisfactorily. "Robbers melting Plate," exhibited at the same time, is a powerfully painted picture, with a fine Rembrandtish effect. "Sabbath Evening," exhibited in 1841, was sold to the Edinburgh Association, and was four or five years ago in the hands of Mr. Gambart. "Argyle an hour before his Execution," was also bought by the Association for one of their prizes; we have heard Mr. Harvey speak of this and other of his pictures as being almost ruined by injudicious varnishing after leaving his hands. In 1843 he painted "The Minister's Visit;" and in 1844, "A Highland Funeral,"—a subject treated with the skill of a true artist, and the feeling of a true poet; it is a solemn and most impressive picture, and has been engraved in line. It was bought by Mr. Clow, of Liverpool, for £200, and is now in the possession of Mr. Holt, of the same place.

All the pictures hitherto enumerated were exhibited in Edinburgh, but in 1843 Mr. Harvey made his first appearance as an exhibitor in London, by sending to the Royal Academy a painting representing "An Incident in the

Life of Napoleon;" the scene, a field of battle by moonlight, after the engagement; Napoleon with some of his staff passing over the plain, comes to a dead body, beside which a dog keeps watch. It was bought by Mr. W. Miller, the distinguished engraver of Edinburgh, whose name is associated with several of the landscape plates which have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, and who has just completed a large line engraving from this picture, which has somewhat recently passed into the hands of Mr. W. Wilson, of Banknock. The following year Mr. Harvey sent nothing to London, but in 1845 he exhibited in Edinburgh—"Mungo Park and the Little Flower," bought by Mr. Clow, and now the property of Mr. D. Carstairs, Liverpool; and in 1846, "A Schmale Skailin," "The Euterkin, Lead Hills, Lanarkshire," and a "Portrait of a Lady;" the "Schule" was purchased by Mr. D. Carstairs, and has been engraved in line: the "Euterkin" is in the possession of Mr. Campbell, of Blythwood. The "First Reading of the Bible in the Crypt of Old St. Paul's," exhibited in London the same year, made a most favourable impression upon the minds of the English public who take an interest in British Art, and who, till this year, knew but little of his works except through the engravings from them. It was sold to Mr. Clow for £400, the copyright to Graves and Co. for £300; it is now the property of Mr. J. Torr, of Liverpool. The engraving, in line, from this picture has caused it to be so widely known that any description of the



composition is superfluous. "Quitting the Manse," another picture familiar to the public through the engraving from it, was also exhibited at the Academy in 1847; it belongs to Mr. W. Wilson, of Banknock, who paid the artist 600 guineas for it, and Messrs. Graves gave him 300 guineas for the copyright.

In 1848, he contributed to the Royal Academy Exhibition a painting which we have always regarded as his most poetical conception, and one as charmingly rendered as it is beautiful in idea; and yet "Blowing Bubbles—the Past and Present," a group of children playing in the grave-yard of the old Grey Friars' Church, Edinburgh, was placed in the Octagon Room,—an act of injustice for which the "hangers" of that year deserve the strongest condemnation, for the whole gallery did not contain a work of finer feeling. The picture has recently become the property of Mr. R. Platt, of Staley Bridge, at the price of £365.

Between this year and 1851, Mr. Harvey was, as we have already intimated, laid aside from his labours; but by the time the Royal Academy was ready to receive its annual contributions for the latter year, he had completed and sent up "The Wise and Foolish Builders," which was placed high up over one of

the doorways, a position where its merits were as much concealed as those of the preceding picture were in the Octagon Room. However, it was bought for £300 by Mr. Clow, of Liverpool, and now hangs with the "Bubbles" in the gallery of Mr. Platt. The principal work painted in 1852 was "Dawn revealing the New World to Columbus," purchased by the Edinburgh Association for 300 guineas, and placed by them in the Edinburgh National Gallery, where it now is. Messrs. Graves bought the copyright of the picture, and had it engraved in mezzotint. "The Bowlers," another painting which has also been engraved in mezzotint, was exhibited at the Royal Academy in the following year, but was hung out of sight. Mr. Gambart, the publisher, bought it for £400; it is now the property of Mr. J. Miller, of Liverpool.

Whether the treatment Mr. Harvey's pictures have received from the Royal Academy has induced him to discontinue his contributions to the annual exhibitions in Trafalgar Square, we will not presume to say, but he has sent nothing since "The Bowlers." He has, however, exhibited in Edinburgh, in 1854, two landscapes—"The Head of the Burn," and "Sundown," which were



Engraved by]

JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER AT THE DOOR OF BEDFORD JAIL.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

sold for £100 each; in 1855, "The Night Mail"—a railway-train whirling through an open country amid darkness, and "Pompeii," a view taking in the line of pillars in the Forum, with Vesuvius in the distance: the former was bought by the Edinburgh Association for £120; the latter by Mr. J. Beveridge, of Edinburgh, for £130. In 1856 he produced two views of "Loch Lee," one of which he sold for £250 to Mr. John Rankin, of Edinburgh; a view of "Loch Skene," and a portrait of Dr. John Brown, treated historically; and in 1857, "JOHN BUNYAN AND HIS BLIND DAUGHTER SELLING STAYLACES AT THE DOOR OF BEDFORD JAIL," engraved on this page, and sold to Mr. R. Horn, of Edinburgh, for £400; and a landscape—"Ferregan"—sold to the same gentleman for £150.

If we could afford to extend our remarks over another page or two, we should still leave much unsaid of what might be written of the list of pictures we have enumerated; we can, however, only generalise our remarks, and that very briefly. Had Mr. Harvey been a less skilful artist than he has proved himself to be, he would yet be a popular one. In the subjects selected from the history

of the Covenanters, he made what is commonly called a "successful hit," though specifically national and sectarian, they are of universal interest. In his other representations of Scottish life he shows himself a close observer of human nature, and a faithful and poetical delineator of what passes before his eyes, or is suggested to his imagination: he is serious or humorous, as befits the occasion, and either to a degree that few artists attain to. There is an extraordinary individuality in his characters which makes each its own interpreter of what it is, and what is its business on the scene of action; and also an earnestness of purpose and feeling which indicates that the mind of the painter has deeply entered into his work: it is quite impossible to analyse one of these Scottish scenes without arriving at this conclusion; and to it Mr. Harvey owes much of the popularity he most deservedly enjoys. The pictures which are not so entirely national have excellences of their own not less notable than his other works. His style of painting is bold and firm, neither too loose in manipulation, nor too precise in matters of detail: his arrangement of light and shade is, generally, most striking and powerful in effect, and his colouring warm and luminous.



## THE TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 2.—JOHN FLAXMAN, R.A.

IF the world of Art be ennobled by men of high genius, whose walk through life is directed by high-mindedness, how much more is "that smaller world" which claims to be their birthplace raised among the nations when she may say, "these are my sons!" England has few greater men to boast of than John Flaxman; and among all her artists there is not one to whom other nations will more willingly accord the place of honour. It may, indeed, be doubted whether Flaxman is not more honoured and better understood abroad than at home.

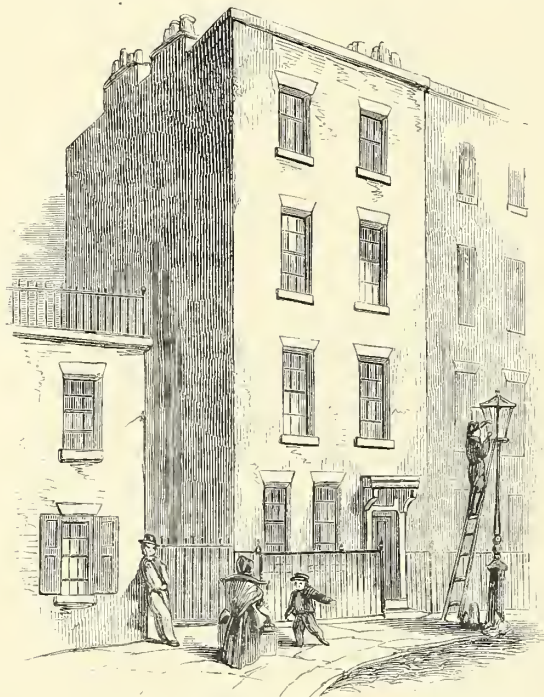
If there ever was an honest man who, by earnest application and devoted study, achieved glory—and who, by simplicity of life and purity of thought and action, left us a lesson how that glory should be borne, it was he. Fuseli, in one of his satiric moods, called him "the Reverend John Flaxman." Let us accept the term (born of a sedateness which Fuseli disliked)—he was *reverend*; if all that claims reverence can win it. For seventy-two years had he lived on earth—as a sickly boy, a poor struggling student, a young man battling against poverty, a husband with no independence but the wealth of his

own and his young wife's love. He emerges from the thralldom of early fate; he is employed and honoured; he has more than enough for his own hands' labour; he is the prosperous ruler of other and humbler Art-labourers;—is he changed? have "bettered" circumstances made him worse—the contradiction we too often see? No; he is still the same simple man, with the same plain habits; and "never too old to grow wise and good," as he once declared. His life was passed in the study of Art and "goodness;" his workmen loved him; he was to them as a father, and in sickness or sorrow his heart was ever open to counsel, and his purse to aid, them. If such a life is not *reverend*, there is no sense in using the term.

Allan Cunningham—a man of a honest and poetic mind—has written a memoir of Flaxman which does the heart good to read. It is like a grand strain of music, tinged with only enough of sadness to make it the more solemn; it rolls on over slight discordances by the force of its own power; and glorious and beautiful are the closing notes of the theme. "His life was simple and blameless; he was mild and gentle; and a more perfect exemplar of the good man was to be found in his conduct than in all the theories of the learned."

Our first record of the quiet little sickly boy, who afterwards became the great academician, is very

touching. Propped on his crutches, in a chair behind the counter of his father (a moulder of figures), the child studied and read, and a sickly cough was the only announcement of his presence, when one who was destined to be an important friend—the Rev. Mr. Mathew—discovered him trying to master a Latin book. In a few years he became stronger, studied harder, and was admitted as a pupil to the Royal Academy at the age of fifteen. He still lived with his father at his house in the Strand, opposite Durham Yard, and so continued till 1782: he was then twenty-seven years of age, when he hired a small house in Wardour Street, and married Ann Denman. The remark made by Sir Joshua Reynolds, that this last proceeding had "ruined him for an artist," really stimulated him to higher exertion and greater aspiration. He had been for many years connected with the Wedgwoods, and had furnished them with innumerable designs. They were all at low rates; yet his continuous exertion, and small requirements, made them sufficiently remunerative to content Flaxman; and the careful savings of five years enabled himself and wife to visit Rome. The writer of these notes has seen several of these bills to Wedgwood, in which many small items of ten to fifteen shillings each for modelling, go toward swelling a long bill for only a few pounds; he has also seen a list of what he re-



THE RESIDENCE OF FLAXMAN IN BUCKINGHAM STREET.



FLAXMAN'S TOMB IN THE GRAVE-YARD OF ST. GILES'S IN THE FIELDS.

quired as an outfit for Rome, and it almost rivals in simplicity the late General Napier's notion of all that was "necessary" for a field-officer. In Rome he had to work as well as study, and here he composed his noble designs to Homer, Æschylus, and Dante. For seven years he stayed in Italy, and a better apprenticeship no man served to Art in her chosen land. He returned to England experienced and famed. The statue of the Earl of Mansfield, for which he had received a commission in Rome, was the first work completed on his return.

He fixed his residence at No. 7, Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, and he never left it during the rest of his life. Cunningham calls it "a modest house;" it is unpretending enough, as the reader may see from our cut; it is of the monotonous cast that London builders rejoice in erecting by the thousand, until the great capital has become a tiresome heap of inanity. To it he added a small studio, and larger workshops for his assistants. Cunningham speaks of his visit, in 1825, to his little studio filled with models and sketches. "There was but one chair," he says, "and a small barrel, which held coals, with a board laid over it: on the former he seated me, and occupied the latter himself, after having removed a favourite black cat, who seemed to consider the act ungracious." The studio has been enlarged of late, and the premises behind re-

built; the front of the house has been altered also, and a gateway built beside it, on which is painted "Trinity District Schools." The pure and child-like genius of Flaxman would approve the change that converted his deserted studio to a home of instruction for the children of the poor. In this house died Mrs. Flaxman, on Feb. 7, 1820, in the sixtieth year of her age; her husband died here also, on the 7th of December, 1826: he had prepared her grave in the burial-ground belonging to the Parish of St. Giles's in the Fields, adjoining the Old Church of St. Pancras, and he was afterwards laid in the same resting-place. Let us make a pilgrimage to this once suburban spot.

Flaxman's tomb is a solid simple monument—no unfit type of the man himself; it stands in the midst of the grave-yard, but is not easy to find, inasmuch as it has no distinctive mark; it is as if the great man had desired this unpretending quietude, which enveloped him in life, to be with him in his last rest. So little is the spot known or asked after, that the grave-digger himself could not point it out, and when it was found, passed away with no other comment than "he supposed I had come to see after it a little," as the moss had grown thick in the hollows of the letters. The inscription is a long one, and first narrates the burial of his wife; then follow the words—"under the same stone is interred

her husband, John Flaxman, R.A.P.S., whose mortal life was a constant preparation for a blessed immortality; his angelic spirit returned to the Divine Giver on the 7th of December, 1826, in the seventy-second year of his age." This is followed by another to the memory of his sister, who died, 1833, in the sixty-fifth year of her age. Length of days, and honour, had fallen on all, in accordance with the great promise.

We have said that the sculptor's works are best known on the Continent, and most highly valued there. This is because the higher aspirations of Art are more familiarly studied there than among ourselves. To a large number of Englishmen Flaxman's outlines are as a sealed book: the art we chiefly value is that which presents simple transcripts of nature. It needs mental training to fully comprehend his wondrous designs, and their extraordinary embodiment of grandeur, poetry, and simplicity. The higher we educate ourselves in Art, the more we shall understand and appreciate them: and not only them, but all else in Art that is worthy of regard. Flaxman's admirers among his own countrymen are "fit, though few." His works appeal to the highest feelings of the refined Art-student; but combined therewith we also find the simplicity of true greatness.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION, FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM.

THE Exhibition of 1858 is unquestionably in advance of its predecessors of the last ten years. It is, in all respects save one, encouraging; showing a manifest improvement on the part of younger aspirants to fame, while several Art-veterans have contributed to augment its store of Art-wealth. These latter have not indeed done their best, but their aid is notwithstanding valuable, and it is especially welcome, as evidence that there exists a disposition in high quarters to render this "spring show" of Art one of the attractions of the metropolis. It will be the fault of the Directors, if the Institution does not proceed from good to better.

The Exhibition consists of 588 works, of which fourteen are in sculpture: but as usual, the sculpture resembles table ornaments rather than productions of Art. It was opened to the public on Monday, the 8th of February; and the private view, on the Saturday preceding, was, as heretofore, attended by many of the artists, amateurs, and collectors of the metropolis. They must have been gratified by the "show;" but must have seen with sorrow and shame that honours were withheld from the deserving.

The British Institution was established "for the Promotion of Art:" it is, above all other "helps and outlets" to Art, that from which the younger artist expects, and reasonably expects, to derive immediate advantage. Here his advanced competitors are few: here examination becomes easy, inasmuch as he is not lost in a crowd; and to this exhibition collectors resort in order to extend "patronage" to neophytes in the profession. Many are they who obtained here their earliest substantial encouragements to labour and study.

Here then, especially, care should be taken that contributors may consider justice assured; yet here notoriously, year after year, we find evidence of the grossest "favouritism;" while "bad places," or rejections altogether, may be foretold with as much certainty as that the day of opening will be early in February. There is a mystery in the management here that, notwithstanding our experience of twenty years, we could never fathom; there are so many persons responsible—or apparently so—that we know not on whom responsibility rests; whether on the whole of the Directors or a part; or whether each and all deny that any duty of any kind is implied by the annual appearance of their names in the catalogue. We verily believe that no one of them sees the collection before the private view, and that the selecting, hanging, arranging, and rejecting, are left altogether to the keeper, his clerk, and the carpenters; while even these we cannot hold accountable, inasmuch as they are merely the hands of the heads, in whom the public are taught to have trust, and to whom artists are compelled to confide their hopes of honour and recompense.

We have repeatedly entered our protest against this shameful dereliction of a solemn duty; we have done so in vain; there is not, we believe, one of the Directors who gives himself a moment's thought, or an hour's work, to the hanging of pictures—still less to the acceptance or rejection of pictures—at the British Institution. The natural consequence is, that let an artist who deserves honour, but has not yet attained it, send in a work, the chances are against its being accepted at all; or if accepted, that it will be so placed as to act as a stumbling-block, rather than a staff on his way to fame. We appeal to the experience of all who have watched the progress of this Institution, to say if there be any exaggeration in these assertions.

We cannot indeed call into court the witnesses who are excluded from it; but our readers may be assured that we are confiding in no light testimony when we say that among the hundreds "rejected," there are works that would do credit to the most ambitious exhibition of the Metropolis; nay, it is more than probable that we shall point attention to some of them when hung—on the line—on the walls of the Royal Academy in May.

But of the pictures that are hung, all visitors may judge; and in reference to these, we assert there are proofs of error so gross as not to be defended by the plea of ignorance. Ignorance there no doubt is: it is very manifest; but that is not the

worst of the evils to be encountered by contributors to the Institution—by such contributors, that is to say, as are unknown, ignored, or tabooed. We will give the carpenters and their instructors who hung the painting by Noel Paton the credit of knowing nothing about that gentleman, and of being utterly unconscious of the merits of his work; we doubt very much if they ever heard the name until they saw it on the slip of paper that accompanied his offering; but, we ask, are such persons to be entrusted with a task that demands a large amount of acquaintance with artists and Art—to say nothing of critical acumen and the power of separating excellence from mediocrity? Mr. Paton has reached a position in which he can sustain little injury from the ignorance of his judges; but it is not so with others, to whom reputation is life.

Again, we implore the directors of the British Institution, if they are themselves unwilling or unable to discharge a duty which the public believe, and are taught to believe, they do discharge—to call to their aid assistants capable of undertaking it for them, and who shall be made openly responsible for the issue. The mystery that now prevails there is a deplorable fact; we know not of whom to complain, whom to accuse, against whom to appeal—"thou canst not say I did it" is the answer to every suspicion; and it is utterly impossible to fight with the shadows who do the work.

These remarks—and they are by no means new to readers of the *Art-Journal*—seem to us absolutely and painfully necessary as a commencement of our notice of the exhibition; we repeat that, notwithstanding, it is very encouraging, and unquestionably an advance on all its predecessors, since the abrogation of that rule which permitted the hanging of pictures that had been exhibited elsewhere.

No. 1. 'A Yarn,' F. STONE, A.R.A. The yarn is spun by an old fisherman to a youth, who may be his grandson. They are small half-figures, ingeniously relieved by a dark background, in which appears suspended a portion of a herring-net. The artist having worked for textures, the picture does not show the remarkable tenderness of surface which has distinguished Mr. Stone's productions. It is, however, palpably substantial; the head of the youth is a very characteristic study.

No. 2. 'A Pond in the Meadows,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A. A small agroupment of cows, very like preceding pictures.

No. 3. 'On the Eden, near Carlisle,' E. J. NIEMANN. This view, which presents the river in the nearest section, is taken at some distance below Carlisle, and shows in the distance the Cumberland hills.

No. 4. 'Extract from my Journal whilst at Abbotsford,' SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. The extract is this:—"Found the great poet in his study, laughing at a colley puppy playing with 'Maida,' his favourite old deer-hound, given him by Glengarry; and quoting Shakspeare, 'Crabbed age and youth cannot live together.' On the floor was a cover of a proof sheet, sent for correction by Constable, of the novel then in progress. N.B. This took place before he was the acknowledged author of the *Waverley Novels*." The picture is small; and the dog suggests rather a puny lurcher than a noble deer-hound. We know not whether this famous dog were blind of the left eye, but he appears so here, and his left leg has the appearance of being broken. The puppy is biting Maida's tail, to which he has turned from the above-mentioned paper cover, that yet bears legibly Sir Walter's name and address. This picture is as freely painted as any that Sir E. Landseer has ever executed—a sustained protest against Pre-Raffaellism. The accessories are few, but they are rendered of the utmost value.

No. 5. 'Sand-pit, near Chilworth, Surrey,' W. S. ROSE. A small picture—in truth, a miniature landscape—sparkling in the fulness of the animation of nature.

No. 6. 'Cross Purposes,' T. M. JOY. We meet here a lady with two lovers, each of whom is desirous of slipping a note into her hand. The incident is pointedly told, and the picture is carefully and well painted.

No. 13. 'Camelias,' MRS. RIMER. These flowers are red and white, fresh and brilliant, and they are accompanied by a scrap of matting—a simple, but effective auxiliary.

No. 22. 'The Leviathan,' E. J. NIEMANN. This

may serve as a memorandum of the vast mass; but the subject is not interesting for a picture. It is a large painting, in which the huge vessel is presented as seen from the water at night: there is a fine touch of poetry in the background; but the subject is scarcely worthy of the labour it has received.

No. 23. 'Dutch Fishing-boats—Tide flowing, Wind off-shore,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. The incident has been already frequently painted by Mr. Cooke, and perhaps more faithfully than in this composition. The principal boat is a "pink," which appears to be just come in, as the crew unship the rudder and haul down the foresail. The boat is painted in all her detail with the utmost precision—a nicety of finish which contrasts singularly with the water, the forms of which not only do not satisfy the eye, but they are made out with a laxity of execution which would seem to be the work of a hand less experienced than that of the author of the work.

No. 27. 'A Hard Word,' W. HEMSLEY. A small picture, in which are introduced a country school-dame with a few of her pupils; but, prominently, a boy who is stopped by the hard word. It is worked out with great care, and is a production of rare merit.

No. 28. 'The Twa Dogs,' SIR E. LANDSEER, R.A. This is the second time that Sir E. Landseer has treated this subject. Years ago, in the very youth of his reputation, he painted 'The Twa Dogs,' that version which became the property of Mr. Sheepshanks, and which now, through the patriotism of that gentleman is placed in the public collection at Kensington. That work, more than this, is entitled to be considered a suggestion from the verse of Burns, from the landscape and the correlative poses of the animals, which are unmistakably conversational. In this picture we have only the heads—one of a well-conditioned Newfoundland—

"His hair, his size, his mouth, his lugs,  
Show he is none o' Scotland's dogs;  
His lockit, letter'd brow brass collar,  
Show him the gentleman and scholar."

The other is that of a collie, with an expression anything but attractive. Of the two heads but little that is new can be said; they seem to have been painted with even more than the artist's usual facility. These two pictures have been painted, we presume, at Peshurst, whither the great cynographer retired for the benefit of his health, which it may be hoped is so far restored as to ensure a continuation of his works.

No. 36. 'The Heath at Albury, Surrey,' VICAR COLE. The road here is a little too high in tone; but for this, the picture, as far as we can see it, is unexceptionable. The trees and the lower herbage have been studied with close reference to nature.

No. 37. 'Fountain di San Giorgio, Port of Genoa,' J. HOLLAND. This fountain, with its detail, constitutes the principal foreground quantity of the composition, and beyond this we see, in the sunshine, an array of the superb palaces of *Genova la ricca*, overtopped by remoter hills. The subject is difficult to dispose, perhaps more so than the similar subject, which we think Mr. Holland has also treated, 'The Slave Fountain at Leghorn;' it is, however, a sparkling and most graceful composition.

No. 39. 'Fruit, painted from Nature,' MISS E. H. STANNARD. The grapes and other fruits are very skilfully rendered, but the background is an unfortunate section of the picture.

No. 40. 'Il Ventaglio,' R. ROTHWELL. It is now some years since we have seen a work by this painter. This is a study of a maiden with the fan, which gives the title to the picture. Like all similar studies of Mr. Rothwell, the colour is singularly brilliant, but the eyes are so large as to be naturally impossible in such a face; it is, however, graceful as a composition, and excellent as a "fancy portrait" of much interest and beauty.

No. 47. 'Caernarvon Castle—approaching Storm,' J. B. PYNE. This is the view usually given of Caernarvon—that is, we see it from the water's edge, closing in middle distance the right section of the picture. The eye is led to it on the right by a line of buildings, and a variety of objects distributed in an order as picturesquely broken as possible. But this is not palpably felt, because immediately before the castle lies a boat and a large buoy, so red as to excite astonishment at the daring which could venture such a disposition. It is, however, very judi-



ciously supported, and derives great value from the greys, of which really the entire picture all but consists. We look with admiration on a result so rich from the general subjugation of tint and tone.

No. 48. 'Net-making,' E. J. COBBETT. A single figure, that of a fisherman's daughter, occupied according to the title; it is substantially and carefully painted.

No. 49. 'Langdale Pikes, Windermere,' G. PETTIT. The lustrous reflection of the water in this picture is perfectly successful.

No. 51. 'Morning,' L. W. DESANGES. A charming picture; the work of an artist who always excels when he paints a fair woman.

No. 52. 'The Voice of Merey,' G. D. LESLIE. This is a work of strong Pre-Raffaellite tendencies, and, like many of the pictures of that school, is so obscure and indefinite in its narrative, as to be open to several interpretations. There are two figures: that of Justice holds a sword in her right hand, and a greyhound by a chain in the left; whether she threatens the dog, or any person or animal not in the picture, is not clear, but Mercy, a second figure, by her side interposes. Here the narrative terminates.

No. 55. 'Gleaners' Pastime,' J. T. HART. The gleaners are two children, who are rubbing the corn out of the ears and blowing away the chaff; but the merit of the picture is in the landscape portion, which is wrought with the utmost nicety.

No. 56. 'Peter Boel Arranging his Model,' L. HAGHE. John Van Hynsum we know, and Rachel Ruysch, also David de Heem and Maria Van Oosterwyk, but who art thou, Peter Boel, that art worthy to be painted by Louis Haghe? No matter, he is a flower-painter, and he caresses those children of the sun as lovingly as did the gentle Herrick. An excellent composition: his model is a vase of flowers, which he is arranging with a dainty touch, while nearer the window is his canvas ready for work. All the items of the picture are most suitable to the subject, and the lighting is very skilful; and as a background to the figure, the artist has adopted the rich tapestry pattern of the Brewers' Council-room at Antwerp. The features may be those of Peter Boel, but we seem to have had a nodding acquaintance with them for the last half century; it is in short a head that will fit any shoulders whose name begins with *Van*. But if Mr. Haghe be about to forsake water-colour for oil-painting, we fear that he will find the dereliction of water-colour the great error of his life.

No. 62. 'Tsur, or Tyre, Coast of Phœnicia,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. Here is the fulfilment of the prophecy of Ezekiel (chaps. xxvi. and xxvii.), "And I will make thee like the top of a rock. Thou shalt be a place to spread nets upon. Thou shalt be built no more, for I have spoken it, saith the Lord." We view these monumental ruins as on a peninsula, passing to the right into the sea, above the level of which, and extending towards the spectator, a long line of ruined foundations appears, and between which the water rushes with a sullen heave, which the painter must have seen, as it is so emphatic here. Beyond the ruins of the devoted city a chain of mountains traverses the composition, passing to remote distance. The whole is generally low in tone, very unassuming in colour, and brought forward with an execution perhaps unusually free.

No. 63. 'Repose,' H. BRITAN WILLIS. A herd of cattle grouped by the side of a stream; they are drawn with knowledge and perfect accuracy, but the charm of the picture are the dispositions of colour and light.

No. 66. 'A Vale near Beddgelert, North Wales,' A. WILLIAMS. A small picture, picturesque as to subject, and as to colour infinitely richer than anything that has ever been exhibited under this name.

No. 67. 'The Wounded Trooper,' A. COOPER, R.A. This is a very ancient subject—the horse standing by his prostrate master. The animal is well drawn, but there is too much refinement for a troop-horse.

No. 70. 'The Campbells are Coming—Lucknow, Jessie Brown, September, 1857,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A. This is the story of the corporal's wife, whose Highland ear distinguished afar the sound of the bagpipe before the shrill war-march was heard by English ears. Like another maid of Saragossa, she listens in an exposed situation on the rampart, and the men who have been working the mortar have ceased from their

toil to listen also. The woman's earnestness induces the officer to suspend for a moment his orders, and essay to catch the sounds which he would so gladly hear. He is a fine manly figure, calm and resolute, though worn with anxiety—whose cares are not so much for his own life as for those of all around him, and especially for the safety of his wife and child who are near him. The style of this picture, it may be observed, is very different from that of antecedent works; the story is, however, most circumstantially narrated, and the subject is very pointedly indicated.

No. 75. 'Pio della Campagna,' R. BUCKNER. Had this subject been Pio della Citta, we should have understood its point better than the allusion in this composition, in which we find principally a boy leading a dog of the Spitz breed.

No. 76. 'Tsaida, or Sidon, Capital of ancient Phœnicia, looking towards Mount Lebanon,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. The elder sister of Tyre, and, like her, fallen for like crimes under the curse of heaven. Here we have the sea on our left, and the Lebanon range closing the distance. So much alike are these remains—that is, of both cities—in site, quantity, and general form, that both pictures seem to give views of the same place, but from opposite points. These two works form pendants, which ought to be inseparable.

No. 80. 'Harrowing,' W. H. HOPKINS. A team of two horses, tended by a boy. The animals, and the ground they are working, are well painted, but the grey horse does all the work.

No. 82. 'Castle of Chillon, Lake of Geneva,' J. DANBY. This famous castle looks smaller here than it has ever before appeared; but the view has been studied as a glowing evening effect, as which it is successful.

No. 83. 'The Visit to the Studio,' L. HAGHE. The visitors are an old gentleman and a young lady, and perhaps a friend, who, with the painter, is behind them. The figures are attired in dresses of the seventeenth century, a period to which, as to costume, Mr. Haghe is especially attached. The lower tones of the picture are broad, deep, and little broken, so that they fully sustain the principal light, the dress of the young lady. The work is wrought out much in the feeling of certain of the elder Dutch painters, especially of Terburg, whom biographers love to call "the father of the conversation school."

No. 84. 'Waiting for the Barge,' G. COLE. This is a study of three horses on the bank of a river; the animals are carefully drawn and judiciously grouped.

No. 89. 'Varenna,' G. E. HERING. One of those lake subjects which the painter renders with incomparable sweetness. The town lies on the right, and the lake extends to distance between hills covered with verdure, until the distance melts into the sunlight. The picture is everywhere most patiently elaborated, and the sunny tranquillity—which is evidently the sentiment proposed—is satisfactorily realised.

No. 90. 'The Pride of the Moors,' G. W. HORLOR. The material consists of a sheltie and a brace of dogs: the pony is a characteristic type of his race.

No. 91. 'The Cathedral at Sens,' L. J. WOOD. Like many French cathedrals, that of Sens is lost amid the buildings by which it is surrounded; we have, consequently, only a partial view of the edifice. The subject is not so judiciously selected as others which the artist has recently painted.

No. 93. 'The Turn of a Straw,' H. C. SELOUS. The story is a rustic pair, youth and maiden, whom we see in confidential discourse at a stile. She bears on her head the produce of her day's gleanings, and plays with a straw between her fingers. He, however, is earnest and pressing, but she listens somewhat indifferently to the momentous proposition. Both figures are full of expression, and in that expression lies the tale of the two hearts.

No. 102. 'The Cottage Window,' G. WELLS. That is, a study of a female figure at the window, well drawn, and painted with much freshness of feeling, but as to quality, far short of the excellence of this painter's miniature works.

No. 107. 'Venice from the Riva Schiavoni—Early Morning,' E. A. GOODALL. The point from which this view has been studied is the quay near the Doge's palace looking towards the Grand Canal,

and thus comprehending as principal features the Salute, Dogana, and adjacent edifices, to which the eye is led by the lines of buildings on the quays. We look into this picture with much satisfaction, and marvel at the unbaflled resolution with which every item of the long and intricate account is set and maintained in its place. The river is crowded with little figures admirably drawn and studiously national; and the subdued tints of the morning are sufficiently real to show that the painter has been at his sketch as early as the yet spare light would enable him to distinguish objects.

No. 113. 'Hopes and Fears,' T. M. JOY. A group of a mother and her child, the former clasping the latter to her bosom as if in apprehension of some imminent evil. The figures are large, and the feeling of the work is that of an earlier time: it is, however, an agreeable composition, effectively studied.

No. 120. 'Knuckle Down,' W. H. KNIGHT. The title were enough to declare the subject; three or four boys are playing at marbles, and he who is about to shoot is ordered to "knuckle down." These figures display a great amount of profitable study; every object and every line has its office in the composition, and the remotest section of the picture has been as anxiously realised as the nearest passage.

No. 121. 'A Dutch Shore—A Still Day after Stormy Weather,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A. Of this identical subject Mr. Cooke executes a continued series of versions—fishing-boats just come in or just going out, beached on a low level shore, with the wave line on the sand running transversely into the picture. The remarks made on No. 23 apply in a great measure to this work.

No. 124. 'Immortelles,' F. WYBURD. "Those whom she loved so long and sees no more, Loved and still loves—not dead—but gone before."

The title is given to a girl seated in a window, making a crown of those yellow flowers. She is presented in profile, and the figure is the conception of a refined and cultivated taste, with an expression of feature inexpressibly sweet. The extreme purity of the flesh tints is not more admirable than the simple elegance of the dress.

No. 125. 'On the Coast, Hastings,' P. W. ELEN. The cliffs, although distant, are sufficiently true to indicate Hastings. The subject is full of appropriate material, and very successful in effect.

No. 127. 'A Coast Scene from Nature,' W. HEMSLEY. The locale is a grassy cliff overhanging the sea-shore, on which lie two boys, one in charge of a child, for the amusement of whom the other beats a tambourine. We submit that the subject had been better and more natural if the figure charged with the care of the child had been a girl instead of a boy; be that as it may, the figures are exquisitely wrought out, the colour and chiaroscuro are in the finest taste, and the grassy bank on which this most simple agroupment is cast, is in itself an essay of great merit.

No. 139. 'Disappointment,' A. J. WOOLMER. A female figure standing at a window in a pose of deep dejection. The grey hues of the dress contrast strongly with the expression of the features. As a study of colour it is exceedingly brilliant.

No. 142. 'An Evening after Bad Weather,' A. W. KNELL. The scene is an anchorage, which may be anywhere; and the shades of evening have fallen on the sea, but the yellow sun-light yet lingers in the lower sky. The principal object is a dismasted ship riding at anchor, which without other indication evidences the kind of weather that has prevailed. The artist has frequently painted this effect.

No. 144. 'Far Away,' P. H. CALDERON. A study of a girl standing at a window immersed in melancholy thoughts. She wears the costume peculiar to the lower class of German women, and every fold of that dress, as to form and tone, has been most conscientiously painted. The picture is a success, but it is less ambitious than others we have seen exhibited under this name.

No. 145. 'Schnabserthal,' F. DILLON. This *thal* is in fact a rocky ravine, the highway of a headlong foaming winter torrent, but now dry, save where intersected by the stream, shrunk to its usual summer dimensions: a study of rocks and stones, painted in a low-toned breadth, as seen at twilight, for the sun is low, and its rays light only a distant mountain peak. The subject has been



chosen with much feeling for pictorial quality, and worked out with a becoming sentiment, but the scene would have been better as a rocky solitude, without the presence of figures.

No. 152. 'The Peacock at Home,' G. LANCE. A quaint association, but not more so than the collective *omnium gatherum* compositions of some of the Dutch painters. It is a large picture, gorgeous in colour and elegant in arrangement. We have a heap of fruit lying on a sculptured marble garden bench, and above this is placed a peacock, the tail of which passes over to the left. The upper part is landscape. It is an attractive picture—the fruit is painted with the artist's accustomed cunning, and the whole is most carefully brought forward.

No. 155. 'The Old Soldier and the Young Recruit,' G. LANDSEER. An excellent picture, full of point and character, which undoubtedly carries on the honours of the great name.

No. 159. 'The Hay-harvest,' H. JUTSUM. The subject is not, as it might be expected, a hay-field, but the outskirts of a farm-yard, into which the hay is being carted for stacking. A chief feature in the picture is a group of magnificently-spreading trees. On the left the scene is most skillfully closed with indications of the comfortable abode of a wealthy farmer, while on the right it opens to distance, showing passages of wooded scenery common to our own land, but such as no other country can boast. Every incident in the composition evidences the best accomplishments of the art.

No. 167. J. GILBERT. To this picture there is no title, but the subject is an incident in the life of Teniers, who, when about fifteen years of age, and painting in his father's studio, was surprised by Rubens, who proceeded at once to touch upon his picture. We find, therefore, the great master seated before a piece of canvas roughly mounted, on which the boy has been working. Young Teniers, his father, and mother are behind the chair of Rubens, watching attentively the progress of the picture. The work is rich and harmonious in its hues: to colour, the artist has chiefly addressed himself. A facility of sketching may have rendered Mr. Gilbert more or less careless of the realities of form, and those niceties of execution which are insisted on in academical education. But the picture is a production of striking brilliancy—the black and yellow, with the highly-glazed flesh tints, are powerfully effective. It establishes the character of the artist as a man of the highest genius.

No. 171. 'Pike and Perch,' H. L. ROLFE. There are but the two fish lying at the water's edge. The glistening freshness of their scales is a most happy imitation of the appearance of fish but just removed from the stream.

No. 173. 'Mill near Trefriew, North Wales,' E. J. NIEMANN. This is a large picture, presenting a stream flowing over a rocky bed enclosed by masses of foliage, between which appears the mill. The chief feature of the composition—the trees, are painted with a free and a full brush, in tints mellow and harmonious, and affording a strong opposition to the lighter passages.

No. 183. 'The Road to Seville,' R. ANSDALL. The title affords no key to the subject of the composition, which is essentially a cattle-picture. It is large, and contains principally a team of bullocks drawing a cart in which are two or three country-people. The eye rests instantly on the driver, who, standing in a position which the painter must have seen, with a thin wand resting on the horn of one of the animals, guides his course, and is evidently about to turn the vehicle. This is one of the most picturesque figures we have of late seen—his *pose*, his *cuislets* of cowskin on the hair on, his entire *mise* is striking, and of course genuine. The animals, it must be supposed, are characteristic studies. It is an admirable production, and excels everything that Mr. Ansdall has hitherto produced.

No. 189. 'Beatrice di Dante,' H. WEIGALL. A study of a female head with the features presented full to the spectator. The hair is not in colour the national deep black of Italy, but it is auburn, the hue that Titian, and other of the Italian painters, loved so much. The features are qualified with an expression of divine benignity.

## MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 197. 'The Rescue,' J. DANBY. The story is of a shipwreck. The survivors, who are on a

raft, are about to be removed from their peril by the approaching boat of a brig, which is hove to to rescue the sufferers. The sea is perfectly calm, and the sun is setting. The materials are slightly treated—too much so for so large a canvas, but the effect is felicitously made out.

No. 206. 'The Companions,' C. DUKES. This fellowship exists between a child and a dog, both of which are in the lap of the mother of the former. The group is painted with great firmness.

No. 211. 'The After-Dinner Nap,' F. WEEKES. A study of a man sleeping. The head is admirably realised.

No. 219. 'The Lake of Como,' T. DANBY. This is the first foreign subject of its class that we remember by this painter, who has been hitherto painting Welsh and Scottish scenery, which, in the manner of the art, this picture is made very much to resemble. The breadth of the canvas is, with little exception, water and sky, certainly beautiful in colour, to which all form is sacrificed. There are here and there points to force the effect, but the mellow colour and cunning manipulation would have derived greater value from forms more definite and substantial.

No. 221. 'The Drove,' F. W. KEYL. The scene is an extensive and gloomy moor, carefully rendered, with well preserved distances; and the drove consists of a few horned cattle and a flock of sheep, drawn with the knowledge which this painter always shows in his works.

No. 223. 'An Ancient Roman Tomb,' W. LINTON. A small picture, showing a yet substantial ruin on the left of the composition, the excellent palpability of which approaches reality as nearly as Art can approach its model. There is a fine taste and classic zest in the picture, and these qualities would be more appreciable if the work were left without the final glaze which sullies its surface generally.

No. 224. 'Sunlight in a Shady Place,' R. ROTHWELL. This sunlight falls on the cheek of a child—a little boy—a life-sized study of great beauty, for in this class of subject the painter has always excelled; the colour is tender and life-like, and the character graceful and winning.

No. 225. 'A Puritan in his Cups,' A. H. TOURRIER. A soldier of the seventeenth century, in buff coat and boots, sleeping in his chair. The figure has been most carefully studied, and the costume is accurate and circumstantially detailed.

No. 231. 'Remains of the Roman Baths at Treves,' G. C. STANFIELD. Whether this picture be or be not unimpeachably true as to the locality, it impresses the mind with a conviction of truth. These graceful arches, even in ruin, give a charming lightness to the mass which thus alone were enough for a picture, but in addition to the beautiful colour in which it is brought forward, it is accompanied and relieved by minutely painted gradations of landscape, that have been made out by a succession of infinitely nice processes of Art.

No. 233. 'Happy Times,' G. SMITH. A group of three children playing on the greensward, who, together with the landscape scene, have been most conscientiously studied.

No. 244. 'Hook my Frock,' W. HEMSLEY. A small picture of two cottage children, admirably drawn, and exhibiting the most perfect command of the expression of high and reflected lights.

No. 247. 'The River Teign, near Chagford, Devon,' T. J. SOPER. Qualified by more of the freshness of nature, and disqualified by less of the reliance on manner, than we have seen in antecedent works.

No. 249. 'November Moonlight on the Thames, Windsor,' Captain J. D. KING. A most pleasant picture by a veteran artist who always does well.

No. 251. 'Medora,' H. O'NEIL. A head in profile, of which the skin surface is slightly waxy, but otherwise a graceful study.

No. 259. 'L'Incognita,' L. W. DESANGES. The *incognita* is but indifferently preserved; that is, although the lady be veiled, she would be readily recognised by those who knew her. This figure is a study of the size of life, elegantly attired in modern costume; the veil over the face is a most perfect representation.

No. 264. 'The Forge,' W. PROVIS. The painter must have experienced some difficulty before finding a place so picturesquely rustic as this. The infinity of material represented here so conscientiously—

such a museum of paintable valuables—must have been half a century in course of collection.

No. 264. 'Interior of St. Jaques Church, Antwerp,' C. H. STANLEY. Every peripatetic artist sketches or draws some part of this interior, but it is here in full, and has never been more faithfully described.

No. 275. 'Peggy Maclure waiting for Morton's return from visiting Quintin Mackell, of Irongray,' E. U. EDDIS. A full-length figure, with a head of much sweetness—but faulty as to the drawing of the limbs.

No. 276. 'Early Morning on the Thames near Putney,' E. C. WILLIAMS. Certainly the most has been made of the subject; it would be difficult of belief that anything near Putney could be made so interesting.

No. 292. 'The Domestic,' J. M. ATKINSON. A very successful imitation of the Dutch; the subject is a woman scraping carrots at a window, the balance of light and shade is managed so as to render it powerful and substantial.

No. 294. 'A River Scene,' C. SMITH. A small composition of water, and all the waterside greenery—willows, sedges, and rushes—made out with much spirit.

No. 298. 'Tantallon Castle,' J. J. WILSON. In this large picture the view of the ruin is taken from the beach, with the sea opening on the right, so as to comprehend a view of the Bass Rock. The near rocks on the left lie in three successive, and about equal, quantities—a repetition of uniformity which must have escaped the observation of the painter. This picturesque remnant is a standard subject with northern artists.

No. 306. 'A Fresh Day,' A. MONTAGUE. There is much good feeling in the manner in which the proposed subject is sustained.

No. 307. 'The Winter Bed of an Alpine Torrent,' HARRY JOHNSON. The water-course winds upwards between the rugged sides of the mountains, until it leads the eye to a distance where a mountain peak rises lighted by the rays of the setting sun. The place is a desolation of rocks and stones; a solitary goat is picking the scant herbage, and a dead tree evidences the force of the winter torrent. The sentiment is deeply impressive.

No. 323. 'Fruit, &c.,' W. DUFFIELD. The subject is a large basket of fruit—grapes, plums, pines, and a cockatoo. The grapes are charming in transparent and luscious colour.

No. 330. 'Saarburg on the Saar, Rhenish Prussia,' G. C. STANFIELD. This subject is new—we make the observation because it composes so well. The view is taken from the level of the river, whence the quaint old houses rise, and above them the cathedral, the lines of which are carried on by those of the retiring cliffs. The finish and texture of the work are admirable.

No. 338. 'Short Change,' J. COLLINSON. The subject is scarcely worth a thought from an artist with such a power of execution as we see here, but the principles of the composition are worthy of Teniers.

No. 342. 'Good Night,' J. MORGAN. This is the valediction of a young lady who is about retiring within her chamber. As to colour and light the face is really a beautiful passage.

No. 344. 'Peep-Bo!' H. VANSEBEN. The study of the Dutch masters is at once obvious here. The point of the picture is a female figure opposed to a light wall; a child is playing at hide-and-seek in the ample folds of her dress.

No. 345. 'Mountain Road, near Arona, Lago Maggiore,' G. E. HERING. This road passes obliquely upwards from the right of the composition, and beyond it is seen the lake encompassed by the vast mountains of the district. The broken foreground affords an opportunity of employing a mass of shade to force the higher tones, and the result is most successful. This is one of the very best efforts of the painter.

No. 349. 'On the Shore,' T. DALZIEL. A pleasant picture, exhibiting considerable ability.

No. 351. 'Harvest Time,' A. J. STARK. The field is closed by trees, over which we have a glimpse of a beautifully diversified distance. The subject is full of material,—the whole very carefully brought forward.

No. 359. 'A Tributary to the Greta,' J. STARK. We are surprised to meet, so far north as the Greta, this painter, who rarely ventures beyond the home circuit. The trees, water, and general circum-



stance of this picture are full of the fresh reality of nature.

No. 360. 'Wind against Tide, Ostend Pier,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. From about the centre of the pier we look to sea, to which it has been the purpose of the painter to communicate the effect proposed in the title, in which he has succeeded. Everything in the picture looks very wet, and the wind is so much a reality, that we feel it.

No. 365. 'Interior of St. Mark's, Venice—Chapel of St. James,' W. TELBIN. This chapel may strike the spectator as being somewhat larger than the reality; the mind is impressed with the grandeur and space of the building, and everything that could detract from these impressions is suppressed.

#### SOUTH ROOM.

No. 374. 'Evening on the Teign,' W. WILLIAMS. We can scarcely believe the Teign to be so broad and lake-like as we see it here: be that as it may, it is a most agreeable view. The artist has been looking at Turner.

No. 375. 'Vale of the Dee from above Pont-y-Sylltan,' J. W. OAKES. The object of the artist in this picture—to give distance by the indefiniteness of objects, and mixing the horizon with the clouds—fails, we think, of the intended purpose. It is an ambitious work, but too broad, too atmospheric, yet with great experience and exquisite feeling. One or two sharp lines and definite quantities would awaken the whole from its dreamy listlessness.

No. 383. 'The Robber's Cave,' J. A. FITZGERALD. This is a fairy tale, in which we read of the heroes—or heroines—

("Which are ye, dark and dread Bœotians?")

—reposing in a nest-like retreat all but embosomed in summer foliage, and garlanded by gnomes and sprites and elves of every possible colour; and forms which professors of comparative anatomy might pertinaciously dispute. The little picture is full of the most quaint conceptions worked out by the nicest elaboration.

No. 395. 'A Glimpse of the Marshes of Essex,' J. S. RAVEN. The broken foreground and airy distance of this view are coloured with exquisite taste.

No. 401. 'Cattle—Shower passing off,' H. MOORE. The cattle are most carefully drawn, and the proposed effect it is quite unnecessary to add to the title.

No. 411. 'Fruit, Flowers, and Bird's Nest,' H. W. WARD. We do frequently see subjects of this class worked out with a patience so exemplary as to become even proverbial. This is a small picture, in which is a bird's nest with eggs, some grapes, and vine foliage, a flower or two, and other scraps of colour—a microscopic surface. But the bird's nest is the triumph of the picture,—the moss, cow-hair, the infinitesimal lichens, the minute and tender twigs of which it is composed, are drawn with a *finesse* so distressingly minute that we wonder by what cunning the brushes have been made with which such things have been wrought out: but if we knew the painter, our only question would be, "How long did this production occupy you?"

No. 419. 'Honeysuckle,' Miss A. F. MUTRIE. Painted with the usual skill; a combination of force and delicacy which characterises all the works of this accomplished lady.

No. 420. FRANK WYBURD.

"Eyes not down dropt, nor over bright, but fed  
With the clear pointed flame of chastity."

This is a profile study of the head of a girl, costumed in elegant taste, charming in colour, and impressive in sentiment.

No. 421. 'Loch Lomond,' J. PEEL. But little of the loch is seen indeed—only a nook beyond certain sections of rough and broken ground, and rocks, wherein lies the force of the picture. The materials come well together, and are successfully realised.

No. 426. 'Gate-Crags and Village of Grange, Borrowdale,' G. PETTIT. The subject, with its most striking features, the towering crags, is brought forward with extraordinary truth.

No. 427. 'A Woman of the Roman Campagna,' H. WEIGALL. She is in holiday costume, and bears a cruse on her head: the impersonation is characteristic, and the dress strictly national.

No. 433. 'Sunrise—Topsham on the Exe,' W.

WILLIAMS. This subject has been well chosen, and worked out with a charming feeling.

No. 435. 'Hauling in Nets—Evening,' J. MOGFORD. A coast scene, with figures occupied according to the title. Evening effect is happily imitated.

No. 442. 'An Autumnal Evening—North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. A composition of very attractive material; a lake shut in by mountains, with a broken foreground, on which are trees and undergrowth. The whole of the lower part of the scene is in twilight, but the mountain peaks are brilliantly illumined by the setting sun.

No. 448. 'On the Severn, North Wales,' E. T. PARKIS. The river here is very narrow, and but little of it is seen, the view being interrupted by a group of lofty trees, which, in the force of their shade, are opposed to the sunshine, that lights up the left of the picture—the result being a very attractive production.

No. 458. W. BROMLEY.

"More light and light—more dark and dark our woes.  
Farewell, my love; one kiss, and I'll begone."

These, we need not say, are the parting words of Romeo. The time is of course night, and the scene the garden. The two figures are grouped standing, and the moonlight falls upon them—defining especially the outline—with the most agreeable result. We cannot see the work well, but it appears to be a production of great merit.

No. 459. 'Charcoal Burning on the Tyrolese Alps,' HARRY JOHNSON. Salvator would have been enchanted with the scene. We see just enough of the charcoal-burners to believe them robbers, sinners—anything desperate; and the tone of the picture being generally sombre, and the locality as wild as can be well conceived, we have a picture intensely romantic.

No. 463. 'Venice,' W. N. HARDWICK. The subject is a couple of ornamented façades, on one of the smaller canals, rendered with much taste and excellent colour.

No. 465. 'Daughters of Eve,' E. J. COBBETT. A couple of girls gathering apples: both figures and trees are palpable realities.

No. 466. 'Vessels off Flamborough Head, coast of Yorkshire,' I. W. CARMICHAEL. The coast line in this view passes into the composition on the right, wherein in distance appears the lighthouse. At high water vessels approach very closely this part of the coast, and as the tide is at the full, there is a brig sailing close in shore, under a stiff breeze and on a rolling sea. The forms of the water are strikingly natural, liquid, and transparent, and most carefully modelled. The brig is most accurately drawn, and her rigging described with a technical knowledge which we see in the works of no other marine painter.

No. 481. 'Loch Ridden, Kyles of Bute, taken from Barntisland,' G. SANT. Though with certain evidences of having been painted on the spot, we cannot receive as true the extremely cutting lines of the mountain opposed to the sky, while the outlines of less distant objects are much less severe.

No. 482. 'Hawthorn Gathering,' J. C. LEWIS. Amid the full and luxuriant bloom of the thorn, we find here a girl plucking the white boughs, from which she shakes abundantly the tender flowers. It is a spirited essay.

No. 492. 'The Triumph of Vanity—an Allegory,' NOEL PATON, R.S.A. This really magnificent work demands at the hands of all whose office it is to write of it, a detailed description; at least a notice evincing an appreciation of the thought and labour which have been expended in its production; but it is unfortunately placed, inasmuch that the finer passages cannot be seen. We know that Mr. Paton finishes his pictures very highly, and it is probable that this is not an exception to his usual practice. The subject is the infatuation of the world in its pursuit of vanity; we confess freely that allegory is not to our taste—so difficult of production is the strain of allegory in its didactic purity, that it is more difficult to succeed in it than in any other class of subject. Of twenty allegorical essays that may pass under our notice, nineteen, independently of all absurdities and imbecilities, are tainted with vulgarity and caricature. The "Vanity" of this picture is a woman personally most alluring, but with, as well as can be seen, a most sinister expression of countenance. She is followed by a crowd in which every estate of mankind is represented, and before

these she flits on filmy wings almost within reach, but is never caught; in her train are the poet, the soldier, the statesman, the philosopher; and foremost in the race are the habitual pleasure-seekers of the every-day world. And, as we read on the frame, "the end of these things is death"—a form like the angel of Death hovers over the whole, and many are already stricken and cast on the ground. The narrative is so perspicuous as to require no descriptive title. We are struck by but one anomaly, which, as the whole is based upon human passion, is not a small one: it is intelligible that men should pursue a beautiful phantom in the shape of a woman, but we find women among the foremost in the race—they cannot be allured by female beauty, and yet we can discern nothing else to attract them. There is much more to be said about this surpassing production, but we must wait another opportunity, for in truth it is impossible to judge of it here. We know it has passed the ordeal of criticism in Edinburgh, and we know there are few if any better painters living than this artist. His genius is not a matter of question, neither are his powers to execute. We must take this work in trust; and so must the Directors of the British Institution.

No. 495. 'The Island of Philæ, Nubia, from the North,' FRANK DILLON. This view of the temples shows them almost enclosed by a variety of mounds and masses of sand, with but a small section of that part of the Nile which separates the island from the main-land. The sun lights the temples with much lustre, and the picture has the merit of looking a probability.

No. 501. 'The Young Pretender,' T. F. DICKSEE. An incident very likely to occur in childhood—a little girl about to give her doll the breast—very naturally described.

No. 502. 'Roman Cathedral, from Place de la Calende,' L. J. WOOD. A small picture, but a very meritorious representation.

No. 503. 'Boy and Parrot,' J. H. S. MANN and G. LANCE. The child has a quantity of fruit which he is anxious evidently to preserve; but a cockatoo looks fixedly at the tempting *morceaux*, much to the apprehension of their possessor. Beautiful in colour and natural truth.

No. 517. 'The Sister's Grave,' T. BROOKS. Impressively treated: a female figure, in mourning, seated contemplating a recently closed grave.

No. 539. 'The New Houses of Parliament, Westminster,' H. DAWSON. A most daring enterprise this same subject—very few of greater difficulty could have been chosen—and to say that it has received justice, is to admit nothing in respect of its merit; it must be said that it is one of the most remarkable works of this class that have of late years been produced. The view is taken from the Surrey side, a little below Westminster Bridge, so as to bring the towers of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey as the dominant quantities in the picture. They rise near the centre, cut by the lines of the lower architecture, to which a repetition occurs in the bridge. The left is occupied by a multitude of river craft, and on the right is a part of a barge, which would have been better left out, with its boy. How few artists are there who leave reflected sunlight to itself! the trick of forcing is too transparent. It is evening, and a mellow hazy light prevails in the upper part, the sun being near the clock-tower. The water is overdone with work, it alone looks like paint. In the great scramble for Turner's mantle, this painter seems to have obtained the best share of the garment.

Among the remaining works we observe: No. 549. 'Rosalind and Celia,' by J. ARCHER, A.R.S.A.; No. 550. 'The Towing Path, near Early, Berks,' G. A. WILLIAMS; No. 552. 'An Alarm in India,' E. HOPLEY; No. 556. 'Un Cercle un 18me Siècle, Yves,' G. DE ST. MARTIN, a picture full of figures, each finished like a miniature—a most beautiful production, but we cannot see it; No. 557. 'On the Banks of a River near Bromley,' E. GILL; No. 558. 'French Lagger coming into Salcombe Harbour for Crabs,' &c., T. S. ROBINS: and of sculpture there are fourteen pieces, some of distinguished merit, by Malempré, Alex. Munro, J. S. Westmacott, Mrs. Thornycroft, P. Van Linden, Hamilton McCarthy, and others. In conclusion, we do not doubt that it will be admitted on all sides, that the present exhibition is the most satisfactory that has for years been seen on these walls.

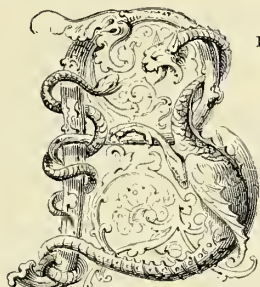


## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XV.

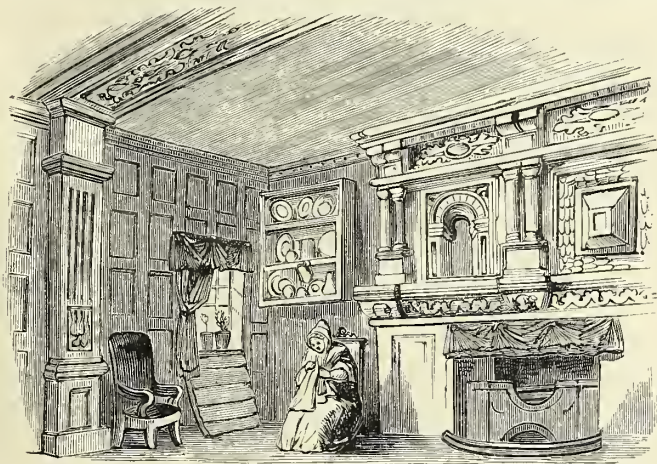


BEFORE we pass under the bridge at Walton, we are called upon to leave the boat, and walk a brief distance to visit the village and the church: both are full of interest. In the village is the house of the President Bradshaw; at Ashley Park, not far distant, the Protector is said to have some time resided; at Hershham, in the vicinity, lived William Lilly, the astrologer,—

"A cunning man, hyght Sidrophel,  
That deals in Destiny's dark counsels,  
And sage opinions of the moon sells,"—

and his remains lie in Walton Church. On St. George's Hill is an ancient encampment of considerable size, which, although of date anterior to the Romans, was probably occupied by Cæsar when preparing for his struggle with the Britons, under Cassivellaunus; and it may safely be conjectured that his legions passed from this height into the valley to cross the Thames at Coway Stakes—"ea eeleritate atque impetu." From the summit of this hill is obtained one of the most striking and magnificent views to be found anywhere in England, extending not only over Middlesex and Surrey, but into Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Essex, Kent, and even Sussex.

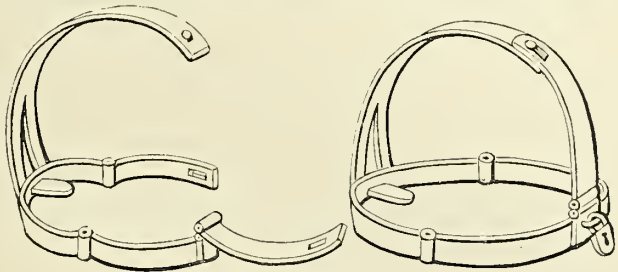
Bradshaw's house is now in a dilapidated state, inhabited by poor persons, but it retains several indications of its ancient grandeur; a chimney-piece is shown in the appended engraving; it is one of the remaining ornaments of a



INTERIOR OF BRADSHAW'S HOUSE.

wainscoted chamber, in which, no doubt, "the regicides" often sate in council; indeed, there is a tradition that here the signatures were affixed to the death-warrant of the king.

We must enter the church, and—having examined a gorgeously-sculptured tomb, of much artistic value, from the chisel of Roubiliac, to the memory of Viscount Shannon—"the fair black marble stone" that records the name of "the astrologer"—the white tablet that marks the grave of Henry Skene, the tourist—the singular monument to John Selwyn, whose heroic achievement of killing a stag after having leaped upon his back, in the presence of Queen Elizabeth, is commemorated in "a brass," now let into the wall—Chantry's beautiful statue of a mourner leaning on a sarcophagus, to the memory of "Christopher D'Oyley"—we may criticise an object no less interesting as a record of the olden time—



SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

it is "the scold's bridle," one of the few "examples" yet remaining in England. It bears the date 1633, and the following inscription,—

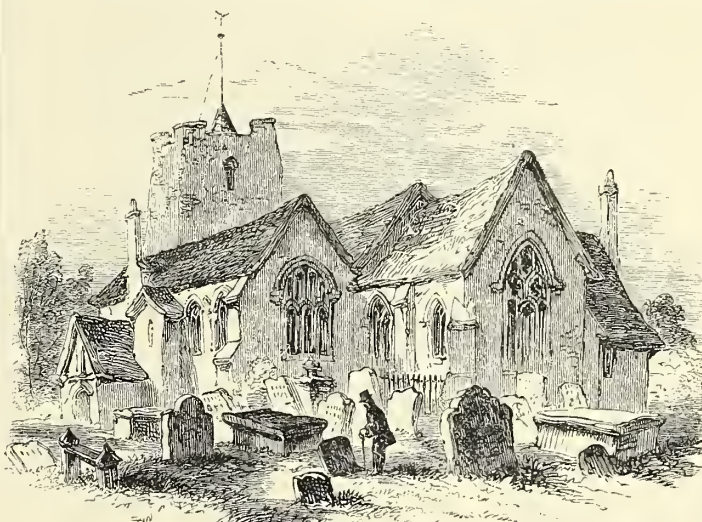
"Chester presents Walton with a bridle,  
To curb women's tongues when they are idle,"—

and was presented to the parish by the person whose name it bears, because he had lost an estate "through the instrumentality of a gossiping, lying woman." Its construction and mode of fastening are shown in the engraving; when locked, a

flat piece of iron projects into the mouth, and effectually keeps down the "unruly member." The venerable church has, therefore, several objects of interest,—we can name but few of them; yet we may not forget that in the adjacent grave-yard was interred, some eighteen or twenty years ago, one

"Who blazed  
The comet of a season,"

an eloquent writer, a brilliant wit, a man of large knowledge and extensive learning; his grave is without a mark; we had difficulty to find the secluded spot in which he lies: yet there are many who remember "William Magin,"



WALTON CHURCH.

perhaps with more of admiration than respect, and who will grieve that no stone distinguishes the place in which he rests "after life's fever."

We again make our way to the Thames, and join our boat, passing under the long, narrow, and picturesque bridge here pictured, from a sketch by an excellent artist, Mr. W. E. Bates. "It is, in fact, a sort of double bridge, a second set of arches being carried over a low tract of ground, south of the principal bridge which crosses the river." From this bridge there is a plea-



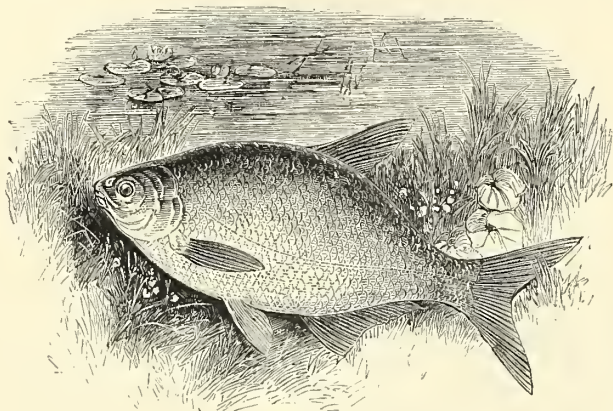
WALTON BRIDGE.

sant view of the Thames, above and below, Coway Stakes being immediately beneath us, and the new "villa-planted" demesne of "Oatlands" rising gracefully from its banks.\* We must pause awhile in "the deep" immediately under it, for it is famous fishing ground; and here, perhaps more than in any other part of the Thames, the angler finds the Bream abundant.

\* Oatlands is now "a village" of handsome houses, many of them with charming gardens and grounds. A large hotel is in process of erection, and the place yields in attraction to none, distant fifteen miles by railway (the South Western) from London. The palace at Oatlands, in which dwelt Henry VIII., Queen Elizabeth, the Consort of James I., the Queen of Charles I., and the Queen of Charles II., has long since disappeared; its site being occupied by a modern mansion, which became the property of the Duke of York, was at his death purchased by Mr. Ball Hughes, known as "the Golden Ball," and, having passed through "various hands," has been divided into "building lots." The famous grotto still remains; it was constructed at great cost for the Duke of Newcastle, by three persons—a father and two sons—who were employed in the work during several years. It consists of five chambers, the sides and roofs of which are enlivened with spars, ores, shells, and crystals. In a little dell adjacent are several stones, numbering, perhaps, sixty or seventy; they are the grave-stones of pet dogs,—the pets of her Royal Highness the Duchess of York,—and many of them have appropriate inscriptions. The Duchess died at Oatlands, in 1820, and was interred at Weybridge Church, where a monument was erected to her memory, with a beautifully sculptured figure by Chantrey. That old church has been taken down, and a new and very graceful structure built a few yards from its site. Chantrey's monument has been re-erected in the new church; but the vault originally in the transept, is now in the church-yard. The tall spire of Weybridge Church is seen from all parts of the adjacent country.



The Bream (*abramis Brama*) inhabits most of the lakes and rivers of England, but appears to be found in the Thames only in special localities: often as we have fished in the glorious river, we have never yet caught one except in that part of it which we are now describing. The bream is often killed in large numbers, and frequently of weight between two and four pounds; sometimes much heavier. It is, however, a poor fish—a degree worse than the barbel, as food; although Izaak quotes, in reference to it, a French proverb, to the effect



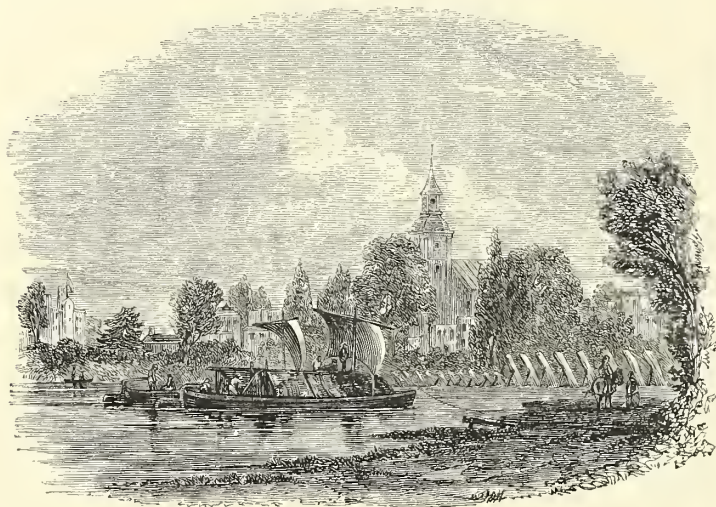
THE BREAM.

that "he who hath bream in his pond is able to bid his friend welcome;" and Chaucer considers it worthy of note, as among the preparations for a feast:—

"Full many a fair partrich hadde he in mewes,  
And many a bream and many a lucc in stewe."

The fish is flat and broad; the tail being long and "deeply forked." The colour is of yellowish white.\*

Passing between low lands for the distance of about two miles, we arrive at Sunbury—a pretty village on the Middlesex side. There is a weir of considerable length, and lower down a lock: the lock has been recently constructed on "scientific principles"—the water being raised and lowered by machinery, but the effect of the "improvement" is to embarrass and delay the voyager.



SUNBURY

Flat and uninteresting are the meadows that stretch away from the Surrey bank of the Thames, as we voyage below Sunbury. Tall osiers, for the most part, shut out all distant views from the water. The villages of West and East Moulsey succeed in their turn. Between the former village and the river lies the low open tract, or common, known as Moulsey Hurst, and memorable chiefly in the annals of pugilistic encounters and horse-racing. East Moulsey has very rapidly increased during the last few years. Fine trees have disappeared, and rows of genuine suburban residences have sprung up in their places. A new church of an agreeable aspect has been added to the group, near the Hurst; and opposite to the Palace of Hampton Court, the terminus of the railway and a cluster of hotels have established themselves. The old church of East Moulsey is small, and belongs altogether to a period in which Moulsey itself was simply a country village, and had not yet risen to the dignity of a metropolitan railway station.

Situated on the Middlesex side of the Thames, the village of Hampton rises from the river's edge, and its long series of villas, with their orderly looking trees and well-kept gardens, with here and there a fishing cottage peering from

beneath thick masses of overhanging foliage, skirt the stream. At the entrance into Hampton from Sunbury there are several good houses, that stand back at some little distance from the Thames; and in front of them the water-towers and other buildings of the London and Hampton works for the supply of the metropolis with water, have been recently erected. An attempt has been made to impart an architectural character to these edifices, but they present a very questionable appearance after all. The passage across the water from Moulsey Hurst is effected by means of a truly primitive ferry-boat. Immediately adjoining the landing-place stands Hampton Church, occupying a commanding position on rising ground. To the edifice, however, unhappily may be assigned a "bad pre-eminence," as being among the very worst examples of the church-building of thirty years since. At that period the old church was pulled down, and the present wretched affair was erected at great cost. The village extends for some distance from the river towards the north; and at about a mile from the church in that direction it has very recently expanded into a second village, which bears the name of New Hampton. From the New Hampton road Bushy Park extends to Kingston and Teddington, and for the space of half a mile it reaches almost to the river's side, below the Hampton Villas. Of these residences the most striking is "Garrick's Villa," once the property and the favourite residence of the great master of histrionic art. The garden, like its neighbours, abuts upon the river; but the house stands beyond the road, and, consequently, it is separated from the water-side part of its grounds: a communication, however, suggested by Dr. Johnson, exists in the form of a very picturesque short tunnel under the road. Here, beneath a weeping willow that droops gracefully into the water, stands "the Grecian rotunda, with an Ionic



GARRICK'S VILLA.

portico" (it is really a little octagonal water-side summer-house), which in Garrick's time gave shelter to Roubiliac's statue of Shakspeare, that has been since promoted to the Hall of the British Museum.\*

The river bends slightly towards the south as it flows eastward, before it changes its course below Hampton Court for a northerly direction. More than one small island divides the stream at Hampton, and many are the fishing-rods that may be here seen patiently extended over the beautiful forget-me-nots, and other flowering plants which are grouped with the thick rushes and bending willows. As we advance, we approach a second series of water-side residences,—the murmuring sound of the "overshot," or weir, of the lock, becomes more distinct,—and our boat enters and passes through "Moulsey Lock," the last but one on the Thames. The present lock has been newly built within the last three years. Hampton Court has the memorable fame of possessing the ugliest and the most inconvenient bridge on the Thames, although a toll is still demanded from passengers. It is of wood, and was built in 1778, "by a builder at Weybridge." Close to it, in Surrey, is the terminus of the South Western Railway; and near it is a neat little country inn, "the Castle," with small but comfortable rooms overlooking the river. We float under this bridge, and in another minute we have landed close to the principal entrance to the Palace of Hampton Court. From the bridge itself, the view both up and down the stream exhibits English scenery in its highest perfection. But we hasten on to the Palace, passing a row of shops, hotels, and dwelling-houses. "Hampton Green" opens out before us, stretching away to our left, where it is bounded by a small cavalry barrack. In front of us are more houses, and immediately beyond them appear the noble hawthorns and horse-chestnuts of Bushy Park. This "Green" in the olden time was the tilting ground; it is now the scene of much holiday merry-making during summer months. The palace stables stand between the Green and the river. Here also are a few tolerable houses, of which more than one promises the best of "entertainment," "provided at the shortest notice" for visitors of all classes and of every taste.

\* There is a good and experienced, as well as a very civil and ever-ready fisherman here—J. ROGERSON—whose cottage adjoins the bridge, and whose punts are moored at the adjacent bank. Besides the bream which abound in this locality, there is a good barbel pitch close at hand, and the roach and dace are plentiful enough to give assurance of a day's sport. The inns at Walton are "comfortable" for anglers; and the distance is not more than fifteen miles from London.

† "In ancient records, this place is called Sunnabyri, Sunneberie, Suneberie, &c. Sunnabyri is composed of two Saxon words—*sunna*, the sun, and *byri*, a town—and may be supposed to denote a place exposed to the sun, or with a southern aspect."—*Lysons*.

\* The "Temple of Shakspeare," as Garrick called this building, was constructed expressly for Roubiliac's statue, a commission from the actor to the artist, who did his utmost to produce a good work—to his own loss; for Garrick, with his usual tact at driving a bargain, gave little more than would pay for the model and the marble. The artist was also subjected to the meddlesome taste of the actor, whose vanity was unbounded, and who threw himself into the affected posture of poetic inspiration, which he insisted the statue should exhibit. When the work was finished, the sculptor executed a new head, as Garrick demurred at a faint vein of colour in the marble. The only portrait of Roubiliac we possess, represents him working enthusiastically on this statue, which he certainly desired to make his *chef-d'œuvre*. It passed to the National Museum, by Garrick's desire, on the death of his widow.



The "Toy," so long the recognised chief of the Hampton Court hotels, has ceased to exist in its former capacity, the building having been altered to form a group of private residences. A rapid "decline" preceded this "fall" of the "Toy."\* In the days of Dutch William, who spent much time at Hampton Court, many were the rump-steak dinners given by the monarch himself at the "Toy" to his courtiers: and on these occasions, dense without doubt were the clouds of tobacco-smoke that enveloped both the guests and their royal host. The present "Toy," however, is an excellent hotel.

The palace itself is shut off from the green by a long and massive wall of dark-red bricks, having in front of it a broad walk, now deeply shadowed with noble elms and chestnuts, leading from the river to Bushy Park. This was a favourite promenade with Mary, the consort of William III.; and here, also, the Low Country maids of honour and other ladies, who in those days graced with their presence the English court, might continually be seen. Hence the place obtained the popular name of the "*Frau Walk*," which has since degenerated into the "*Frog Walk*," by which it is now known.



ENTRANCE TO HAMPTON COURT.

At the entrance to the palace precincts, on either side, a lion and a unicorn discharge their patriotic duty of "supporting" the royal arms. We enter. On our right are some porter's-lodge-looking buildings, with a single good red-brick house—a family residence. On the opposite side, stretching away towards Wolsey's noble gateway-tower, is a long range of cavalry barracks with their guard-house, stables, canteen, and other accessories. Our barracks are generally successful specimens of the art of unsightly and inconvenient building; and here, where something better might have been expected, this unworthy art has achieved its climax. The associations of "Royal Hampton's pile," however, which throng thickly upon our minds, are not interwoven with deeds of chivalrous valour or of military renown,—except, indeed, such as are inseparable from the present purposes to which the palace is so happily applied. "The o'er-great cardinal" and his unscrupulous master rise before us; then come visions of the unfortunate Charles, of phlegmatic William, of decorous "Anne," and of the first George with his broken English. Rich, indeed, is the palace of Hampton Court in materials for a domestic history of almost unparalleled interest. We can but glance at the more salient points in the sketch for such a history.

In the time of Henry III. the manor of Hampton ("Hamtune" it is written in the Domesday Survey) was held by the Knights Hospitallers of St. John of Jerusalem, and from them Wolsey obtained a lease for the purpose of building on the site of the old manor-house his stately palace. The works were commenced about the year 1515, and they were urged on with such rapidity that the cardinal shortly after made Hampton his residence, or, as Skelton would have it, he held his "court" there. The splendours of Hampton Court when in the hands of Wolsey speedily produced that dangerous "envy" which in 1526 induced him to present his palace with all its sumptuous furniture to the king. Henry VIII. accepted the gift without hesitation; and, in return, graciously "licensed the lord cardinal to lie in his royal manor at Richmond at his pleasure;" also permitting him occasionally to occupy Hampton Court itself. In 1527 Montmorency, the French ambassador, was received at Hampton Court in such a style that the Frenchmen did "not only wonder at it here, but also make a glorious report of it in their own country."

The great hall was built by Henry VIII., after the palace had come into his possession, and he added other buildings to the pile, "till it became more like a small city than a house." With his characteristic selfishness, he also afforested the country around, converting a wide tract of the adjoining lands into a chase, which he stocked with deer. Henry spent much of his time at Hampton Court. There Edward VI. was born, and there Jane Seymour died. With Edward himself Hampton Court was a favourite residence, and so it continued to be during several succeeding reigns. James I. held there the "conference" of 1604. Many of both his happier and his most anxious days were spent there by Charles I. In 1656 Cromwell purchased it, and made it

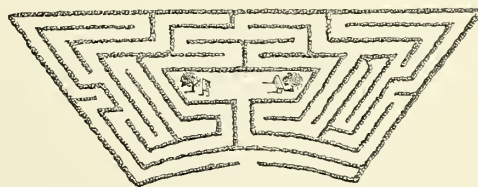
his principal abode. It was in equal favour with Charles II. after the Restoration; James II. resided there less habitually; William III. and Anne may be said to have made it their home. The first and second Georges followed in the steps of their predecessors in so far as Hampton Court is concerned. But since their time a change has come upon what Lord Hervey (Pope's "Lord Fanny") was pleased to call the "unchanging circle of Hampton Court." The state apartments and the hall are thrown open freely to the public daily, with the exception of Fridays only; and the rest of the palace is arranged to form a series of residences for families who may be considered to have claims upon their Sovereign and their country. Her Majesty the Queen is known to feel a warm interest in Hampton Court, and the appointments to the residences in the palace are made expressly by the royal command. Recent circumstances have greatly enhanced the interest which attaches to this royal house, thus converted into a palace of the people. In place of persons of high rank but narrow means, Hampton Court now has become, for the most part, the residence of the widows and orphan families of officers who have fallen in the Sikh war, and in the Crimea; and we may feel assured that many of those families who mourn the lost heroes of the present fierce struggle in India—our Havelocks and Neills—will here find an honourable and a honoured home.

The palace originally consisted of five principal quadrangular courts, but of these three only now remain. To these, however, must be added a variety of offices, and many ranges of subordinate buildings. The first and second courts are for the most part remains of the original palace, with the exception of very questionable classic additions in the second court and the great hall of Henry VIII. The third court is the work of Sir Christopher Wren, and is a dull and heavy affair. The hall has lately undergone a complete restoration, which has been thoroughly well done: the grand open-timber roof, the finely-proportioned windows with their brilliant new heraldic glazing by Willement, the showy array of banners, the groups of armour, and the quaint and still bright-hued tapestry, all combine to realise the most romantic vision of a palatial hall. Adjoining the hall is a truly appropriate withdrawing room.



HAMPTON COURT, GARDEN FRONT.

To the state apartments we ascend by the "king's staircase" at an angle of the second court. A series of wretched allegories cover the walls and ceilings of this staircase; they are the work of Verrio.\* We first enter the "guard-chamber," where there are some curious weapons of by-gone days. Here commences the miscellaneous collection of pictures, some originals, others copies, many curious and valuable, and more equally uninteresting and worthless, which cover the walls of the long range of noble rooms. There are a few relics of the state furniture also here, and a considerable quantity of fine china. The cartoons demand a far more detailed notice than our space will



THE MAZE.

admit; we content ourselves, therefore, with a few brief words of ardent admiration, and a strong expression of hope that these most precious of our national "Art-treasures" may be removed from the sombre gallery to which

\* Much speculation has arisen with reference to the singular title—the "Toy": it may, however, be derived from the *tois* or *toils*—movable fence of net-work that were used as barriers in many of the games, once played daily on the adjoining green—the tilting-ground, or (as it is styled in a survey of the year 1653) the toying-place of the Tudors and Stuarts.

\* Verrio was one of the most famed of a school of artists, who, in accordance with a taste generated at the court of Louis XIV., covered the walls and ceilings of English mansions with enormous allegorical pictures. He has been immortalised by Pope in the lines descriptive of "Timon Villa":—

"On painted ceilings you devoutly stare,  
Where sprawl the saints of Verrio and Laguerre."



they are now consigned, in order to their taking their rightful place in a worthy "National Gallery" in London.\*

The garden is well worthy a visit. It affords some fine views of the palace, and it also contains the famed "vine," which fills its ample hot-house, and displays such a collection of clusters as it is probable never elsewhere hung upon a single tree.† We return to the open gardens, and walk past the palace. Leaving behind us a newly-built tower, we enter the "wilderness," a thickly planted space to the north of the main edifice, where some of the finest trees in England are grouped together.‡ At the extremity of this wilderness is the "Maze."§ We need no guide to lead us to the entrance that tempts all visitors to explore the intricacies within; for more than one of the pleasure-seekers of the day is there before us, and their laughter is by no means kept within the hedges of the maze, though it does not transgress beyond the bounds of moderation. And this remark leads us to observe that the great boon of free public access to Hampton Court Palace and Gardens, is thoroughly appreciated by the public. Rarely, indeed, is an individual to be seen, who needs to be reminded that he is acting with impropriety. Thousands and tens of thousands of persons of all classes avail themselves of the opportunity so liberally afforded them of enjoying this beautiful place; and yet the few police who are on duty find their office almost a sinecure. This is as it should be.

The reader will permit us to vary these comparatively dry details of facts, by introducing a sketch of one of those "characters" so frequently encountered on or about the river.

During our later visits to Hampton Court, we have felt disappointment that we did not meet at the old landing a man who had been long associated with our memories of the neighbourhood. He was known by the *soubriquet* of "Fresh-Water Jack." We missed the blithe rosy face, the bright eyes, the broad joyous smile of the young Irishman, who was accustomed to assure us he knew of our approaching visit to "the Court" by a "drame" he had. He was lame; and we remember once endeavouring to obtain for him a situation where he might earn his "crust" on dry land, believing he might lose altogether the use of his limbs, from being so continually in and about the water; but Jack said he couldn't bear the thought of quitting the beautiful "ould river" that he knew, and that knew him: besides, so many would miss him,—his friends—God bless them!—who called to see him and the "Court" anyway once a year. "A fresh-water Jack," he would say, "is all as one as a king—he never dies." So there'd be another in his place before he'd been a mile away from Hampton: and sure some of his own beautiful ladies and gentlemen might be murdered by them thieving "jacks," "and the sin o' that would be on his soul to the end of his days, and may be afther." No; as long as he had one leg to stand on, and two hands to help, he'd keep his ground in the "wather."

Poor Jack! when he declared his tongue was loosely hung he said the truth; he told us the first day of our acquaintance all he had, or rather all he chose, to tell—for Irishmen, however voluble, have their reserves. He professed great love and admiration for the Thames; but it was evident that, no matter what his worldly interests might be, his heart was in a perpetual state of transit between Cork and Kerry. He had plenty of information about the river, and was an excellent fisherman "when not on duty;" knew where to get gudgeons, and where the barbel lay, and would keep a keen eye and a steady hand to his work; but say a word of "the Lee" or "the Shannon"—just name Killarney—down would go the rod, the pole might float where it pleased, in an ecstasy he would pitch all the ground-bait over at once, and, with sparkling eyes and fluent tongue—if he had not done so previously—inform you that "in troth" he was an Irishman himself, and what was better still, a Cork man—and what was twice as good as that, a boy from Clonakilty! "Sure, then, I'll never turn the back of my hand on ould Ireland. People says to me 'Why do you say you're Irish, Jack, when you have such beautiful English on the top of yer tongue?' but I'd scorn to be an imposture. No, if Ireland hadn't a rag to her back, or a string to her harp, every blade of her grass would be dearer to Jack O'Conner than all the timber on the Thames,—and that's a bould word, for well I know the forests it floats all over the world, and I've nothin' to say against them; but for all that, I'd rather this minute have a blade of the grass that grows on my mother's grave than the whole of 'em."

We remember inquiring, if Jack loved his country so tenderly, why he had left it. Jack twisted his shoulders and said "the reason?" Why, betwixt the famine and the sickness, there was nothing left for him to love but the bare sod; but he added, "Even with all the sickness and the hunger, I'd have stuek to that sod if it wasn't for the burt I got in mee knee (saving yer presence); but if boys with the use of their four bones couldn't get more than the wet potatoe and the sup of wather, how could such a *boeher* as meeself get through?—and all mee people either dead or gone to the Far West! If I had the luck to take the pledge, and keep it, it's not *here* I'd be, anyway. I got my wound through being overtaken¶ during the full of the May moon, at the corner, as you turn from the Lake to go up to the blessed Church of Aghadoe. I thought I wasn't quite right in meeself, and I knew my neighbours—the GOOD PEOPLE\*\*—from the skirl of the pipes coming through the air, just like the song of a bird through the leaves of a forest; and I felt the drowsiness coming over me,—'Keep up, John Conner,' I says, 'and don't be taking the breadth of the road instead of the length of it; but go on.' Well, I tried hard, but I couldn't foot a straight line; and I heerd them coming closer and closer; and I had sense enough to be ashamed of meeself one minute, and glad the next because the only

girl I eared for wasn't there to see. 'And it's a purty pass I'm come to,' I says, 'when I don't wish *you*—darlint of my heart!—to be near me!' and yet I wasn't so overtaken intirely but I knew where I was; and I saw the leaves dancing in eircles on the road, and the dust wheeling, and every now and agin a buz in my ear, and I tuk off my hat, not to be wantin' in manners, as they passed, though I wished meeself far enough away; and then of a sudden I minded there was a slip of a rowan-tree growing over the gripe of the ditch, and I knew if I could catch a houl of one of its dawshly boughs, or even get under its shade, I'd be as safe as if I was in the holy cardinal's hall up there, and his holiness himself *to the fore*;\* so here goes, I says, and I made a spring, thinking to clear the gripe—for in them times I was free and firm of foot as the finest deer on Glena; but as ill luck would have it, mee head was light, and mee feet heavy wid the brogues,—for it was a holiday, so I had 'em on,—and into the gripe I went: if there was wather in it, I'd have been drowned like a blind puppy, but as it was, I lay like a turtle, and the moon looking mee full in the face like a Christian. I roared and cried; but sure I knew no one could hear me that would give me a taste of help; and I wanted to think of mee prayers, and if I could have got at one, I'd ha' been safe enough; but I was bothered between the goin' and the comin' of the good people's pipes, and the song *she* had sung for me, and me only, not two hours gone,—the song warbled round mee heart, and the pipes, as I said, bothered mee ears, and I knew by the prayers keepin' their distance that there was somethin' goin' to happen beyant the common; and sure enough, it wasn't long 'till they gathered round me, like a swarm of bees round a Maybush, first peepin' and pryin' at me, as if I was a grate curoosity, and not one of 'em the length of mee hand, and titherin' and sniggerin', all as one as the young girls of flesh and blood are so fond of doing when they set their comethers on some unfortunate boy without sense, or, indeed, with sense—for one sort is just as 'asy made nothin' of as the other. Then they made a ball-room of mee chest, footin' and patherin' over me; and the young ones made a horse of mee nose, and the king and queen had high tea on mee forehead, and a game of hide-and-seek through mee hair. I knew that as long as the good people liked to divart themselves that way, I should say nothin' against it, though if I could have thought of a prayer, they'd have had it; so I lay as still as a dead lamb until one, all over in a shine of silver, cried out they must have some shooting, and then there was grate sermigin' and raeing, and trying their bows and arras, and they set to pulling the hair out of mee head for bow-strings, and I bearing it all like a Christian, and yet couldn't think of a Christian prayer! Oh! my grief! Well, though they war little, the high heels of their dawshly shoes ran like iron into mee flesh, and I desired to ax them to go 'asy, particular those on mee nose, who kickt it crooked, and left it so—as yer honor may see, if you pay me the compliment to look straight in mee face." And certainly Jack's nose leaned considerably more to one side than to the other—this gave him a quaint, roughish expression. He continued, "Well, I dun know how it was, but I began to think of mee poor mother; and though she wasn't a prayer, she was the next thing to it,—she taught me all she knew that way, as well as every other way; and surely, the more I thought of her, the lighter grew the little iron heels, and somehow, the dawshly craythurs themselves seemed as if the light shone through them; but still they kep' on at their new play, shootin' their little arras, which sparkled for all the world like stivers of diamonds, so bright and swift—made out of dew and moonlight, and the webs that glitter on the hedges of a summer morning—so that I was fairly bothered watching them, now thinkin' this and now thinkin' that; and my mother seemed a grate ould picture in the thick of it. At last I spied up at the sky, and sure enough I thought I saw the first strake of day, like an angel's smile in the heavens, and with that I said asy to myself, 'Oh, Holy Mary!' That done it—and me too! Skirl—whirl—wish—e!—all round me. But one, a little spiteful devil, with a hooked nose, and a red feather in his eap, came out of the mob, and taking his stand on the top of a bonelawn, draws his bow, and looking at me as a judge looks at a prisoner, 'Take that, John O'Conner,' he says, 'for findin' fault with the heels of mee boots, that war made before the Flood,' he says, 'and are better than new now!' and with that he lets fly at me, and the arra hot me in the knee. I thought the life would lave me that very minute; but life is tough, and hearts are tougher. I sat up, and sure enough when I did the heavens were all in a glow o' pink like a bride's blushes, and an innocent rabbit was staring me full in the face. I might have taken the priest's word for it, and believed it nothin' but a drame, only for the lameness and the arra, which I drew out with this hand (*that's so honoured as to hand ye safe ashore, mee noble lady*): and mee poor mother kep it for a corker\* for many a day to fasten her shawl. One Sunday she forgot a warnin' she had, and took it to Mass, and she never saw it afther."

Poor Jack! his place, to our fancy, can never be efficiently filled. We inquired for him, and, to our astonishment, heard that, fascinated by the blandishments of a recruiting sergeant, he had exchanged the Thames for the "Connaught Rangers."

"But his knee—his lameness!" we exclaimed.

"Please, my lady," said the new "Jack," "his knee was bosh, and his lameness bosh. He made a good thing of it here—all blarney: he got shillings where I get pence. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth."

"How? has any one heard of him lately?"

"Oh, yes; he was in the Crimea, and distinguished himself, they said: led a something, which I don't believe—all bosh!—lost a leg and an arm (I should not wonder if they grew again, like the lobster's)—was made a sergeant, and got a pension, and a lot of medals at his button-hole, and a Queen's handkerchief in his pocket. Pity he doesn't come back to his old place—he should have it cheap."

What a grumbling water-rat! We were more than proud of our old acquaintance; but we hoped he had not fooled us so entirely, and are more than willing to believe his lameness *was* real, and that time had removed the impediment to preferment.

\* Somewhat caprice has brought down to Hampton Court, and placed in the principal state room, the wretched paraphernalia which was considered to have *done honour* to the "Great Duke" on the occasion of his remains lying in state.

† This vine produces the grape called the Black Hamburg; it spreads over a surface of 110 feet, and in some seasons it has yielded more than 2500 bunches of grapes.

‡ This wilderness was planted by King William III., with a view to hide the irregularities of the north side of the palace, where the old domestic offices were situated.

§ This is a curious relic of the ancient taste in gardening, and was planted in the reign of William III. It consists of narrow walks between tall clipped bushes, which wind intricately to the open space in the centre; there is only one way by which it may be reached, and any deviation leads to a stoppage and a necessity for retracing the path.

¶ Lame man.

¶ Tip-sy.

\*\* Fairies.

\* Present.

† A corker—strong pin.



SEA-WEEDS,  
AS OBJECTS OF DESIGN.\*

BY S. J. MACKIE, F.G.S., F.S.A.

As one coming in a strange land, for the first time, on a junction of many roads, finds himself bewildered, and hesitating in his choice which to take, being ignorant which leads to the fairest places, and not knowing what beauties he may miss by selecting the one or the other, so in displaying the attractions of sea-weeds for artistic purposes—a field where so little has been attempted—it is not easy to decide, where so many courses appear to be open. It is not the difficulty of a beginning, for the start has been made; nor of the end, for a precipitate retreat has happened to more than one illustrious character; and if our pages should prove as entertaining as the immortal Sam's valentine, even "a sudden pull up" might only make the reader "wish there was more." But the difficulty is in adopting that order of narration which shall be most attractive in securing for the neglected sea-weeds their due mead of recognition and reward.

That I am treading in a new field, is, perhaps, after all, only a fancy—the wisest man had strange notions about novelties—and I may find, as one of our most popular naturalists has humorously complained, that some plodding German has been among the rocks before me. But an old play has often a good run, and an old notion—especially if it has got rusty—may be as good as new, if it be well polished up again. We are prepared, therefore, gentle reader, that as

"Fashions which are now called new,  
Have been worn by more than you;  
Elder times have worn the same,  
Though the new ones get the name."

So some malicious critic or learned book-worm may inform us, in a week or two, of some ponderous volume, or of some coincident phrases gleaned from antiquated or obscure books, by which all our ideas of newness or invention shall be scattered to that wind that "tosses about in ev'ry bare tree;" and it will then be said of us, as Xenarchus did of the poets,—

"They never say  
A single thing that's new. But all they do  
Is to clothe old ideas in language new;  
Turning the same things o'er and o'er again,  
And upside down."

We have, however, made up our minds—not without reflection indeed—to follow out the three natural divisions of Melanosperms, Rhodosperms, and Chlorosperms, or olive, red, and green weeds. The choice of order, of course, lay chiefly between that of the natural history series, and that of the manufactures themselves,—whether, in fact, to make art and workmanship the primary or the secondary consideration in our remarks. As it is in the sea-weeds themselves, as worthy objects of study, that we wish the chief interest to centre, we at once determined to give them every prominence.

In our first paper we figured some of those prevalent species which no one could fail to find in a walk along the shore: in this, which is devoted to the olive weeds or true fuci, we shall continue to draw our illustrations chiefly from among others of those common forms which are accessible to everybody, about which there are no considerations of rarity, pains, or price, and which indeed are always to be had for the trouble of picking them up.

The *Melanospermeæ* are characterised by naturalists as plants of an olive green or brown colour, and as being in their fructification either monoecious or dioecious, that is, having the distinctive organs on the same or on different plants. They are propagated by spores, either developed externally, or singly, or in groups in proper conceptacles, each spore being enveloped in a pellucid skin, called a perispore, and being in some cases simple, and in others ultimately dividing into two, four, or eight sporules. *Antheridia*—a term admitted as indicative only, and by courtesy in the case of the algæ, the actual propriety of the term being still contested—appear in some; in others are transparent cells filled with orange-coloured vivacious corpuscles, possessed of free motion by means of

vibratile cilia. The whole group is marine. If any take objection to the word "plants," the botanist will tell them that algæ have a double respiration, like their higher sisters of the land,—that by day they absorb carbonic-acid gas, and give out the life-supporting oxygen, and that in the silent hours of the night they reverse the process, and emit carbonic-acid gas.

To point out their relations and concordances with terrestrial vegetation, is, however, a very easy task, but not so is it to draw the line between animality and vegetation. Some authors, indeed, and those not despicable ones, have gone so far as to assert that the germs of some sea-weeds, in their first conditions, are actually endowed with life. Be this as it may, no line has yet been drawn which

separates either distinctly or decisively the animal from the plant; and, as Dr. Lindley truly observes, "whatever errors of observation may have occurred, those very errors, to say nothing of the true ones, show the extreme difficulty, not to say impossibility, of pointing out the exact frontier of either kingdom." We commence our present division—and shall follow the like course with the others—with its higher forms, and, proceeding in descending order, shall in each conclude with those humble rudimentary forms in which the rigid divisions of classification are obliterated, and the only differences which can be assigned are, at best, but little more than arbitrary.

To me how welcome and how dear are the olive algals of the rocky shores! Born within sound of



Fig. 15. SARGASSUM BACCIFERUM, OR GULF WEED.

the surging waves, for ever singing "their unrhymed lyric lays"—from infancy to manhood living on the margin of the briny deep—how fresh and dear to me these much neglected things! "What pleasant visions haunt me" of childish hopes and fears; and as again I seem to—

"Gaze upon the sea,  
All the old romantic legends,  
All my dreams come back to me."

And in Fance's realms my trooping thoughts pass on to those homeless wanderers over the face of the earth, for whom never more the scenes of their first homes will wear a charm,—who, torn from all familiar ties, and tossed and buffeted on the sea of life, may perish unregarded in some far distant land. The surging crests of the great ocean's waves oft cast, to moulder on our shores, the weeds and plants of other climes. We have figured one of these fragments, which, after its long and boisterous wanderings from the Azores to the eastern shores of the new world, across the wide Atlantic to our own boreal coasts of the old, has lost but little of its beauty. In the days of old adventure the matted cords of this charming species stopped the famous Spaniard's ships; and still the long and narrow floating isles of gulf-weeds—

shunned by the sailor—are the resting-places of myriads of crabs, and other hosts of ocean's progeny hide and nestle in its watery bowers.

But charming as the *Sargassum bacciferum* is in its gracefulness, and attractive as it may be in its historic associations, naturalists would not of course admit either itself or its congener, the *Sargassum vulgare*, as a truly British kind, but would properly regard them as the stray waifs of tropical climes. The generic name is a latinization of the term "sargazo," given to the gulf-weeds by the companions of Columbus, and will for ever preserve the memory of its first discoverer; while the ancient specific additamentum of "uatans," or swimming, was highly characteristic of the habits of the species.

Next in the ranks, and foremost of the really British weeds, stands the common, but elegant, *Halidrys siliquosa*, which we have already figured in our first paper, distinguished from all other fuci by the compound structure of its air-vessels,—a character peculiar to it, and to the beautiful *Fucus osmundaceus*, of the western shores of North America. In the last the structure is slightly different, the vesicles being constricted at the joints like strings of beads. The air-vessels of the *Hali-*

\* Continued from page 8.



*drys siliquosa*, are those pea-pod-like expansions of the frond, divided into chambers, which seem almost to take the place of leaves in our lignograph.

Intermediate between Halidrys and the true fuci, is placed the genus *Cystocaira*. One of the most elegant of this charming genus is the heath-like species, *Cystocaira ericoides*. On the shores of the south of England especially, and over a very consider-

able geographical range, extending even to the north of Africa, it may be gathered at almost any period of the summer or autumn. Under the water it glows with prismatic colours, and as each twig waves to and fro, the hues vary as the light glances on its frouds; and while some "seem covered with sky-blue flowers, others remain dark." In the air it presents only a glossy yellow, and in the herbarium



Fig. 16.—MAGNIFIED VIEW OF RECEPTACLE AND VESICLE AT APEX OF BRANCH OF CYSTOCAIRA ERICOIDES.

all its enchanting beauties of colour are gone, and unless very great pains and skill have been exercised in the manipulation, it will have shrunk in drying, and turned black.

One might, in passing, point out some attractions in even the rather stiff and cylindrical *Pycnophycus tuberculatus*; and standing alone as it does, *sui generis*, it seems hard to pass it by; but unless we had a thick folio volume devoted to our subject, it were hopeless to attempt to dwell on half the pretty things which might well arrest us in our butterfly passage, in which, like the Irish poet's "child at a feast," we can but "sip of a sweet and fly on to the rest."

Of the true fuci we have already figured the knotted one, of which Scotch boys make whistles (*Fucus nodosus*), and that with the saw-like edges (*Fucus serratus*), but the ordinary bladder-bearing sort, the *Fucus vesiculosus*, and the more translucent

tide, come down to graze; and if our pages were not devoted to other arts than the culinary, we might, not unentertainingly, finish our chapter with a disquisition on eatable sea-weeds, and on the various means by which they might be made subservient to the luxuries or necessities of the "cooking-animal"—man.

The Icelanders, Greenlanders, the Chinese, and the East Indians, have already made some progress in this department; and nearer home, the "carra-geen," or Irish moss, was long ago placed on the table. Or, if the natural history of the class were our object, we might with equal pleasure dwell on the marvellous exhibition of the strange animal-like motions of the troops of zoo-spores which issue from the thick yellow slime exuded from the ripe receptacles of the *Fucus serratus*,—motions apparently so voluntary, that it is difficult to consider them as concordant with mere vegetation.

We have already hinted at the capabilities of these weeds as suggestive models for the carver in wood. Now few modern structures are fitted up with more elegance than our first-class ships, and in them no one will contend there is not a great and appropriate field for the display of the ornamental or decorative capabilities of sea-weeds. Here they are at once appropriate and reminiscent of those shores we have left behind us,—speaking to

us of that sea over which we are gliding, of those lands whence we have departed, and of those other lands which we are seeking. Around and beneath figure-heads, as scrolls upon the bows or stern, bordering the panels of the cabin, and modelled to suit the various machinery on deck, the designer might create a marine ornamentation as characteristic and as pleasing, and as elaborate, if he chose, as Corinthian skill developed from the tile-covered plant for the architecture of the land.

In bronze or in iron, indeed in all dark metal-work, the fuci could not fail to be elegant objects, and rich in their grouping and in the effect produced. In many of those objects, too, which the gilder prepares, the cockle-shells, or cockle-like scrolls and cups so prominently displayed, might be as elegantly and more appropriately supported by well devised groups of algae than by lilies, fleurs-de-lys, or scrolls of meaningless design.

One very pretty diminutive species of *Fucus* (*F. canaliculatus*) grows on the very edge of the tide, and often where the waves wet the rocks only with their spray. The chief crop grows certainly above the level of half-tide, and these plants show a preference for droughty situations; not unfrequently in the hot days of the summer we find them quite crisp and dry, but on the return of the tide they again absorb the aqueous fluid, and recover life and flexibility. So sea-weeds, which have long been shrivelled up in the house, will recover in appearance all their freshness and verdancy on being merely immersed in a glass of spring or salt water; and we make this allusion because it is important that the artist, living perhaps in some inland town or city, should know that the natural models he may bring from the seaside on his holiday trip may be in reality, though not apparently, usefully retained for future studies. Many of the more leathery kinds will submit to several resuscitations of this kind, although, as

might be expected, a deterioration and loss of colour more or less, takes place in each successive instance. The ordinary method of preserving sea-weeds for natural history purposes is, as is familiarly known, to compress them between folds of linen and blotting-paper, on stout drawing-paper, to which, by their glutinous nature, they firmly adhere, forming, under the skilfulness of the manipulator, the most exquisite natural pictures. In all these, however, the very act of compression, and the spreading out of the object on a flat surface, gives an unnatural aspect, very different from the natural one; it may be well, therefore, that I should state that in some few experiments I have made, I have found that pure glycerine will preserve even the more pulpy and plump sorts,—if I may use that expressive adjective,—without even the slightest change for at least considerable periods. Some of my specimens have been kept in glycerine for more than eight months,



Fig. 18.—PORTION OF DESMARESTIA LIGULATA.

and are as fresh in substance and in colour as when they were first collected. Choice samples seem thus capable of being indefinitely preserved in proper glass or earthen vessels for use at any time by the designer.

In a recent visit to the Art-museums at South Kensington, I observed two instances of the introduction of sea-weeds. One in Mr. H. Weekes's noble statue of a "Young Naturalist," where, though

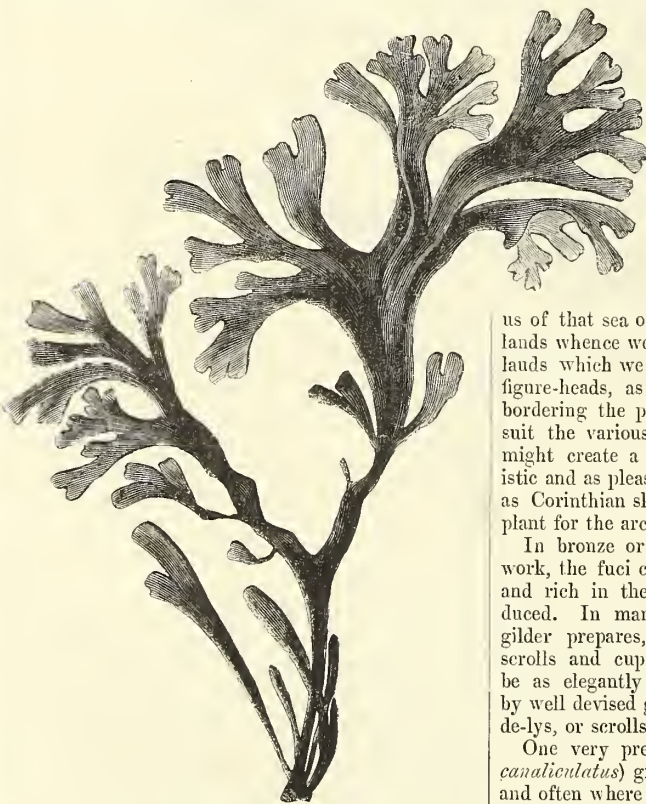


Fig. 17.—CHONDRUS CRISPUS.

and bladderless or smooth kind, the *Fucus ceranoides*, and indeed the whole genus, though common in the extreme, have high claims to the attention of designers, not alone in the elegance of their outlines and the disposition of their fronds, but as the very types and models of sea-weeds.

The *Fucus vesiculosus* was at one time, particularly in the Orkney Isles, regularly cropped for the manufacture of kelp, and it is also known to contain a valuable portion of the sweet principle called mannite. In the cold and inhospitable regions of the polar lands, when the thick snow has buried the scanty herbage of the fields, the rocks furnish in their meadows of fuci, abundant fodder for the hungry kine, which regularly, at the retreat of the



sparingly made use of, they can but be regarded as successful innovations; the other in the collection of imitation majolica ware, where a large vase has in relief some fronds of the *Fucus serratus*, which, from their unnaturally bright green, and the want of strict attention to the natural model, are not so attractive as one could have desired. That sea-weeds, both painted or impressed upon china and earthenware, are capable of producing fine results can scarcely be doubted; and although it cannot be written of me, as it was of an eminent statesman,—

"China's the passion of his soul—  
A cup, a plate, a dish, a bowl,  
Can kindle wishes in his breast,  
Inflame with joy, or break his rest,"—

I shall not willingly give up the potter's art as intractable to my purpose.

The genus *Desmarestia*, which follows the fuci in natural order, offers some neat patterns for the painting of pottery and chinaware, especially in the long oval fronds of the *Desmarestia ligulata*, a microscopic section of which we have already given for another purpose. Its branching fronds, so leaf-like in their development, and yet so unleaf-like in reality, have tempted us to figure a single branch of one of these plants, as an example of its peculiar characters, which, in their pale olive-green and purple hues, could scarcely fail of showing to advantage on the white translucent ground of aluminous materials. We have plates of a particularly small size dedicated to the curdled produce of the dairy,—in plain English, we have cheese-plates, we have soup-tureens and vegetable-dishes, meat-plates and dessert-plates,—and why might we not have articles appropriated to the service of fish, and decorated with sea-weeds? I have frequently seen, in drying these objects, their forms impressed through the thick blotting-paper, and forming very beautiful tracery in low relief on the opposite side. Such impressions have always suggested the idea of a similarly simple, chaste, and elegant ornamentation of the plainer and commoner wares. The impressions left by the *Chondrus crispus*, *Dictyota dichotoma*, and other flat and interlacing forms, are most admirable for such a process. Simple accidents may often lead to unexpected results; and Grecian legends even attribute the discovery of modelling in relief to the tracing upon the wall, by a potter's daughter, of the shadow of her departing lover's face, which her father modelled afterwards in clay.

Passing by the genera *Arthrocladia*, *Sporochnus*, and *Carpomitra*, which all, in a greater or lesser degree, offer pleasing running patterns for the painting of porcelain or earthenware, and of flat surfaces in general, we come to the noble family of the *Laminaria*, so well and ordinarily known under the names of sea-girdles and tangle. The size and expanse of the fronds of the various species of *Laminaria*, as well as the bleak and unprotected situations in which they grow, exposed to the full fury of the waves, is provided for in their leathery toughness, the rope-like stem, and the numerous scutate attachments of the branching root. The root of the sea-weed differs very materially from the root of a plant,—through it no nutritious sustenance is conveyed to the algal, it draws nothing



Fig. 19.—ROOT OF LAMINARIA.

from the soil, it is furnished with no organs, it is merely an adhesive holdfast, similar in principle to the sucker by which street-boys lift bricks and stones; it sends down no ramifying fibres into

crevices of the rocks, but merely adheres to the surface. How far their peculiar characters could be elegantly made use of in the handles of vases, cover-lids, and other objects and parts of articles which require to be lifted or raised, must remain to be developed by the practical designer and manufacturer, and does not lay with the naturalist who writes these papers, and who merely throws out the hint and suggestion.

The mussels and shell-fish which attach themselves to the firm rootlets of the tangle, or which spin together or nestle in the meandering fronds of the smaller kinds, often produce groupings worthy of much admiration, and which would form material aids in the elaboration of practical patterns.

As there is much difficulty in expressing in a greatly reduced drawing a long and narrow form like that of the common tangle, we have contented ourselves with giving a figure of one of the roots, to show how applicable they are for Art-purposes.

The North American and Kamschatkan species—the *Laminaria longicruris*—has a frond as large as a table-cloth, and a stem of proportionate length. The English species attain very frequently to six or eight feet, although in their native habitats they may be gathered of every size, and in every stage of growth; and to reduce such giants to the scale of a few inches, would give no idea of their grandeur or beauty.

Of those immensely long and slender sea-weeds, placed by algologists in a distinct genus, with the expressive name of *Chorda*, little use I think can be made in the way of design. The mere collector has to wind them assiduously into a coil in his herbarium; and in their native element, the only purpose they seem to serve is to stop the passage of boats, or to drown unfortunate swimmers by entangling round their legs: for, although often thirty or forty feet in length even on British shores, and not thicker at their base than a whipcord, they are extremely tough and tenacious.

The case is very different with the beautiful *Dictyotaceae*, in which family is included the splendid *Padina pavonia*, with hues nearly as bright and as rich as the "eye-spots" on the tail of the glorious bird from which its specific name is taken. Such a

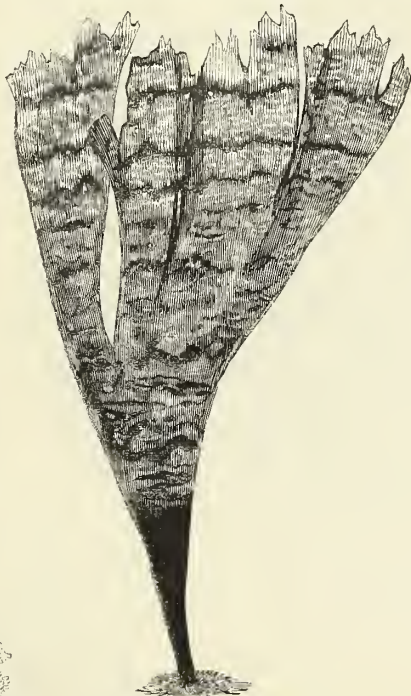


Fig. 20.—DICTYOTA ATOMARIA.

marine beauty was not likely to escape the attention of even early naturalists, and we accordingly find it mentioned in the writings of Bauchin and others. Ellis, although he has no business with it, cannot resist the temptation to figure it in his famous book on Corallines.

In the genus *Cutleria* we are presented with some attractive novelties, but the typical genus *Dictyota* merits special attention.

If the number and variety of names by which an algal was known had any connection with its charms

or its rarity, one member at least of the characteristic group, the *Dictyota atomaria* ought to be—as it really is—both rare and beautiful. The ancient *nomen triviale* of *phasiana*, expresses well, in its allusion to the plumage of that handsome bird, the barred and zig-zag markings caused by the scattering in the substance of the frond—almost as one would cast grains of sand or seeds by the hand—of the dark-coloured spores or germs. The whole plant, too, exhibits those most delicate gradations of the primitive tinge which is not the least remarkable characteristic of all sea-weeds. And in what are our designers more deficient—especially those employed in the decoration of our houses—than in simple and delicate contrasts, or more especially in those almost insensible gradations of colours which are so admirable in their effect, and which are so invariably presented to us alike in the sombre olive and in the bright greens and reds of the sea-weeds? We have no power to express these natural gradations in our woodcuts, but there is certainly much in the way worthy of patient study. In this large and extensive family, there are yet more instances of how various sections and magnificent portions may possess artistic value. The section of a sorus of *Stilophora Rhizodes* seems, for example, so like the representation of a fragment of jewellery, that it cannot fail to excite wonder that a source so prolific should have been neglected by our workers in gold and silver, and our setters of pearls and precious stones.

The *Mesogloia vermicularis*, one of the gelatinous *Chordariaceae*, is an ugly weed, but the filaments of the frond are worthy, notwithstanding, of being placed under the power of the microscope and viewed by an artist.



Fig. 21.—STILOPHORA RHIZODES.

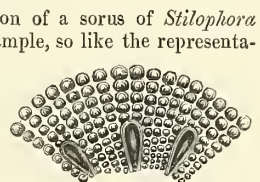


Fig. 22.—SECTION OF A SORUS OF STILOPHORA RHIZODES.

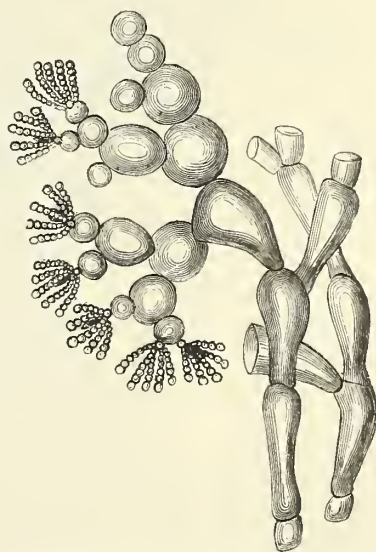
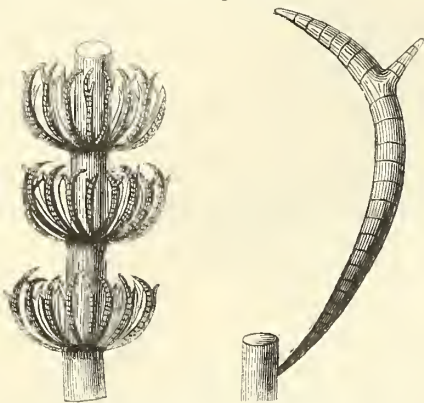


Fig. 23.—PORTION OF FILAMENTS, AXIAL AND PERIPHERAL, OF MESOGLOIA VERMICULARIS.

So, too, with the hollow cottony *Leathesia*, looking like a macerated walnut tufting the surface of the rock: only peer into it with microscopic vision, and a forest of crystal fibres, composed of divided cells, the lower ones long and slender, the upper shorter, and supporting little hyaline half-moons on their cusps, springs into existence. The tiny tufts of



the *Elachista* and *Myrionema*, abound in bead-chain fibres, while the genera *Cladostephus* and *Sphacelaria*, offer more visible patterns of a kind at once



CLADOSTEPHUS VERTICILLATUS.  
Fig. 24.—Portion of a branch. Fig. 25.—One of the ramuli.

unleaf-like and novel. The *Sphacelaria plumosa*, so wiry and feathery, resembles those curious members of the animal kingdom, the *Sertularia*, as which it

is almost as rigid and as elegant; while the small tufts of the rare *Sphacelaria ramosa* are again charming microscopic objects.

The family *Ellocarpacea* contains a fund of marvellous ideas, which it would be hopeless to attempt to introduce in this paper, in which one more genus of British olive weeds alone remains to be mentioned, consisting of two little parasitic species not uncommon on the fronds of *Chordalomentaria*: but though curious and singular in construction, they offer nothing so tempting as many of those we have been compelled to pass over in silence. Our next paper will deal with weeds of still more fanciful devices and brighter hues. Something, as it were, less real and plant-like—with brilliant reds and emerald greens, with forms and colours fit for fairy world; and yet it is almost with a sigh I part company with my old bronzed and sombre favourites.

Oft beneath the warm and brilliant rays of summer's sun, in shallow skiff, I have glided on the calm and polished surface of the sea—the mirror of the glowing sky and heavens beyond—over the dark forests of tangle waving in the tide, and plucked the pellucid limpets browsing on their stems; and, peering down into the rugged dells below, have seen the star-fish crawl with sucker-arms along the rocks,



Fig. 26.—PORTION OF SPHACELARIA PLUMOSA.

where whelks drill holes in shells of stone-clad molluscs, to feed upon their soft and luscious flesh—where sea-anemones, with outspread tentacles, make gardens of living flowers; and awkward crabs peep out from darksome nooks at glittering fish, then scramble side-long back again into their holes.

In winter, by the raging waves—when skaters swift o'er slippery ice with rapid pace were gliding; when ears were tingling with the biting cold, and tender people roasting over blazing fires—I have paced along the congealed sands to see the shell-fish frozen hard and fast, glued to the rocks; and sea-weeds, crisp and rigid, recover life and elasticity in the flowing tide.

In time of spring I have hunted over the slippery meadows of our shores for the instinct-led travellers from the deep, coming to the shallow tidal zone to propagate their tribes. And in the golden season I have watched the sportive play, in rocky pools o'ershadowed by these graceful weeds, of iridescent annelide and cilia-paddled beroc—have tracked the skipping shrimps along the silvery sands, or have patiently followed the *Patella vulgaris* in its solemn march to graze upon the verdant ulvæ, and again returning at the change of tide to adjust its conical house with stately nicety on its proper site.

## THOMAS CAMPBELL.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. CALDER MARSHALL, R.A.

POSTHUMOUS honours to eminent individuals, in this country, almost always result from private personal feeling and admiration; the Government of England is too poor, or too penurious, to erect statues to any save the great warrior, the distinguished statesman, or some other "man of mark," whose claims to such recognition are of a nature not to be passed over without the probability of the public voice being raised against legislative neglect; and even the sums voted for these purposes are too often extorted from the public treasury, instead of being granted freely and liberally, as the last instalment of a debt due for services rendered. How then can it be expected that men whose only merit is that their genius has added to the literary greatness of the nation, has multiplied its intellectual enjoyments, and has helped to mould its tastes and purify its thoughts and actions, should have honours rendered to them which are in very many instances grudgingly bestowed on those who have perhaps saved the empire from dismemberment, conducted it through a perilous crisis, brought wealth into its treasury, or aided in elevating it among the kingdoms of the earth? How can poets, painters, and literary men of all kinds, however high the distinction they may reach, expect—if such an idea ever comes athwart the mind—to be enshrined in sculptured marble, or immortalised by the sculptor's art, unless the hands of friendship and respect rear the monument, or place on its pedestal

"The very form and features of the man?"

Perhaps, however, it is well that such honours should be the free-will offering of the people,—the voluntary tribute of the homage due to genius that has worked its way laboriously and independently into the esteem of thousands, who delight to "do it reverence" when the casket that contained the brilliant gem is mouldering into dust.

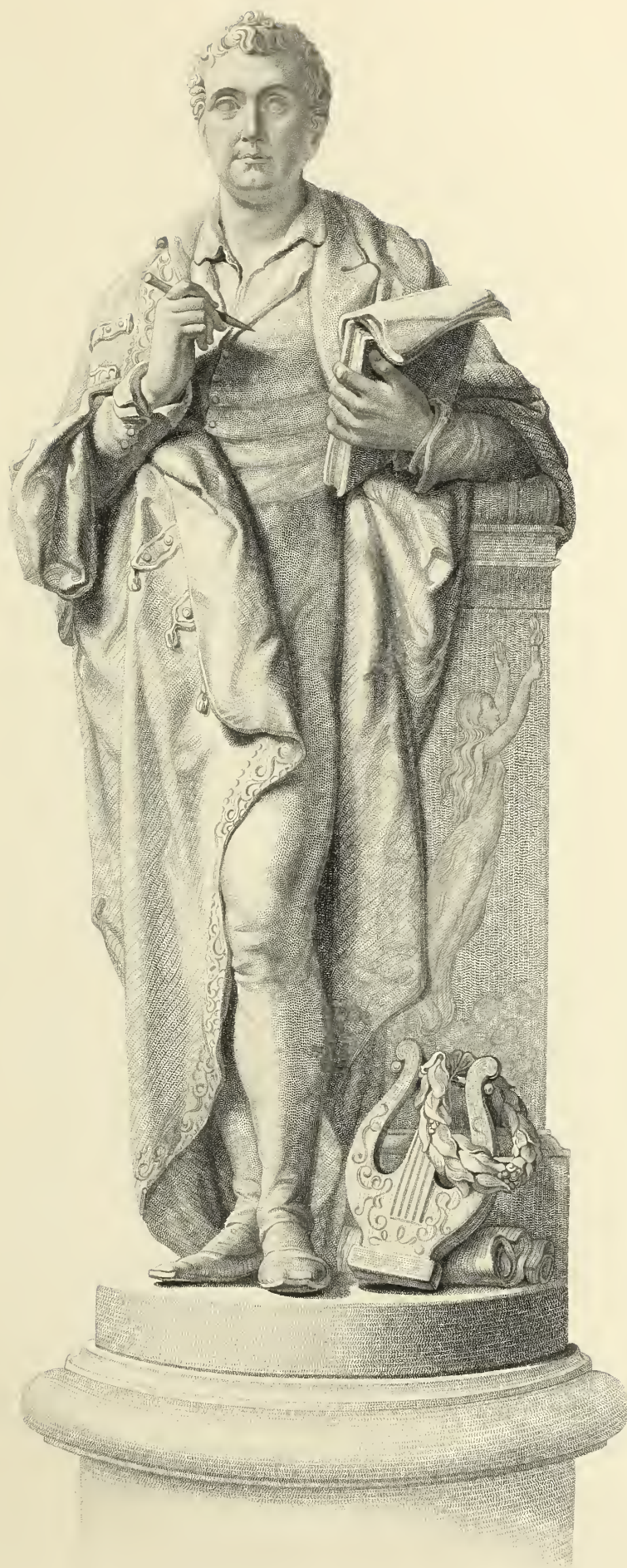
Who that has read "Lochiel's Warning," or those fine and exquisitely pathetic verses entitled "Hohenlinden," or has joined in the chorus of "Ye Mariners of England," would say that their author, Thomas Campbell, has no claim to a memorial in the "Poets' Corner" of Westminster Abbey, where his body lies, near the tomb of Addison? The portrait-statue, here engraved, was placed there about three years ago: it was erected by public subscription, and is the work of Mr. W. Calder Marshall, who has represented the poet in his robes as Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow. The statue does ample justice to the open, intelligent countenance of the original.

Campbell was born at Glasgow in 1777; he was educated in the university of that city, and greatly distinguished himself there by his translations from the Greek poets. At the age of twenty-two he produced his "Pleasures of Hope;" the profits derived from the sale of this poem enabled him, it is said, to visit the continent towards the end of the year 1800. Passing through Bavaria, then the seat of the war between the French and the Austrians, he witnessed, from the monastery of St. Jacob, the battle of Hohenlinden, fought on the 3rd of December, 1800, when the French, under Moreau, gained a victory over the Austrians: the sight drew forth what has been termed, and not untruly, "one of the grandest battle-pieces that ever was drawn." In 1806, the administration of which Fox was chief conferred on Campbell an annuity of £200, which he enjoyed till his death.

In 1809, his second principal poem, "Gertrude of Wyoming," appeared; and in 1827, "Theodoric, and other Poems." In 1820 he undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," which he retained till 1830; in the following year he established the "Metropolitan Magazine," but relinquished his connection with it after a short period. Among his latest literary productions were a "Life of Mrs. Siddons," a "Life of Petrarch," and "Life and Times of Frederick the Great;" of this last, we believe, he professed to be only the editor.

Campbell died at Boulogne, where he was then residing, in June, 1844. His remains were brought to England, and interred, as we have already said, in Westminster Abbey.





CAMPBELL.

ENGRAVED BY W. H. MOTE, FROM THE STATUE BY W. CALDER MARSHALL, R. A.







## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

LIVERPOOL.—The exhibition of the Liverpool Academy, recently closed, produced the following results with respect to the sale of the pictures contributed:—

'The Lone Church by the Sea-shore,' M. Anthony, 126*l.*; 'The Bridge of the Rialto, Venice,' W. H. Burnett, 100*l.*; 'Crossing the Stream,' F. Underhill, 80*l.*; 'Crossing the Sands,' W. Underhill, 80*l.*; 'Sunset on the Atlantic,' F. L. Bridell, 73*l.* 10*s.*; 'Molière reading his Comedies,' T. P. Hall, 54*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Village Schoolmaster of the Olden Time,' John Gilbert, 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Game of Cribbage,' T. Clater, 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Old White Horse Inn, Edinburgh,' S. Rayner, 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' Edwin Cockburn, 47*l.* 5*s.*; 'Spring-time on the River Bure,' J. W. Oakes, 42*l.*; 'La Pensée,' J. E. Collins, 42*l.*; 'Book-worm and Grub,' J. Hayllar, 40*l.*; 'On the River Llugwy,' J. P. Pettitt, 40*l.*; 'Lady Griseld Baillie,' Karl Hartman, 36*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Unexpected Dinner-party,' J. F. Pasmore, 35*l.*; 'Landscape and Cattle,' L. Coignard, 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'Waiting for the Shoe,' J. G. Forbes, 30*l.*; 'A Surrey Woodland,' W. S. Rose, 30*l.*; 'The Truants,' Elijah Walton, 30*l.*; 'Stepping-stones, Bettws-y-Coed,' F. W. Hulme, 30*l.*; 'Une Réunion Champêtre,' F. Besson, 30*l.*; 'A Farm near Twyford,' G. A. Williams, 30*l.*; 'Gowbarrow Park, Ulleswater,' H. Moore, 30*l.*; 'Cottage Interior,' J. B. Burgess, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'A Sister of Charity,' H. Weigall, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Dozing,' Edward Davis, 26*l.* 5*s.*; 'Cattle on the Coast,' Aster R. C. Corbould, 26*l.*; 'The Prophecy of the Flower,' Bell Smith, 25*l.*; 'Dead Game,' J. Hardy, jun., 25*l.*; 'The First Lesson,' J. Hardy, jun., 25*l.*; 'In the Vale of Murdoch,' Walter Williams, 25*l.*; 'Hay-time,' J. Bouvier, 25*l.*; 'View from the Grand Canal, Venice,' W. Henry, 25*l.*; 'Domestic Peace,' R. Collinson, 25*l.*; 'Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour,' Charles Taylor, 21*l.*; 'Reading the Smoke Controversy,' J. B. Burgess, 21*l.*; 'Tong Church,' W. J. J. C. Bond, 21*l.*; 'Entrance to Portsmouth Harbour,' James Danby, 21*l.*; 'Magdalena,' M. Cregan, P.R.H.A., 21*l.*; 'Sunset on the Medway,' G. S. Walters, 21*l.*; 'Approach to Cultercoats,' H. Williams, 21*l.*; 'Torre de las Infantas,' Carl Werner, 21*l.*; 'The Barbarigo Palace,' W. Callow, 21*l.*; 'Grass,' J. Brett, 21*l.*; 'Landscape,' G. Piéron, 20*l.*; 'The Road Home,' J. Heuzell, 20*l.*; 'A View in Lausanne, Switzerland,' H. C. Selous, 20*l.*; 'The Trap,' Elijah Walton, 20*l.*; 'The Siesta,' E. Havell, 20*l.*; 'Street in Berne,' H. C. Selous, 20*l.*; 'On the Aldershot Hills,' W. S. Rose, 20*l.*; 'Rustic Scene,' Edmund Havell, 17*l.*; 'A Summer's Evening, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington, 16*l.* 16*s.*; 'The Doubtful Moment,' J. Absolon, 16*l.* 16*s.*; 'Near Bettws-y-Coed,' A. Fraser, 16*l.* 16*s.*; 'On the River Scoint,' W. J. J. C. Bond, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Highland Widow,' Alexander Johnson, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Sketch on the French Coast,' G. Stubbs, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Sunday Question—Morning,' E. Nicol, A.R.S.A., 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Sunday Question—Evening,' E. Nicol, A.R.S.A., 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Garden of the Generalife,' Carl Werner, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Fair Oriental,' A. F. Patten, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Shallow Stream,' B. C. Watkins, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Drawing-room at Baddesley,' A. E. Everett, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Village Blacksmith,' J. G. Forbes, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Old Church, Manchester,' Harry Williams, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Abergelly Bay, North Wales,' B. Callow, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Rue de la Chaussée,' L. J. Wood, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'The Loiterers,' E. N. Downard, 15*l.*; 'Margaret Ramsay,' R. Fox, 15*l.*; 'Study from Nature,' William Davis, 15*l.*; 'Sunday Afternoon,' J. Morgan, 15*l.*; 'The Herd-girl, Isle of Arran,' B. Leader, 15*l.*; 'Palm my Hand,' O. Oakley, 14*l.* 14*s.*; 'Jar of Flowers,' Mrs. Harrison, 13*l.* 5*s.*; 'The Fisher's Return,' J. L. Lomas, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'Near Clifton, Nottinghamshire,' B. Shipman, 12*l.*; 'On the River Melguin,' G. L. Beetholme, 11*l.* 11*s.*; 'Melon and Grapes,' H. Chaplin, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Wayside Cross,' Miss E. Brownlow, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Latest Intelligence,' Matthias Robinson, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The German Student,' G. E. Tuson, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Terrace, Haddou Hall,' J. D. Watson, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Lake Chiemsée, Bavaria,' F. L. Bridell, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Gurmair Palace, Venice,' E. Pritchett, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Valley near Dolgelly,' A. Vickers, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Sketch from Life,' Karl Hartman, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'At the Fountain, Italy,' G. Stubbs, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'On the Llugwy, North Wales,' A. Hunt, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'At Eastham, Cheshire,' A. Hunt, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Odd or Even,' J. Buchanan, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'City of Rio de Janeiro,' G. L. Hall, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Helping Granny,' Miss E. Brownlow, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Gathering Cherries,' F. Besson, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Stepping-stones,' E. Pietto, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Church of St. Peter,' J. Dobbin, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Menai Bridge, North Wales,' H. Hughes, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'At Capel Curig,' A. Hunt, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Venice, from the Rialto,' E. Pritchett, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Samoens

Sixt, Switzerland,' E. Tagan, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'A Bit on a Welsh Burn,' A. Fraser, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Primroses,' &c., T. Worsey, 10*l.*; 'Neapolitan Peasant,' W. W. Watkins, 10*l.*; 'Preparing the Dinner,' A. Evershed, 10*l.*; 'Evening in a Welsh Valley,' P. Deakin, 10*l.*; 'Biddy,' A. D. Cooper, 10*l.*; 'Tired Out,' J. Morgan, 10*l.*; 'Underwood—Spring,' J. Hayllar, 10*l.*; 'The Chalk Seller,' Henry Vauseben, 10*l.*

A number of pictures found purchasers at sums below those we have noticed, but it is scarcely necessary to point them out: the total amount of the sales reached about 2860*l.*

The rupture in the Liverpool Academy, arising out of the alleged preference given to the works of the Pre-Raphaelites, has led to the formation of another institution, which has assumed the name of the "Liverpool Society of Fine Arts." Its objects include an annual exhibition, schools for painting, sculpture, and architecture, with prizes for proficiency in these branches of Art respectively; the foundation of a permanent gallery of Art, to consist of paintings, sculpture, and water-colour drawings, and a collection of Liverpool Art, to be purchased out of the annual exhibition with the surplus funds of the society. It is proposed also to offer, annually, prizes for the best exhibited work in each of the following departments:—Historical painting in oil, 100*l.*; landscape painting in oil, 50*l.*; water-colour drawing, 25*l.*; sculpture or model, not a portrait or medallion, 25*l.*; architectural design, 25*l.* The projectors of this new society appear to commence its proceedings liberally; but we think that, with reference to the proposed prizes, a mistake has been made. Why have they placed sculpture—without a question, we think, the highest embodiment of Art—in the lowest category of rewards? The town which fostered the rising genius of Gibson, and which may boast of possessing some of his noblest works, ought not thus, if for no other reason, to have depreciated his art. Even among artists and Art-patrons sculpture seems yet to be regarded as quite a secondary subject of importance: we admire fine historical pictures, and we revel in the beauties of a noble landscape, but we would place a fine sculptured figure quite on a par with the former, and far above the latter, in all the attributes essential to a great work of Art. We trust the Liverpool Society will reconsider this "clause in their act."

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists closed on January 23rd; considering the commercial depression that has existed in this manufacturing district, as in others, the season has not been unsuccessful. During the last three weeks of the exhibition, it was open for the working classes at the reduced charge of *two pence*, a benefit of which a very large number of persons availed themselves. The four pictures kindly lent by the Emperor of the French, namely, Delacroix's 'Princess in the Tower,' Horace Vernet's 'Paris in 1815,' Ingres's 'Charge to Peter,' and Delacroix's 'Wedding in Morocco,' were among the most attractive features of the gallery. The pictures sold realised the sum of 1122*l.* The principal works that found purchasers were:—'Otter Hunting at Pont-y-Pare, Bettws-y-Coed,' J. Pettitt, 110*l.*; 'Scheveling—Pink landing Fish,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 63*l.*; 'Vintage Time,' J. S. Houston, R.S.A., 52*l.* 10*s.*; 'Under the Valley of Rocks, near Devon,' W. West, 40*l.*; 'The Fisherman's Treasures,' F. P. Parker, 40*l.*; 'St. Michael's Mount, Cornwall,' W. Pitt, 35*l.*; 'Building a Guy,' E. J. Barnes, 30*l.*; 'Near Exmouth, Devonshire,' W. Hallett, 30*l.*; 'Sea-side Downs,' H. Moore, 25*l.*; 'The Cobbler,' J. G. Forbes, 25*l.*; 'Squally Weather,' E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., 20*l.*; 'On the Moors, near Killin,' W. Luker, 18*l.*; 'Harrop Tarn, Cumberland,' A. Perigal, A.R.S.A., 16*l.* 16*s.*; 'Falmouth Evening,' W. Pitt, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'Deerhounds,' C. Hancock, 15*l.*; 'The Source of the Llugwy,' J. P. Pettitt, 15*l.*; 'Pont-y-Pare, on the Llugwy,' W. Hall, 14*l.* 14*s.*; 'Young Jeannie,' W. Luker, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'Heath Scene,' E. J. Niemann, 12*l.* 12*s.*; 'On the New Mown Hay,' J. Bouvier, 12*l.*; 'Caen, Normandy,' H. Valter, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Going for Peat,' W. S. P. Henderson, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'The Alarm Bell Tower, Bar, France,' H. Valter, 10*l.* 10*s.*; 'Farm House and Cattle,' A. H. Green, 10*l.*; 'Apple Blossoms,' T. Worsey, 10*l.*

The following selections were made by prizeholders in the Art-Union of Birmingham:—Among the Crags, Devonshire, F. H. Henshaw, 80*l.*; 'A Passing Storm,' H. Barnes, 50*l.*; 'The Ballad,' W. Underhill, 40*l.*; 'Bob-cherry,' C. Dukes, 35*l.*; 'The Spanish Girl,' H. Pickersgill, jun., 31*l.* 10*s.*; 'An Old Mill, Caernarvonshire,' W. Hall, 25*l.*; 'Troutbeck, Westmoreland,' C. Pettitt, 25*l.*; 'The Bird's Nest,' E. J. Cobbett, 25*l.*; 'Where the Robin builds,' T. Worsey, 17*l.* 17*s.*; 'Hôtel de Ville, Brussels,' A. E. Everitt, 15*l.* 15*s.*; 'A Bye-road,' E. A. Pettitt, 15*l.*; 'Nant Mill,' J. J. Hughes, 15*l.*; 'Fishing Boats in a Gale,' J. S. Meadows, 15*l.*; 'The Test of Affection,' Miss E. Brownlow, 10*l.* 10*s.*;

'On Guard,' B. Leader, 10*l.*; 'In Sight of Dover,' E. Hayes, A.R.H.A., 10*l.*; &c. &c.

SHEFFIELD.—The local papers publish a lengthened account of the conversazione of the School of Art in this town, held on the 2nd of February. There seems to have been a good collection of works of Art displayed for the gratification of the numerous visitors. Towards the close of the evening's entertainments the company mustered in the "elementary-room," when Mr. R. Monckton Milnes, M.P., delivered a most interesting and eloquent address to the supporters of the school and the pupils. Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., followed, and characterised the Sheffield school—which is under the direction of Mr. Young Mitchell, assisted by Mr. Godfrey Sykes and Mr. Lomas—as "one of the largest and most successful in the kingdom." Mr. Milnes afterwards presented the successful competitors with the prizes awarded to them, the principal being the "Mayor's Prize" of ten guineas to Reuben Townroe, for the "best design for a tea-service, suitable for manufacture either in silver or plated ware;"—Brooks's design for a similar work received honourable mention;—the "Master Cutler's Prize" of five guineas to Walter Nicholson for the best design for "fish-knife and fork and butter-knife;"—the designs of R. G. Smith and R. Turner for similar objects of manufacture were pronounced "very satisfactory;"—and the "Montgomery Medal," contributed by the ladies of Sheffield, to R. Turner for the best drawing of flowers from nature.

BRIGHTON.—The annual conversazione of the Brighton and Sussex Society of Arts took place at the Pavilion, on Tuesday, January 12th. The rooms were richly furnished with paintings and works of Art. The music-room was devoted principally to the exhibition of water-colour drawings; and in the saloon and drawing-rooms oil-pictures were hung. In the banqueting-room, among various attractive objects, was exhibited a fine collection of photographs by Lake Price. We have a catalogue of the principal contributions before us, but have not space to speak of them in detail. The conversazione was attended by a large number of the most influential residents of Brighton.

SUNDERLAND.—The inhabitants of this town, in the neighbourhood of which the late General Havelock was born, have determined to raise a monument to his memory on the sea-coast, and subscriptions for this purpose are already being collected. We only trust that the memorial will be worthy of the hero whose noble deeds it is intended to commemorate.

## PICTURE SALES.

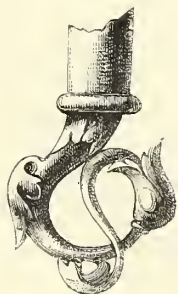
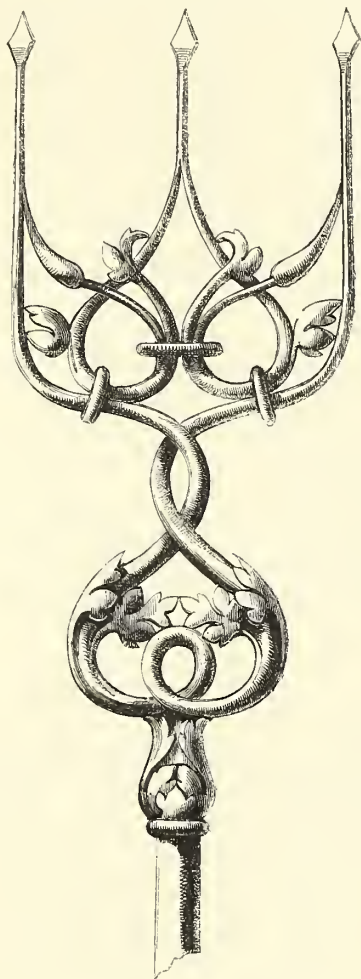
MR. HENRY WALLIS, the well-known dealer in, and collector of, modern English pictures, has disposed of a considerable number of his paintings by auction. One hundred and twenty were sold at the gallery of Messrs. Leggatt, Hayward & Co., in Cornhill, on the 3rd and 4th of last month. A picture sale of any importance is a rarity in the city of London; why Mr. Wallis should have chosen that locality, rather than the neighbourhood of St. James's, for the dispersion of his collection, we are at a loss to guess: certainly the prices realised on this occasion were, generally, below the average mark, though the "city men" have credit for liberality in their dealings with Art. The principal works, and the sums at which they were knocked down, are appended; the whole 128 realised 7740*l.*

'Summer Evening on the Thames,' H. J. Boddington, 41*gs.*; 'Diana and her Nymphs disturbed by the Approach of Actæon,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 66*gs.*; 'The Forest Flowers,' W. Gale, 55*gs.*; 'The Captured Runaway Slave,' W. Gale, 57*gs.*; 'Clifton, looking down the Avon,' J. B. Pyne, 53*gs.*; 'Bellinzona,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 86*gs.*; 'South Downs,' T. Creswick, R.A., and R. Ansell, 96*gs.*; 'Italian Scenery,' J. B. Pyne, 57*gs.*; 'The Cattle Shed,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150*gs.*; 'Hampstead,' J. Linnell, 75*gs.*; 'From our own Correspondent,' W. Helmsley, 66*gs.*; 'Llyn Cwm Flynnon,' S. R. Percy, 60*gs.*; 'The Death of Robert the Good,' A. Elmore, R.A., 720*gs.*; 'The Weald of Kent,' T. Creswick, R.A., 110*gs.*; 'The Flight into Egypt,' Dobson, 86*gs.*; 'Circe and the Sirens three,' W. Etty, R.A., 510*gs.*; 'Presbyterian Catechising,' John Phillip, A.R.A., 370*gs.*; 'Interior of a Welsh Cottage,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 81*gs.*; 'La Rose,' C. Baxter, 59*gs.*; 'The Lovers,' H. O'Neil, 70*gs.*; 'Sheep in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 81*gs.*; 'The Wolf-Slayer,' R. Ansell, 285*gs.*; 'David Slaying the Lion,' J. Linnell, 555*gs.*; 'The Goths in Italy,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 425*gs.*; 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge,' J. Constable, R.A., 555*gs.*; 'Boys in Search of Wild Fowl,' Collins, R.A., 54*gs.*; 'Kilgarrin Castle, on the Twyvey,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., 425*gs.*; 'The Rubicon,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 92*gs.*; 'The Poodle Dog,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 74*gs.*; 'View in Dort, with Figures,' D. Roberts, R.A., 70*gs.*



ORIGINAL DESIGNS,  
AS SUGGESTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS, ETC.

THIS page contains four engravings from designs by Mr. W. HARRY ROGERS (Wimbledon). The artist has established a reputation for large acquaintance with a special class of Art; and perhaps he is surpassed by no one in thorough knowledge of "the Italian;" it is very general in its applicability, and his information thus conveyed may be useful to many orders of manufacturers. We shall not do justice to Mr. Rogers, however, if we thus limit his powers: he is familiar with nearly every branch of Art, a resort to which may be serviceable to the fabricant; and, moreover, he is acquainted with the capabilities of the producer to avail himself of the "teaching" of the designer. The first design

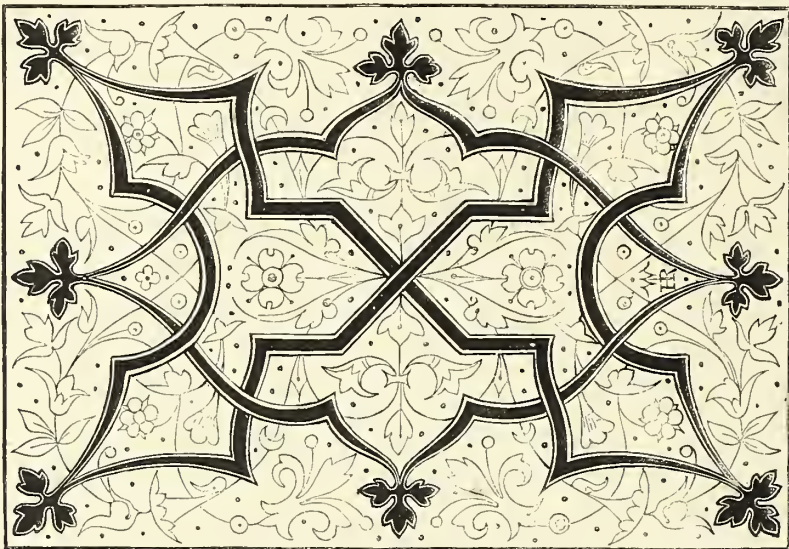


is for a toasting-fork, intended to be executed in silver or plated metal; the principle of the handle to be that which is called a "telescope," which affords an opportunity of curtailing or elongating its length. It is perhaps somewhat too elaborate to suit the purpose of the ordinary manufacturer, but there are parts of it that he may adopt, and the whole is suggestive.

Mr. Rogers furnishes three designs for playing-cards. The first is enriched with a style of orna-

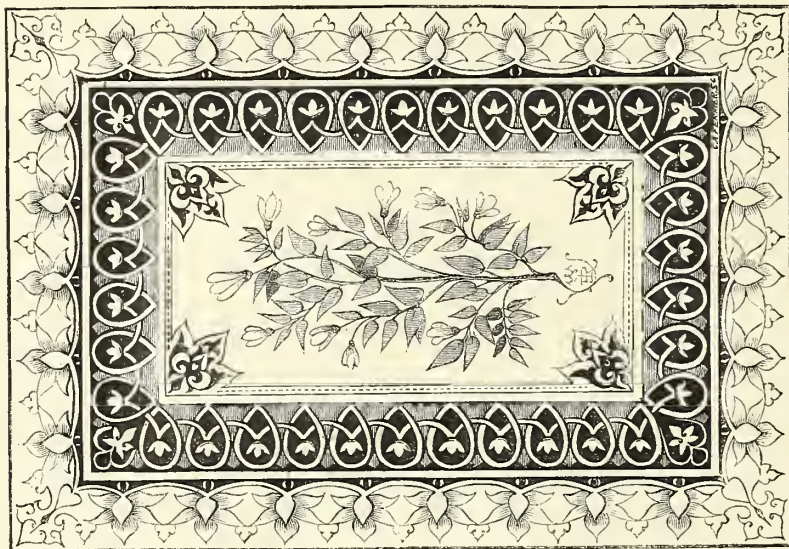
mentation which was largely employed for the covers of books in France at the time of Francis the First, and which is known as "Grolier" work, after the name of the most celebrated patron of ornamental

binding. The second has a rich border of Indian decoration with a native plant in the centre. The third is composed solely of Italian foliage. It is manifest that either of these designs, although drawn



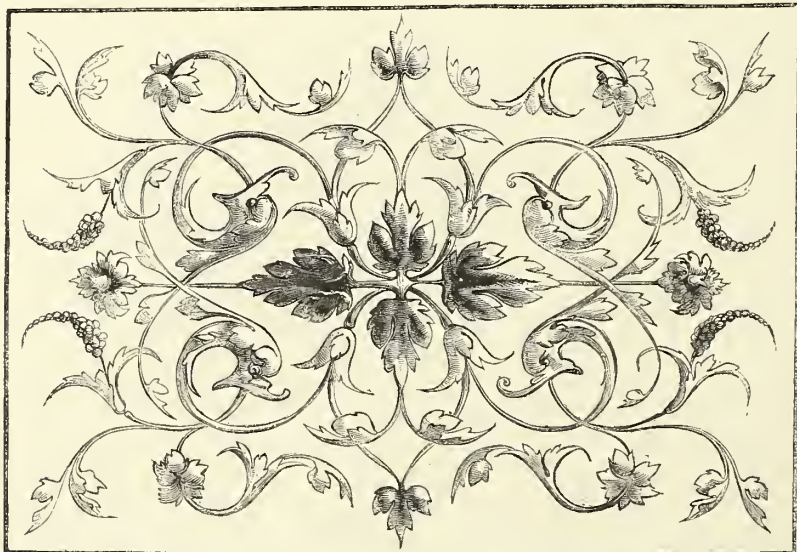
for an express purpose, could be readily employed by any manufacturer requiring a flat surface to be elegantly filled. Until of late years the backs of

playing-cards were invariably plain, and we imagine we are indebted to Messrs. De La Rue for an introduction that brings Art in a novel form on our tables.



But the designs they furnish are, for the most part, unsuited to the object, consisting often of large flowers which cover only portions of the surface,

and are by no means either appropriate or refined. Certainly, as Mr. Rogers has shown, there is no reason why they should not be both. It is true that



the fifty-two cards must contain, all of them, the same design, without the shadow of a difference; but this we do not regard as an evil; to familiarise the eye and mind with beauty is a task of which every

producer should be ambitious; the one is refreshed and gladdened, while the other—

"By this harmonious action on her powers,  
Becomes herself harmonious."



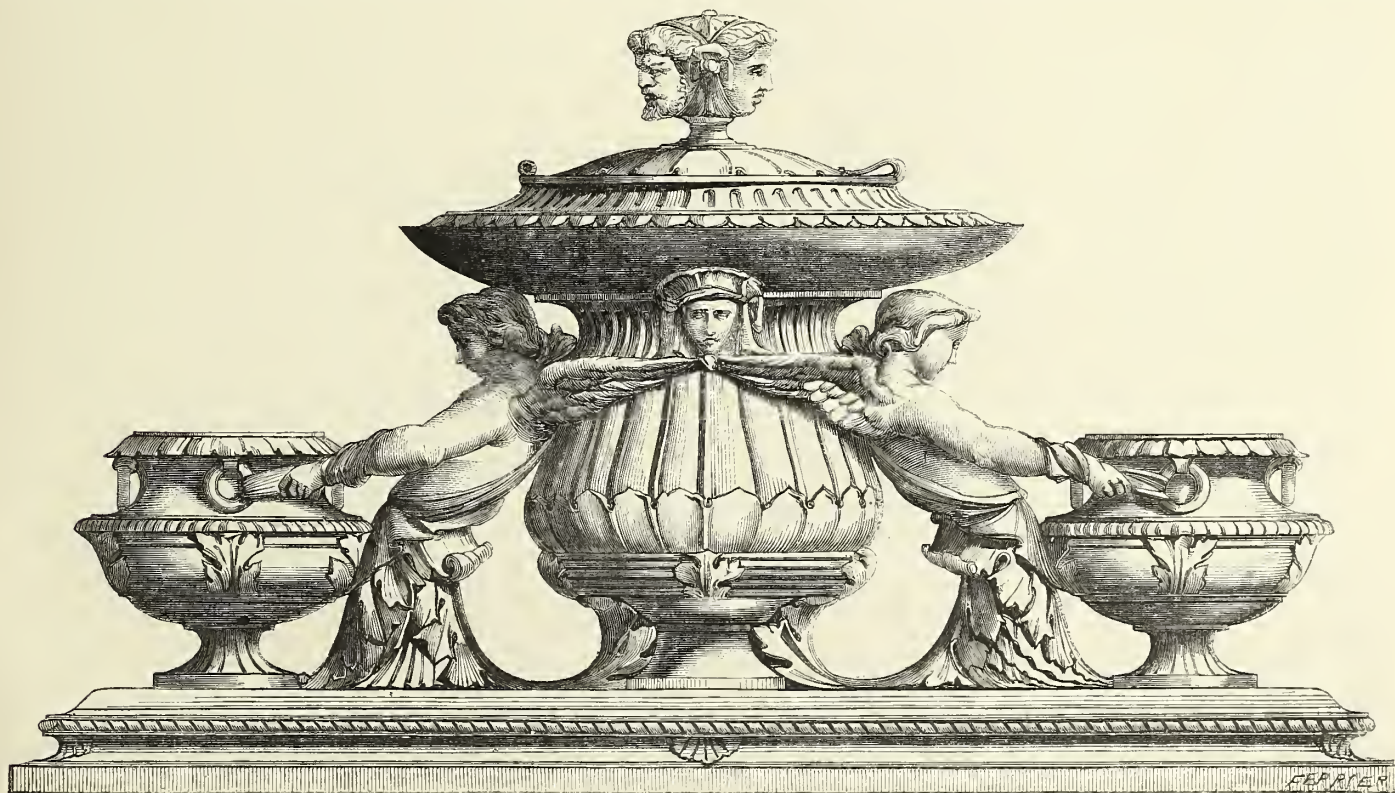
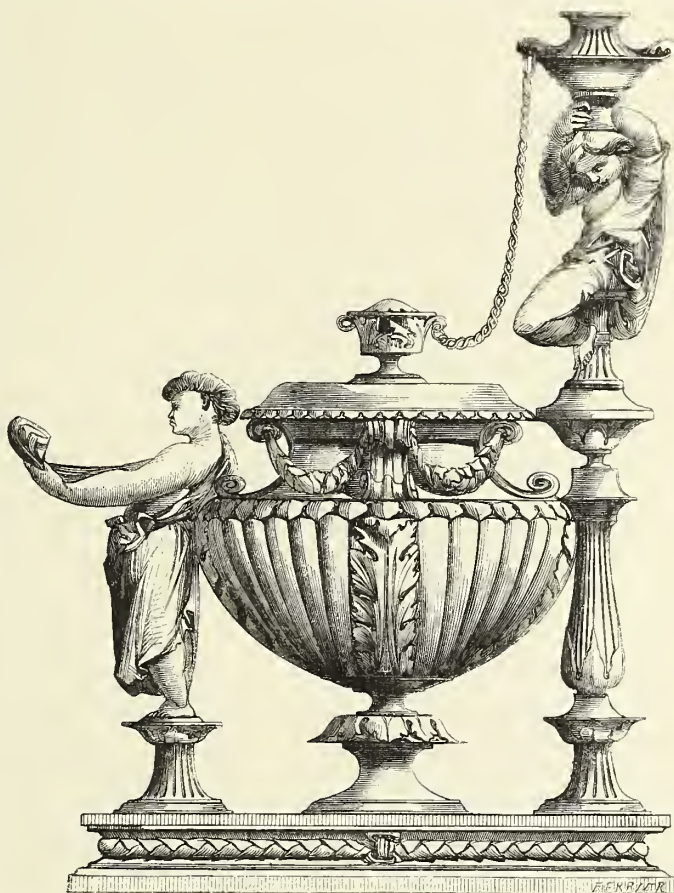
The two designs on this page are by Mr. Godfrey Sykes—second master of the School of Art at Sheffield—a gentleman who has been a very valuable auxiliary to manufacturers of the great town of “plated goods.” “They are,” writes the artist, “fifteenth century in style, and of architectural construction; and although, at present, such a style finds comparatively little favour with the public (since the modern lavish introduction of heaps of flowers called ‘ornament’), it is that on which all our good ornamental works are constructed, and which the verdict of many generations declares to be true.” The upright inkstand is designed for silver (if oxydised it would be well); the figure in front, with extended arms, forms the pen-rest, while the smaller figure above holds the taper. The object is obviously more suitable for a presentation or drawing-room ornament than for ordinary use. The other inkstand is designed for bronze, —the centre vase for ink and the side vases for stamps, &c.: provision being, of course, made on the stand for pens. The artist has in each case given only one receptacle for ink, as for all purposes of correspondence it is enough. We desire to repeat our expectation, that the designs we thus furnish, from time to time, will be accepted rather as suggestions than as models; and that, although they may be given as for special and expressed purposes, they may supply “hints” to other fabricants than those for whom they are more particularly intended. “Authorities” upon all points are now sufficiently abundant. At the School of Art in South Kensington, there is not only a valuable and very useful collection of treasures, ancient and modern—works actually executed—freely offered for study, from which the producer or the artizan may borrow as little or as much as he pleases; but the rich library of illustrated books, many of them rare and seldom procurable elsewhere, are as liberally submitted to any student who desires to

consult them. Those who issue productions of Art-industry are therefore without excuse, when they “achieve” mediocrity instead of aiming at excellence. Yet in furnishing these designs, and in thus,

but instructive because suggestive to those who either cannot or will not—and certainly do not—*think*, before they commence an Art-production, how best it may be executed.

At all the Art-meetings now so continually held, not alone in London but in the leading cities and towns of the provinces, speakers invariably comment on the superiority of French artizans, as arising from their abundant opportunities of studying the works of great masters of various epochs. This disadvantage to England is rapidly disappearing; collections of suggestive objects are in progress in many places, under the auspices of corporate bodies, and maintained at the public cost; being therefore public property; other collections, those more especially which are under the charge of the Department of Science and Art, have appointed circuits, to which they periodically travel; and at South Kensington, as we have observed, there is an absolute treasure-house of manipulative study and intellectual wealth: it is impossible to walk through the various rooms and avenues without a conviction that immense results must arise from the resources there supplied freely and most liberally. If our sons are not better educated than our fathers, the fault will surely be their own—“upon their heads be it!”

These remarks will not be considered out of place in association with “Original Designs as Suggestions to Manufacturers;” we are fully aware that we but repeat here the simple truths we have for many years endeavoured to impress on the public—those who “demand” as well as those who “supply.” It is certain that an extensive and manifest change has been wrought in the “plans” of nearly all British Art-producers within a comparatively short period; but there is yet much to do before we can, in every one of its departments, rival those we have been accustomed to consider as authorities for our guidance in modern productions of Art-manufacture.



With regard to this department of the ART-JOURNAL, we have again to invite the co-operation of all Art-designers—those more especially who are educating, or have been educated, at the various

Art-schools of the provinces. Our hopes from these sources have not been as yet realised; we obtain few communications of value, although many designs are transmitted to us, the publication of which

could do no good to either designer or producer. Still we have encouraging evidence of progress, and of an increased desire to labour in a right direction for the acquirement of beauty, grace, and truth.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."  
AMERICAN ART IN GERMANY.

IN the exhibition now opened is a painting of pretentious size and subject. It represents an incident in the life of Frederick the Great, and is painted by Leutze, the American artist,—I say American because although he is now, and has been for some fifteen years, living here, he claims the States for his country, and is always spoken of as an American. It appears that after the releasement of Frederick from confinement, he was presented to his mother at a ball: the picture represents this incident and instant of time. A little on one side of the centre is young Frederick on his knees, before his mother, who bends over him. In the centre, and just behind these two figures, stands the father, with a daughter on each arm; the two sides of the canvas are filled by attending and well-known courtiers of the time, while the distance shows the heads of figures dancing. The whole scene is splendidly illuminated by chandeliers. The most noticeable feature of the picture is its colour: the canvas is literally one blaze of warm, glowing tints; but they are so opposed and softened into each other as to produce the most perfect harmony. The execution of the picture is very artistic; it has the appearance of having been done with care, is detailed, and has the effect intended without being over-worked. The heads are sufficiently expressive, and the actions of the figures appropriate and good. Mr. Leutze has shown great skill in managing the light and shade; it was necessarily much cut up, on account of the conflicting lights from so many different sources; and to harmonise them in a picture is a task requiring a master's skill: it has been accomplished perfectly, so that this picture will look as well engraved as in the original. The interior of the room in which the ball took place was hung with paintings, and the ceiling elaborated with carvings; all of these, as well as the other accessories of furniture, dresses, &c., are rendered from realities. The picture is, therefore, historically correct. You have now a general idea of Leutze's last picture, on which he is said to have expended nearly a year. The question naturally arises, For what did he paint it? As it was not a commission, he executed it of his independent will. He could not have painted it with the intention of making it an appeal to those most likely to feel interest in the subject, because he is a man of intellect, and could perceive that there was nothing in it calculated to have this effect. Neither could he have painted it as a picture for mankind; because it is destitute of anything interesting to them: it expresses no sentiment, and therefore appeals to none; it illustrates no principle, and condemns no vice; it flatters no particular set of men, nor is it fitted to reform a folly; it satirises nothing, praises nothing;—it is simply a painting that illustrates an incident in the life of Frederick the Great. Leutze is too great a man to admit of even the supposition that he chose this subject because he saw it was adapted to exhibit colour—because it afforded an opportunity to display his masterly execution—his knowledge of perspective, of light and shade. Nor is it reasonable to assume that he so far lost sight of the dignity of Art as deliberately to create a picture whose chief excellence should be colour, and of which the highest thing that could be said is, "It is wonderfully executed." But if he did not paint it because he thought it peculiarly adapted for sale, nor because he fancied at least some part of the world would appreciate it, nor for the purpose of displaying his execution, why did he paint it? We all know Leutze for a man of more than ordinary steadiness and depth of intellect,—one capable of thinking; who has his reasons for whatever he undertakes: so it is to be supposed that he had reasons for painting this picture, and, though not myself enabled to see them, it would be weak to doubt that they were good ones. But whatever they may have been, the painting itself must stand on its own merits. It may be compared to a woman who, dressed in the extreme of fashion, has some traces of beauty in her face and person, but whose mind is a dead blank—who is small in intellect, and utterly destitute of feeling. She would attract attention wherever she

goes; she would elicit admiration for her beautiful dress and graceful appearance; and, it is possible, at first sight, one might be touched by the trace of beauty in her face; but, upon becoming acquainted with her, the novelty of her appearance would soon wear off, and, as is generally the case with things that please us most at first, would finally become contemptible, if not absolutely disgusting. So it is with this painting; its colouring will attract attention, and procure it admirers in any gallery, and he who takes only a superficial glance at it, will presently set it down as a splendid work of real Art; but he who will give it a due consideration, who will pay it repeated visits until the colouring has ceased to dazzle his eye, will find that he has already seen all there is in it to be seen, and that he has already experienced all the pleasure it is capable of imparting. He will find that, like the lady just mentioned, its chief beauty is mere outside show: and that if it proves anything deeper—any qualities of mind worthy of admiration—they are exceedingly slight, found only by persevering search, and when found serving only to disappoint. Yet those who demand nothing more than appearance, who are satisfied with surface—and there are many such—will find in this picture their ideal of Art. Such, however, it would seem, are not worth the trouble of satisfying; and if Mr. Leutze has painted this work for them, the least that can be said of it is, that he has done a very small thing: a giant has thrown himself into convulsions to crush a pigmy.

Düsseldorf, January 21, 1858.

P.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Fine Arts seem to be entirely forgotten in Paris for the present; the only conversation in all circles is about the talents, death, and burial of Mademoiselle Rachel, and the horrible drama of the Rue le Pelletier.—Among artists and connoisseurs the following strange story is creating a sensation:—A clause in the will of a M. Armand Mahé ordains that a room in his house shall not be opened till twenty years after his burial; the day has arrived, and the apartment has been opened. The walls were found covered with paintings, in ordinary frames, but all were covered with paper, fastened over them. A note by the testator was found on a table, in which it was stated that, finding himself ill for some time, and unable to enjoy his pictures, he had pasted paper on them to preserve them; that they were his delight; and, notwithstanding the jeers and remonstrances of his friends, he had persevered in collecting them, and that the whole had cost him about two thousand five hundred francs. On removing the coverings there were found to be eleven paintings by F. Boucher, signed and dated from 1750 to 1758, the finest period of the painter; seven by Watteau, and of the highest quality—one a reproduction of the "Noce du Village," now at Madrid, and a sketch of the "Embarquement pour Cythère," now in the Louvre; four by Pater; five by Lancret; two heads by Greuze; two sketches by Prudhon; and others by Nattier, Natoire, and Chardin: in short, a most splendid collection of the kind of pictures so much in vogue at present.\*—M. Lechêne, of Caen, has just finished a group of "Animals vanquished by Cupid" for the Bois de Boulogne.—The Prince Jerome has ordered of M. Cavellier a statue of the Emperor Napoleon I.—The Gallery of the Luxembourg is now open. The paintings recently purchased, and hung here, are by MM. Baudry, Daubigny, and Breton.—M. Yvon is busy on several large pictures for Versailles.—The Gallery of the Louvre is only partially open. Several alterations have been made, paintings cleaned, and some retouched. When the whole of the apartments are again open we shall return to the subject.

\* We have no doubt our Paris correspondent has good authority for the information he sends us, but we must express our disbelief in the authenticity of the pictures referred to, if not in the entire story. Thirty or forty paintings by such masters could scarcely have been concealed from public knowledge, although they may have been from public view; there must be many persons living who had seen them, who knew they were still in the house tenanted only twenty years ago by M. Mahé, and who consequently could testify to their genuineness; how then can the discovery take the connoisseurs of Paris by surprise? Moreover, we cannot credit the fact that such a collection more than thirty in number, could ever have been purchased for the sum named, about seven pounds each, even at the period when it might be supposed they fell into the possession of their late owner.—*Ed. A. J.*

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE NOON-DAY WALK.

H. Jutsum, Painter.

R. Brandard, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 12 in. by 8 in.

How comparatively few persons are there, we will venture to say, who, as they walk through a gallery of pictures, or turn over the leaves of some richly-illustrated volume, ever bestow even a passing thought upon the men whose genius and labours have so largely ministered to their enjoyment. The work engrosses so much of our admiration and sympathy that the workman is too often lost sight of. Who, as he stands before a fine picture, or any other work of Art, reflects what it has cost the artist to produce it? how many anxious and weary days have been spent over it, from the first thought which he roughly sketched out on the paper till the last touch was placed on the canvas, or the last faint stroke of the mallet left the sculptured marble a "thing of life?" how many misgivings as to the result, in the mind of even the most experienced painter or sculptor; and when the work is sent forth from the studio to stand the test of unsympathising criticism, what apprehension lest an unfavourable verdict be recorded against it, and the voice of condemnation should consign the labour of months to oblivion, and the labourer to despair. We have frequently heard artists designated as an extremely sensitive class: they are so, no doubt, but they have abundant reason for the possession of such a mental peculiarity; the nature of their occupation induces it, while the uncertainty of the reception their works may receive—to which the importance, to them, of the public judgment gives additional disquietude—tends to promote this sensitiveness, and renders them susceptible of impressions which a more active intercourse with the busy world would most assuredly dispel.

But, all honour to the men who, for some brief moments of our lives at least, cause us to forget what we are, and where we are; who roll back the chariot-wheels of time to our mental vision by making us familiar with the great actors in the drama of life-long ages past, and with what they did; who annihilate all distance by transporting us to lands which our feet have never trodden, and our eyes never seen, except as they show them to us. By their aid we are spectators of events that stand conspicuous in the annals of empires; statesmen and warriors, patriots and courtiers, reappear on the stage, and we become witnesses of their triumphs and their failures. They summon us into the presence of those whose lives and characters have through successive generations allied their names with the title of saint or martyr. With the artist as our companion, we wander through "the long-drawn aisle and fretted roof" of church and cathedral, through streets of ancient houses, and past mouldering, deserted castles, from the north to the south of Europe. With him we go forth into the deserts of Arabia, the jungles of India, the boundless forest tracks of America, and the ice-regions of the polar circles. With him, too, we "lie down beside the still waters," and inhale the perfumed breath of the green meadows; we stand upon some lofty eminence, and our eyes look abroad upon a vast amphitheatre of cornfield, pasture, villages, and all those pleasant and picturesque objects that are included in rural life. In brief, there is nothing, either of the past or present, of reality or fiction, with which the versatile pencil of the painter does not make us acquainted, and which we know only through the medium of his art.

Mr. Jutsum holds a distinguished place among our landscape-painters: some of his pictures have rarely been surpassed, by any of his contemporaries, in truth and poetical feeling. He is a close student of nature, and treasures up, for his canvas, her sweetest and kindest looks—loving her sunshine rather than her tears. His little picture of the "Noon-day Walk" is an example of this preference: it is, however, a comparatively early performance, painted in 1845, was not exhibited, and must not be taken as a true exponent of his powers. Still the composition is agreeable, and the colour has all the freshness of summer-time.

The picture is at Osborne.





H. JUTSUM PINXT.

R. BRANDARD SCULPT.

THE NOON-DAY WALK.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

PRINTED BY JAMES C. VINTAGE







## THE PROPOSED MEMORIAL OF THE EXHIBITION OF 1851.

THE models and drawings which have been designed and made in competition for the erection of the monument proposed to be placed in Hyde Park, as commemorative of the Exhibition of 1851, are now publicly exhibited at the Museum, South Kensington. The models are twenty-two in number; of drawings there are twenty-eight. Some of the drawings are sufficiently ingenious in their propositions, some are feeble and commonplace in everything, and others are so unsatisfactory, that we can scarcely think the artists were in earnest in their efforts. An affectation of eccentricity and an assumption of extravagance can never be mistaken for genius; the reasoning observer marvels at the little knowledge with which some of these works have been composed. According to the terms of the invitation issued, it might have been supposed that many hopeful and able men would approach the uttermost limit of the scope allowed them by sending in carefully-composed and laboriously-finished models—realities in design, which must supersede in interest ground-plans and elevations on paper. A thought on this subject would have saved those artists who have sent drawings only, much labour and anxiety, for in a mixed exhibition like this a drawing, unless it proposed a design of transcendent excellence, has very little chance. These competitors on paper have either too much or too little to do. Those who are too fully occupied should not have forgotten that the subject of competition is a memorial of material interest, and that the committee would not be justified in considering favourably any slight and sketchy proposition. And those whose measure of occupation is far from full, yet who could not afford time and pecuniary expenditure with an uncertain prospect of reward, must, had they reflected sensibly, have concluded that nothing short of a considerable investment of time and money could secure success.

Of the twenty-two models not less than fifteen are described as "architectural." Having a reputation in pure Art to vindicate, no occasion of asserting it should be lost, and therefore deeply should we deplore a resolution on the part of the committee, whereby any model should be selected wherein architecture should preponderate over sculpture. What legend or narrative soever the artist may set forth, the force of the argument will reside in sculpture—the poetic eloquence of the story can be enunciated by the "Rhodian art" alone. At this commemoration, however, architecture must be content to assist, without being ambitious to predominate; for we submit the cause is so clearly that of sculpture, that anything but sculpture would be regarded by foreign schools as a declaration of incompetency; and yet a statue, or a mere group of statues, were not sufficient; and hence must architecture, in some form, be made an important but a secondary contributive. There are some of the models in which the principal quantity is a pillar or an obelisk. Of these there are five or six; but if the decision of the committee fall upon a memento of this kind, the work commemorates less the Great Exhibition of 1851, than it celebrates the labour of the quarryman. Of columns with statues thereon we have enough—nay, more than enough, for the last of our choice is not yet finished. We cannot afford an obelisk, because we are yet poor in public works of Fine Art. There is but one model simply sculptured in the entire collection—that is No. 16—"The Genius of Civilization proclaiming the Great Exhibition. The statue is seated on a rock, to admit of the introduction of plants and water." This were not enough, nor could there in our opinion be suggested in simple sculpture anything sufficiently comprehensive. It was much to be apprehended that in these designs there would be a redundancy of portraits and statues of the Queen and the Prince; and these apprehensions are realised, for both Her Majesty and the Prince-Consort are represented in a variety of characters.

No. 1 is an "architectural composition," with emblematical impersonations of the four quarters of the globe and other figures, the whole surmounted by a figure of Britannia, and within the temple a statue

of Prince Albert. No. 2 has a statue of the Queen as a principal—another gives a column supporting a globe, &c. No. 4 has a statue of the Queen and a bust of the Prince. No. 6 consists prominently of two athletes, one exhausted giving the torch of life to a younger and a stronger man. Another presents a very strange emblematical assemblage—"Industry, Commerce, Plenty, and Art." Again, a statue of the Queen and a medallion of the Prince. Nos. 9, 10, and 11 are by the same artist, a sculptor of much taste and power. No. 9 is a composition of an obelisk with a fountain, proposed to be of one block on a base, with a figure in front holding an open book, with the inscription, "The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof." No. 10 is "not a design in itself, but a group of illustrative elements suggested to be used in conjunction with the obelisk." The four figures are illustrative of the four divisions of the Exhibition, and the third number combines an obelisk, sculpture, and a fountain. No. 15—one of three models by one artist—is "an architectural composition, which has reliefs in the pedestal symbolizing the four departments into which the Exhibition was divided, the whole surmounted by a statue of Civilization." The statue is on a granite pedestal, with four bas-reliefs representing "Fine Art," "Raw Material," "Manufacture," and "Machinery." The names of the four quarters of the globe are inscribed on globes in bas-relief, surrounded by foliage and vegetation peculiar to each quarter. The figure is a grand conception. No. 20 is "an architectural composition, with bas-reliefs round the base, emblematical of the Fine Arts, Machinery, Raw Material, and Manufacture, with inscriptions. On the summit is a statue representing Industrial Science. Nos. 17 and 19 have both statues of the Prince-Consort; the former presents his Royal Highness "as the instructor of youth." No. 22 is called an "architectural" composition, but in it the sculptural element predominates. It presents Britannia on a massive pedestal, distributing to the victors, it may be supposed, crowns of laurel. On her shield is a medallion of the Prince-Consort. The four quarters of the world are represented by four impersonations: Europe, like another Cybele crowned with cities, as we were then at peace, has sheathed her sword, and enwreathed it with laurel. Asia is a woman richly attired, and given up to voluptuous ease. Africa is a woman with the characteristics of the negro, and personally and morally in the same state in which her ancestors were a thousand years ago—of civilization she gives no sign. America is represented, most fittingly, as a daughter of Britannia, but instead of the helmet she wears a cap of liberty, and has by her side the flag with the stars and stripes,—the most suitable impersonation of America we have ever seen. All these figures are elegant and expressive in conception, and the model is otherwise graceful in all its parts. It will be impossible to meet with a faultless design: it becomes, therefore, the duty of the committee to select that to which may attach the least numerous objections. We have scrupulously considered the whole of these models. Many are altogether out of the field; others are vitiated by some gross error; against others very grave objections may be urged. If, therefore, the Art of the country is to be represented in a graceful work commemorative of the Great Exhibition, we can see none to fulfil the conditions, except No. 22.

The decision of the committee will be declared, and the award made, at too late a period of the month to enable us to report the result of the competition: be it as it will, it is obvious that our own opinion is formed; we may be called upon to support it by argument. At present any further observations might be erroneous. We cannot, however, let pass this opportunity of joining our contemporary, *The Critic*, in protesting against the absurdity of requiring competitors, on such occasions as this, to send in mottoes and sealed envelopes, and all the other "signs of secrecy," when it is notorious that every competitor is just as well known as he will be when his "closed letter" has been opened. In this instance, especially, every sculptor placed his own work in the presence of his brother artist. It is high time to do away with so shallow a substitute for plain-dealing. We strongly object also to placing more than one work by one artist; and so giving to the rich and prosperous an enormous advantage over those who struggle through adversity for fame.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—The motion of the Chancellor of the Exchequer for another Committee of the House of Commons, to consider the question of a new National Gallery, which motion was placed on the "notices" for the 26th of last month, will be, we presume, discussed and settled before our Journal is in the hands of the public, but after our sheets are in the press. Had the debate, however, occurred earlier in the month—for a debate there will be, we suppose, as some honourable member, whose name we do not at this moment recollect, gave notice of a counter-resolution—we should merely have reported the decision of the house, as we have so frequently expressed our opinion on the subject. The Royal Commissioners have already decided against the removal of the gallery; and it is with a view of setting aside this verdict that the Chancellor of the Exchequer has moved for a new commission.

THE WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.—In our biographical sketch of Mr. J. F. Lewis, published last month, it was stated that he had latterly resumed the practice of oil-painting; and we now learn that he has just resigned the presidency of the Water-Colour Society—a position which it may be presumed he felt could no longer be retained by him consistently with the intentions he has formed. At a meeting of the members of the society, held on the 8th of February, Mr. E. A. Goodall, and Mr. S. Evans, were elected associates. Mr. E. Goodall is a brother of Mr. F. Goodall, A.R.A., and of Mr. W. Goodall; the latter was elected associate of the Water-Colour Society two or three years since.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' opening Conversazione for the season, held in the large room at Willis's the 4th of last month, was a very spirited and brilliant affair,—a crowd of company, an abundance of Art-works for their entertainment, and a blaze of light from the chandeliers and lamps, that enabled every one to see all that was to be seen. The works that principally attracted the attention of the visitors were—a number of large mounted Sketches of Scottish Scenery, by T. M. Richardson, very bold and effective; Views in Oriental and Western Siberia, by T. A. Atkinson, whose book of travels in those distant regions we lately noticed; a portfolio of Sketches by H. Pilleau; one by D. Cox, jun.; others by G. L. Hall and H. Jutsum; J. D. Harding's fine view of Venice, hung, but not seen, in the Academy last year; oil pictures by F. W. Hulme, and H. Bright; a very beautiful drawing by Absolon, of a young girl asleep, entitled "The First Night in a Convent;" some landscapes and marine views, in oil, by Oakes; "Boppard, on the Rhine," a clever picture by E. Richardson. Mr. Alderman Spiers, of Oxford, contributed several drawings by D. Cox and other water-colour painters; Miss Mutrie three or four of her own charming flower-groups; and Mr. E. H. Corbould, two very clever sketches of figures by his late royal pupil, the Princess Frederick William of Prussia, drawn and presented to her preceptor only in the month of January last. We anticipate for this society a most successful season, and a large accession of members; it deserves the latter, because it makes the greatest efforts to secure the former.

HAMPSTEAD CONVERSAZIONE.—These agreeable reunions have again commenced for the usual series. The first was held in January, on which occasion the principal feature was a selection of the drawings and sketches of Mr. Atkinson, the Siberian traveller, sufficiently numerous to cover three-fourths of the space allotted to exhibition. The subjects are new to the world of Art, as having been made in Siberia and Chinese Tartary. There were also folios of drawings by Walter Goodall, Jutsum, and Soper; twenty-four English drawings, framed, and about twelve small French pictures from the collection of Mr. Rose, of Wandsworth Common. Two marble busts, and some bronzes, contributed by Foley, the new Academician, and others by Mrs. Thornycroft.

MR. FRITH, R.A., having already given to the public one phase of English society, as developed on the sandy shore of Ramsgate in the height of "the season," is hard at work upon the representation of another notable incident in our "manners and customs,"—a Derby-day at Epsom. The artist hopes



to have the picture ready for the ensuing exhibition at the Academy; but doubts are entertained by some, who are presumed to have penetrated into the studio of the painter, as to whether he will be able to complete his work in time. It has, we hear, already found a purchaser at the cost of £3000, including the original sketch and the copyright. Of course this implies that it is intended to have the painting engraved.

**PETER PAUL RUBENS.**—Some important documents relating to this painter have lately been discovered by Mr. W. N. Sanisbury, in the State Paper Office. They are to be published.

**A STATUE OF THE LATE GENERAL HAVELOCK** is to be placed in Trafalgar Square, at the angle nearest to Morley's Hotel, Government having granted the site for this purpose. It will be rather a singular coincidence that the two warriors, whose effigies will stand almost in juxtaposition, should be men who won their laurels on Indian ground. Napier, the hero of Scinde, and Havelock, the hero of Cawnpore and Lucknow, though not companions-in-arms, so far as our recollection of their respective careers serves, will at least be companions in the homage of their countrymen. The sculptor of the proposed statue has not yet been named.

**MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF THE CITY OF DELHI**, recently opened in Leicester Square, will be viewed with deep and melancholy interest by those who visit it. The picture represents the interior of the city, into which the British troops have penetrated, and are taking ample vengeance for the foul deeds committed by their savage enemies. The scene is far too painful to be agreeable—how indeed could it be otherwise?—but it is a picture that cannot fail to attract, because the subject has, for months past, wrought itself into our thoughts and feelings. It is painted with considerable skill and effect, considering the difficulties the artists, Mr. Burford and Mr. Selous, have had to encounter. English soldiers, Sikhs, Ghorkas, Sepoys, native men, women, and children; elephants, artillery, in large masses or in small groups, are seen fighting or fleeing along the esplanade on the south-west of the palace, looking towards the city: this extensive spot forms the whole foreground of the picture, and offers "room and verge enough" for the introduction of large bodies of combatants, and figures of all kinds. The panorama is painted from drawings made by Captain R. Smith of the Royal Engineers.

**THE LIGHT CAVALRY CHARGE AT BALAKLAVA.**—We have had an opportunity of seeing a large and very clever picture of this celebrated "passage of arms," painted by Mr. E. R. Smythe, of Bury St. Edmunds, an artist whose name is not familiar to us. He has treated a most difficult subject with great skill and considerable artistic power; we pay him no undeserved compliment in saying that his work will bear favourable comparison with the battle-scenes of the late Sir William Allan. The composition is distinguished by vast energy in the combatants: the "gallant eight hundred," or at least so many of them as had escaped the fire of their enemies on the first sweep through the valley, have reached the guns of the Russians, and are cutting their way through formidable barriers of iron. The tone of the picture is somewhat low in colour, but the work is very carefully painted, and must give the artist a good reputation. It has been purchased, we have heard, by the Earl of Cardigan.

**THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.**—Our readers should be reminded that the list for the year will be closed during the present month. The inducements to subscribe are more than usually strong, and we trust there will be a more than usually large volume of subscribers' names.

**THE SOULAGES COLLECTION** may now be seen and examined at the Museum, South Kensington, where a place has been fitted up for its display. It appears, therefore, that the Manchester Art-lovers ignore their Art-treasures; and, consequently, if the Government does not purchase, it will be submitted to the hammer of Mr. Christie.

**LORD SUFFOLK'S STOLEN PICTURES.**—It will doubtless be in the recollection of many of our readers that, so far back as October, 1856, a number of valuable pictures—ten or twelve—by ancient Italian and Flemish painters, were stolen from the mansion of the Earl of Suffolk, Charlton Park, near Malmesbury, Wiltshire. Advertisements appeared in the public papers at the time of the robbery, describing

the pictures and offering a reward for their recovery, and for the apprehension of the thief or thieves, but no clue could be found that might lead to either result, and all hope of discovery seems to have been lost. However, when Lord Suffolk's family came to town, in the early part of last month, instructions were given for the advertisement to be again inserted. It was seen by a Mr. Luff, of Elizabeth Street, Pimlico, who at once communicated to the police authorities that he had in his possession two of the pictures described in the advertised list, a "Virgin and Child," by Leonardo da Vinci, and a "Landscape," by Gaspar Poussin, which he had purchased of a person named John Durbin, a messenger at the War-Office, but living in Ebury Street, Pimlico. Durbin was of course apprehended, ultimately admitted his guilt, and gave such information as led to the discovery of the remainder of the stolen pictures, all of which were cut out of their frames when abstracted, rolled up in paper, and brought to London; none were of very large size. Two were found at the War-Office, concealed behind a large press; one at the prisoner's house, hid between the roof and the ceiling, and the remainder at different pawnbrokers, whose "tickets" Durbin had in his possession, and gave up to the police. He has been sent into Wiltshire to take his trial for the offence: but is it possible that the pawnbrokers who received the property knew not that it was stolen? The pictures were fully described, if we remember rightly, in the early announcements of the robbery.

**ST. JAMES'S HALL.**—Like the new Covent Garden Theatre, this building has risen from the ground with a rapidity of growth which cannot fail to command admiration as well as to excite surprise. On the 25th of the present month it is to be opened to the public, and consequently, in all the more important particulars it must be completed before that day. As we write, much remains to be accomplished, especially in the matter of internal decorations and fittings: so very decided, however, is the progress made in a single day that we are prepared to expect the realisation of Mr. Owen Jones's undertaking at the time which has been specified. The building stands between Piccadilly and the Regent Quadrant. It is constructed of red and buff bricks, not in any definite style of architecture, but with just so much of architectural character about it as will occasion regret that the aim of the architect has not been higher and more decided. The ornamentation is all in stucco, and though not Saracenic in style, in feeling it assimilates closely to the well-known decorations of the Alhambra. We should have been glad to have seen the Alhambresque system of ornamentation more fully adapted to English sentiments, and also to the special purposes for which the St. James's Hall has been erected. In the galleries iron-work has been introduced, but too much after the manner of the Crystal Palace. A little more Art ought, in such a building, to have been brought to bear upon the great constructive material of the day. When completed, the interior of the hall will glow with colour and rich gilding, and it is clearly evident that the effect thus produced may be expected to prove very striking. With a view to obtain the greatest possible amount of space under the same roof, the edifice has been carried up to a great height. The principal hall, accordingly, is supported by two very noble rooms of ample dimensions, which are placed side by side beneath it. These will be made available for all the various purposes for which large public rooms are so much wanted in the metropolis. Associated with the halls is a spacious restaurant, which has been placed in the hands of Mr. Donald, of the Art-Treasures' Exhibition reputation. There are entrances in both Piccadilly and the Quadrant, and all the arrangements of staircases, lobbies, &c., are such as will command unqualified approbation. It is highly satisfactory to observe the care that now is bestowed upon the accessories of public buildings, and more particularly those which have reference to the means of entrance and departure. St. James's Hall will serve as a model in this respect. The acoustic fitness of the great hall for musical performances, of course yet remains to be determined; the proportions of the hall, however, are so satisfactory to the eye that they give the fairest promise of being no less in harmony with the requirements of the ear—so far, at least, as any inference may be

drawn from an assumed sympathy between those two organs. We shall not fail to notice this really fine building when it shall have attained to a complete condition: as it now appears, its aspect is most promising, and without doubt it will prove a most attractive addition to the popular institutions of the western districts of London.

**ALBUM FOR THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.**—The artists of Germany have already, we hear, carried out a suggestion we last month ventured to offer to those of our own country. A deputation from nineteen of the principal Prussian towns on the banks of the Rhine, presented to the Princess and her royal consort a congratulatory address, and a large album splendidly bound, in which were a number of beautiful water-colour drawings. We could wish, for the credit of the British school, that it had been the first to offer a compliment of this kind to the royal bride—their own countrywoman.

**HOME FOR GENTLEWOMEN.**—We are again desirous of bringing to the notice of our readers the claims of this excellent institution upon those who have the desire and the ability to give it aid—this is much needed at the present time. Each year's experience demonstrates more and more the utility and value of this institution, *which is emphatically the only Home for decayed gentlewomen in London*, therefore the committee confidently rely on the sympathy and support of all those who are blessed with the power to aid in so interesting a work. Contributions are also solicited for the special purpose of providing a suitable building, so as to afford, at the same time, *better accommodation*, and for a larger number of inmates.

**THE SCULPTURES OF THE CHEVALIER PETTRICK.**—There is now exhibiting in the great room of the new Society of Painters in Water-colours, a series of bas-reliefs, the subject of which is new to sculpture—that is, the national customs of the North-American Indians. The Chevalier Pettrick, the author of these works, is a pupil of Thorwaldsen, in whose studio he worked seventeen years, after which, in 1835, he proceeded to North America, to make himself acquainted with the habits and manners of the Indians. M. Pettrick is the first artist who has made these people the subject of any considerable work in sculpture; and he shows them in hunting, the council, the war-dance, and in battle; and the attitudes are well selected for the display of that muscular development which is promoted by the habits of these nations, perhaps more than by the mode of life followed by any other race of mankind. The particular tribes that have furnished the models, are the Sacs, the Foxes, and the Sioux. These works are in terra-cotta, in a frieze-like composition, and have been commissioned, we believe, by the Roman government. Besides these there are some productions of merit in marble.

**THE EVACUATION OF KARS.**—Mr. T. J. Barker's last "war-picture" is a representation of General Sir F. Williams, with the remnant of his staff, of his heroic companions-in-arms, and a mass of the native population, marching out of Kars, on the surrender of the city to the Russian forces. It is an effective composition, and the incident is described with much feeling. We presume the picture will be engraved as a companion to "The Allied Generals before Sebastopol," by the same artist.

**THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY CLUB** has just published a series of portraits of the members, for their own use and interest. We notice this publication because of its intimate connection with Art; each page of the rules is elegantly decorated with colour-printing until they rival the glories of an enriched manuscript of the olden time, but the novel feature is the addition of portraits of all its members, executed in photography. They are all "men of mark," and include the able photographers Bedford, Delamotte, Diamond, and Fenton; Drs. Percy and Hardwick, Durham the sculptor, and Thoms, the editor of *Notes and Queries*, are among the number. The Lord Chief Baron Pollock, as the president, appropriately heads the series, and two of his sons are among the members, who have also executed some of the best portraits in the series. Out of the twenty which are here, Dr. Diamond has completed thirteen, and for clearness and beauty of composition in effect we have never seen his works surpassed. It would be well if many other of our societies would thus secure portraits of their members; it might



readily be done on the plan adopted here, which is, that each member gives the twenty required of his own portrait, and receives twenty in return, being one of each member. The passages from the poets, which appear in these pages, are singularly happy, particularly that from Milton, which describes this photographic volume as well as if the poet lived since the art was discovered—

“——— What with one virtuous touch  
The arch-chemist sun, so far from us remote,  
Produces.”

MESSRS. ELKINGTON AND CO. have for some months past been engaged on the execution of a magnificent dinner and dessert service for the Duke of Brabant, who, during his recent sojourn in London, on the occasion of the marriage of the Princess Frederick William, visited the establishment of the manufacturers in Regent Street, to inspect such portions of the work as were sufficiently advanced to be submitted to him. His royal highness, we hear, expressed himself most unequivocally upon the taste and beauty of the various designs, and the delicate finish of the execution, and further testified his approval by ordering other ornamental Art-manufactures. The dinner and dessert service, which will cost many thousand pounds, will, in all probability, be the most splendid work of its kind ever produced in this country, and will show how great an advance we have made within the last few years in the industrial arts of a high class.

AMONG the many *souvenirs* the Princess Frederick William of Prussia will possess to remind her of the home she has left, is to be a large picture of Windsor Castle, which the Prince has given a commission to Mr. Ernest Rieck to paint.

MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON have commenced their “season” early this year, although we do not at present see that any celebrated collection of pictures is advertised for sale. During the past month they disposed of the residue of the pictures and sketches made by the late Mr. Havell; a collection of pictures, ancient porcelain, glass, &c., belonging to the late Mr. J. H. Turner; and of some modern paintings by many of our best English artists, the “property of a gentleman.” They announce for sale during the present and the next following months, a collection of drawings, engravings, pictures, and works of *virtu*, collected by the late Baron de Hoeschild; a collection of curious Chinese enamels and bronzes; a small cabinet of ancient pictures, formed by the late Mr. C. A. Mackenzie; another of Dutch and English paintings; the collection of the late Dr. Freekleton, of Cheltenham, chiefly Dutch and English pictures also; the pictures left by Mr. Uwins, R.A.; the stock of works of Art and *virtu* of Mr. Faleke, of New Bond Street; and a collection of ancient paintings of a high character. Particulars of these respective sales have already been announced in our advertising columns.

THE WOUNDED AT SCUTARI.—The group of which we supplied an engraving in the February Part of the *Art-Journal*, has been produced in statuary-porcelain, by Mr. Alderman Copeland, and published by him. It is exceedingly well executed, preserving with fidelity the skilful manipulation of the original model. It is, therefore, in this form an acquisition of considerable value—a charming and effective work of Art, rendered doubly valuable as a record of the terrible Crimea; but not painful, inasmuch as it exhibits the convalescence of a wounded soldier. Moreover, it may be accepted as containing a good resemblance of that true woman who gave to a frightful war almost its only character of heroism; whose name is ever mentioned with gratitude and affection by a whole people, and with respect and admiration even by those who were the enemies of England. The group is therefore a reminiscence of the war, at once agreeable and instructive. It is also a tribute to the virtues of its heroine, and may be regarded as a national memorial of both. To the thousands who were subscribers to the Nightingale Fund it will be an acquisition of interest and of value, and they will thank their good and energetic fellow-labourer, Mrs. Bracebridge (the cherished friend and companion of Miss Nightingale), for having placed so desirable a work within their reach.

THE LONDON STEREOSCOPE COMPANY have recently issued a series of views of charming scenery in Ireland; they will be classed among the most

interesting of those productions, in which this company continues to lead, by constantly producing “novelties,” and these of the best order. The Irish views are chiefly taken in Wicklow, and at all-beautiful Killarney. One of the Dargle, and another of the Powerscourt Waterfall (introducing a picnic group of “celebrities”), are especially effective, while those of “the lake” are in the highest degree attractive. The scenery of Ireland is now much better known than it was a few years ago; happily, the country has attracted many tourists, and they have been largely repaid for their visit. That visit is now made without any of the “old” inconveniences—a voyage of four hours lands the traveller at Kingstown: railways, admirably conducted, are now plentiful; and those capital characters, the “car boys,” are as abundant as ever. This series of stereoscopic views will aid materially to draw visitors thither: they will behold scenery unsurpassed in the world for beauty and sublimity, and especially the blending of both. They have examples, though but few, in this attractive selection: we hope it will be largely augmented.

BUSTS OF HAVELOCK AND CAMPBELL.—Miniature busts have been produced by Mr. Alderman Copeland of these two great men—one of whom lives to enjoy his honours and his triumphs; the other, alas! is mourned over by a whole nation as one whom the voice of praise and grateful homage can reach no more. The busts are well executed, and are described as good likenesses, the sculptor (Morrison) having been aided by the families of the heroes.

MR. E. V. RIPPINGILL is again exhibiting a collection of his drawings and engravings at Marlborough Chambers. We described them last year: they are of a highly interesting character, and of great merit; the most remarkable of them being scenery and character in the Abruzzi, the homes of the bandits, among whom the artist spent a considerable time—painting.

THE ARTIST COPYRIGHT COMMITTEE.—The committee continue their labours at the Society of Arts; they have extensively issued circulars, requesting information; and when that information has been sufficiently gathered, they will publish a detailed report, preparatory to an appeal to parliament. We shall then be in a condition to consider the whole subject.

THE ART-MANUFACTURE ASSOCIATION.—This society flourishes: the prospectuses just issued enumerate seventy-seven works of Art-industry for distribution to subscribers; among them are productions by nearly all the leading manufacturers of England.

MESSRS. SARL'S NEW ESTABLISHMENT IN CORNHILL.—A foremost place amongst the many remarkable new buildings which have lately sprung up for business purposes in the streets of London must be accorded to the establishment in Cornhill of the eminent silversmiths, the Messrs. Sarl. We are not prepared to express any high commendation of the architectural design of this edifice. It is another example of the aiming at individual peculiarity, which so many of our architects are now in the habit of mistaking (or, at least, substituting) for a style of architecture. Still the façade has some decidedly good points in it, and it also possesses this general quality of excellence, that it is consistent both in itself, and with the purpose for which the entire building is used. The workmanship and the general execution of the details, all of them conducted under the immediate superintendence of Mr. Henry Crae, command the most unqualified admiration. The building, so far as its construction goes, is well worthy of the Roman foundation upon which it stands; and the fittings, in their turn, are equally worthy of the scientific acquirements of the present age. The arrangements of the interior correspond with the leading features of the architect's design; and the varied stock of the proprietors is thus displayed to the utmost advantage, while the convenience of visitors to the establishment is suitably consulted. As a matter of course, on every side there are examples of skilful workmanship; let these enterprising and spirited manufacturers take another step in advance, and bring into their service the co-operation of genuine Art in the matter of design, and they will have good reason to be proud of the *loftiest* house in the City, and perhaps in the metropolis.

## REVIEWS.

A CATALOGUE OF THE PORTRAITS PAINTED BY SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, Knt., P.R.A. Compiled from his Autograph Memorandum Books, and from printed catalogues. By WILLIAM COTTON, Esq. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This catalogue is supplemental to the “Life of Reynolds” by Mr. Cotton, published last year: it is, as he informs us, compiled chiefly from the memorandum books of the painter, in which he entered the names of the persons who sat to him in the order in which they came: these pocket-books are nineteen in number, commencing with the year 1755, and terminating in 1790, two years only before his death. Many of our readers will probably recollect that we introduced an engraved fac-simile of a page of one of these books, three or four years ago. Mr. Cotton does not vouch for the accuracy of the whole list he has given, inasmuch as a few names appear among the “sitters”—for example, those of the late Lord Abingdon and Mr. Coutts—of whom no portraits by Reynolds are known to exist.

But, allowing for some errors, what evidence is still left in this catalogue of the great artist's persevering industry! The list contains upwards of 1300 portraits, presumed to be painted within about thirty-five years, an average of nearly thirty-eight pictures annually, many of them groups of figures: and what a gallery of the high born and the gifted do they furnish!—warriors, statesmen, *savants*, philosophers, beauty, and fashion, compose the long muster-roll of those whom the pencil of Reynolds delineated. Many of these portraits are now not to be found; but wherever Mr. Cotton has been able to discover the present owner, he has stated it, and also the name of the engraver, if any, who executed a plate from the picture.

Mr. Cotton's task has been a laborious one: we know he has worked upon it lovingly; and, considering the difficulties to contend with, it is very satisfactorily performed. The catalogue will always remain a valuable book of reference for the portrait works of the founder of the English School of Painting. Sir Joshua's ideal pictures are not mentioned.

THE ANTIQUITIES OF KERTCH; AND RESEARCHES IN THE CIMMERIAN BOSPHORUS. By DUNCAN MCPHERSON, M.D. Published by SMITH & ELDEY, London.

When the first Napoleon went on his Egyptian campaign, he took many *savants* with his army, for which he was much laughed at, and even caricatured, in England; but when the results appeared in the noble volumes published at the cost of the French nation,—results which advanced the cause of science generally,—it was at once felt that he was more than a mere soldier, and that this work would endure longer than that he had effected at the sword's point for the subjugation of Egypt. When we look at the present volume, the result of the labour of one individual in the Crimea, and he only enabled to carry it on during intervals of severe medical toil, we cannot help grieving with him that his opportunities were not greater; it is to his honour that he has done so much, but it would have been to the honour of the country if he had been better aided.

Dr. McPherson's researches were necessarily limited; and we cannot help feeling that “there is a tide in the affairs” of books, as well as men, when we see so much expense devoted to a volume, the staple of which might afford a few papers for a society of antiquaries, but does not carry weight enough for so much display. The engravings are extremely elaborate, and very beautifully executed, but they exhibit no new forms unfamiliar to the antiquary or scholar; they only show that here were found objects abundantly found elsewhere, and they only exhibit a very small portion of such as were discovered at Kertch; for, according to our author's showing, the most important are still in Russia. “The Antiquities of Kertch” have, therefore, yet to be detailed; the present is the result of limited researches during the turmoil of military occupation there. Still, in the absence of a greater work, we must accept the present as a record of a most interesting district; and we feel sure, from its author's avowal, that he would have been most pleased to have made it more complete. We sincerely congratulate him on what he has done, surrounded as it was with difficulty and danger; and it is to his honour that he threw himself so nobly into the work, unaided, at a time when every moment of rest must have been almost priceless, amid the labours inseparable from his position.

The best part of the present volume is that in which the doctor narrates his own explorations in the tombs. The sepulchral chambers are beneath the soil, and the dead lie in full dress, surrounded



by vases and other funereal deposits. The warrior has his arms, and sometimes his war steed beside him; the lady her trinkets and jewellery, and very beautiful are some of the personal ornaments thus exhumed. Among them are some fibulæ so exactly like those found in Anglo-Saxon graves that they appear to have puzzled those who do not carry their experiences beyond the verge of the English shore. To call these things Anglo-Saxon because they resemble others found in Saxon tumuli in England, is just as reasonable as it would be to call Roman coins British because they are found in Britain. The Varangian guard of the Greek emperors are instanced as a body of Anglo-Saxons, who may have been the persons who owned them; but this overlooks the great fact that they are found with objects of far higher antiquity, before the Varangians were even in existence. To call these "ornaments of Anglo-Saxon origin" is too narrow an absurdity; they belong to the great Saxon tribe generally, and are found in native graves of the Germanic races abroad, who, no doubt, obtained the style from Byzantium, where it originated. It was the tide of progress northward by these races that brought such things to ancient England, and it was the innate stability of the Saxon character that kept the national fashion unchanged when once adopted, so that the graves of the south of France, of Bohemia, and Germany, afford examples of personal ornament quite similar to such as are exhumed in Saxon tumuli in England. They are evidences of the connection of the whole great tribe in Europe, and Dr. McPherson's researches adds another link to the chain, for here we find the same decoration at "the fountain head," so to speak.

We must not dismiss the volume without praising the excellent manner in which it is brought out. It is unexceptionable. Dr. McPherson has laboured successfully in bringing his researches before the world in the most attractive form.

THE REVELEY COLLECTION OF DRAWINGS AT BRYNYGWYN, NORTH WALES. Photographed by P. H. DELAMOTTE, F.S.A., and T. F. HARDWICK. Part I. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

Each day of our lives serves to teach us that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy." Thus, for example, until this work came before us, we must confess to have been ignorant of the existence of any collection of ancient drawings in some remote, and, to us, unpronounceable place in North Wales; nor do we find any reference to them in Dr. Waagen's comprehensive volumes of "Art-Treasures in Great Britain." Moreover, the conductors of the publication give us no information about their history, we know not where they came from, nor by whom they were collected; this is a pity, such information is desirable, and would enhance the value of these photographic copies. All there is to guide us to an understanding of the drawings and the masters is the list of contents, which we shall follow in our notice, premising only that the photographs appear to be *fac-similes* of the originals, even to the stains which time has printed on the paper.

The first is a "Portrait of Leonardo da Venice," by himself, and in chalk; little remains of the original work but the outlines of the features and his cap; the long flowing beard is scarcely distinguishable; the expression of the face is highly intellectual, and with an approach towards severity. A "Sketch for a Painting," Raffaele, is an outline, in pen and ink; we can find no key to the subject, unless it be an idea for the portion of a picture of "Susannah and the Elders," but the supposition is vague after all. The "Mocking of Christ," Albert Durer, is a grand composition, having the appearance of a boldly executed, and somewhat coarse, woodcut; it is a perfect picture, powerfully imagined, but so terrible is the mocking and scourging, as to appal the spectator by its intensity. A "Holy Family," by Cargiasi, as he is here called, but who is better known as Cambiaso, or Cangiagio; the drawing is a sketch in pen and ink, with a slight tinting in some parts; the composition is vigorous and pleasing, and it shows an advanced state of the art of design: Cambiaso died about 1585; his works are little known in England. "The Wife of Guido," by the painter, is a loosely executed chalk sketch, life-size, the face is fine; behind the left shoulder of the lady appears a portion of another face. "The Wife and Child of Rubens," by himself, shows what a skilful hand may accomplish with a few scratches of the camel's hair pencil dipped in sepia, for this is nothing more; yet the figures are as personally evident to the sense as if wrought up into the most delicate miniature: Rubens must have made his stalwart and round-limbed child the model of the Cupids and the Bacchuses we see in his pictures. "The Prisoner," by Guercino, a drawing

in bistre, with a pen, the effects put in with a brush; it is a fine composition of three figures, the prisoner, a male, whose head is buried in his hands, and two females, probably his wife and daughter, visiting him; the light and shade of this design is wonderfully managed. "The Agony in the Garden," Van Dyck, is also a sketch in bistre or more probably Van-Dyck brown: one angel is offering a cup to the sufferer in Gethsemane, another supports him, and other figures are indistinctly seen in the distance; in the foreground are the sleeping disciples. A "Head of the Virgin," Carlo Dolci, is a slight chalk sketch, similar in character to the heads with which we are so familiar. "Tobit blessing Tobias," Rembrandt, is a rough sketch in bistre; Rembrandtish in effect and treatment; the incident is represented in the room of a Dutch cottage; it is a strange, ludicrous composition. This Reveley Collection will find admirers among a certain class of amateurs only,—those who value the first ideas of great Art-minds.

LYRICS OF IRELAND. Edited and Annotated by SAMUEL LOVER, Author of "Legends of Ireland," "Rory O'More," "Handy Andy," &c. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

Who may claim so great a title to edit a book upon Irish lyric poetry, as he who has done much, in his own writings, to extend its popularity, and to give it an honourable place in the literature of Great Britain? Next after Moore, and after him only of all the lyric bards of Ireland, comes Lover, whose songs have found a welcome amidst every domestic hearth in his own land and in England, and, we doubt not, also among many north of the Tweed, wherever the least love of vocal music exists. That Ireland is abundantly rich in compositions of this kind—even without including the ballads of Moore, which he was prohibited, by the proprietors of the "Melodies," from publishing even in part—Mr. Lover's collection affords ample testimony. Following the examples of the editors of similar works in the hands of the public—songs of England and songs of Scotland—he has classified the Irish lyrics into "Songs of the Affections," "Convivial and Comic Songs," "Moral, Sentimental, and Satirical," "Patriotic and Political," &c., &c., and has sought far and near through the records of time for the materials that form the volume, whose pages are bright with the genius of true poetry. Mr. Lover's notes are few, but much to the purpose; had he enlarged them, we believe his readers would have been well pleased. Though strictly a national work, it is entirely free from partizanship, the curse of the country from which it springs. This absence of partiality will, perhaps, tend to make it more welcome out of the Emerald Isle than in: if so, the editor will have no cause to regret the course he has adopted. A large number of woodcuts are scattered over the pages; but they are so indifferently printed that we can offer no opinion on their merits. Such a collection of the writings of the Irish bards deserves far more attention than this has had from the hands of the printer. Text, illustrations, and paper, are all very mediocre: we much regret they are so.

HISTORICAL DESCRIPTION OF THE ALTAR-PIECE AT HOLYROOD. By DAVID LAING, F.S.A. Printed by W. U. LIZARS, Edinburgh.

A gracious act of courtesy on the part of her Majesty towards her Scottish subjects, has restored to the old palace of Holyrood two paintings, forming the wings of an altar-piece, which had long been kept in the royal palaces in England, and latterly were exhibited in Hampton Court: thence they were sent to the Manchester Exhibition, and at the urgent solicitation of several influential Scotchmen, sent to the palace at Holyrood, as the most appropriate place for preserving so curious a picture of the ancient royal family of Scotland. Mr. Laing at once commenced researches into their history; and the result is the excellent little essay before us, in which he satisfactorily proves that the figures represent James III., of Scotland, his Queen, Margaret of Denmark, and members of their family, with the portrait of Sir John Boncle, provost of Trinity College Church, Edinburgh (for which edifice this picture was designed), at his devotions before the Trinity, to whom it was dedicated. It is somewhat curious that the shields of arms upon the picture, which substantiate their appropriation, and the costume and style of the figures, should have been so long overlooked; and the portraits constantly appropriated to King James IV., and his Queen, Margaret Tudor, the sister of Henry VIII. The royal personages are represented at their devotion, attended by their patron saints, and the picture is conjectured to have been painted about 1484. As a work of early Art it is singularly good, and Mr. Laing's estimation of it is just, when he says that,

independently of its national interest, it displays so much skill in the composition, and such masterly execution, as to entitle it to a high place among the works of Art produced during the latter half of the 15th century. The minute and beautiful manner in which all the details are given, and the richness and power of its execution, rank it as high as any picture of its age. The artist is unknown, but it bears traces of the direct influence of the Flemish school, to which we should be inclined to assign it. Mr. Laing is inclined to consider the angels who play the organ, as intended to figure Mary of Gueldres and her daughter—a conclusion we consider more fanciful than just: he also says that the "ornament" behind the figure called St. George, "is singular, and has not been explained;" it is, he says, "apparently of oak leaves," and hangs from the shoulder: it is, however, capable of easy explanation, being the ends of the lambrequin, or scarf, which is frequently depicted on old seals floating from the shoulders of a knight, and was cut in the edges into the form of leaves,—a fashion condemned by Chaucer and other old satirists.

A THREE WEEKS' SCAMPER THROUGH THE SPAS OF GERMANY AND BELGIUM, with an Appendix on the Nature and Uses of Mineral Waters. By ERASMUS WILSON, F.R.S. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

"An autumn holiday is one of the institutions of Great Britain," writes Mr. Wilson: this may be theoretically, though it is not practically, true, as he immediately afterwards acknowledges as his own experience. However, for the first time since he has been in practice as a medical man, "the Doctor gives himself three weeks of change," and takes a scamper through the spas of Germany and Belgium, jotting down his observations as he hurries along; and if he describes little but what a score preceding "travelled writers" have given to the world, we can go over the ground again with such a lively, easily-pleased, and pleasant companion as the Doctor.

As Mr. Wilson travelled for a double purpose, in the hope of deriving benefit himself, and of conferring the same advantages on his future patients, or at least of offering to them advice gained from his own inquiries and experience, a considerable part of his volume refers to the medicinal qualities of the mineral springs in the countries he visited. There is nothing, however, in his remarks of a hyper-professional nature; and, moreover, he mingles sulphates, carbonates, silicas, &c., &c., with so much that is amusing concerning the people who drink them, and the places where they are found, that he offers his patients—we beg pardon, his readers—a very agreeable mixture.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA. Lithographed by SUSSNAP. Published by VERLUG v DRUCK, Berlin; DROOSTEN, ALLEN, & Co., London.

Of the numerous portraits of the young royal pair which have appeared in the printseller's windows of late, this gives the most accurate idea of the originals. The lithograph is rather coarse and woolly in texture, and the head of the Prince, copied from a picture by Professor Kugler, of Berlin, seems to sit uneasily above his epauletted shoulders and the thickly embroidered collar of his uniform. The figure of the Princess is elegant; her face all sweetness and amiability: it was not copied from any individual portrait, but made up, so to speak, from several; nevertheless, it is the best likeness of the royal lady we have hitherto had in print.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF LANDSCAPE-PAINTING IN WATER COLOURS. By GEORGE BARNARD. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS, & Co., London.

Having noticed this work on more than one occasion, as it appeared in separate numbers, we need do little else than announce its completion. The volume is full of valuable information, the result of long study and experience: neither this, however, nor any other similar treatise, will ever make an artist, but it will prove a most efficient aid to the acquisition of such knowledge as one who aspires to be an artist must acquire. Mr. Barnard has shown that he is a safe and pains-taking guide into the art and mystery of water-colour painting.

HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY. By SAMUEL BIRCH, F.S.A. 2 Vols. Published by J. MURRAY, London.

We now merely announce the publication of this book: the importance of the subject, and the full and detailed manner in which the author has treated it, demand a more lengthened notice than we can afford to give to it this month.



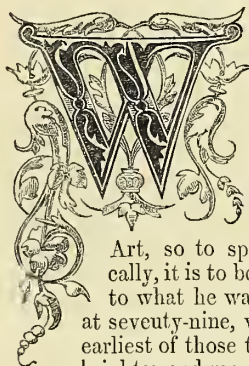
## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, APRIL 1, 1858.

## GIOVANNI BELLINI.\*

## PART II.



WHEN Bellini painted his exquisitely-wrought picture in the "Fra-ri," in all probability the latest work we have hitherto noticed, he was only of the unripe age of sixty-two—a boy, a youth in

Art, so to speak (rather hyperbolically, it is to be confessed), compared to what he was in his full maturity at seventy-nine, when he produced the earliest of those two works which show brighter and more elevated powers than any of his former ones in Venice, or indeed anywhere else, so far as we have been able to ascertain—enabling him to rise above their defects, and embody even a more tender and more exalted feeling, in forms not simply free from what is distasteful, but highly pleasing and beautiful; whilst his colouring and his very mastery of execution are improved, proportionately, to a degree which, considering his age, is absolutely marvellous. His own pupils, Giorgione and Titian, must have taught him much; and time had, by this, carried him far into another age of Art—the most fully-developed and refined period of devotional painting. Fra Bartolommeo, Perugino, Francia, and Raphael himself, were now putting forth its most enehaunting masterpieces; and graces high as theirs, tempered in his case by a peculiarly calm and manly dignity, were at the same time extended to the latest visions of Bellini's mind, extinguishing all that is harsh and ungainly, and giving them more of the emphatically Italian beauty and ideality, and this without any compromise of his originality.

One of the pictures now alluded to is in the Church of San Zaccaria, not far from the Bridge of Sighs, in the direction of the Arsenal; and when you visit Venice, reader, we would heartily recommend you to resign yourself to it for at least one quiet hour, even though your stay in the city should not be prolonged more than a day or two; and this especially, if, having arrived at a certain time of life, you should be apt to meet decline half way by imagining that, because forsooth you are not quite so brisk and lively as you have been, the brightness and the joys of life for you are necessarily over,—for then, in that case, this glorious proof of the still increasing vigour and tenderness of the painter's mind, even in his eightieth year,—this shining evidence of a most blessedly serene and calm, loving and loveliness-enjoying, state of being, at that very advanced age,—may cheer and comfort

you, may do you good; and haply you may go away less disposed to lay upon time and inevitable natural decay, that flatness and deadness of feeling which very probably arise rather from a blamable and easily curable *mental* dulness and inactivity. You will be reminded that your soul being immortal, it does not unavoidably follow that your mind and spirit should grow old with your body: then you may, perhaps, succeed in keeping youthful, fresh, fragrant, and bright, if you have a sufficient reverence for their nature and their powers. Consider how many admirable, glorious works have been done by human beings at a late period of life; how many heroic deeds, what works produced in all the arts, and especially so many of the best poems, that one sees age is the very period for beautiful and noble imaginations, and for the sweetest and tenderest feelings and sentiments. The more active passions and duties which commonly engross the middle part of life are then over; and memory, in the ensuing calm, throws an endearing grace over the objects and scenes of the past, raising them into poetry; even as in youth the forward glance of hope has the same power. But age enriches this beauty with the hoarded treasures of knowledge and experience, and animates it with a soul of wisdom, such as is necessarily altogether beyond the compass of untried, unlearned, unmellowed youth.

The church which is the shrine of this highly instructive treasure, stands in a retired and humble grassy square—a spot not unfavourable to meditation on the lowly and single-hearted spirits of the past, such as the painter is said to have been. And the building itself is interesting as a specimen of the transition in style which took place in the fifteenth century, from the nature-loving grace of the Gothic to the stiffer and clumsier magnificence of the pseudo-classical; the medium here being a short-lived recurrence to some of the Byzantine general forms. Thus the choir is Gothic, with much that is beautiful in it; only its pointed arches are improperly embraced by round ones; and in the façade you have the Byzantine tier upon tier of round-headed niches and semi-circular pediments. But the portals and lower parts, on the other hand, are lavishly adorned with would-be classical arabesques, panels of artificial curly foliage, orderly, like Messalina's wig, or frontlet of hair. And wands run up the pilasters, budding not merely with leaves and flowers, but symbolically bringing forth much fruit, and a copious crop of regenerated phoenixes, together with a variety of other grotesque and animated objects;—ornaments, these last, not by any means gravely appropriate to their situation; still sometimes so rich are they in a certain petty kind of fancy and beauty, and so exquisitely wrought, that one is content to be decidedly pleased with them once or twice in a way. One is so, most especially, at Santa Maria de' Miracoli, which their delicate marble parasites and creepers, flowering every panel, pilaster, and balustrade, make the most interesting church in Venice (small as it is) next to St. Mark's.

On entering San Zaccaria you feel yourself immediately drawn towards a large altar-piece on the left, and that before you can well see what it is, for it is much hidden by the tall candles of the altar, placed so close to it, that one would think their flames, and certainly their sullyng smoke, must be blown against it most injuriously by every puff of wind; and, furthermore, it is concealed by lacquered canisters, and vases, and tall spires of pink roses, handsomely cut in tissue-paper, and by the obscuring gloss of a side-light. By dint of manoeuvring about, however, we obtained a glimpse of first one most venerable saint, and then another, and finally of the whole group; but just as we were

settling ourselves quietly down at their feet, for edification and delight, comes the acolyte, and, with his long flame-tipped wand, lights the candles just before them, on which they all immediately vanish in utter darkness. Their absence leaving us at leisure, however, we were enabled to observe what followed, which otherwise most likely would have escaped our notice. A lady with her attendants came forward, and placed on the lowest step of the altar a little glass case, or rather litter, entreated with muslin and pink calico, and festooned with flowers, which almost vied with those on the altar. What can it be, we immediately speculated with each other in our innocence? It is some pretty little offering to the Madonna, surely—a model of a leg or a silver heart, perhaps. Alas! nothing of the kind. How utterly were we mistaken! To our surprise a living child—a living child is brought out of the little ambulance—and to be christened!—a little red thing only a few hours born, as tightly swathed as an Egyptian mummy; its poor little flat, squeezed-up rudiments of features all distorted and awry with the misery of those bands, which are but a type of the others, spiritual and temporal, religious as well as political, to follow in their turn through life.

It is taken to the font immediately, where an old priest and his white-surpliced lad await it, and the ceremony begins. The formulary is read, or rather I must really say, *gabbled*, by the aged clergyman, with toothless inarticulation, and yet as quickly as possible, as if the good man felt all the while that his dinner was as rapidly cooling. His tones resembled just the quick and angry bubblings of an old woman's potato kettle; and not one word could my inquisitive, exceedingly attentive ear detect. As for feeling, I suppose he was too much a man of business to indulge in a weakness which consumes valuable time. Moreover, no doubt a rite in itself of divine and complete efficacy may well dispense with it. One important mistake he was very near committing in his precipitate haste nevertheless. He all but christened the child Elizabetta Lucrezia Maria, instead of Isabella Lucrezia Maria. At the proper stage of the ceremonial, the poor little child's head and back are bared, and it is bent forward; the chrism, or sacred oil, is energetically rubbed in, and the painful mewlings are painfully increased; and finally, the infirm priest, holding on by the shoulder of one of the sponsors, and as he hobbles along, again reads in the same harsh and seething tones from the book still borne before him by the acolyte, the whole party makes off rapidly to the altar, where the rest of the ceremony is speedily dispatched. The pleasing parts of the picture were the two aunts of the child, fine lady-like young women, whose composed and perfectly serene smile contrasted most effectively with the anxious solicitude of the more elderly female, representing the, of course, still couchant mother on the occasion. She, good creature, looked a strange mixture of reverential awe and fearful pity, when the man of God threw the child forward and manipulated on its naked back so hard and vehemently. Indeed her feeling much beautified the scene, and converted the glass case itself, in the eyes of the imagination, into a lovely litter attended by the meek graces of tenderness, prudence, and patience, and watched afar by the languid yearning eyes of maternal affection.

The ceremony altogether over, the church is cleared, the acolyte extinguishes the candles on the altar, and lo, the enthroned Madonna with her Child, San Zaccaria below on her left, and St. Peter on her right, with two female saints between them, appear to us again in beautifully venerable vision. It is very true; the Madonna, compared with Bellini's former

\* Continued from p. 68.



ones, has less of that portrait-like individuality which seems taken from actual life; but she is certainly more graceful and delicate, resembling more the refined ideal of the more southern Italian schools. It seems, indeed, as if soft and tender rays from Florence, Perugia, Bologna, came with the heavenlier light, to this blessed evening of Bellini's mind. The Virgin sits with downcast eyes and head slightly on one side, holding the Child, who stands upright on her knee, her hand under his foot. He is a lovely, simply dignified babe, looking down with divinely precocious benignity on his adorers. The San Zaccaria standing below on one side in scarlet robe and hood, reading in a book, is surely one of the most venerable figures in Art, conceived in a pure and elevated feeling, which would have done honour to Fra Bartolommeo or Perugino, and without that exaggeration of sentiment (ostentations in the first of those painters, and effeminate in the second) which so often detracts from the high merit of their works. The two female saints also (refined and noble personages) there stand sanctuarized in a most thoughtful repose; and a youthful robed angel, seated at the feet of the Madonna, and suspending for the moment the tones of his viol, looks up at you with a serious impressive air. He is listening, I imagine, to the responsive *aria* of some brother seraph, who has established himself not far away.

Indeed, they *all* seem listening, raised to "a sober certainty of waking bliss" by some immortal strains, an exquisite peace and calm pervading them; something of which is communicated to the very soul of the rapt observer whilst he gazes on them. The colouring of this work is truly admirable—rich, yet tenderly warm, and most clear and harmonious; in these respects, rarely or never rivalled by any other Italian devotional painter, any more than are the perfect purity and magnificent finish and solidity of the execution. The drapery falls in grand and easy folds, and is painted with consummate delicacy and beauty; former defects in drawing are here happily remedied, and no more of the old severity and restraint remain than are perhaps needful to express the symmetrical concord and ordered repose of the saintly beings delineated. The glorious old man here nearly reached the perfection of his art. But in feeling and sentiment his picture surely *is* perfect. Never have I seen elsewhere so beautiful and interesting a representation of thoughtful calm; very rarely a picture of the class in which the dignity is so simple and unpretending, and the sensibility of the painter so happily restrained within the limits of manly good sense and moderation. Nor should we turn away, as we now do reluctantly, without noticing the characteristic and admirable manner in which the architecture in the picture is connected with that of the church wherein it is placed. The rich Cinque-cento arabesqued pilasters and arches around are repeated in the background with a rival force and appearance of reality, so that the sacred personages certainly do seem descended and present in a splendid apse, or tribune, of this Church of San Zaccaria.

Yet this is not quite Bellini's masterpiece; his supreme work, as proving still finer powers of expression, being his altar-piece of St. Jerome, painted eight years later, and, considering his age at the time,—no less than eighty-seven,—one of the most marvellous productions of the human mind, surely. You will find it in the trumpery little Church of San Giovanni Grisostomo, amidst a dense network of narrow canals and alleys in the very heart of the city, but a little north-east of the Rialto. Ten to one you will find this church shut, for it seems to have got into idle, irreligious habits now-a-days; but though the doors are locked, and nobody is at hand, be

not discouraged, go not away; vociferate at the neighbouring houses, ring hard at any or all of their bells, and probably crones will appear at various windows at various heights, and parley with you and with each other, and through their intervention, in not much more than half-an-hour or so the custode may be discovered, and he will admit you to that which is the brightest and fullest shining of the morning star of Venetian art. Turn not your back till you have seen it.

On our earliest visit to San Zaccaria, we beheld a christening, and now, on our first approach to San Giovanni Grisostomo, we saw something of a funeral not less worthy of attention. A gondola appeared gliding along with some scarlet object in the middle, and three men in long scarlet gowns and caps. Its suddenness came upon me like a flash of the old romantic times; but it was simply, alas! a *funeral* gondola. The red velvet covered a coffin, and a cross was laid upon it; but no mourner was there, only those hired attendants, sprawling and lounging about in the boat, and with boisterous, careless, loquacious merriment beguiling the time as they hurried quickly along. Seeing us eye them with a surprised steadiness, they loudly and jocularly inquired whether they should have the pleasure of conducting us also to the cemetery. The first object that struck us in San Giovanni Grisostomo was an undraped single figure of Job, painted in fresco on the wall by Bellini—the very same feeble-spirited, whining, lachrymose figure, which he repeated in his altar-piece for San Giobbe, now in the Academy. But just beyond this is a highly precious picture, not surpassed in a peculiar kind of interest by any in Venice, being by far the most important production known of Sebastian del Piombo's early Venetian time, when he had not yet deserted the native, congenial, happy influence of his master Giorgione, and of Titian, in pursuit of the unattainable grandeur and colossal force of Michael Angelo. This picture, which is thoroughly Venetian, makes one lament over so weak an apostacy, so suicidal an extinction of delightful powers of mind. It is a "Conversation of Saints," composed in the most elegant and informal manner, with heads full of beauty and tender expressiveness, and a soft, warm, harmonious colouring, a delicate fineness in the style of painting which would have done high honour to Giorgione or Titian. The Magdalen looking at you placidly and pleasantly out of the picture is a very beautiful and elegant dark-eyed lady—one of the foremost of those innamoratas of the old masters, whose lovely visages often enrich and charm your memory afterwards; but I think and believe she has far more of the impassioned poetess, or heroine of the highest Italian romance dormant in her than of the saint—far more.

But where is the Bellini all this time—the St. Jerome? Here, in a cramped and wretchedly-lighted altar-recess on the other side of this same shabby little out-of-the-way church. It is a *Santa Conversazione* of a fresh and somewhat novel arrangement with regard to the subject. The ascetic St. Jerome, a white-bearded old man in a scarlet mantle, sits in profile on a rock, high in the middle of the picture, reading a book supported by a branch of a wild fig-tree, which Mr. Ruskin thinks has bowed itself miraculously for the purpose. Behind him is that noble background of mountains, partly shadowed by the long narrow line of umbery rain-cloud, which the same writer so warmly praises as a most admirable early instance of refined and perfect truth in landscape-painting. Beneath, on your right, stands St. Augustine, in mitre and rich episcopal cope, and on your left St. Christopher, a figure of somewhat rustical simplicity, bearing the Infant

Saviour on his shoulders. He gazes up at him with a truly beautiful expression of love and veneration, and the Child itself, who holds by his curly hair, is a lovely little being. The opposite figure, St. Augustine, looks straight forward out of the picture with a serene thoughtfulness, having more of intellectual keenness and calm observance of the things before him; thus forming a fine distinction of character compared with the more sensitive and enthusiastic St. Christopher. Both these heads are of a marvellous depth and refinement of expression. The picture is the most venerable one in Venice; the colouring admirably clear and vigorous, and the execution, if anything, more powerful than any of Bellini's other productions, though this is his last work of the kind but one now known, painted, as already remarked, when he was eighty-seven years old. Oh, incident pleasing to contemplate! as he grew still older, this upright and amiable man, (as there is biographical evidence, not merely his own painted testimony for believing him to have been,) became brighter and more tender in his conceptions, and even stronger in the more technical requisites of his art. Certainly (so far as I have seen or heard), in beauty and refined intensity of expression, he had never equalled this, his last but one religious picture known.\*

It reminded me of the *Œdipus Coloneus* of Sophocles,—like this a work of tenderness, serenity, and pious depth, produced in a green old age, in which some of the fairest graces of younger minds seem, even already, on this side the grave, born anew. It reminded me of it frequently, asserting its claim to be considered in some sort as a pictorial parallel.

The Beauty of Holiness is here seen movingly—the sweet peace and calm tender exaltation of spirit that await it. We may here (even when untouched by less sensuous pleadings) be made for the while to long for them; and that is the moral of this extraordinary picture. It is a painted homily full of the spirit of St. Jerome and St. Augustine (the saints represented), imparting for the moment feelings such as they would have delighted to impart. Those calm faces, so full of Christian tenderness, that blessed quietness and peace, raised above all evil passions and base appetites, are as some shining example which will surely sometimes revisit the thoughts afterwards, enriching and raising the imagination not a little, and gently but firmly reproving pride, and anger, and harshness, with a lovely captivating vision of the opposite virtues. Such recollections as these make Art indeed sacred. They are like the recurrence of heavenly-touching melodies, heard frequently in earlier, happier, and more innocent days. They are like memories of the wise and kind words, and admonitory looks of departed friends, and such other things as are most reverend and dear to the affections. How strange that travellers of the most gifted and cultivated minds in former days should have wholly overlooked these works of Bellini's; and that those who did allude to his name should mention it as if he were a mere rude and feeble handler of the brush, at best! But happily such errors now have had their day.

We made our pilgrimage thrice to this picture; but to San Zaccaria, which is more open to the public, and far less out of the way, we resorted several times; and in Bellini's picture, and the retirement and quiet of the church itself, we found that contemplative rest, which was most grateful as a relief after hurried pursuits and widely different objects

\* His last work is an altar-piece of the Enthroned Madonna and Saints, in Santa Giustina, at Padua, dated 1516, his ninetieth year. It is a beautiful, vigorous, brightly devout picture, and wonderful to relate, exhibits no falling off of his powers.



elsewhere. There we were wont to sit, in a sainted solitude, unshared on most occasions, except by an old woman or two, who having, as we trust, cleaned up their pans and pipkins, and left their domiciles in cleanly and creditable order, had come to sit a while in that *bellissima sala*—that most beautiful drawing-room of San Zaccaria, or of the Madonna, and enjoy such expansion of their fancies, and refinement of their feelings, as all those handsome calico flowers, and glittering vases, and lace altar-coverings, and that sweet Madonna and prettiest Bambino, can bring them,—a valuable privilege, such as must tend much to ornament and beautify their lives; and indeed one cannot help wishing heartily that our own poor possessed something of the same kind. One is, at the moment, even tempted to feel reconciled to the more tawdry and trivial embellishments of the church, inasmuch as they seem like a charitable concession to the uncultivated tastes of the poor, which can scarcely be supposed to have the power of entering into and appreciating the finer things; but, no, this over lenient view is wrong, since it is not necessary that the imagery should be childish, or such as in any way to render frivolous the holy fancy. Nor was there wanting (by-the-by) music now and then, of the most popular vivacity and gracefulness, administered in a similarly gracious, liberal, and conciliatory spirit. The organ, in strains more brisk and jerking than I ever met with from that instrument, except indeed in similar places, like some florid drawing-room piano, began to play airs running off into roulades and flourishes, which had certainly much more of the gay and giddy dance than of the anthem or voluntary in them. Any beings whomsoever, would, I feel convinced, in moving to that highly ornamented melody, find it very difficult to abstain long from those motions which are proper and peculiar to the polka. Indeed, the strain drove our own weak thoughts into so flighty a dance, that we could not, for the life and gravity of us, help thinking of it as Santa Rosalia's, or Santa Lucia's, or Sant' Agata's Polka. Nevertheless, in common candour it should be admitted, that the harmonies at San Zaccaria were not always of this skittish, jerking, and operative kind; for on the last occasion a pure and delicately streaming hymn to the Virgin suddenly rose in our ears, sung by a number of tender infantine voices; and, on turning to discover from whom these sounds proceeded, we saw a procession of very little girls demurely ushered round and round the church, and offering up these deputed strains to their imaginary heavenly "mamma." Their hymn, in small fine notes, penetrated even into an inner and very sacred chamber of the heart, and woke the sluggish sleepers there, and stirred them into some sweet movements, with a sacred, a divine, indeed a mighty power. Bellini's holiest Infant (I clearly saw it) looked down on them with a yet gentler and more benign air, as they passed beneath him. San Zaccaria should then have lifted up his eyes from his too absorbing book; for the sight was a living moving text, preaching with celestial persuasiveness the beauty of tender innocence and unestranged humanity. I marvel he did not.

Had Dante lived much later, he would, perhaps, in his "Vision" have encountered a certain group of four figures, standing together on the second eminence from the summit of a heavenly Parnassus of the Painters, enjoying visions beatific, in an atmosphere intensely pure, and on a station of lovely skyey prospect, though not disclosing much of the earth spread beneath them, or of those sublimities to be seen in limitless variety from the highest sapphire-crowned terrace of all, where some few of their brethren are exalted more loftily. The four would have proclaimed themselves to

be Fra Bartolommeo, Perugino, Francia, and Gian Bellini; if, rather, Perugino had not already been passed by the poet in the fifth circle of purgatory, lying, perforce grovelling, at length upon the ground with Pope Adrian V., to expiate the sin of avarice, with which he has been accused. These four were contemporary congenial spirits, each so gifted with the devoutly contemplative graces of their art, that it is perhaps not so easy to assign an absolute pre-eminence to any one of them. Fra Bartolommeo excels the others in artistic freedom, and has produced much of calm holy dignity, refined beauty and grace; but a besetting fault with him is attitudinizing affectation and flutter, in which he betrays a weakness of mind, shown in his actions also, especially in that want of manly confidence in his art, which he exhibited in first insulting, and then deserting her, for the austere foolishness of Savonarola. Perugino, in his few best works, displays a pure seraphic fancy, a rapture of devout recluse tenderness, and a quiet depth of holy sorrow, which are in their kind far above anything that Bellini, or Bartolommeo has left us; but then he often sinks from his angelic heights into an inane flatness, a lackadaisical insipidity, a mawkish effeminacy, which sometimes even tempt one to think that Michael Angelo's impatience was not far from right when it dubbed him a dolt, a baby in his art. Francia, something between Perugino and Bellini, is more temperate than Perugino, with less unearthly ideality, but more of that warm and gentle stamp of true humanity with which we all sympathise in our wakeful moments, and far more of feminine grace and pathos than Bellini. His shade would have lamented to his visitor, in musical tones sweeter than those of Tibullus, the erroneous nature of the attempt to revive Art, which took place long after his own day in his own Bologna, too much with anomalous, academic receipts, and far too little with the due cultivation of tenderness of feeling, and true imaginative sympathies. Bellini for his part, seems in his later works, as we have said, to excel in the more sensible and sober piety of his saints, in their more truly human reality, and in the deep clear harmonies of his superb and solid painting, in which he comes as a bright link between the glories of old Bruges and the full Titian splendours of Venice. He, too, very likely, would have breathed regrets, and perhaps regrets of a kind which would rather disconcert some of the most eloquent of his present admirers. We think it highly probable that, first and foremost, he would have lamented that erroneous and most narrow religious training, which, in his own case, had bound so much into one narrow class of ideas an imagination that else might have enriched his art with a large variety of beautiful and noble visions; and that next he would have sighed to think that many of his works would be ever likely to exercise an injurious effect on the weakly sentimental, and on those already deficient in healthy human affections and sympathies, by giving a fascinating aspect to that ascetic devotional feeling to which such persons are already too fancifully or fearfully inclined. That feeling, fair and sweet in theory, but sickly woful and tyrannical in practice, was imaged forth truly in the sickness, dull monotony, and frequent ugliness of the works produced under its influence. Notwithstanding all that, according to new-comers from the earth, his admirers were now saying in his behalf, he looked back with sincere horror on the narrow cloistered imprisonment in which his mind had lived for years; but the example of his own scholar Giorgione (that noble youth whose early fate he lamented so long), and of Titian, taught him more to respect first the beauty, and next the rights of our tenement of clay, the human body, and in some degree to free himself. Neverthe-

less, he had to expiate the sin of Asceticism—for sin it was found to be, arising from a subtler kind of selfishness, a moral cowardice, and a want of natural affections. He had to expiate it by some very long and very humiliating kinds of penances in purgatory, such as most trivial bustling services, and compulsory gambols, frolics, and jestings, of a kind which in the world below would certainly have filled his conscience with the liveliest fears and anxieties. And now, if there was anything that in the realms of peace caused him and his brethren still to hang their heads on one side pensively, it was the knowledge that through the efforts of certain kinds of priests, and restless philosophers, and other frigid pedants with many thoughts and words, but meagre shrunken hearts, the world should still be grievously tormented by the great Ascetic Fallacy in many different forms, some open and some covert; extravagant notions as to the extent of the direct service by thought required by the Deity; preposterous ideas of the duty of self-abnegation, and of such painful sacrifices as would wholly dishonour those who accepted them—as indeed could not be accepted by any person capable of generosity—or remorse. Alas (Bellini would continue) the divine wish, we hear on high authority, is the happiness of the human race; and this object would be far better promoted by each individual *first* and *chiefly* endeavouring to make *himself* happy by such various, lenient, and healthful means as his compound nature of body and spirit renders indispensable for that purpose, than by his troubling himself over much about the happiness of others; since in promoting his own happiness, he has by the use of just reasonable means, much power, and in advancing the happiness of others so little, that in most instances he entirely fails of his object. If this were done (proceeds the painter), how vastly—how delightfully would the sum of human happiness be increased! Man would then, indeed, in a fine sense, be minding his own business, and with most fruitful consequences. But your moralists even yet (new-comers tell us) have scarcely risen to this. Tyranny and cruelty to *others* seem understood, exposed, and restrained, much better than in our earthly days; but tyranny and cruelty to *self* are not yet understood. They are, on the contrary, recommended, heartlessly and dully, as I am told, by wondrous numbers of your teachers; and arbitrary self-judgments, from which every shade of moral discrimination is absent, are taught under the abused name of humility. Now we are told here that all self-injustice, self-tyranny, and self-cruelty are as much abhorred above, as the same vices exercised on others, nay, with more of the angels' tears lamented, for the victim being ever within the power, the misery resulting is infinitely greater. But of all the proud ridiculous vanities yet lingering below, that we most deplore is the one which teaches the soul to despise or slightly esteem, and mortify, or even neglect the body, and to dream of becoming as bodiless essences are; whereas the union between body and soul is, as holy Marriage itself, purposed to be full of just, loving, and even bounteous mutual concessions. And oh, (I continue here with a deep twinge of remorse for my own ascetic follies, Signor), *these* whom God hath joined together let no man think to sunder from just and generous ties; otherwise, outraged nature, in the form of the poor persecuted body, will inevitably have its dire revenge, will drag down the mind to its own level, fearfully; and the result will assuredly be, disease, folly, and death; a mental suicide, a destruction perhaps of liberal and most happy gifts, the cultivation, and the sweet and free enjoyment of which were the true objects of that person's existence.



## THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

EXHIBITION, 1853.

THE Thirty-second Annual Exhibition of this Academy was opened to the public on Saturday, the 13th of February. It contains 781 paintings and sculptured works; and, upon the whole, may be considered as affording a favourable indication of the progress of the Scottish school of Art. The old and established favourites of former years successfully maintain their claims to public favour, while the works of many of the younger artists exhibit a marked improvement. A number of pictures of acknowledged merit, which have already stood the test of public criticism, adorn the walls of the present exhibition,—such are,—‘Rome—Sunset, taken from the Convent of San Onofrio, on Mount Janiculum,’ by DAVID ROBERTS, presented by him for permanent preservation in the collection of the Royal Scottish Academy; ‘Interior of the Duomo, at Milan,’ by the same great artist; ‘A Syrian Sheikh,’ by J. F. LEWIS; ‘Autumn Leaves,’ and ‘The Blind Girl,’ by MILLAIS; ‘Burd Helen,’ by W. L. WINDUS; ‘Port na Spania,’ by C. STANFIELD; and DYCE’S ‘Titian preparing to make his First Essay in Colouring.’

Passing, however, from those which have already stood the ordeal, and found their places in public favour, we shall now proceed to examine the paintings and sculptures exhibited this year by the artists of Scotland. In portraiture the respected President of the Academy, Sir J. W. Gordon, still takes the lead. No. 87, ‘His own Portrait,’ presented by him to the Academy, towards the formation by them of an artistic portrait gallery, is an admirable likeness, full of character, and of a fine rich tone of colour. His best work, however, in the present exhibition is perhaps, No. 151, ‘The late Miss Hutton, of Lanark.’ This is the portrait of an aged lady, standing upright, and clothed in a black bonnet and dress. The face is most carefully painted, the flesh tints are very good, and the pose of the figure is natural and easy. No. 238, ‘Portrait of the Hon. Lord Murray,’ is another favourable specimen of the President’s powers.

Mr. J. R. SWINTON, a young Scotchman, resident in London, contributes two admirable pictures: No. 175, ‘Portrait of the Viscount Malden.’ The face and neck (which are bare) are beautifully painted, and more highly finished than is common with Mr. Swinton. There is a pleasing landscape background to this picture, the whole evincing considerable breadth and freedom of handling, as well as rich and agreeable colouring. Mr. Swinton’s other contribution is a portrait of the Marchioness of Stafford,—a full-length, distinguished by its air of gracefulness and high-breeding. Mr. Swinton is still a young man, and bids fair to acquire a high rank among the portrait-painters of Great Britain.

Mr. COLVIN SMITH exhibits six or seven portraits, many of them characterised by great depth of tone, and boldness of handling, sometimes almost approaching coarseness; but the best of them deserve the highest praise. His most successful picture is No. 288, ‘Portrait of R. Macfarlane, Esq.,’ a very spirited and characteristic likeness.

Mr. DANIEL MACNEE, of Glasgow, has some good portraits, marked by those qualities which have long rendered him a favourite with the public; among these we may mention No. 73, ‘A Family Group,’ in which the formality almost inseparable from such a subject is entirely overcome by the admirable arrangement of the figures. The lines of the composition are exceedingly fine.

In landscape, HORATIO M’CULLOCH, E. CRAWFORD, T. FAED, H. HUSTON, and PERIGAL, sustain their well-merited reputation; but among the younger artists several are treading closely upon their steps. Among these by far the most successful is Mr. SAMUEL BOUGH, who, like Stanfield and Roberts, commenced his career as a scene-painter. His versatility is amazing, and so is his productiveness. He has no less than nine pictures in the present exhibition, some of them of large size. Of these the principal are No. 349, ‘The Thames from Hungerford,’ and No. 514, ‘The Weald of Kent.’ The foreground of the former is occupied by a quay, a mass of boats and shipping, and a number of figures; the river fills up the middle distance, and in the

extreme distance are seen the halls and towers of the Houses of Parliament. The foreground is full of force and animation, and admirably composed; the distance recedes most naturally, and the water and sky are successfully rendered. ‘The Weald of Kent’ is a larger and more carefully-finished painting, full of a great variety of incident and detail; but, by some oversight of the hanging Committee, it is placed so much above the line, as almost to require an opera-glass to study it aright. The whole is most carefully painted, the only fault being a slight want of force in the group of sheep on the right of the road in the foreground. Besides these, Mr. Bough has No. 42, ‘A Border Raid,’ full of life and movement, and with great breadth of treatment; a very clever Moonlight, No. 180; and ‘Naworth Castle,’ a perfect little gem. We risk but little in predicting a brilliant future for this industrious and versatile young artist.

Mr. ALEXANDER FRASER is another young painter of great promise. No. 243 ‘Salmon-trap on a Welsh River,’ is good both in drawing and colour; as are also No. 54, ‘Pandy Mill, North Wales,’ and No. 252, ‘Welsh River, in Summer-time.’

Mr. J. A. HUSTON has a very poetical picture called ‘Will-o’-the-Wisp.’ The evening sky and twilight landscape, with the mischievous imp whose gleaming light is deceiving an unwary traveller into a pool half concealed by long rushes, are well conceived and most ably rendered.

We have seen Mr. M’CULLOCH better represented than in the present exhibition. One of his best pieces is No. 157, ‘Moon rising in a Highland Glen,’ a picture of great breadth and power. No. 265, ‘Morning,’ is a small, but fresh and charming landscape, and its companion, ‘Evening,’ is worthy of it.

Mr. EDMUND CRAWFORD exhibits several pleasing sea-pieces full of light and atmosphere, and characterised by much warmth and softness of colouring. Of these the best are No. 174, ‘Bellevue, Dort,’ and No. 390, ‘Dort.’

The Brothers LAUDER display this year great excellence as landscape-painters; and, for our own part, we greatly prefer Mr. R. S. Lauder’s landscapes to his scriptural paintings. Of the latter description is No. 59, ‘Christ denied by Peter,’ in which the figure of the Saviour is noble and dignified, as he turns in mute reproach to the recreant disciple; but the rest of the picture is inferior. No. 95, ‘Hawk’s Craig, Aberdour,’ by the same artist, is a landscape of a very high class, harmonious in colouring, and with all its parts remarkably well-balanced. Among the contributions of Mr. JAMES E. LAUDER, we may particularise No. 119, a pretty little bit of nature, entitled ‘Scene on the Tweed,’ and No. 297, ‘Scene in Epianus’s Garden,’ in illustration of the lines from Moore’s ‘Alcephron’—

“There sits some fair Athenian maid,” &c.

The figure of the Athenian maid, though graceful, is rather chalky in colouring; but the youthful sage, who performs the office of an animated comb or hair-pin, is much more successful. Upon the whole, the picture is cleverly conceived, and well executed.

Mr. ERSKINE NICOL, whose sketches of Irish life and character are even more popular in the United States and Canada, than in his own country, has several clever figure pieces, and one or two good landscapes in the present exhibition. In No. 20, ‘The Ryans and Dwyers—calumniated men,’ we have a graphic delineation of some amiable Irishmen belonging to those clans. No. 147, also by this popular artist, ‘Glendalough, County Wicklow,’ is an effective landscape, with a strong impasto. The figure in the foreground is, however, badly drawn. We also are pleased with No. 439, ‘The Way to the Village, County Westmeath,’ the foliage in the foreground might be improved; but the idea of distance is most successfully conveyed.

Mr. WILLIAM DOUGLAS, one of the most rising artists of the Scotch school, who has now settled in London, has a capital picture of ‘St. Dunstan and the Devil,’ founded upon the old tradition. The painter depicts St. Dunstan as a sagacious-looking, well fed monk, employed in study, while the evil one, standing close to his right ear, is whispering temptations. The face of St. Dunstan is admirably painted; there is great breadth of effect and depth of tone, and all the accessories are most carefully finished.

Mr. ROBERT GAVIN, though but a very young artist, distinguishes himself by the glow and spleen-

dour of his colouring. His best work is No. 412, ‘Children in the Wood,’ the limbs of the children are beautifully rounded, the flesh tints transparent and life-like, and the drawing of the foreground foliage accurate and careful.

Mr. R. HERDMAN is another young artist whose progress is most satisfactory: his studies in Italy have produced good fruit. His most ambitious work is No. 472, ‘Hannah and Samuel.’ In this picture the figure of Hannah, in point of conception, drawing, colour, and masterly disposition of drapery, is one of the finest we have seen by any modern artist; but, unfortunately, the figure of Samuel is far inferior to it. The head is tolerably good, but the drawing of the hands, especially of the fingers of the right hand, is bad and careless.

The Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland lately issued to their subscribers a very beautiful folio volume, containing Burns’ beautiful poem of ‘The Soldier’s Return,’ illustrated by six engravings after the paintings of Mr. JOHN FAED. Three of these original paintings are sent by Mr. Faed to the present exhibition; of these we prefer No. 266, illustrating the beautiful verse commencing—

“When wild war’s deadly blast was blawn,” &c.

It is a simple and touching illustration of the horrors of war.

Mr. THOMAS FAED exhibits perhaps the most pleasing and perfect landscape on the walls, entitled ‘Reapers going out;’ it is a rare combination of happy conception, and perfect technical skill in carrying out that conception. In the distance a church and some buildings are seen embowered amid trees; and, in the foreground, a charming peasant group is issuing through a gate to the labours of the day. The composition of this group, the arrangement and colour of their dresses, and the treatment of the weeds and wild-flowers, and masses of foliage on each side of the road in the foreground, are highly creditable to Mr. Faed’s taste and skill.

Mr. WALLER H. PATON has some landscapes, for example, ‘The Mouth of the Wild Water, Inverglass, Loch Lomond,’ painted with infinite care and marvellous finish; but they are disagreeable in colour—too green—and, at a little distance, look spotty, the different parts wanting unity and breadth.

The same remarks apply to the water-colour drawings of Mr. NOEL PATON, No. 626, ‘Study from Nature, Inverglass;’ and No. 641, with the same title. Indeed, there is a wonderful resemblance both in the excellences and defects of the landscapes of these two very clever brothers.

Among Mr. D. O. HILL’S landscapes the most pleasing is a moonlight scene, ‘The Castle and Caves of Colzean.’

Mr. A. PERIGAL contributes several paintings of the beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of the romantic Loch Goil, the best of which is No. 283, ‘Dremsynic, Argyleshire;’ it is fresh, sparkling, and full of atmosphere.

The Scottish school, unlike that of England, has always been deficient in the department of water-colour painting; and the present exhibition shows no improvement in this respect, for, with the exception of ‘Knock Castle, in Skye,’ by Mr. HUSTON, —one of the few Scottish artists who really excels in water-colour drawing,—one or two clever bits by Mr. K. MACLEAY, and some carefully painted interiors by G. M. GREIG, there is scarcely anything worthy of notice. In sculpture it is far otherwise. The works of Mr. W. BRODIE would command admiration in any exhibition in Europe. His marble statue of ‘Hecamede, the Greek Nurse,’ is a beautiful piece of sculpture; and that of ‘Euone,’ the nymph of Mount Ida, the first wife of the fair and fickle Paris, is one of the finest productions of modern statuary we have ever seen. The noble but melancholy countenance, the exquisite grace of the rounded arms and beautifully proportioned limbs, and the air of ideal beauty, so seldom seen but in the remains of the best era of Greek Art, all combine to form a work which bears the undoubted impress of high genius.

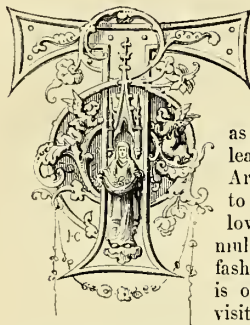
We have thus examined at some length this very interesting exhibition, which affords satisfactory proofs that the Scottish School of Art is likely to maintain and increase the high character it has succeeded in acquiring.



## BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXIV.—FREDERICK WILLIAM HULME.



HERE is a fashion in matters pertaining to Art, as well as in everything else: we speak not so much with reference to the patronage bestowed upon particular artists, as to the apparent necessity that every one, who would not be considered as living out of the great world, feels for visiting—at least once in the season—the collection of modern Art which annually, in the month of May, is opened to the public in Trafalgar Square. But it is not the love of Art that attracts a large proportion of the multitude thither, but simply because it has become a fashion to see what is to be seen there: the exhibition is one of the events of the season, and not to have visited it is almost to proclaim oneself as out of the pale of society. Now no one can, with any show of justice, dispute the claims of the Royal Academy to the homage thus paid to it: such homage is due both to the position it occupies and to the merits of the works which are collected within its walls: its exhibitions represent, or are assumed to represent, the present state of British Art in its highest phases; the members of the Academy are assumed to be the great men of the profession, the high priests of the sacred temple of Art, and their works, as a consequence, those which are most deserving of the attention they receive. But while we candidly admit that the exhibitions of the Academy are pre-eminently entitled to public favour, there are other galleries open every year which deserve more notice than is generally given to them. We do not allude to the two Societies of Painters in Water-Colours—neither of which has reason to complain of neglect, while the older society, in proportion to the size of its gallery, draws as many visitors as congregate in the national building a few yards distant—but to the galleries which are known respectively as the

British Institution, the British Artists', and the National Institution: in each of these the real lover of Art will never fail to see some pictures quite as well worthy of his attention as any he will find in another place backed by the approval of the academical censors of æsthetic merit.

The majority of artists send what they consider their best works to the Academy, others send none at all; if you wish to see what these do, you must go elsewhere: even in the apartments in Trafalgar Square there are oftentimes pictures of great excellence that are nearly invisible from the position in which they are placed: we may almost say—

“Full many a gem of purest ray serene”

is hung in some dark corner, or eclipsed by some huge canvas which forces itself into observation, or sheds its radiance upon the feet of the visitor rather than upon his vision. Painters have so multiplied that the exhibition-rooms of the Academy have become infinitely too limited for the pictures that are annually produced throughout the country: hence the numerous Art-societies which have arisen, whose existence cannot but be considered as an evil productive of such results as these:—

First, they evidence that the whole Art-body is divided into sections—we had almost said rival institutions—each seeking its own interest, instead of having one common platform on which all might meet for the common benefit of Art: and notwithstanding what individual members may feel and say, this disunion is the source of much heart-burning, jealousy, and party-spirit. It was the real or fancied injustice shown by the Royal Academy to a number of clever painters that led to the formation of the Society of British Artists; and the National Institution was founded by a number of other artists, because they could not get their works fairly before the public, as they thought, either in Trafalgar Square or in the Suffolk Street gallery. Again, the New Water-Colour Society was created because the “Old” did not choose to enlarge its territories—too small even for their own members—and admit their brethren within the walls. How can any community of feeling or action be expected among such discordant elements? The idea is preposterous.

The second evil resulting from these separate institutions is, that the public, as we have already observed, show especial favour to some and almost discard others; they are allured by the *prestige* of some, and scarcely condescend to enter the doorways of others: we have passed from the apartments of one society where it was almost impossible to see anything but the pictures



Engraved by]

MILL ON THE TRENT.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

hanging above the heads of the assembled company, into the rooms of another society, where there was scarcely an individual to look at the works they contained. “Very likely,” we think we hear some one replying to this remark; “but it would not be so if there was anything in the rooms worth going to see.” This, however, is not the true solution of the question: granted that the attractions of the one are much greater than those of the other, and therefore draw a larger concourse of visitors, yet there must be another powerful motive to cause so great a difference; and this motive can only be

found in the *prestige* of a name and the influence of fashion. In every one of the established Art-societies of the metropolis, there is always much to be seen that ought to bring together all real lovers of Art; all excellence is not centred in one particular locality; it flows through several channels, though some are wider and deeper than the rest.

Nowhere among the continental cities do we find a parallel case to that which exists in our own. Why cannot we have here one universal Art-exhibition, as in Paris? why, if a stranger in London, or a foreigner, desires to see



the state of modern Art in this country during any season, should he be compelled to traverse Pall-Mall from one end to the other, enter four or five different exhibition-rooms, and then have to trace his way, a mile or so further, to the extreme end of Regent Street, in order to see the contents of another suite of exhibition-rooms? "Union is strength," is an adage the truth of which is generally acknowledged: is it altogether a visionary idea to suppose the practicability of uniting all these fractional parts into one great body, that shall show its combined and concentrated power under one roof? We are quite aware that to effect so desirable an object—there are few, it may be supposed, who would refuse to admit its desirableness—much must be sacrificed on the part of some of the existing institutions; but the benefits which Art universally would derive from the sacrifice, should prevail over every other consideration. The first step towards such a result as we are contemplating must be made by the Government, whose business it would be to provide a building suitable for, and large enough to contain, all the Art-productions of the season. If it be ultimately determined, as it possibly may be, to remove the national pictures to another locality, then the edifice in Trafalgar Square might suffice for such a purpose, with some alterations and additions. But to induce members of other institutions, especially of long-standing and flourishing societies, to amalgamate and cast in their lots together, the Royal Academy

must open wide its doors; it must be no niggard in the bestowment of the honours at its disposal; it must hold out a friendly hand to every artist, whatever branch of the profession he practises: why should not a great painter in water-colours, such as John Lewis, or Cattermole, or Haghe, or half a score others, be as worthy of a seat among the academicians as a great painter in oils? The honours awarded to genius ought not to be measured by the materials it chooses to employ: why should oil and canvas receive the homage that water and paper can never, under existing circumstances, hope to reach?

We are not so much arguing for what we expect to see done, as for what ought to be done. It is very problematical whether such a communism of Art would be acceptable universally; but we should like the experiment to be tried whenever the proper time arrives for making it,—that is, when such a building is at the service of artists as will suffice for their needs. We want to see the various sections of the Art-body united into a whole, working together for the common weal. The interests of Art, and the interests of artists, are too often sacrificed because they are divided: there is, as we said before, no stage on which all may meet to urge their complaints, and try to procure redress for their grievances. The artists of this country are not, like those of other lands, gregarious: they separate themselves from each other, or are separated by position; and hence weakness, irresolution of action, and quiescence under evils



Engraved by]

LANE SCENE NEAR PYRFORD, SURREY.

[Mason Jackson.

that ought not to exist, and which would not exist with unanimity of feeling and exertion.

Though these observations may not appear pertinent to the subject immediately before us, they are not altogether irrelevant to it, and have been suggested by our recollection of the exhibited works of the artist whose name stands at the head of this notice. He is one of those painters whose best works are rarely seen at the gallery where critics of rank and fashion "most do congregate." Mr. Hulme's pictures, those at least which are the best evidence of his talent, must be sought for elsewhere,—in the rooms of the "National Institution," Portland Place, or, as they are now called, "The Portland Gallery."

Frederick William Hulme was born on the 22nd of October, 1816, at the little village of Swinton, in Yorkshire, where his first four years were passed: his father (Mr. Jesse Hulme, a provincial artist of considerable talent, to whom the son was indebted for all the direct instruction in Art he at any time received) then removed with his family to the neighbouring village of Newhill. The desire to become an artist grew with the boy's growth, and "strengthened with his strength;" and although from the first his father did not appear to have any definite object in view with regard to his son, the earliest studies of the youth were directed to the figure, and for some time his days and even nights were devoted to anatomy, and other kindred pursuits. But the beautiful

scenery of the neighbourhood of his residence, was, in the meanwhile, gradually drawing away his attention from the study of the human frame and the costumed lay figure; he became a wanderer in the green lanes, and by the tangled hedgerows: the forms he most delighted in were those of the fantastic clouds and spreading trees, and rugged bushes; and the draperies most welcome to his eye were the rich grass, the green leaves, and the wild-flower blossoms. When he had reached the age of nine, his father found it desirable to remove into the district of the Staffordshire Potteries, where he had determined to establish himself as a porcelain manufacturer. After some little trial, finding the business uncongenial with his taste, and induced by other reasons also, he withdrew from it, and returned to the practice of Art, applying himself to the artistic part of pottery-work, for which he had a peculiar aptitude: in this the son was called upon to assist, with such skill as he had acquired. For some years this occupation engaged much of his time, yet he found opportunity to pursue the study of landscape-painting, to which he had long before resolved to direct his chief attention, and in which he found the encouragement and instruction of his father most valuable.

In 1841, Hulme made his first venture as an exhibitor by sending a picture to the Birmingham Academy; it was hung, but not sold. Not disheartened, he sent another in the following year: it found a purchaser at the artist's own



price—four pounds, frame included; but he was satisfied, and encouraged. His thoughts now turned towards London, which as yet he only knew by report: after much doubt and hesitation he resolved to travel up and see what prospects it afforded him for ultimately establishing himself among the vast crowds eagerly seeking after reputation or existence. He arrived in the metropolis in the early part of 1844, and after passing a week here, returned home mortified and dispirited. But the visit had altogether unsettled his mind, and to remain in the Potteries he found impossible. In the month of April of the same year, he was again in London, utterly unknown, and without an introduction in his pocket. He had, however, fully determined to succeed, if industry and

perseverance could ensure success; and, finding that he had much to learn ere he could make himself known as a painter, he first gave his attention to book illustrations. With reference to this part of Mr. Hulme's career, we have permission to extract a passage from a letter written by him to a friend:—"It gratifies me much," he remarks, "to say that some of my earliest efforts in that way appeared in Mrs. S. C. Hall's '*Tales of Woman's Trials*,' which were followed soon after by a more extended series of subjects, in part illustrative of Mrs. Hall's '*Midsummer Eve*,' published originally in the *Art-Journal*. I shall always remember with pleasure that my first introduction to the London public was made in the pages of this work; and that my first exhibited pictures,



Engraved by]

A BYE-WAY AMONG THE HILLS, NORTH WALES.

[Mason Jackson

in the metropolis, found purchasers through the kind appreciation of the Council of the Art-Union of London."

When, a few years since, the society of artists who now exhibit at the Portland Gallery was formed, Mr. Hulme joined it: the largest number of his pictures, and most of his best, have, as we have already said, been hung there; but his works are also to be seen at the Royal Academy and the British Institution. His scenery is thoroughly rural—English lanes and English heaths. Now and then he travels into Wales, and shows us a bit of mountain landscape, or "a rippling brook, that turns a mill," or a picturesque pathway among the hills, such as the subject engraved, and very beautifully too, on this page.

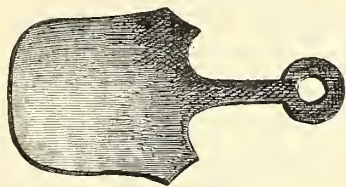
His colouring is very truthful, bright, and clear; and we know of few living landscape-painters who so completely have the art of giving light and air to the distances of their pictures. One failing—it is only of recent growth—we must take the liberty of pointing out to him: it is that his trees, whatever be their place in the picture, have generally one uniform manipulation; those in the distance are represented as much in detail—foliage and branches—as those in the foreground. This is not truth of nature, as visible to the eye. A little more boldness of touch in foreground foliage would also be desirable: there is a tendency to Pre-Raphaelitism in some of his later paintings, which has probably led to that peculiarity of painting distant foliage we have noticed.



## THE TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

### No. 4.—WILLIAM HOGARTH.

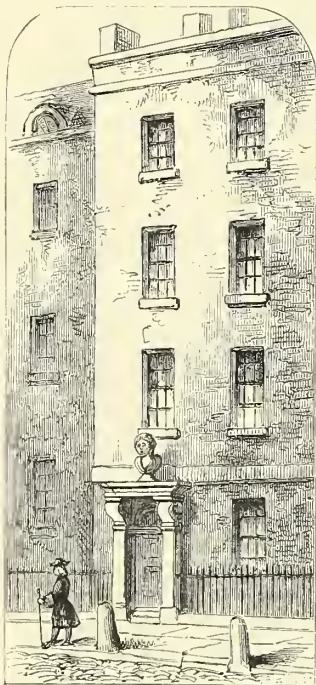
No artist ever deserved the name of a "national painter" more truthfully than William Hogarth. The queen in whose reign he began his career had declared to one of her earliest parliaments that "her heart was entirely English," and her saying was commemorated on a medal. Hogarth's heart was equally English; his works are his medals, and will be as enduring as the metal of his sovereign. As time passes, and criticism expands, he is valued the more as the honest exponent of the manners of his own era, and as an artist who, less than any other, was indebted to foreign influences. His style was essentially his own, the fruit of his own observation; his works were the transcripts of what he saw



HOGARTH'S PALETTE.

around him. He is entirely original; and although his originality was both strongly defined and popular, it was so singularly excellent that he left no imitators who deserve to be remembered. He "founded no school," so to speak, for none but he could be its master. Wilkie made the nearest approach, but, like Hogarth, he was too much of an original to be a copyist; his works have touches of Hogarthian humour, but they possess the different qualities of a different mind. None but themselves can be their parallel.

The ability of Hogarth as a painter was questioned in his own day: there is no question now



HOGARTH'S HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

raised as to his ability as designer, painter, or engraver. Even in the latter art the originality of his powerful genius is visible; they are painter's engravings, not possessing the mere accurate line of mechanical art, but abounding in vigour and effect. His manly independence of thought accompanied him in all his works; and the nation generally was taught wisdom by his truth-telling histories on canvas of the follies and vices of the last century:

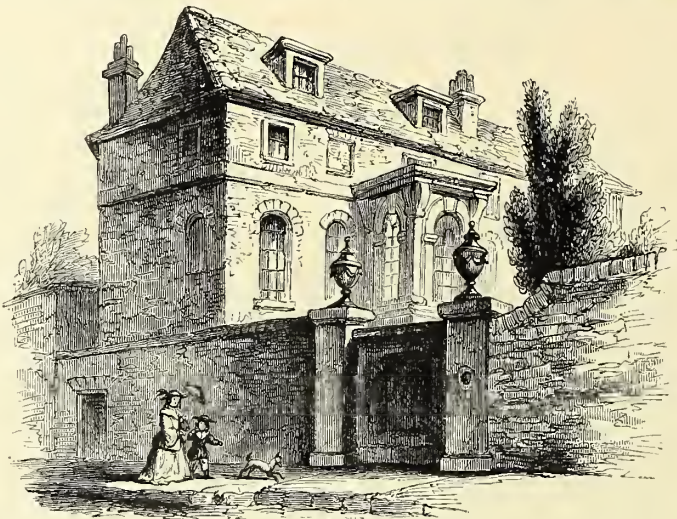
"His pictured morals charm the mind,  
And thro' the eye correct the heart."

Let this page be devoted to a few memoranda of his last residences: critical disquisitions on himself and his career are abundant elsewhere. Toward

the close of it he had prospered sufficiently to become the master of a town and country-house; the latter a bequest to his wife from her father, Sir James Thornhill, serjeant-painter to the king, who, though originally objecting to his daughter's clandestine marriage with Hogarth, ultimately learned to value his great talent and unflinching integrity. Hogarth, for a long period before his death, lived in a good house in Leicester Square, then one of the best localities in London, and inhabited by Frederick, Prince of Wales, son of George II. There exists a very curious print of the square at that period, showing the prince borne in his sedan towards St. James's, attended by hal-

berdiers and his suite. In one corner of the view Hogarth's house is distinguishable by the sign of "the Golden Head" over the door. We engrave thus much of the print. The "head" was cut by Hogarth himself in cork; and all who are familiar with his later engravings, will remember the imprint, "Published at the Golden Head in Leicester Fields." Mrs. Hogarth sold his works here after his decease.\*

The house at Chiswick was that in which Sir James Thornhill resided at the time of his daughter's elopement with Hogarth. It is gloomy with high walls; long walls of brick bound the way to it from the main street of the village. In the days

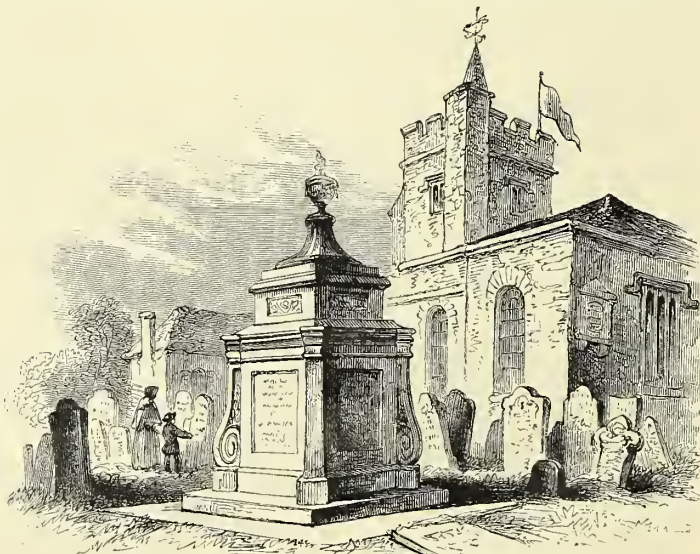


HOGARTH'S HOUSE, CHISWICK.

of Anne it was far from the metropolis, but now it is as much a London suburb as Islington was then. Large as the house appears, it is really somewhat small, for it is all frontage, and only one room deep, without any back windows. The garden is not larger than such a house would require, and the small stable at its further extremity has over it a room Hogarth used as a studio.\* Against the garden wall are two narrow upright slabs of stone, commemorating the graves of his dog and bird.

The words upon the former—"Life to the last enjoyed, here Pompey lies," are a satirical paraphrase on the epitaph to Churehill, the satirist, in Dover church, with whom he had passed some years of friendship, but who had bitterly attacked Hogarth at the close of his career; not, however, without provocation on the part of the latter.

In Chiswick church-yard the painter reposes, and he is not the only artist buried there. Louthenbourg rests under a most heavy and ambitious monu-



HOGARTH'S TOMB, CHISWICK.

ment; a slab against the wall near it records the name of James Fittler, the engraver; and William Sharpe, another of our best English engravers, was buried, by his desire, near Hogarth. The tomb of the latter artist is a not ungraceful structure, exhibiting on one side Garrick's well-known rhyming epitaph: a simple record on the east side notes the death of Hogarth, in October, 1764, at the age of sixty-seven, and his wife in November, 1789, at the age of eighty. His sister's death is recorded on the south side, in August, 1771, at the age of seventy; and that of Mary Lewis, his niece, who

acted as saleswoman at his house in Leicester Square, and who died in 1808, at the age of eighty-eight. The other face of the monument has an inscription to his mother-in-law, the widow of Sir James Thornhill, who was first buried in this grave, in 1757. This monument had fallen into much decay, and had become the theme of public comment; but it has been admirably restored, and on a small piece of granite at its base is inscribed,—"Rebuilt by William Hogarth, of Aberdeen, in 1856." All honour to his northern namesake's liberality and taste!

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

\* The palette of the painter is still religiously preserved by the Royal Academicians of London. It is peculiar in its form, and we engrave it as a curious relic of the artist.

\* The house has been greatly altered since Hogarth's days, and is now incorporated with the Sablonière Hotel, of which it forms the northern half.



ADDRESS TO THE STUDENTS OF  
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.\*

BY SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A.

GENTLEMEN,—As the occasions when it has been my duty to offer to you some observations in the form of a discourse, have recurred at considerable intervals, the subjects which I have selected, forming no part of a series, have been, almost unavoidably, of a general nature. In again addressing you under such circumstances, I remind you that a single lecture, comprised within short limits and embracing various topics, is privileged to be, in some sense, desultory.

The remarks I have now to offer relate to some of the distinguishing characteristics on which the theory and practice of Art, and especially of Painting, are founded.

The term character, in the language of the formative Arts and in reference to Nature, denotes that visible quality, or that assemblage of qualities, which is proper to a given object, and which distinguishes it from all others. The term is also employed, irrespective of visible attributes, to denote those essential qualities which are proper to subjects of which the mind alone takes cognisance. Thus, in the one case, we may speak of the distinctive character of a visible object; in the other, of the distinctive character of the Fine Arts, or of any one of them, considered theoretically. The term, in its application to Art, has, however, no reference to moral qualities, except in so far as moral associations may be the accompaniments of visible attributes.

As the visible character of an object is emphatically that which is its own, so character always implies relative distinctness. Further, whatever degree of beauty can be justly said to be proper to any object, that beauty must depend on its character, for, otherwise, beauty can consist in nothing that strictly belongs to it.

Considered in relation to the sense of sight, the use of character in Nature seems to be to *inform*. It is by means of appreciable visible distinctions, and by the habitual exercise of comparison, that we become acquainted with the external world. The greater distinctness which Art may require, in order to present an equivalent to Nature, is still to be tried by the same criterion: the first office of representation is to speak clearly to the eye. But as we find that long acquaintance with Nature enables us to recognise her appearances, even when they border on ambiguity, so, it is not desirable to narrow the language of imitation, provided its free exercise can be easily comprehended. The general purpose common to all the Fine Arts—such as a pleasing impression and moral propriety—being assumed to be kept in view, the principle of selection is limited only by the condition that the representation should be intelligible.

If Art were not thus to keep pace with experience, or if the principle of selecting the most normal appearances only were rigidly adhered to, we should have every figure a type of its class, every object would be required to be free from accidents, and the sphere of imitation would be circumscribed accordingly. When the Art or its means are restricted, such an emphatic and condensed mode of representation is indeed, to a certain extent, necessary: as in Sculpture, intended to be seen under certain conditions; and in works of Art which—from their minuteness, like engraved gems, or from their limited means of expression, like the outlines and monochroms on Greek vases—can deal only with the most essential attributes and qualities. But the ampler resources of Painting invite a far greater latitude of expression consistently with the condition of perspicuity, and the very fact that the other formative Arts are necessarily confined in their means of representation, is a reason for taking the widest possible range in Painting: thus asserting the character and independence of that Art.

\* A copy of this address, delivered to the Students of the Royal Academy at the last meeting for the distribution of prizes, and printed for private circulation only among the members of the Academy, was lent to us for perusal. Feeling satisfied that the information and advice contained in it will be acceptable to a large class of our readers, and ought, at least, to have a much wider circulation than the audience to whom it was read, we obtained permission to give it the publicity to which the address is entitled.—*Ed. A. J.*

And if essential forms and normal appearances are not always necessary in Painting with a view to distinctness, still less is habitual exaggeration necessary. It is not to be inferred because ordinary appearances and forms are familiar, that they are therefore prescribed. The constant search for novel effects may be carried to excess, and this occurs when it induces a distaste for simpler truths, or when practical skill does not keep pace with the more ambitious treatment. This caution is to be observed also in the study of the figure. Young Artists are in the habit of considering that what is called character, resides only in very peculiar conformations. In Italian technical language a marked physiognomy is called a "Testa di Carattere;" in the language of the stage, "a part of character" always meant a part of strong character; but this conventional restriction of the term does not imply a negation of the quality in less pronounced instances. If character always supposes relative distinctness, if it reside in those attributes which are proper to each object, accurate comparison may see it in everything: and if it could be as faithfully arrested, there would be as little insipidity in Art as in Nature. Character is opposed to equality, and in order to shun equality and uniformity, it is not always necessary to resort to the startling and singular. Indeed, experience shows that an exclusive love of the extraordinary may end in the very defect of triteness and sameness which it was first intended to avoid.

The same remark is applicable to colour. A vigorous treatment of colour, or of *chiaroscuro*, or of both, is generally indispensable to distinctness, but this is quite compatible with the observation of those more delicate varieties which constitute the refinements of imitation. A French painter of the early part of the last century, Jean Baptiste Oudry,\* recommends young painters, in studying colour, to copy various kinds of white objects—such as silver, linen, paper, satin, porcelain—grouped together. The purpose of such practice is to educate the eye to see differences where none are at first, or to common observation, apparent. The author referred to might have added, that the student should be careful, while so exercising the faculty of comparison, to preserve those larger varieties which first impress the eye.

The characteristic attributes of objects in form and colour are differences of kind, and are not to be confounded with the varieties of light and of abstract magnitude, which are only differences of degree. Though each may sometimes assume the character of the other, the diversities of the first order more frequently amount to contrast; while those of the second constitute gradation: and both are necessary to define the true relations of objects. You are aware that it is a recognised principle in Art to repeat a principal colour, for instance, by another, or by others, which, while duly subordinate and duly different, shall have the effect of supporting the leading mass. The same principle is applicable to forms, and obviously, to light: for as light is common to all objects, it is of necessity repeated, and must always comprehend the fullest scale of gradations, which is not necessarily the case with regard to form and colour.

But, besides the purpose of supporting a principal mass, thus promoting a general harmony and completeness, the qualified repetition referred to answers another and a very important end. A form or colour opposed to others altogether unlike it, has character; but the comparison with inferior examples of the same kind can alone confer the attribute of pre-eminence. The distinctness of the object is more directly associated with the idea of excellence when, in addition to mere contrast, in addition to a difference of kind, it exhibits a manifest superiority to other objects which in any way resemble it: as the supremacy of the nobler animals in the scale of creation is indicated by their inferior types. The same means of comparison are presented to us throughout the visible world, and we thus learn that Nature distinguishes by contrast, but elevates by gradation.

Various useful elements of the theory of the Fine Arts may result from the comparison of their respective means and capabilities, but by far the

\* "Réflexions sur la manière d'étudier la couleur, en comparant les objets les uns aux autres." Par M. Oudry, Professeur. — See "Watet's Dictionnaire des Arts de Peinture," &c., Vol. i., p. 366.

most important of those elements, are arrived at by considering the relation of Art to Nature.

Whatever may be the excellence which Painting aims at, it never, in its highest efforts, professes to be literally mistaken for Nature: by its highest efforts, I do not now mean its loftiest conceptions, but its most successful achievements as an Art. I need not speak of the limited instances in which absolute illusion is, for a time, possible; for such effects, as you have often been told, may be produced by performances which have no pretension to be called works of Art. When Painters speak of the illusion of the Arts, they mean that result of a voluntary exercise of the imagination which, aided by vivid and truthful representation, can cheat us into emotion or delight. The imagination thus excited by fine works of Art is nothing more or less than the power of deceiving ourselves; but when we are deceived by others, or by the senses without the aid of the imagination—in which case the only difference is that things deceive us instead of persons—the effect is merely mortifying.

But there is an approach to absolute reality, as distinguished from the illusion of imitation, which is to be guarded against, as it may be subversive of genuine illusion. The external and material conditions of Painting preclude, in most cases, the possibility of any confusion between reality and its representation: occasionally, however, surfaces parallel with the plane of the picture have been so treated as to create this confusion. Natural objects can rarely be so literally transferred to Painting; but there are many artificial forms and appearances which, as subjects of the pencil, may be injudiciously copied. When they are minute, their partial reality is of little consequence: for example, printed and written characters literally copied on a surface parallel with the plane of the picture, are as real as the original print or writing, but it is only when they are very conspicuous from their size that they can disturb the conditions of imitation and the sense of legitimate illusion: examples may be sometimes seen in photographs. On a larger scale, the imitated pateras or stripes on stuffs, painted decorations, and similar stereotyped forms or colours may be identical, or nearly so, with the original objects, and if introduced (for they may be sometimes required from the nature of the subject), should be so modified by perspective, and light and shade, as to harmonise with what may be emphatically called the picture. It is fortunate that the painter's imitative power should require to be restrained in few, and those unimportant, particulars; while, on the other hand, he is invited to aim at perfections, every variety of which will be found worthy of his best efforts.

Those perfections, and the direction of those efforts, will be, in a great measure, defined by the material conditions of his Art. It is not the resemblance of his means to those of Nature, but precisely the absence of such resemblance, that will guide him in his selection of the fittest qualities for representation. The paucity and poverty of his means (and little is gained by multiplying them) dictate an attention to the fulness and variety of every natural appearance. His flat surface points to depth, space, and atmosphere, and to that relief and roundness which express the relative perspective position of different objects and of their component parts. His inert materials invite him to arrest the life, expression, and movement of human beings and animals, and the mutable appearances of sea and land: while his dull pigments lead him to the phenomena of light, the brilliancy of carnations, the charms of transparency, and the mysteries of tone.

It will be remarked that in all these instances the means, far from being identical with those of Nature, are as opposite to them as they can possibly be; and it is no less evident that they are, apparently, altogether inadequate for the proposed purpose. The characteristic of apparent inadequacy being defined, Sir Joshua Reynolds goes further, showing that the excellence of Art is greater when the end is attained apparently without labour.\* In the instances I have given, the Painter's means are, to appearance, especially unfit in themselves to express the qualities at which he aims, and, in accordance with that principle, the achievement

\* Eleventh Discourse.



itself of his difficult undertaking is required to appear easy. This is the last triumph of Fine Art.

We cannot but admit the consistency of such a conclusion, and it can hardly be necessary to warn you against its misapplication. When we hear of indifferent works being executed with bad materials, with ill-adapted instruments, in an incredibly short time, or under other similar difficulties, such particulars may sometimes amount to excuses for imperfections: but they can only increase our admiration when the result is altogether satisfactory. This being understood, I believe it will be useful to keep the grace of facility, as well as the perfections it is to embody, steadily in view. But the foundation must be first secure; instances might be adduced of Painters gifted with a most attractive facility of execution who have failed to acquire a name; and of others who, not daring, even in appearance, to play with their art, rank high among distinguished masters. But the general opinion of competent judges is, in this case, as I believe it always will be, in accordance with sound theory. Painters have decided this question: it may be remarked that whatever may be their individual varieties of practice, whether their execution be carelessly facile, or scrupulous even to constraint; whether it be broad and varied, or uniformly minute; whether their surface be loaded and granulated, or smoothly delicate;—all agree in admiring successful facility; all are charmed (as all true artists must be) to see the end really accomplished by seemingly inadequate means.

Arbitrary rules would be misapplied in such particulars. The characteristics of Art are finally modified by the character of the individual; but if labour cannot be transformed into seeming freedom, it must, at all events, be concealed; and if the conditions of any technical process be such as to render the evidence of toil unavoidable, that process cannot be of much value. As Painting is distinguished from the other Arts, so Oil-Painting is distinguished from other methods. Vasari, in his "Life of Antonello da Messina," says, "that before the method of Oil-Painting was introduced, the Tempera Painters were always in the habit of executing their works by hatching with the point only of the brush." It is remarkable that the earliest Oil-Painters in Flanders, and those who at a later period first practised Oil-Painting in Italy, at once comprehended and adopted the peculiar advantages of the new method. Their execution was immediately dictated, as it were, by the more flowing vehicle; and while employing it, they seem to have forgotten their previous habits.

I have, on a former occasion, touched on this subject, and it is not without reason that I press it upon your attention. Even assuming that it is desirable to return to the pure feeling and simple earnestness of the Italian Tempera Painters, there can be no reason for imitating, in any method, their often timid and painful execution, but least of all in a method not requiring it, and in first practising which the Italians themselves instinctively threw off the dryer manner to which they had been accustomed.

I take occasion here to remark, that while it is desirable that a Museum of Pictures should, in its completeness, contain examples of every school and period, it by no means follows that all such examples are fit objects of study for young artists. A Museum of Sculpture, if worthy of the name, comprehends specimens of every school and age of antiquity; but it is not expected that students in sculpture should imitate Archaic Greek bas-reliefs, Etruscan drapery, or Egyptian compositions.

With reference to the concealment of toil, I remind you that minuteness of size does not, in Oil-Painting, necessarily involve a mechanically minute execution. The works of no Painters, (I speak now of their mere handling,) are more refined and more complete than those of Metz, or more precise than those of Teniers. In the instance of the last named, the touch is visible; in Metz, the surface is united and fused. These Painters represent many, in none of whose works is there any trace of painful and uniform manipulation. Either the labour is concealed by freedom—which (certain conditions being fulfilled) is the best practice—or it is concealed altogether.

The characteristics of the picturesque may be said to be included in the attributes before adverted to, but as the quality itself is justly prominent among the requisites of imitative art, it will be convenient

to consider it separately. The practised Painter will hardly admit the doctrine of some of our earlier writers on taste, that decay and ruin are essential elements of the picturesque. Its characteristics are more comprehensive, and might be more fitly said to consist in a pleasing variety, and in the absence of formality and monotony; and such variety is, with the aid of perspective and chiaroscuro, quite compatible with forms that exhibit no appearance of decay; such, for example, as an unbroken peristyle or colonnade diversified with the accidents of light: or the interior of a cathedral, charming the eye with its intricate perspective, though in good repair.

It will be observed that the question respecting the picturesqueness of objects or appearances has chiefly reference to works of human creation, such as architecture, or the humbler inventions of furniture and costume; for, in the works of Nature, the absence of variety and freedom is the rare exception rather than the rule.

Although there can be no doubt that artificial forms, unimpaired by time, can always be made agreeable by means of linear gradation and light and shade, it must be admitted that age often improves their colour; and the question arises, how, as regards colours, can new objects—whether buildings, furniture, or articles of attire—be rendered picturesque. It is not possible to dress aristocratic beauties in discoloured stuffs; a newly constructed edifice cannot be covered with the weather-stains of ages; and the articles of household use which surround the wealthy may not always exhibit the traces of neglect. Nor are the visible indications of the modern or the magnificent necessarily disagreeable even to the Painter's eye, in reality; on the contrary, they may, under certain conditions, be strikingly picturesque. Yet we know that they may be so imitated as to be totally devoid of that quality. We know that nothing is more offensive in a picture than unvaryingly crude colours, especially as they are often accompanied by stiffness in the arrangement of artificial forms. Instances might be found in certain portraits not uncommon in Continental Art in the early part of this century. In works of the description alluded to, the accessories are of course more conspicuous than the head; silk and velvet are fresh from the counter, while gold trimmings and embroidery, scrupulously formal and uniformly bright, appear intended to recommend the manufactured articles.

The remarks, before offered, on the necessity of altogether concealing the real conditions of Art in the refinements of imitation, are here applicable; in the works now referred to, the requisite change can hardly be said to have taken place: the poverty and crudeness of the literal materials remain unaltered: the palette, in short, is still present.

If we now turn to the masters of this branch of Art, we find that Titian, Rubens, Vandyck, and Velasquez, painted many of the sovereigns and dignitaries of their times, sometimes surrounded with accessories becoming exalted rank. In their works of this kind all is harmonious and unobtrusive; the mere portrait of the individual being still fitly paramount. Again (and this is the point which more directly bears on the question before proposed), the rich objects and accompaniments represented, though in colour the reverse of crudeness, convey no impression of being unduly time-worn or tarnished: they are picturesque, in the truest sense of the term, without looking old.

To turn to a different department of Art, we find that certain Dutch masters—such as De Witt, Van Vliet, and others—often represented interiors of churches, apparently newly white-washed, yet such works are eminently picturesque; and our admiration is heightened when we find such painters as De Hooghe and Van der Meer, of Delft, (I wish the works of the latter were more common in this country,) conferring the refinements of Art on the clean courtlet of a Dutch house, with a brick wall, not even dilapidated, as a prominent object.

Keeping in view the characteristics before dwelt on, the following resources may be suggested to the younger students. The undue regularity even of unchangeable forms may be agreeably disturbed by perspective and light and shade; while, in the arrangement of flexible substances, such as drapery, the picturesque is still more within the Painter's power. With regard to colours, besides the direct operation of shade in reducing the mass of a positive hue, the student will find that the changes which

depend on gradations of light (which may be regulated by artificial contrivances) may effectually vary the unpleasant integrity of colour in new substances, without necessarily imparting to them the look of age. He will by degrees see that a variety of cool and warm tones is compatible with what in a picture would still be called an entire colour. Indeed it is difficult to assign a limit to this picturesque treatment, since any amount of such variety is allowable which is compatible with the quality of the colour intended, and with the impression which the subject requires. Thus, if the character of splendour and vivacity be desirable, that impression may be better conveyed (as we find in the works of the Venetians) by the judicious introduction of neutral tones into positive colours, than by a violent monotony. The contrasts which give value to a colour being always more or less present, by means of the operation of light, in the colour itself.

Freedom of execution in painting, and tone imparted by glazing, being peculiarly adapted to counteract uniformity in lines, surfaces, or colours, are undoubtedly to be regarded as elements of the picturesque. They suppose, however, a peculiar practice; and it is but just to remark that the essentials of the picturesque have been sometimes attained without them. Before quitting the consideration of free execution, I remind you that if it is to be recommended as a grace, it is to be condemned as an affectation. It is a mistake to suppose that it is necessary to execute things badly in order to prevent their being prominent. The careless system, carried to excess, sometimes tends to make the objectionable object apparent,—not, indeed, that it thus approaches the prosaic reality too closely, but that it renders conspicuous the Painter's inability.

One class of resources remains to be noticed. The most effectual and at the same time the worthiest mode of rendering unpromising or ordinary appearances picturesque, is to take advantage of Nature's fortunate moments. These, arrested and reproduced, have the effect of aggrandizing and elevating the character of objects, consistently with the condition of their being easily recognised. Under this influence the stately accessories of the representations before noticed, assume a harmony and subdued splendour suggestive of a more poetic magnificence than the glaring realities possess. With inferior materials this is still more remarkable: the golden sparkle of Rembrandt is often elicited from wood and stone; the silvery tones of Teniers are found to be compatible with the most homely circumstances; and it is curious to connect that epithet—silvery—with some of the objects represented by him, but to which it is justly applicable.

While considering the difficulty of rendering certain forms and colours picturesque, it seems unaccountable that there should ever have been a disposition to exaggerate the opposite quality, yet such has been the case. It was the practice with some historical painters, of a school now perhaps extinct, to represent artificial objects, especially draperies, as if they were perfectly new, though the subject might often permit and even require a different treatment. As regards colours, this mistaken view may be sometimes attributable to the undue influence of poetry; for the colours which can be best conveyed to the imagination by words are of the most positive kind; and unbroken purity of tint is quite in accordance with ideas of beauty that are subjected to no ocular test. This is one of many errors which have been the consequence of assuming that what is adapted to an Art which addresses the imagination only, must be agreeable when presented to the eye. The reverse of this—the principle that the excellence of any one of the Arts must consist chiefly in qualities that are unattainable by the rest—would lead to far better results.

One inference to be drawn from the arguments I have submitted to you is, that there is no sufficient ground for inveighing indiscriminately against the unpicturesqueness of modern habits and circumstances. Whatever may be recommended for beginners, the occasional treatment of apparently unpromising materials is, I am persuaded, highly useful to more advanced painters, since it must lead them to study the picturesque in arrangement, the modes of suppressing intractable details, the refinements of colour, and the uses of light and shade in creating and varying them.

It is in encountering difficulties of this kind, that



the study of fine works of Art will be most profitable; for, in such cases, direct imitation is impossible. In examining the productions of great masters in this spirit, you will occasionally discover that they too had their difficulties, and not unfrequently converted them into triumphs. By degrees you will forget the common fallacy that former ages and other countries had special advantages which we have not; and you will finally acknowledge that none need complain of the outward conditions which sufficed for a Reynolds, a Wilkie, and a Turner.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. THOMAS CAMPBELL.

On the 12th of February a few personal friends accompanied to the Kensal Green Cemetery the remains of the late Thomas Campbell, sculptor, an artist who, although not known to the flutter of general admiration, was deeply appreciated by a select circle of patrons and friends. He was born on the 1st of May, 1790, and consequently was in his sixty-eighth year. His parents, like those of Canova, were in very humble circumstances: they resided at Edinburgh, and at an early age Campbell was apprenticed to a marble-cutter named John Marshall, and afterwards to James Dalzell, who succeeded to the business upon Marshall's death. He soon displayed so much intelligence and taste, that it was evident he would not long continue the mere mechanic. His education had been neglected, but he had great quickness, of which the following incident affords an illustration. He was engaged cutting an inscription for a gentleman near Edinburgh, and was tolerably far advanced in the work, when his employer remarked that one of the letters was not rightly cut. The young mechanic confidently asserted that it was, and the owner went away. No sooner was he gone, and Campbell left to his own reflections, than he thought the criticism might be just, as he was no scholar; so he rushed off to a neighbouring cottage, asked for a sight of the Bible, wherein he found his mistake. He then returned with the utmost speed, took his drill and chisel, corrected the error, and all was in due order. The employer, in the meantime, had been to his own house, had satisfied his mind upon the point, and returned to set Campbell right, when, to his amazement, he supposed that he must have been mistaken, as the letter was quite correct, so he good-naturedly said to the young carver, "Ah, Campbell, I see you are right; I cannot conceive how I could have imagined the letter was wrongly cut."

As a marble-carver he was of course chiefly occupied on ornamental and tasteful subjects, and by observation and study he made rapid progress. He was first noticed by the late Gilbert Innes, Esq., of Stowe, who was attracted by the intelligence he evinced when assisting to put up a chimney-piece at his house in St. Andrew's Square, Edinburgh; and by him he was provided with means to go up to London to pursue his studies at the Royal Academy in Somerset House, where he made some successful copies from the antique. He proceeded to Rome in 1818, the same kind friend advancing the means; but so independent was Campbell in principle and feeling, that as soon as he had earned a little money by his own exertions, he repaid every shilling he had borrowed, principal and interest, to Mr. Innes, who during the period had kept a debtor and creditor account, charging the interest annually. On Campbell's return from Rome, Mr. Innes again lent him £100, and as soon as Campbell got an order for some work with the usual advance, Mr. Innes sent him his account for the same, charging five per cent. interest as before. Mr. Innes always prided himself upon being the great patron of Campbell: when he died he left above a million sterling! At Rome our artist zealously and devotedly pursued his art, studying chiefly from life models, for which so many facilities are there afforded. His talent and continual strivings for progress in his pursuit attracted great attention, and excited much interest among English travellers, more especially his northern fellow-countrymen. He had several commissions, particularly for busts, as he possessed the peculiar

felicity of seizing the individual likeness of his sitters, and of giving them a sentiment and expression highly characteristic. He had not a ready imagination, which affords to many that treacherous facility of composition which despises careful elaboration, is satisfied with crude ideas, and neglects the painstaking efforts so necessary to the perfection of the work. In fact, he was slow in creation: but when he had conceived an idea, he studied with patience every detail, and having a certain mistrust of his own judgment upon his work, he willingly listened to advice and comment, and spared no pains to give it the utmost perfection of finish. One of his earliest patrons was the munificent encourager of the young artists then at Rome, the late Duke of Devonshire, by whom he was commissioned to execute a sedent statue of the Princess Pauline Borghese, sister of Napoleon I. She was celebrated for the exquisite proportions of her figure, and the refined form of her hands and feet, upon which she particularly piqued herself. Campbell was allowed the privilege of the fullest opportunity of studying his model, and permitted to take casts of the hands and feet, of which he made special studies, and had afterwards copies executed in bronze and silver. The original statue, representing the princess seated in a chair looking at a medallion portrait of the Emperor her brother, is now at Chatsworth; as is also a colossal bronze bust of the Duke, which he subsequently modelled and cast. In his studio in the Piazza Mignanelli, adjoining the Piazza di Spagna, he quietly but perseveringly laboured on for several years, executing many works, and receiving commissions for several more. He did not mix much in the society of his brother artists, for though fully conscious of a power within him capable of great works, yet he was most sensitively susceptible; and his was not a mind to take its stand upon the independent basis of his own innate ability, and thus to set at nought the conventional estimate of society. He, however, associated much with Thorwaldsen, and the German artists, and occasionally with the French, by whom he was highly esteemed. From this varied intercourse, and a lengthened residence in Rome, he acquired a ready facility of conversation in Italian, German, and French; heedless, however, of grammatical accuracy, his was merely a conversational facility.

Having commissions to the amount of about £30,000, he made arrangements for returning to England; but he still retained his Roman studio for years, and frequently returned to Italy to purchase marble, and to make arrangements for the execution there of preparatory parts of his large works, which were subsequently transmitted to England, to be completed under his own immediate inspection, and to receive the last touches of his chisel, for he was most indefatigable and conscientious in working upon the marble himself, and in making any improvements of which the sculpture might be capable, even in that state when it is ordinarily considered impracticable. In fact, his was no impatient haste of execution, but a careful elaboration of every detail, that would render his productions not merely satisfactory for the passing moment, but worthy of being handed down to posterity. He at first resided in Leicester Square, and afterwards took a house and studio in Great Marlborough Street; the studio he occupied till his death. Here, surrounded by casts from some of the finest masterpieces of antique art—by the constant presence of which he sought to maintain a correct and elevated taste—and in possession of fine illustrations of the works of Canova, Thorwaldsen, and other great masters, whom he desired to emulate, he perseveringly carried out his great conceptions.

The most important work that Campbell executed was a monumental group of the Dowager Duchess of Buccleuch, erected by the present duke, his constant and generous benefactor and friend, to the memory of his mother in the sepulchral church at Boughton, Northampton. This edifice already possessed several monumental groups of the first class by Roubiliac and other most eminent artists, in memory of the heads of the same family. The duchess, seated on a chair, occupies the centre, raised upon a lofty pedestal; on each side, on a lower level, is a female figure representing Faith and Charity, the prominent virtues in her grace's character. He also executed for Lord Courtown a recumbent statue of his lady,

a member of the Buccleuch family, and which was put up in a memorial chapel on his lordship's estate in Ireland. He executed a monumental sedent bas-relief figure of Lady Whicheote, now in Lincolnshire, and a recumbent statue of the son of the present Lord Kinnaird, which was one of his latest works. He was employed by a committee of the admirers of the late Duke of York, to design and cast in bronze a statue of the duke in his robes as Knight of the Garter, which was cast at Woolwich, and now stands on the Castle Hill at Edinburgh. In the same capital is also his admirable equestrian bronze group of General Lord Hopetown, opposite the Royal Bank in St. Andrew's Square, and in which the artist adopted the novel and effective composition of placing the warrior by the side of his war-horse, with his arm resting on its neck. A marble statue of the Duke of York was executed for the Senior United Service Club House, in Pall Mall, and occupies a niche on the staircase. The monumental statue of Sir W. Hoste, in St. Paul's Cathedral, is by Campbell; and the statue of Lord George Bentinck, in Cavendish Square, one of the finest that we have in London. In quality of sculpture it is the very best in the modern dress: the attitude is imposing and easy, and it stands firm on the feet, without any extraordinary attempt at effect. The admirers of Mrs. Siddons engaged Campbell to execute a statue, of the heroic size, of this eminent tragedian, which was placed in Westminster Abbey, and is peculiarly striking from its simplicity and dignity, and from the elevated expression and character given to her noble features. At Dalkeith, the seat of the Duke of Buccleuch, is his colossal statue of the late Duke of Wellington, in marble. He was commissioned by the admirers of the late Lord Grey, in the county of Durham, to execute a statue of his lordship, which was presented to her ladyship, and is now at Howick. He also modelled a colossal statue of the late Duke of Gordon, which was carved in granite by McDonald and Leslie, and erected at Aberdeen; and he himself cut in marble medallion busts of the duke and duchess, which were put up at their seat. He executed in marble a statue of Lady Harrowby, when Lady Sandon, which is at Sandon Hall; and a sedent one of Lady Mary Christopher, now Nisbett Hamilton; and a half-length monument in marble of Admiral Sir Frederick Maitland, which is at Portsmouth.

His works of fancy were few, but they are admirable for their chaste simplicity. Among these may be quoted a graceful portrait statue of Lord Dalkeith, son of the Duke of Buccleuch, as a young hunter-boy with his greyhound; a "Psyche" opening the vase, for R. Christopher Nisbett Hamilton, Esq.; a portrait statue of the present Hon. A. Kinnaird, M.P., when a youth, in the character of Ascanius; and a "Ganymede" with the eagle, the plaster cast of which is now in the gallery of the South Kensington Museum. His busts were masterpieces of conception and invention, and reflected the character and expression of the individual with striking force. In looking at a range of them, one is struck by the idea that Campbell was peculiarly fortunate in his subjects. One cannot however but feel, that his main superiority rested in the conception, which he realised in his own mind, of the distinctive impress of each countenance, and of the peculiar mode of treatment best adapted to bring out the intellectual as well as physical qualities of his sitters.

He executed for Her Majesty the Queen, at Windsor Castle, the speaking busts of the Duke of Wellington and Earl Grey; and he frequently alluded to the time when he and other artists went to Walmer for the purpose of making studies for portraits, statues, and pictures of the Duke, for which they had commissions. He mentioned the patience with which the Duke sat in the attitudes wherein he was placed by the artists, and that he even allowed casts to be taken of his hands and features. He also noticed the punctuality enforced by the Duke upon the artists to attend at the precise hours he fixed for sitting. Campbell made busts of the late Marchioness of Tweeddale, and of her daughter, the Duchess of Wellington, when Marchioness of Douro, both of them most exquisite and graceful productions. And he executed a colossal bust in bronze of the late Duke of Hamilton; others, of the size of life, of the Duke of Buccleuch; the late Earl of Lauderdale, one of his most attached friends; the



late Lord Lonsdale; Lord Dudley Stuart; Lord Courtown, and his father; Lord and Lady Kinnaird; Lord de Mauley; Lady Charlotte Stopford; Sir H. Pottinger; the late Sir Henry Lawrence, the Indian hero and administrator; Sir Edmund Antrobus; General Grey, brother of the late earl; General Sir Alexander Hope, of Lufness, and his son; John Hope, Esq.; Gilbert Innes, Esq., of Stowe, his early friend; Home Drummond, Esq.; Sir James Gibson Craig, Bart.; William Burn, Esq., architect, and Mrs. Burn; Robert Liston, Esq., the eminent surgeon, and his lamented pupil, J. P. Potter, Esq., both at University College; John Macvicar, Esq., of Ardarroch; R. Christopher Nisbett Hamilton, Esq.; John Dalrymple, Esq.; John Cam Hobhouse, Esq., now Lord Broughton; the late Peter Frazer Tytler, Esq., the eminent historian, and one of his most valued friends, for whom he also made a portrait statue of his little daughter, and very many others.

He constantly exhibited at the Royal Academy, and his name appears in the catalogue of 1857, as contributing a bust of a lady, and one of Lord George Bentinck. In person he was of middle stature, and of a robust frame; lively in temperament, although occasionally subject to depression of spirits. He was never very sanguine, and naturally reserved and shy, which he habitually tried to conceal and carry off by a brisk and somewhat boisterous manner. No appeal was unsuccessfully made to him in any case of distress, for he was always liberal with his purse, and ready to assist any friend or deserving object in need. Generous and hospitable in his disposition, he especially cultivated the friendship and society of his own countrymen, many of whom, distinguished in letters, science, and the arts, were deeply attached to him for his genius as an artist, and his many qualities as a man.

T. L. DONALDSON.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

WHAT IS "TASTE FOR THE FINE ARTS?"

SIR,—I very much wish you to answer this question. Knowing you must have large demands upon your time, and knowing, also, that the space of the *Art-Journal* is very valuable, I should not trench upon either but for the immediate importance of my query.

I reside in Manchester, and have shared the opinion of yourself and of many others likely to understand the subject, upon the fact that this city was a peculiarly valuable mine to the artists of England. This was essentially, and is essentially, a picture-purchasing place. Liverpool had its galleries; Manchester had its collectors; Preston had its magnificent assemblages of Art, in other places were also forming accumulations of articles of Art and *vertu*; and are not all these in the county of Lancaster? Although last, is it not notorious that we have had our "Art-treasures" Exhibition? thereby establishing the grand, or perhaps I should say "great," fact, that all private evidences of taste in this region culminated in a public demonstration, that we were of all people alive to the poetic declaration that a "thing of beauty is a joy for ever."

It may not be generally known to your readers, but I think I am quite correct in stating that no district in the whole kingdom can boast (and it is something to boast of, apart from its trading character) of such caterers to Art-sympathy. We have, sir, some half-dozen dealers in works of Art and taste of unquestionable integrity, whose establishments have no parallel in Europe.

The mention of these establishments has nothing to do with the question with which I set out, only so far as it may tend to prove the claims of this locality to the possession of taste for beauty, and sympathy with objects of refinement; and I think I may now venture to suggest to your readers that this is a very fortunate neighbourhood, in so far as it relates to these questions. Such has been my opinion for a long period, though, I must say, shaken at times by untoward circumstances, and now, I declare with great sadness, utterly broken down. I must explain this to you, sir, and again ask, "What is taste for the Fine Arts?" To begin at the beginning: I get fearfully puzzled when I find models sent in for a statue to Wellington to the number of some thirty-seven—of various degrees of merit and demerit certainly—and find that unquestionably the worst is chosen. I think my faith in Manchester taste gets a shake here; but I conclude it an accident. I am puzzled again when

I find other statues required to be executed in bronze, and instead of bronze Art being employed, I find a learned committee determining to have bronze figures repeated from existing marbles—marble notoriously failing in all the conditions appropriate for bronze. Reposing in the notorious taste of Manchester, I venture to conclude that this is accident number two.

I come to the "Art-treasures Exhibition," and think now I shall arrive at firm standing ground; something here will altogether establish Manchester acumen: and what do I find. An idea of Mr. Dean (not of Manchester), accepted by Manchester gentlemen, who give to the thought just money enough to work the project, and no more! Every soul employed on the great work who was required to bring brains and intellect above a common porter, was a stranger to Manchester, although there were intellect enough, and knowledge enough in the place, to have produced a result equal, and in some respects better than that achieved. I make one exception here, and one I am proud to make, and that is in favour of the architect, Mr. Solomons; and I make it all the more emphatically, because for a time, by some inexplicable *mischance*, he was, in public recognition, sunk almost to the level of an office clerk.

This may seem an inordinately long introduction to the question wherewith I set out.

Within the last twelve or fourteen years we have had some ten or more collectors of pictures, who have, by their ventures in this way, achieved for themselves the enviable character of "men of taste." These gentlemen have become known to the leading artists of the kingdom, have visited them in their studios, have had *entrée* wherever refinement has enthroned herself. They have attended the "Academy dinners" and "private views," solely on the supposition that they had entered the ranks of connoisseurship. Their galleries have obtained a European celebrity, and they themselves have been exalted as being within the magic circle of Art. Well; this was all that could be wished, and we obtained a character as a district thereby. Of course gentlemen so exalted, gentlemen fully recognised as above the "common-dealing herd," gentlemen already rich in "filthy lucre," wanting no further addition to "this world's riches," would gladly repose in the sunshine of the fame they had attained. No; sad as it may seem, all this show of taste is a mere pinchbeck of the genuine article—it is only the clever trader lacquered over for a brief space, to come out in his genuine character as a "chapman and general huckster." One after the other of these "men of taste" have sunk their proud prerogative, and sold their collections, of course, at a considerable profit over the original cost; and now of all these refined (?) and perfect examples of taste we have not more than three left, whose property in Art will, I suppose, also "go to the hammer."

I thought, sir, that taste was an abiding love of beauty. I am clearly wrong, and ask you as a man of experience, "What is taste for Fine Art?"

Manchester, March 15. "LOVE THAT LASTS."

[We cannot answer the question our correspondent puts; but assuredly we can say what it is not. It surely is not displayed by the mere purchase of pictures to sell again at a profit, regarding them as so many bales of cotton. And it is, we fear, only in this light we can regard the liberal and munificent Art-patronage of Manchester. We have, for a long period, been apprehensive as to the "rotteness" of the foundation on which so many grand galleries and "collections" were built in this—the wealthiest and most suddenly prosperous city of modern times: and the letter of our correspondent—a gentleman thoroughly well informed on the subject—is calculated to remove all doubts from our minds. If it be a "great," it is assuredly a deplorable, "fact," that, one after another, the Art-stores gathered there are dispersed; not from misfortune, or any of the occurrences to which trade is always liable, but simply because a time has arrived when profit may be made on the acquisitions that have given celebrity, honour, and a position in society which could never have been derived merely from the produce of the mill. There has ever been much "talk" in Manchester concerning Art: we have frequently hoped, and in vain, for evidence that it was the sound and hearty proof of power to estimate, and genuine love for, the creations of intellect and industry. We are unhappily now compelled to the belief that in Manchester the collector is a mere dealer,—the patron neither more nor less than one who in Art, as in other things, buys cheap that he may sell dear, and who has as little idea of promoting any of the great objects which Art fosters and advances, as of supplying cotton goods free of cost to the ragged schools of England.]

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE SPRING-HEAD.

F. Zuccherelli, Painter. E. Brandard, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 7 ft. 5½ in. by 4 ft. 5½ in.

VISITORS to Windsor Castle will doubtless recollect that in one of the apartments—the Queen's State Drawing-room—usually thrown open to the public, are several large pictures by Zuccherelli, which were placed there during the reign of George III. The painter, Francesco Zuccherelli, on the authority of Ianzi, was born at Pitigliano, in Tuscany, in 1702; he studied first under Paolo Anesi, and at subsequent periods under G. Mario Morandi, and Pietro Nelli. In the early part of his career he applied himself to historical painting; but his natural taste led him away from this branch of art to landscapes, and in these he acquired considerable reputation both here and on the continent.

In 1752, Zuccherelli came over to England, and, meeting with much encouragement, remained here till 1773, when he returned to Italy, and settled at Florence. His residence in England had proved so far successful that he carried back with him a goodly sum of money, the produce of his talents, which he placed in the keeping of one of the monastic establishments that the Emperor Joseph II. suppressed a few years afterwards. By this unfortunate circumstance the aged painter was reduced almost to penury; and thus, at a time of life that had extended far beyond the threescore years and ten allotted to man, he was compelled to resume his labours in order to keep himself from actual want. Zuccherelli died at Florence, in 1788.

At the time of Zuccherelli's residence in England Art was just beginning to raise her head among us, and this perhaps was the chief reason why he, as well as many other foreigners, came over to seek patronage here. In the list of artists composing the first body of Royal Academicians, we find the names of several of these strangers, Zuccherelli among them, as the following statement will show; and it shows too, how small a number of artists, then deemed worthy of academical honours, have left a reputation behind them: their very names are almost forgotten, even by those who are acquainted with the Art-history of the country.

The artists who signed the memorial to George III., in 1768, praying his Majesty to give his assent to the plan of a constitution for an "Academy of Arts in London, for the purpose of cultivating and improving the arts of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture," were—Benjamin West, Francesco Zuccherelli, Nathaniel Dance, Richard Wilson, George Michael Moser, Samuel Wale, J. Baptist Cipriani, Jeremiah Meyer, Angelica Kauffmann, Charles Cotton, Francesco Bartolozzi, Francis Cotes, Edward Penny, George Barret, Paul Sandby, Richard Yeo, Mary Moser, Agostino Carlucci, William Chambers, Joseph Wilton, F. Milner Newton, Francis Hayman. These, with John Baker, Mason Chamberlain, John Gynn, Thomas Gainsborough, Dominic Serres, Peter Toms, Nathaniel Hone, Joshua Reynolds, John Richards, Thomas Sandby, George Dance, Francis Hayman, William Hoare, and John Zoffani, composed the original thirty-six Academicians: the number was not raised to forty till twelve years after, when were added Edward Burch, Richard Cosway, Joseph Nollekens, and James Barry. The names of nine foreigners appear in this list, exclusive of the American West, and of Nollekens, whom, however, we suppose we have a right to claim as our own, as he was born in London; but his parents were natives of Antwerp. There were two ladies, also, among the Royal Academicians of that day: now, neither foreigners nor ladies are considered eligible for election.

What has become of all the pictures painted by Zuccherelli while in England, we know not: with the exception of the nine in Windsor Castle, and one mentioned by Dr. Waagen, in the possession of Sir Charles Coote, "Europa and the Bull,"—which the German critic speaks of as "one of the richest and most careful specimens of this master I have ever seen,"—we have never met with or heard of any. Those which are among the heirlooms of the Crown are of a very pleasing character, but show more of the decorative than of a high class of Art.





THE SPARKS—1810

AND THE LADIES OF THE SPARKS—1810







## THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.\*

THE exhibition of this Society of Painters was opened on the 13th of March with a collection of 577 works of Art, of which a small proportion are water-colour drawings; and there is one sculptural composition. In all the notices that we see of this exhibition there is ever one remark, and it is always made in a tone of reproach,—that this collection is but an exhibition of landscape art. We have, indeed, ourselves observed that an increase of larger figure-pictures would afford an acceptable *vari-orum*; but these walls have never been without landscapes that would be high-class productions in any collection. We may believe ourselves unfortunate that our power of expression is so much more limited than our apprehension of the beautiful. If we feel the grandeur of mountains and lakes, we may also feel the sublimest fury of the ever-toiling sea; but we cannot divide ourselves between the two, and attain to the highest eminence in describing both. The artist who paints mountains and lakes alone, will paint them better than he who paints mountains and lakes and seas also; and it is only because we see, year after year, certain productions bearing the impress of minds similarly constituted, that we are disposed to challenge what we call their monotony. He who feels intensely, and expresses satisfactorily, the noontide splendours of a summer's day, does not, with the same enthusiasm and truth, describe the snowy landscape of mid-winter. Were we to see but one of these works which are considered monotonous, we should pronounce it enchanting; but we become indifferent to beauties the redundancy of which palls upon our taste. There is one feature in this society which ought to endear it to the memory of many rising painters, who may now have ungratefully forsaken it. We see there most brilliant examples of the well-directed labours of young painters—works that would be gems in any exhibition. Here they find their first abiding-place; but we observe with pain that when their authors have been helped well forward in their way, they look back on this institution, exclaiming boastfully—

"Venimus ad summum fortune; pingimus, atque Psallimus, et luctamur Achivis doctius unctis."

But to proceed to a consideration of certain of these works individually.

No. 2. 'Waiting for Fish,' W. UNDERHILL. The works of this painter present usually two estimable qualities—these are substance and effect. The composition shows a company of fish-girls, of whom one—seated, having a child with her—is a pleasing conception. The handling is less hasty than is usual with this artist, but it will yet admit of refinement.

No. 4. 'The Welsh Bridge,' C. DUKES. We make here the acquaintance of a jaunty Welsh peasant girl, whose unobjectionable personal points argue her a well-selected example of her countrywomen. The figure is well rounded, and full of buoyant vitality. She has just crossed a small stream by the rude wooden convenience, considerably called in the title a "bridge."

No. 23. 'An Old Dutch Towu,' A. MONTAGUE. The material of this composition is very similar to that frequently selected by this painter—a canal running into the picture, flanked by two lines of those ancient, dirty, and interesting buildings which we find abundantly in the Low Countries.

No. 30. 'The Cité from the Pont du Louvre,'

W. PARROTT. This were an identity, even without the foreground *limonadière*. We look, on the side of the court quarter, from a point near the bridge, which brings the lofty block of buildings on the *cité* into the centre of the picture, dominated by the twin towers of Notre Dame. The artist has preserved, with the exception of the iron bridge, the aspect of this part of Paris as it might have appeared half a century since, and brought it forward as in a bright summer day. It is not necessary to speak of the amount of labour required for the realization of such a work.

No. 35. 'An English Landscape,' H. B. GRAY. The scene is entirely English, and bears the impress of veritable locality. The harvest-field, which constitutes the near section, is an upland, whence is obtained a view terminating only in a remote and airy distance beyond a richly-wooded plain, such as we see nowhere save at home.

No. 39. 'A Song of Praise,' J. E. LAUDER. The conception is a half-length female figure, of the size of life, holding before her a book, and a lily which rests on her left shoulder. She is in some degree *embonpointée*, which vitiates the proposed sentiment. The manner of the drawing and painting is vigorous and firm.

No. 54. 'A Study of Beeches,' A. PERIGAL. The beeches and other forest-trees in this picture appear to have been painted on the spot. It is extremely difficult to paint trees so that the foliage of each individual can be defined. Here, however, this has been essayed with some success, and each tree is well maintained in its place.

No. 63. 'A Summer Shower,' C. LESLIE. A moorland scene, with a dark and menacing sky, which accords well with the aspect of the place.

No. 64. 'Easdale Tarn,' G. PETTITT. A composition of lake and mountain, rendered with tints perhaps too uniformly grey. There is, however, much beautiful feeling in many passages of the work, but particularly in the water and the description of the mountain sides.

No. 68. 'A Quiet Evening near Rye, Sussex,' G. A. WILLIAMS. The material subject occupies the left of the canvas, the shore on which the objects are distributed running to distance, and showing that the painter has taken his subject in flank. The forms are boats, houses, a windmill, and other incidents, all lying in shade, while in the sky yet lingers the light of departing day.

No. 73. 'Farm-Yard,' A. F. ROLFE. A composition of horses, poultry, and pigs, with out-buildings common to farm-houses. The animals are very carefully drawn.

No. 72. 'A Woodland Post-Office,' C. J. LEWIS. In this case of contraband correspondence, the lady, while dropping her letter into the fissure in the tree, turns round smiling, as if to court the observation of the visitor. This is scarcely as it should be; she cannot rely on the secrecy of so many confidants. Her arm is cut off by the foliage, so that it is with difficulty that we see what she is doing.

No. 78. 'Chart Lane, Dorking,' H. B. GRAY. A passage of green-lane scenery, in which the road is admirably laid down, and the trees keep their places most satisfactorily. There is an ample show of branch and foliage drawing, strongly characterised by natural truth.

No. 88. 'The Homestead,' J. F. HERRING and A. F. ROLFE. A study of horses in a straw-yard, which are drawn with Mr. Herring's usual accuracy; and not less carefully made out are the accessories.

No. 93. 'In the Highlands,' B. W. LEADER. The eye shrinks from the intense and unqualified green hue of the near vegetation in this subject, and recoils even from the importunate verdure of the sides of the mountain which rises in the centre of the view. The greens of

the foreground and that of the distance are of similar tone and hue—an assertion which cannot be maintained. But the near rocks and stones are described with marvellous reality, as are also the more distant cliffs. We cannot eulogise too highly the patient assiduity with which the whole is realised.

No. 99. 'West End of the Old Collegiate Church of St. John, Chester,' J. SWARBRECK. This subject seems to have been chosen rather for its quaintness than its pictorial quality. It has been most conscientiously studied, but it is too warm throughout.

No. 104. 'A Coast Woodland, North Devon,' H. MOORE. The subject consists of a mere strip of foreground, shut in by an immediate screen of tangled greenery, surmounted apparently by a full-blown coronal of wild honeysuckle. There are also prominently the uprooted and barked bole of a large tree, two ponies driven by a boy, and a third figure. The manner of this work is severe and uncompromising—the sky even being worked in stipple; but it would appear that it has been the study of the artist to avoid hardness.

No. 117. 'Charity,' W. UNDERHILL. The three figures here are disposed into a very effective agroupment. A mother is directing her child to give alms to an Italian boy who sits at the bottom of the garden-steps, on which the mother and child stand. There is but little show of colour, but it is masterly in chiaroscuro and firm execution.

No. 126. 'The Baron's Favourites,' J. W. HORLOR. These animals—two dogs—are well drawn, painted with breadth, and brought forward in a composition of much taste.

No. 129. 'Ffoss Noddyn, a Ravine on the Couway, North Wales,' F. W. HULME. The river flows between two all but upright walls of rock, crowned with masses of luxuriant foliage, constituting an attractive, but a difficult subject. The pool is dark and deep—just the spot for a well-grown trout. The incidental truths of the composition declare the *locale* to have been carefully studied.

No. 123. 'In the Highlands,' C. LESLIE. This picture presents a dark mountainous mass, with an equally deep foreground, in direct opposition to a twilight sky. The details in the principal quantity are so low in tone, that it may be apprehended they will be lost as the picture acquires age.

No. 133. 'Near the Head of Loch Lomond,' J. PEEL. The eye, in resting on any individual section of herbage or foliage, may see colour as green as this, but, as a whole, we have never seen in nature anything so resolutely verdant. It is a composition of lake and mountain, a large and elaborately painted picture, and with every appearance of being like the place; although the dominant colour, with an equal strength in foreground and distance, is a questionable assertion.

No. 140. 'Autumn,' A. W. WILLIAMS. The theme is illustrated by a harvest-field, whence the farmer and his assistants are hastening to cart off some portion of the crop before the black thunder-cloud overhead sheds its unwelcome largesse on the earth. The picture is broad and low in tone, broken only by a portion of light cloud towards the left.

No. 146. 'The Fisherman,' F. UNDERHILL. A large sea-side composition, containing many figures, and executed on a principle negative of colour. The very limited introductions of red are toned almost out of sight, allowing the greys and browns to relieve and support each other. It is very firmly painted throughout.

No. 150. 'Blea Tarn and Langdale Pikes,' G. PETTITT. The objects here are very judiciously brought together, and the whole is coloured in a manner brilliant, harmonious, and airy. The Tarn, with its light and dark reflections, comes well up to the foreground, and

\* We understand the council of this society has come to the resolution of having an evening exhibition during the present month, April, to allow those to visit it who have not the opportunity in the day-time.



stretches across to the base of the Pikes, the rocky and broken sides of which are described in all their characteristic infinity of detail. It is the best work that has been exhibited under this name.

No. 156. 'The Receded Tide, Port du Moulin, Sark,' J. G. NAISH. This is a large picture—a study of sea-side rocks, made out with a patient elaboration which seems to have overlooked no crack nor crevice. But in looking at the work, the eye is immediately met by a quantity of blue syennite, or soap-stone, lying in the nearest section of the base, and vying in power with the blue of the sky. This is an unpalatable truth; we submit that the picture would be improved by the omission of these intensely blue fragments. The subjects we remember to have seen hitherto exhibited by this artist, have been Nereids and Naiads.

No. 163. 'The Trysting Tree,' C. J. LEWIS. This tree is spreading, and casts a deep shade beneath, where stands a young lady, who is permitted by her ingallant lover to be the first at the place of meeting. The dispositions look in some degree artificial, but there is much sweetness in the manner of the execution.

No. 168. 'The Passing Squall—the Reenlvers and Margate in the distance,' T. S. ROBINS. These seaside "sisters" assist us at once to recognise our whereabouts. The picture is large, breezy, and full of movement.

On the three screens in this room are hung upwards of a hundred pictures of a quality much superior to the minor works that have in former years been so placed. Although many of these fully merit a detailed description, we cannot accord more than the briefest form of honourable mention to the following specialities:—No. 173, 'The Church and Manor-house, Yaverland, Isle of Wight,' W. GRAY; No. 181, 'Distant View of the Houses of Parliament,' T. J. SOPER; No. 184, 'Vale of Dedham, Essex,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; No. 185, 'Studies from Life—Spain,' R. H. MASON, consisting of eight subjects, strictly and entirely national, and worked out with the nicest elaboration; No. 192, 'A Devonshire Maid,' F. SMALLFIELD—a study of a head, the features of which are brilliant, warm, and life-like; No. 193, 'In Richmond Park,' T. J. SOPER; No. 196, 'Westdale Head, from the foot of Sty Head Pass,' Miss P. E. FAHEY; No. 198, 'Margaret,' J. BOUVIER, sen.; No. 205, 'Afternoon Service in Summer Time,' No. 213, 'A Sketch on the Sea-shore,' W. Y. BOLTON; No. 214, 'Portrait of Mrs. Hamilton,' B. R. GREEN; No. 222, 'Mrs. J. M. Stobart,' BELL SMITH—a portrait of much feminine beauty and sweetness; No. 223, 'Paul's Wharf,' J. SLEAP; No. 229, 'Valleys of Bedretto and the Ticino, from Airolo, Switzerland,' G. P. BOYCE; No. 232, 'The Fisherman's Threshold,' J. SMALLFIELD; No. 247, 'A Welsh Farm,' J. D. WINGFIELD; No. 251, 'Approaching Footsteps,' JOHN PASMORE; No. 252, 'A Scene in North Wales,' Mrs. J. W. BROWN; No. 254, 'Egyptian Hieroglyphics—a Fish out of Water,' H. S. MARKS: this "fish" is a genuine rustic, whom we find in the British Museum, vacantly wondering at the mysterious Egyptian relics; No. 255, 'The Rocky Bed of a Mountain Burn,' B. W. LEADER; No. 257, 'The Bird-trap,' C. ROSSITER; No. 258, 'Berneastle, on the Mosselle,' Mrs. W. OLIVER; No. 260, 'Near Great Meolse, Cheshire,' E. HARGITT; No. 263, 'The Lacemaker,' H. MOORE; No. 267, 'Bridgegate Row, Chester,' S. D. SWARBRECK; No. 268, 'A Summer Concert,' J. D. WINGFIELD; No. 269, 'A Study near Fontainebleau,' Mons. WAGREZ; No. 272, 'A Sketch by the Way,' F. W. HULME.

#### SECOND ROOM.

No. 278. 'Passing the Lock—Winter Sunset,' G. A. WILLIAMS. In this picture a prin-

cipal feature is the lock, whereon figures are busily employed breaking the ice to admit of the passage of the coming barge. The sun, red, and shorn of his beams, is about to sink beneath the horizon, and to this bright passage of the picture some figures stand by the lock in strong opposition. The aspect of the scene is effectively wintry.

No. 286. 'Spring Time,' J. HAYLLAR. A small but very elaborate study of a piece of wood scenery, in which the counsel of Nature has been earnestly solicited, but yet the result is in some degree flat.

No. 288. 'Winking Tapers jointly peep high from my Lady's Bower,' J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A. In this work is represented a lady seated, and looking thoughtfully through an open casement on the landscape below. It is night, and the rays of the moon light up her face with an effect proportionately powerful, as all else in the picture is entirely subservient to this result. The dress is modern, and so little departure is there from modern taste in the entire maintenance of the subject, that the figure might almost be supposed to be a portrait. It is altogether in elegant feeling.

No. 289. 'An Interior,' Mons. WAGREZ. Some Norman or Breton household—one dear old dirty apartment—all in all. But Mons. Wagrez is an epicure, not a vulgar *bon vivant*, in colour, for he limits himself to a mere *souçon* of red in the head-dress of the picturesque beldame, who sits, the life of the picture; all else being kept down to a breadth of dull and dusty middle tones.

No. 303. 'Early Morning on the Beach,' E. C. WILLIAMS. This is a large picture, describing a locality something like Hastings; as, looking from the beach, a lofty cliff rises high above the town. But the proposition of the title is realised by the effect of the morning mist, which the sun has not yet effectually dispelled. The felicitous rendering of this phase, aided by the gradations, fainter and fainter, of the row of boats, displays a perfect knowledge of what is necessary to such a description. These boats may not have been there: if they were not, the skill of the painter is the more worthy of praise.

No. 305. 'Adeline,' H. C. WHAITE. A study of a girl: a small figure, relieved by a wooded background; extremely simple, but graceful and feminine, and painted with great purity and sweetness.

No. 310. 'The Old Road to the Mill,' A. W. WILLIAMS. This old road is a piece of rough bottom, without any remarkable points to recommend it, save that it is furrowed by ruts, and broken up into those irregularities which are tolerable to no wayfarers save painters. But this artist is the St. Swithin—the most pluviose of painters. We are again under a weeping sky; it is impossible to walk into any of his freeholds without fear of getting wet.

No. 316. 'On the Dargle, Wicklow,' E. HARGITT. A shallow stream, with low weedy banks, on which are celebrated all the rank grasses and wild flowers of the Irish flora; but there is also a near screen of trees, that have about them an air of incontrovertible truth.

No. 319. 'Many Kiss the Child for the sake of the Nurse,' C. DUKES. A group more brilliant and delicate than anything we have of late seen from the hands of this artist. It may well be understood that besides the child there are but two persons—the "nurse" and a shepherd, who pays her the court of a lover. The figures are judiciously brought together, especially the mother and child.

No. 321. 'A Young Monkey,' C. ROSSITER. A small and carefully finished picture, representing a boy in a tree—charming in colour.

No. 328. 'Preparing for the Herring Season,' H. MOORE. The subject consists of boats and figures, with a section of coast scenery, a study qualified by much substantial reality.

No. 329. 'Entrance to the Grand Canal, Venice,' W. TELBIN. The view is taken from a point abreast of the Salute and the Dogana, looking up the canal. The picture has highly commendable qualities, but the innumerable versions of the subject in their endless succession are most wearisome.

No. 334. 'Christ Betrayed,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. The composition is according to the text of St. John: "Judas then, having received a band of men and officers from the chief priests and Pharisees, cometh thither with lanterns and torches and weapons. Jesus, therefore, knowing all things that should come upon him, went forth and said unto them, Whom seek ye? They answered him, Jesus of Nazareth," &c. This subject is frequently treated with an effect of torch-light; but here the torches are so subdued as to be superseded by the light of the moon, which falls effectually on the features of the disciples. The Saviour is the principal figure of the right-hand agroupment, wearing a yellow mantle over a red robe, a compromise of Christian and classic drapery, with allusions to that which is, equally, modern Arabic and the costume of the days of Abraham. But the power of the work lies in its expression, and that which is written in the features of Jesus is clearly, "Nevertheless not my will, but thine be done:" the resignation to the fulfilment of the word is most impressively set forth. The features of Judas sufficiently declare that Satan has entered into him. The thirty pieces of silver are cast at his feet, and he stands in an agony of hopeless remorse; but the figure is too heavy. Behind the Saviour are the eleven, whose heads in drawing and character are worthy of the highest eulogy. On the extreme left are the Pharisees and Jewish authorities; and those who had fallen down lie also on the left, and, being in military garb, they look as if they had been slain in battle: this is the foible of the composition. It is the most ambitious work that the artist has ever produced: it is intense in expression and powerful in colour; there is, perhaps, too much red, even according to the principle that red best supports red. The learning displayed in the lighting of these faces might silence the most fastidious critic, though the light in the sky could by no means illumine the features so strongly. We cannot help remarking that this artist always paints an effect when there is a possibility of introducing one. In this picture the eloquent discourse of perdition on the one side, and blessed resignation on the other, are enough. These capricious, beautiful lights and reflections are most captivating in the dramatic, the epic,—in anything,—but they are beneath the sacredness of the highest tone of Christian Art.

No. 341. 'A Summer's Evening on the Thames,' G. A. WILLIAMS. Whether this be a reality or a composition, the character of the Thames is strictly maintained. The picture is closed on the left by trees, but on the right opens to a distance, which is painted with a sense of justice to our atmospheric phenomena.

No. 349. 'Village Coquettes,' C. ROSSITER. These are two girls, who are drawing water at a roadside fountain, and in company with whom is a rustic youth, who seems abashed by their repartee. But the work is a proposition of colour, in which it is strikingly forcible.

No. 352. 'An Old Bridge, near Wales,' F. W. HULME. The bridge is but an insignificant quantity in the view, the interest being centered in the dark and deep rock-enclosed pool, which constitutes the picture—a most romantic spot screened on both sides by dense masses of summer foliage. The old bridge—a ruin festooned with creeping plants—spans a water-course now dry.

No. 356. 'A Rustic Group,' BELL SMITH. The composition presents a mother and her two



children; the former seated on a piece of rock, holding on her knee the younger of the latter. The elder stands by her side. The group is relieved by a background of trees, and the whole is distinguished by much sweetness of colour. No. 369, 'The Expectant,' is by the same artist. It is a single figure—that of a lady, who is seated in a contemplative attitude. This figure, in its conception and maintenance, embodies a very elegant sentiment.

No. 370. 'Pastime,' J. H. DELL. A small picture showing very skilful imitations of textures and surfaces, as of thatch, wood, and other material. Of the pastime all that we can see is a boy feeding a blackbird.

No. 371. 'Vale of Dolwyddelan,' H. C. WHAITE. We confess we know not this name, though its bearer presents himself here an artist of some taste and experience, exercising an independence of manner which he seems to have learnt in the school of nature. He is most tenacious in his foreground of every idle weed and rolling stone; but these are made a most important part of the picture. The gradations are charmingly felt, still the parts and objects are not sufficiently defined, a defect which will make it look feeble by the side of works more decidedly painted.

No. 372. 'Tendersdorf, from Andernach, on the Rhine,' J. A. HAMMERSLEY. A very sparkling picture, characteristically descriptive of Rhine scenery.

No. 383. 'A Windfall,' J. D. WATSON. A little girl carrying, with difficulty, a large piece of wood. It is very carefully executed.

No. 385. 'Tartuffe at Supper,' W. M. EGLEY. The sketch, we think, for a larger picture, which has, we believe, been exhibited elsewhere. It is an embodiment of Dorine's description of his having devoured two partridges and half a leg of mutton hashed, whereon Orgon exclaims, "Le pauvre homme!"

No. 389. 'A Mountain Stream, Westmoreland,' T. C. DIBDIN. A large picture presenting a view of a waterfall, which, with the co-incident rocks and trees, is painted with harmony of colour and firmness of touch.

No. 393. 'Where the Mosses Thrive,' B. W. LEADER. A scant stream flowing over a rocky bed shaded by a most attractive combination of branches and foliage, painted in strict reference to the reality.

## THIRD ROOM.

No. 395. 'Just Struck on the Goodwin Sands,' W. E. BATES. The unfortunate ship has heeled over on her beam-ends. The description is clearly that of a ship that has struck on a hidden shoal; her sails are in disorder, and her weather side is lashed by the dark and sullen sea. It is a broad and effective composition. Nos. 404 and 405—the former, 'On the Maes, near Dort,' and the latter, 'On Yarmouth Beach'—are also productions of much merit by the same painter.

No. 412. 'In Search of Food,' H. L. ROLFE. This is a leash of pheasants, a cock and two hens. They come out in strong relief, the ground being covered with snow. The movement of the birds is life-like.

No. 414. 'Langdale from the Pikes, Westmoreland—Windermere, and Lancaster Sands in the distance,' T. C. DIBDIN. This picture deals with certain of the grandest features of the lake district. It would be difficult to select a subject more favourable to poetic treatment: this the artist has felt, but in realising his sentiment he has in nowise transgressed the conditions of nature—the prevalence of mist and the clouds on the hill-side being natural features of this class of subject. The glimpse of distance seems to carry the eye over to Morecambe Bay.

No. 425. 'Wicklow Bridge—Irish Coast,' E. HAYES. It is low water, and the eye is

carried up the river to the distant bridge, although attracted by a brig, the prominent object of the picture, lying dry on the shingle. It is a sparkling and otherwise effective work.

No. 437. 'A Picnic, Belvoir Castle,' D. PASMORE. In the foreground of this composition a various throng is dispersed in parties, and occupied according to the best spirit of the title. We have rarely seen a painted picnic without some mischievous vulgarity or impertinent affectation, which has destroyed the tone of the thing; but the painter has succeeded in veiling any objectionable association, if such there be, in this numerous assembly. It is really a tasteful composition, very carefully painted throughout.

No. 440. 'Young Mariners,' HENRY MOORE. An eccentric piece of composition, the local material being a sea or river wall, with an almost perpendicular descent of steps, on which we find some boys intent on sailing their mimic craft. The wall, steps, and other incident, are palpable realities.

No. 446. 'The Head of Loch Lomond, looking towards Glen Falloch,' JAMES PEEL. The artist has been extremely fortunate in his subject, and he has done it ample justice. Time was when anything so green as this would have stamped its author a madman; but happily now there is some toleration for those who venture to see things as they are. This is more felicitously harmonised than the antecedent work by the same artist. We look from the hill-side, rich with all its garniture of grasses and wild-flowers, down upon the loch and the opposite crags, which rise into mountains that aspire to the clouds; and on the left the eye travels up the glen, and we wonder the while whether the laird of that ilk mingles any taste for the picturesque with his reverence for that dish of dishes, immortal cock-a-leekie. But it is a charming picture, full of that kind of truth which at once brings us face to face with nature.

No. 449. 'Gethsemane,' J. E. LAUDER, R.S.A. The subject is the agony in the garden: "And he kneeled down and prayed, saying, Father, if thou be willing, remove this cup from me: nevertheless not my will, but thine be done. And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." The Saviour is in the act of prayer, and the angel places his hands upon him as if to raise him. We see perfectly the face of the angel; but the features of Jesus are sunk in shade, and between these heads the artist invites the spectator to judge. Although so little of the face of the Saviour is visible, it must be conceded that there is written there an utter abandonment to the will of the Father; but even without this, the bowed, nay, almost prostrate attitude of the figure, speaks forth in terms of the most touching eloquence. As the picture acquires age, the *pose* will perhaps be all that will remain visible of the figure, for so deeply are the features glazed that the detail must soon be lost.

No. 458. 'The Lesson in Embroidery,' M. J. LAWLESS. The lesson is given by a nun to two girls. The figures are circumstanced in a very carefully-painted composition, resembling the interior of a nunnery.

No. 461. 'Temptation,' B. W. LEADER. We are placed here at the garden-gate of an old house, which is announced "to be let or sold." It has been so long untenanted, that a portion of the thatch is torn off; but the fruit trees, faithful to the returning summer, celebrate the season with an abundant crop, whereby an idle boy, who stands gazing through the garden-gate, may be supposed to be tempted. The variety of foliage is painted with unexceptionable truth.

No. 465. 'Repose,' CHARLES DUKES. A fisherman's wife is here seated, nursing her

sleeping child at the door of her cottage. The composition is admirably adjusted in reference to the figure; and the whole is firmly drawn, and coloured in good taste.

No. 468. 'Lyn Idwal,' H. C. WHAITE. There is but little subject here, but of what there is the most has been made. It shows simply a section of the lake, closed in by rugged walls of everlasting rock. But the sun shines there: this is an error; the sentiment of such a place is that of a melancholy solitude, wherein no sun-beam ever shone. The life of the place is a small society of crows, that have visited the shores of the lake with a view to a repast. But the artist has perhaps accomplished his intention; the rocks, with their sunlight, and the nearer sections, with their stones and herbage, are perfectly made out.

No. 472. 'Fish and Game,' H. L. ROLFE. These are a gilse and trout, a mallard, pheasant, &c., all rendered with great natural truth.

No. 476. 'Importance,' JAMES HAYLLAR. A small picture of a child,—a boy, wrapped up for a winter walk. The stippling of the face is very neat.

No. 477. 'Waiting for a Job,' H. STACEY MARKS. A small study of a navvy, he may be, relieved by a brick wall, all as elaborately wrought out as a miniature.

No. 479. 'Day-Dreams,' J. B. BURGESS. The conception is embodied in a girl with a guitar. She is presented in profile, in an attitude of which the point is not very clear, but the head is qualified by infinite sweetness.

No. 480. 'The Anio, near Subiaco,' R. S. LAUDER, R.S.A. A small picture, dark, and not exactly Poussin-like, but the record of an impression of some one of those whom we place among the old masters.

No. 481. 'The Dream after the Masked Ball,' J. A. FITZGERALD—

"We are such stuff as dreams are made of,  
And our little life is rounded with a sleep."

The dreamer is a young lady, who has cast herself on her couch, while yet dressed. Her dream conjures up gnomes, elves, sprites, and representatives of all the populations of "faerie;" but the chief incident of the vision has reference to a dame and cavalier, who represent herself and him on whom her thoughts most dwell. The vein of ideality pervading the work is equalled only by its colour and neat execution.

No. 485. 'Waiting for the Ice-Carts,' F. SMALLFIELD. Principally a standing figure, with an ice-paddle over his shoulder: small—a miniature of exquisite finish.

No. 498. 'Queen Mary's Closet, adjoining her Bedchamber, Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh,' S. D. SWARBRECK. This is the room in which Rizzio was slain: it is very like the place, and, with the exception of one or two qualifications by the artist, remains nearly, we are told, as Queen Mary left it. The wainscots and other surfaces are most happily imitated.

No. 503. 'Monte Cenere and the Valley of the Ticino, looking towards Bellinzona,' JOHN BELL. So full of picturesque material as to look almost like a redundant composition; but we believe that the work faithfully pictures the district comprehending the northern extremity of the Lago Maggiore, and the Convent of the Madonna del Sasso, above Locarno, the birth-place of Luini, the pupil of Leonardo da Vinci, who is introduced to us here painting from figures in the open air.

No. 507. 'Resting by the Way,' J. O. BANKS. A well-executed study of a girl with a water-jar.

No. 510. 'Autumn,' SIDNEY R. PERCY. In the colouring employed in this work there is a great power of descriptive language—its mellow harmonies are not an exaggerated imitation of the dress in which Nature appears to us at



this season,—the painter listens to his best tutor:—

"And from a beaker full of richest dyes  
Has poured new glories on the autumn woods."

No. 513. 'The Land's End, Cornwall,' J. S. ROBINS. This is a large picture, containing, as a principal quantity, on the right of the composition, masses of those rocks for which the coast of Cornwall is remarkable; the left opens to the sea, which a tempest rolls in, in volumes that only such ramparts could resist. A gallant ship is cast on the rocks; some of the crew have already perished, others can have no hope of rescue—such is the story. Passages of the work are, of course, skilfully rendered, but as a whole it wants effect.

No. 514. 'Evening—a Farm at Wargrave,' W. S. ROSE. Simply a farm-house, trees, a pond, and minor accessories, brought together with infinite sweetness.

No. 515. 'Boats off Grays, Essex,' J. MEADOWS, sen. A composition of coasters and in-shore craft, executed in a manner that shows knowledge of this class of subject.

No. 517. 'Rue de l'Horloge, Auxerre, France,' J. S. WOOD. To these commonplace buildings much interest is given by the colour and effect under which they are introduced. The two following numbers, respectively entitled—'Rue au Change, Rouen,' and 'Portrait de la Cour, Auxerre,' are by the same artist, and partake of the same good qualities.

No. 521. 'A Rustic Child,' J. D. WATSON. A study of a little boy: the head is a good subject, and has received justice in its delineation here; but it is to be regretted that the figure does not come at all forward from the background.

No. 528. 'The Pet,' J. O. BANKS. The favourite is a kitten, which a girl is foudling while it laps some milk. The figure, and the portion of the interior in which it is circumstanced, are made out with much precision.

No. 532. 'The Landlady's Daughter,' J. BOWLES. She is introduced in profile—a small figure, carrying a jug on a tray; her yellow gown and quilted petticoat are most successfully dealt with—a very agreeable little picture.

No. 536. 'Hawthorn Gathering,' C. J. LEWIS. This seems to be a small version of the picture in the British Institution.

No. 537. 'The Secret Witness,' D. PASMORE. The force and interest of this picture lie in the description of the ancient apartment in which we find the "secret witness"—a woman standing behind a lady who is deeply engaged in penning an epistle. The design of the room, and its ancient appointments and furniture, and the manner in which they are painted, are worthy of all praise.

No. 540. 'Nesters,' J. H. DELL. The title is applied to two boys who have taken a nest with young birds, which are gaping to be fed. The subject is not agreeable, but the utmost diligence has been used in working it out.

No. 543. 'Painting from Nature out-of-doors,' J. MORTON. We see here an artist who has sat down in some remote village, before a clean canvas, to work his will on the surrounding objects; but he is at once hemmed in by the rude natives, who look upon him with the same curiosity that the Brobdingnagians surveyed Gulliver. There is much pleasantry in the anecdote, but the manner wants refinement.

Year by year, we have watched the progress of this institution with much interest, and each year we have had something favourable to say of it. Yet the real value of the exhibition must not be judged by the merits of the mass of pilgrims who may once hang up here their blurred and blotted insignia, on their way to that gulf of oblivion which has already closed over countless masses of mediocrity, but as a republic where all may claim the rights of citizenship.

## EXHIBITION IN THE FRENCH GALLERY.

THE agreeable and convenient little exhibition-room in Pall Mall, known as the French Gallery, has been lately occupied by a highly interesting group of works of Art, which has been formed there by Messrs. Colnaghi. The particular object of this exhibition has been to submit to the public three pictures, from which engravings have just been published, or are now in preparation, by the able and enterprising firm that we have named. This practice of introducing an engraving by exhibiting the picture of which it is the popular translation is becoming general, as well in our provincial cities and towns as in the metropolis; and we can readily understand upon what principles such a practice should secure the public favour. People like to see the pictures which live again in engravings; they like to compare the engraving with the original, and thus the engraving attains to a peculiar interest through the power of association. Besides, in London, it is always a boon to be able to study a good picture without the glare, and crowding, and excitement of a regular exhibition; and in the provinces good pictures, which have achieved a metropolitan reputation, are sure to command the welcome that is ever afforded to strangers of distinction.

Messrs. Colnaghi's present exhibition has been decidedly popular; and its popularity was well deserved. Of the three pictures exhibited, the first that attracted the attention was Winterhalter's great portrait-group of the Empress of the French, surrounded by the ladies of her court, that was painted for the Paris Exhibition, of which it formed at once a principal attraction and a distinguished ornament. The imperial lady, with her attendants, are seated in the open air, in a garden, beneath noble trees, and they are chiefly occupied with forming bouquets of flowers. The figures, nine in number, are of life-size, and they have been painted with singular felicity. The pensive, yet most expressive beauty of the Empress is admirably rendered; the varied expression of the other ladies is no less happily conveyed, and the whole group is distinguished by that life-like ease and movement which, when combined with consistent repose, constitute a great picture. The costumes, perhaps, are too much elaborated, and their details too clearly defined, and somewhat too dramatic in their treatment; but these are faults which might have been expected. The want of that subtle rendering of the atmosphere which tones down sharpness of outline, without in the slightest degree tampering with the most minute fidelity, is more to be regretted; and the thinness of the colouring, a characteristic of the artist, is seriously felt. But whatever drawbacks there may be from the perfection of the picture, the large lithograph after it by Noël Leon must be pronounced the most perfect production of its class that we have ever seen. It is the very highest effort that lithography can achieve. True to the picture, it is itself an independent creation. This lithograph is exhibited both as it leaves the stone and coloured. The colouring, executed in Paris, is very clever, but we prefer the lithograph pure and simple. This fine engraving will be sure to command an extended sale in this country; and its reception amongst us will not fail, we trust, to be regarded as a graceful expression of our goodwill towards both the French people and the Emperor Louis Napoleon. Let us not omit to notice the agreeable circumstance that one of the fairest ornaments of the group is a lady who, by birth, is a countrywoman of our own—the beautiful and wealthy Marchioness de las Marismas, once Miss Maedonald.

The second picture, by the same artist, is a three-quarter-length portrait of our own Princess Royal, in her bridal dress. The picture is the property of the Queen, and it has been most graciously lent by Her Majesty for exhibition. The likeness of the royal bride is excellent, though the whole figure is cast in somewhat too mature a mould. The colouring, however, is far from being agreeable—the dress is the coldest grey, and the flesh-tints vary but little from a uniformly dull and heavy red. The engraving, in the line manner, by Cousens, is worthy of that distinguished artist, and it will find a place in collections no less from its intrinsic excellence than

because it conveys so pleasing an image of the eldest daughter of England.

Mr. Barker completes the group with his large picture of the Evacuation of Kars. The mountain scenery, the distant city, the costumes, and all the details of the weapons and other accessories have been studied with the most patient carefulness, under the personal superintendence and direction of Dr. Sandwith, with whose name the memorable defence of Kars will always be most honourably associated. The result is, that the most exact fidelity has been obtained throughout the work, which is of large size. The composition and treatment of the subject are truly admirable. "Williams Pasha," that "no end of a man," as the Turks characteristically styled him, rides slowly with his officers from the scene of his noble and enduring gallantry: around him are groups of the citizens and mountaineers, with some Turkish officers and soldiers. No one can fail to feel the sentiment of the whole at the first glance. And, as you gaze upon the canvas, and study each face and figure, the vivid and feeling truthfulness of historical art tells powerfully upon the mind. The picture also is as good as it is truthful; we know no higher commendation. This fine work is to be forthwith engraved on a large scale.

A copy of the etching from the plate of Mr. Barker's "Allied Generals before Sebastopol" was also exhibited, and it promises well.

Messrs. Colnaghi have, in addition to the foregoing works, placed in the room copies of a very interesting photograph of the Royal Family at Osborne, and of another photograph of the Bridesmaids of the Princess Royal. Copies of both are for sale. We can understand the public desiring to possess the former, but our respect for the Princess Royal, and our warm regard for bridesmaids in general, and for these bridesmaids in particular, prevent our saying more about the second photograph than that we rejoice to know that but few copies of it have been sought for. It is indeed an unfortunate mistake, and the sooner it is withdrawn the greater the compliment, both to royal bride and noble maidens.

## CITY FINE-ART GALLERY.

WITHOUT the assistance either of Captain Fowke himself, or of his useful little treatise on the construction and arrangement of picture galleries, Messrs. Leggatt, the well-known printsellers, have succeeded in producing, near their own establishment in Cornhill, a gallery for the exhibition of works of Art, which will endure the test of the most rigid criticism. The gallery which, after passing through a strangely diversified career, has at length attained to its proper application, measures sixty feet in length and thirty feet in width, and in height it is twenty feet from the floor to the cornice. The light is admitted from above through ground glass, which is so arranged as to form a low-arched vault that covers the greater part of the area of the gallery. Two clusters of sun-light gas-burners provide an artificial light of the most appropriate character; and both the artificial and the natural light is so happily suffused throughout the gallery that, hang a picture where you will, it is sure to be in a good light. The combination of the gas with the afternoon daylight produces a rich glow of apparent sunshine, that tells upon the works of Art with a truly splendid effect. The same judicious care that has formed the glass vaulting so successfully, has extended its action to every detail in the arrangements and fittings of the gallery. The system of ventilation, the purple-crimson hue and the consistent pattern of the paper that covers the walls, the colour of the draperies that divide the gallery into two principal compartments and are adjusted about some of the pictures, and the agroupment of the works that are exhibited—all alike demand from us a strong expression of unqualified approbation. Most cordially do we congratulate the city on the acquisition of so admirable a Fine-Art gallery; and most heartily do we rejoice to know that the spirited projectors of this gallery are already beginning to learn that their enterprise is duly appreciated. The pictures now being exhibited are chiefly the works of French artists, and the greater number of them are old and much-valued friends.

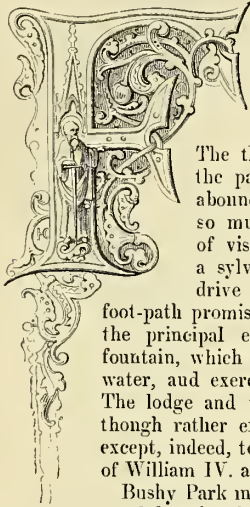


## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XVI.



FROM the "Maze," at Hampton Court, we cross over the Kingston Road into Bushy Park, passing through a cluster of hotels, lodging-houses, and private residences. Famous are the horse-chestnuts and thorn-trees of Bushy, but their fame has done them no more than justice.

The thorns are supposed to have given its name to the park. The fern here is picturesque, and the deer abound on every side. Some of them are very tame; so much so, that they will even eat from the hands of visitors who, in the summer season, assemble for a sylvan repast beneath the trees. There is a public drive across the park to Teddington, and more than one

foot-path promises a delightful walk to the pedestrian. Opposite the principal entrance, in the great avenue, is the "Diana" fountain, which stands in the midst of a large circular piece of water, and exercises its vocation after a very agreeable manner. The lodge and the stables of Bushy are separate buildings, and though rather extensive, they do not claim any special notice,—except, indeed, to state that the former was the favourite residence of William IV. and good Queen Adelaide.

Bushy Park must be regarded as forming an integral part of the royal domain of Hampton Court. Having traversed its pathways, and rested in the shade of its trees, we retrace our steps to the palace, and returning through its courts to the river where our boat awaits us, we set forth on our voyage downward. The first object that attracts our notice is the junction of the "silent Mole" with the waters of the Thames. This tributary, itself produced by the union of a numerous series of small streams and brooks, some of which rise in Sussex and others in Surrey, assumes the importance of a river near Reigate, in the latter county, from whence its course lies in a north-westerly direction. Winding amidst the lovely scenery of central Surrey, the Mole flows on past Dorking, Leatherhead, and Cobham; and then, taking its leave of bold hills and rich woods and ancestral mansions, it hastens through the flat region of the Moleseys towards the Thames. Much has been written, both in poetry and prose, upon the Mole, and many are the landscapes that other artists besides Witherington have painted near its tranquil waters. As late as the times of the lordly builder of Hampton Court known as the "Emley," this river has both changed its name and acquired its celebrity, from the singular circumstances that attend its career in the neighbourhood of Box Hill and Norbury Park. Here the bed of the stream is composed of a very porous earth, in which, at some little depth below the surface, many cavernous hollows are supposed to have been formed. In ordinary seasons the supply of water is sufficient, as well to fill these hidden recesses as to maintain the stream itself at its ordinary level: not so, however, in any time of drought; then the stream fails, and for some distance the channel is dry, with the exception of here and there a standing pool. Near the bridge at Thorneroff the ground again becomes solid, and here accordingly the exhausted river rises in a strong spring, and resumes its original condition. As it will be readily supposed, this singular interruption to the course of the Mole gave rise, at early periods, to a variety of marvellous legends. Old Camden does not fail to give his version of the wonder, and, according to him, the Mole at Box Hill absolutely leaves the surface of the earth for a while in order to traverse a dark and subterranean channel, arched out for its reception, and for some hidden purpose, by the great engineer, Nature. We may add, that at Wey-pool, in the "porous" region, the river has hollowed out a basin about thirty feet in diameter, in which the curious process of its absorption may be observed.

Having passed the confluence of the Mole with the Thames, our boat sweeps by the palace gardens, and we glide swiftly along between the Home Park and the pretty village of Thames Ditton. Once again we find ourselves amidst a flotilla of punts, and great is the amount of serious fishing that we observe to be going on. On our right some small willow-bearing islands attract our notice, and we learn that these are spots famous in the history of Thames picnic parties—so famous, indeed, that during the summer season they vie with Bushy Park itself as the scene of much happy and harmless enjoyment of this description. We pass the islands, and land on the Surrey bank of the river, with the view of improving our acquaintance with Ditton. In the Domesday Book it is stated that "Wadard holds of the Bishop (of Bayeux) Ditone, in the hundred of Kingstone;" and it included the rich manors of Cleygate and Weston—the former belonging to the abbots of Westminster, the latter to the nuns of Barking. The church is "of remote origin, but has been greatly altered at different times, and enlarged by additional erections." It contains some remarkable tombs and brasses, most of them of a late period. Our print exhibits the long famous inn, "THE SWAN;" the stately mansion—"Boyle Farm"—being the residence of Lord St. Leonards. "The Swan" is, as we have said, "famous," but only in the records of the angler: time out of mind, Thames Ditton has been in favour with the punt-fisher, not alone because sport was always abundant there,—its pretty aits, close beds of rushes, and overhanging osiers being nurseries of fish,—but because the river is especially charming "hereabouts," and there are many associations connected with the fair scenery that greatly augment its interest to those who enjoy the recreation of the "contemplative man." All anglers, therefore, are familiar with the pleasures to be found in this quiet and attractive nook of the Thames. Our own

memory recalls to us a day we cannot soon forget: it was passed in a punt with Theodore Hook—a lover of the gentle art, as many have been to whom "society" and the gaieties of life were necessities. Hook was in strong health at that time—it was in the year 1834; the fountain of his wit was in full and uninterrupted flow; it is not difficult to imagine, therefore, the stores of incident and humour, that were opened up between the first cast of the plummet into the stream, and the winding up of the reel when the declining light gave notice that refreshment was provided at "the Swan."\*

As a fishing station, Ditton has lost some of its ancient fame; and the inn had fallen also from its "high estate:" latterly, however, it has been considerably "brushed up;" the landlord and landlady seem very attentive to



THE SWAN AT DITTON.

their guests; the rooms are remarkably clean and neatly furnished, and anglers may again enjoy there the quiet comfort which ought to succeed a day of pleasant toil.† Moreover, there are several good and experienced fishermen at Ditton; and punts as well as row-boats may be generally obtained.

There is little to attract the voyager between Ditton and Kingston; the banks of the river are on both sides low, generally bordered with rushes, with occasional aits, on which grow the "sallys" which supply so many of the basket-makers of London. We have therefore leisure here to consider some of the wild flowers of the water, of which we shall soon lose sight, for we are approaching the "roads," from which they have been driven by the "higher state of cultivation."

\* On that occasion Mr. Hook produced some lines, which we believe are little known, and were not published with his name; we therefore reprint them from the *New Monthly Magazine* (then edited by Mr. S. C. Hall) for July, 1834, in which they were printed. They were composed in the punt, and afterwards written down: it is needless to refer to Mr. Hook's wonderful facility in improvising verse.

"When sultry suns and dusty streets  
Proclaim town's winter season,  
And rural scenes and cool retreats  
Sound something like high treason—  
I steal away to shades serene,  
Which yet no bard has hit on,  
And change the bustling, heartless scene  
For quietude and DITTON.

"Here lawyers, free from legal toils,  
And peers, released from duty,  
Enjoy at once kind Nature's smiles,  
And eke the smiles of beauty;  
Beauty with talent brightly graced.  
Whose name must not be written,  
The idol of the fane, is placed  
Within the shades of DITTON.

"Let lofty mansions great men keep—  
I have no wish to rob 'em—  
Not courtly Claremont, Esher's steep,  
Nor Squire Combe's at Cobham.  
Sir Hobhouse has a mansion rare,  
A large red house, at Whitton,  
But Cam with Thames I can't compare,  
Nor Whitton class with DITTON.

"I'd rather live, like General Moore,  
In one of the pavilions  
Which stand upon the other shore,  
Than be the king of millions;

For though no subjects might arise  
To exercise my wit on,  
From morn till night I'd feast my eyes  
By gazing at sweet DITTON.

"The mighty queen whom Cydnus bore,  
In gold and purple floated,  
But happier I, when near this shore,  
Although more humbly boated.  
Give me a punt, a rod, a line,  
A snug arm-chair to sit on,  
Some well-iced punch, and weather fine,  
And let me fish at DITTON.

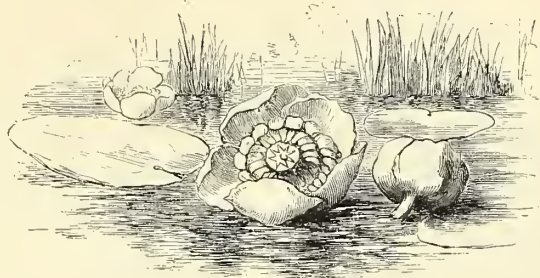
"The 'Swan,' snug inn, good fare affords  
As table d'er was put on,  
And worthier quite of loftier boards  
Its poultry, fish, and mutton:  
And while sound wine mine host supplies,  
With beer of Meux or Tritton,  
Mine hostess, with her bright blue eyes,  
Invites to stay at DITTON.

"Here, in a placid waking dream,  
I'm free from worldly troubles,  
Calm as the rippling silver stream  
That in the sun-hine bubbles;  
And when sweet Eden's blissful bowers  
Some abler bard has writ on,  
Despairing to transcend his powers,  
I'll ditto say for DITTON."

† Esher is about two miles from Thames Ditton; but those who voyage the Thames will surely pay a visit to this village, charming for its scenery, and deeply interesting from its associations. It was anciently named *Aissele* (so in Domesday), *Aissele*, and *Ashel*. William Waynflete, who held the see of Winchester from 1447 to 1462, built a stately mansion of red brick on the borders of the Mole, and it became the episcopal residence. It was repaired and partially rebuilt by Cardinal Wolsey; and of this erection the gatehouse yet remains, a striking object on the banks of the pleasant river. In this neighbourhood is also Claremont, so sadly connected with the brief history of the Princess Charlotte, who died here on the 6th November, 1817. It is now the property of his Majesty the King of the Belgians. Here too resided the unhappy Lord Clive, of whom parliament pronounced that he rendered "great and important service to his country." The house is plain, but the grounds are exceedingly beautiful, and are kept with much care. In the church at Esher are interred Anna Maria Porter and her mother, who resided many years in a small cottage in the village. At Thames Ditton, too, William and Mary Howitt lived in one of the many pretty and graceful "home-dwellings" that abound in this vicinity.

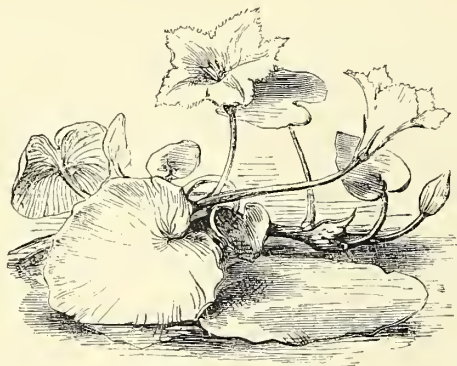


The neighbourhood from Staines to Twickenham is rich in aquatic vegetation, both as regards the number of species and the prodigal luxuriance of their growth: in one small still pool, a few yards in extent, intercepted from the stream by a narrow strip of beach, we found in flower at one time specimens of the noble White and the Yellow Water-lilies, the beautiful Fringed Villarsia, or Yellow Buckbean, the delicate Frogbit, the Arrow-head in fine blossom, the Purple and the Yellow Loosestrife; and on the bank the fine bold foliage of the Water-dock, Wild Teasel, Reeds, and many of the minor or less remarkable species that create the wealth of a river Flora. It was delightful to the eye and mind of the poet, painter, botanist, or the simple lover of nature. Several of these plants we have already pictured as they have occurred in the course of our tour; we may here describe two or three not hitherto noticed.



YELLOW WATER-LILY.

The Yellow Water-lily (*Naphar lutea*), which is so constantly found in company with its fairer sister, the White Lily, though indeed it cannot rival the latter in size and beauty, produces by its contrast of colour a charming effect. These two together stud the river with silver and gold, giving an almost tropical luxuriance to the still nooks which are their favourite haunts, and where they develop themselves in full glory. The structure of the Yellow Lily is extremely curious on a close examination, which shows a very complicated and ornamental arrangement of the interior parts round a central object, the seed-vessel, which in shape bears a resemblance to a flagon or bottle; and this circumstance, in conjunction with the flower emitting a decidedly spirituous odour, has given rise to its having received, in the provinces, the Bæchalian cognomen of "Brandy-bottle."



YELLOW BUCKBEAN.

There is another yellow flower that, at a little distance, bears a close resemblance to the last, but, on a nearer inspection, is found to be very distinct; this is the *Villarsia nymphoides*, or Yellow Buckbean, generally spoken of by botanists as a great rarity: it may probably be so in most localities, for we have never met with it excepting in the Thames from Windsor downwards, where in some parts we found it growing in rich profusion. The leaves are very like those of the Water-lily in shape and texture, though smaller; and they float in a similar way on the surface of the water, above which rise the bright yellow blossoms, of a graceful contour; the petals being edged with a delicately-cut fringe, which gives to the flower a peculiar elegance. This is one of the numerous native "aquatics" that are worthy of cultivation by every possessor of an ornamental water; or it might be easily grown within the limits of an indoor tank or aquarium, the culture being extremely easy.



WILD TEASEL.

What a striking appearance the Wild Teasel (*Dipsacus sylvestris*) makes, rearing its erect form above the humbler herbage, and crowned with those curious bristling heads which, in the early part of the year, are clothed with diminutive lilac flowers, and later in the season form the receptacle of the seeds. This handsome plant is interesting also as

being closely allied to the Fuller's Teasel, so largely employed in the preparation of woollen cloths,—if, indeed, the two plants are not, as some botanists suppose, varieties of the same species modified by cultivation and difference of soil, which in one develops the delicate hooks to which the Fuller's Teasel owes its efficacy, and for which no artificial substitute has yet been found. It appears the heads are fixed on to the circumference of a large broad wheel, which is set in motion, and the cloth is held against them till the action of the crooked awns has sufficiently raised the nap. The Teasel is of sufficient commercial importance to be cultivated in fields as a regular crop in the west of England, and also in some parts of Essex, but especially in Yorkshire—that county having of late years taken the lead in the manufacture of woollen cloths.

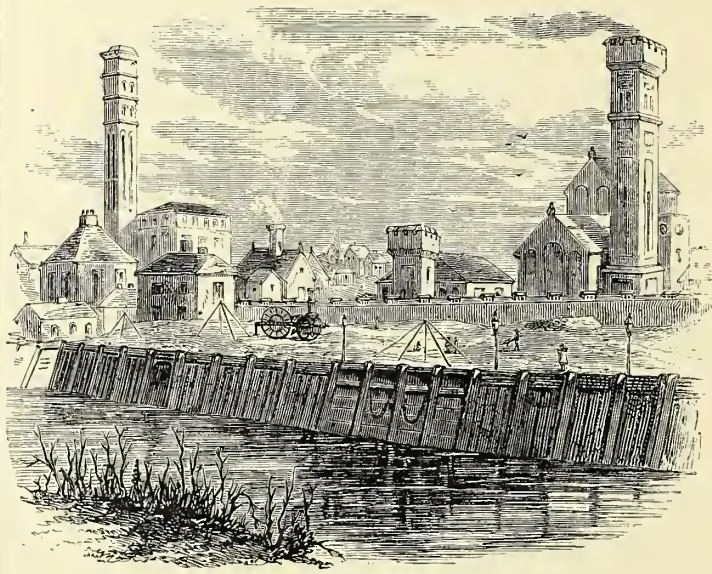
Among the insect tribes, too, we meet with a variety of interesting objects, the water-side vegetation being a favourite haunt of numerous species, who there find abundance of food and shelter: many have presented themselves to our notice during our rambles; but want of space has prevented our figuring or describing more than a very small proportion of them. Here, on a burdock leaf, its usual habitation, we found that curious and pretty little insect, the Green Tortoise-beetle (*Cassida equestris*). In appearance it really very much resembles a miniature tortoise, the upper part of the body being expanded into a shield which conceals the feet and head. But it is in the grub state that its habits are most singular, the tail being provided with a forked appendage, upon which the creature heaps a mass of extraneous matter, so that it carries about with it an artificial canopy that answers the purpose of defence and concealment.



GREEN TORTOISE BEETLE.

These pauses in voyaging the Thames are always full of interest; instructive also, no matter what may be the object for which we "step ashore."

As we approach Kingston, we pass the new buildings of the company which supplies with water the Surrey side of London. The edifices themselves are by no means picturesque; nevertheless, as objects that cannot fail to attract the eye of all voyagers, we have thought it well to engrave them. The locality



WATER-WORKS: SEETHING WELLS.

in which they are placed is called "Seething Wells;" and they are "The Chelsea and Lambeth Water-works." \*

For the following detailed analysis of the Thames water, at Kingston, we are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Henry Witt, F. C. S., Assistant Chemist to the Government School of Mines:—

	Grains in the Imperial Gallon.
Sulphate of Lime . . . . .	4.506
Carbonate of Lime . . . . .	9.616
Carbonate of Magnesia . . . . .	0.970
Chloride of Sodium (common salt) . . . . .	1.661
Chloride of Potassium . . . . .	trace
Carbonate of Soda . . . . .	1.950
Organic matter . . . . .	1.631
Suspended clay . . . . .	3.603
Carbonate of Ammonia . . . . .	0.0034

Total . . . . . 22.9404

But the composition of the water varies at different seasons of the year. The following represents the average composition at Kingston, as deduced

\* "The hot spring at Seething Wells was once thought an almost infallible remedy in certain cases of ophthalmia."



from a large number of analyses, made by Mr. Witt, throughout the year 1856:—

	Grains in the Gallon.		
	Maximum.	Minimum.	Mean.
Total impurity . . . .	28.148	18.37	23.488
Suspended matter . . . .	4.41	1.17	3.034
Organic matter . . . .	1.63	0.55	1.050
Dissolved Salt . . . .	22.108	16.65	19.404
Common Salt . . . .	3.87	2.065	2.633
Lime . . . .	10.91	6.487	7.884

These analyses show how excellent in quality is the water now supplied to London from Kingston, or rather Thames Ditton, by the Chelsea and Lambeth Water Companies.

The shallow wells of London cannot but be condemned as drinking waters, on account of their almost invariable contamination with sewage. The deep wells which sink into the chalk are inconveniently hard, but the Thames water at Kingston is sufficiently free from organic matter to be perfectly wholesome as a beverage, and sufficiently soft not to give rise to serious inconvenience on that account.

The water is pumped into large subsiding reservoirs; whence, after remaining about six hours, it passes on to the filters. These are large beds of sand, gravel, &c., through which the water passes at the rate of about 6½ gallons per square foot per hour.

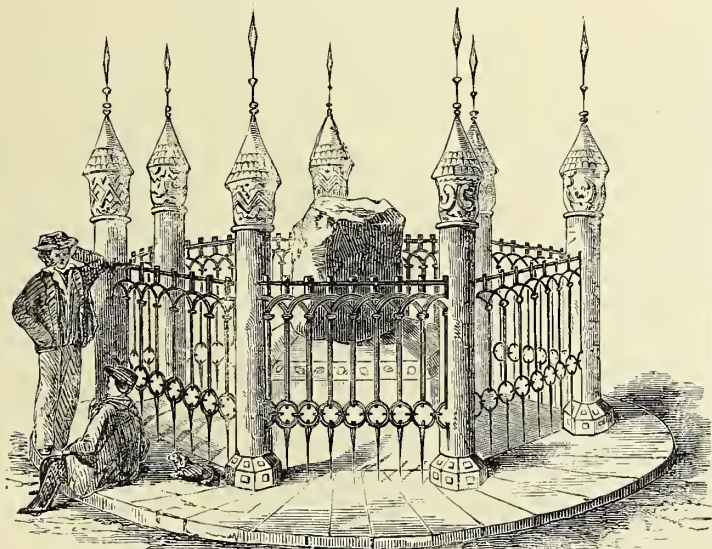
The filters are composed of the following strata in a descending order:—

No.	Feet.	Inches.
1. Fine sand . . . . .	2	6
2. Coarser ditto . . . . .	1	0
3. Shells . . . . .	0	6
4. Fine gravel . . . . .	0	3
5. Coarse gravel . . . . .	3	3

After complete filtration, the purified water is pumped up to a covered reservoir on Putney Heath, whence it descends by gravitation to London, passing over the river in two iron tubes, supported by a new bridge, recently erected for the purpose, between Putney and Fulham.

The two new subsiding reservoirs comprise an area of three acres, and are each capable of containing ten million gallons of water. The two filter-beds adjoining comprise an area of two acres, and are each capable of filtering ten million gallons in twenty-four hours. The two high level covered reservoirs on Putney Heath, are two and a-half acres in extent, and hold twenty feet deep of water. They command a service of 170 feet above Trinity high-water. The aggregate nominal engine power, employed in pumping, is 700 horses. The average quantity of water pumped daily is about 6,900,000 gallons.

Kingston is among the oldest of English towns; and is said to have been "the metropolis of the Anglo-Saxon kings:" certainly it was a famous place when the Romans found and conquered the Britons in this locality: there are indeed arguments for believing that the "ford" which Caesar crossed was here, and not at Walton; and indications of barrows, fosses, and ramparts of Roman origin, are to be found in many places in the neighbourhood. It is more than probable that a bridge was constructed by the Romans here, and that a fortress was erected for its protection. The Saxons followed in due course, and here they had many contests with their enemies the Danes; but A.D. 838, Egbert convened at Kingston an assembly of ecclesiastics and nobles in council,\* and here, undoubtedly, many of the Saxon kings were crowned:



THE KING'S STONE.

"The townish men," says Leland, "have certain knowledge that a few kings were crowned there afore the Conquest." Its first charter was from King John, and many succeeding sovereigns accorded to it various grants and immunities. During the war between Charles I. and the Parliament, Kingston was

\* "This record, in which the town is called 'Kynningestun, famosa illa locus,' destroys the supposition that it did not receive that appellation till the reign of King Athelstan; and proves that it was a royal residence, or at least a royal demesne, as early as the union of the Saxon heptarchy."—*Lysons*.

the scene of several "fights," being always on the side of the king. The town is now populous and flourishing, although without manufactures of any kind. Since the establishment of a railway, villa residences have largely increased in the neighbourhood; and the two suburbs, Surbiton and Norbiton, are pretty and densely crowded villages of good houses. The church has suffered much from mutilation and restoration; it is a spacious structure, and was erected about the middle of the fourteenth century, on the site of an earlier edifice. Amongst the monuments is a fine brass, to a civilian and his wife, of the year 1437.† Of existing antiquities there are but few: county historians, however, point out the sites of the ancient Saxon palace, "the castle," the Jews' quarter, and the Roman town, Tamesa; and the game of "foot-ball," it is said, is still practised by the inhabitants on Shrove Tuesday, in commemoration of one of the feats of their ancestors, by whom the head of a king-assassin was "kicked" about the Saxon town. But perhaps the most interesting object now to be found in Kingston is "THE KING'S STONE." It had long remained neglected, though not unknown, among disregarded heaps of *débris* in "the new court-yard," when it occurred to some zealous and intelligent antiquaries that so venerable a relic of remote ages was entitled to some show of respect. It was consequently removed from its degraded position, planted in the centre of the town, and enclosed by a "suitable" iron railing. It is now, therefore, duly and properly honoured, as may be seen by the engraving.†



KINGSTON BRIDGE.

KINGSTON BRIDGE, to which we now conduct the tourist, is a convenient and graceful structure, erected from the design of M. Lapidge, and opened, in 1828, by the Earl of Liverpool, then high steward of the borough. \* It took the place of an ancient wooden bridge, the successor, it is said, of one which the Saxons built to replace that which the Romans had constructed.

And so we leave Kingston, looking back upon the pleasant and prosperous town, pursuing our course downward between low banks, with here and there a mansion of note, but meeting nothing for comment until we approach Teddington; its "lock" being the last—or, more properly, the *first*—look on the Thames.

Before we visit Teddington, however, we ask the reader's permission to introduce one of those sketches, with which we seek to vary our descriptive details.

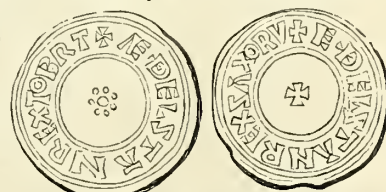
When Gilbert Golding—who was considered at that time as "smart a lad" as ever dipped oar in the waters of the Thames—married Fanny Meadows, every one said he had caught a Tartar—that is, every one who did not incline to the other belief, that a Tartar had caught him! At all events, they were married

\* It is to the memory of Robert Skerne, of Kingston, and Joan, his wife; she was the daughter of the celebrated Alice Pierce or Perrers, mistress to Edward III., and afterwards wife to Sir William de Wyndesore. This brass abounds with beautiful details of costume, and records the day and year of Robert's death:—

"May he in heaven rejoice who lived on earth sincere,  
Who died upon the fourth of April, in the year  
Of Christ, one thousand twenty score and thirty-seven."

† The stone formerly used to stand near the church door, and was from time immemorial regarded as that upon which the Saxon Kings of Wessex were inaugurated according to the old Teutonic custom,—a custom long prevalent in Germany and the northern nations, and still adopted in the coronation of the sovereigns of England, the old sacred stone of Seone, on which the Scottish kings were inaugurated, having been brought from thence by Edward I., in 1296, and placed beneath the seat where it still remains. Kingston is expressly mentioned, in a charter of King Edred, A.D. 946, as the royal town where consecration is accustomed to be performed. Speed records the coronation of nine sovereigns here, the first was Athelstan, by Aldhelm, Archbishop of Canterbury, A.D. 924, followed by his brothers Edmund and Edred; then came Edgar, Edward the Martyr, his brother Ethelred II. and Edmund II., in A.D. 1016. Two intervening kings, Edward the Elder, and Edwy, are stated by the same author to have been also crowned here, but this is more conjectural than strictly historic. Some writers have deduced the name of the town from the stone, thus—King's-stone; but the proper derivation is from "the Royal Town"—the King's Town of the Saxons.

Athelstan, the first of the Saxon kings crowned at Kingston, was the first of the race who placed on their coins the title of King of all England. The various kingdoms of the heptarchy had by this time been consolidated, but he never actually possessed the whole kingdom. We engrave two specimens of his silver pennies, on one of which he is styled "Athelstan Rex Saxorum," and on the other, "Athelstan Rex totius Britanniae:" both inscriptions are in an abbreviated form.





in the church of Teddington: Gilbert a tall, lithe, graceful youth of twenty-one; Fanny, a short, strong, thick-armed woman of thirty. Gilbert, fresh and fair, looked younger than he was: Fanny, dark and sallow, seemed older. Gilbert had a soft, low voice, that went whispering amongst the reeds and water-plants, like the breath of a south-wind: Fanny's voice was keen and sharp as a north-wester. Gilbert was a "beau" in his way; his braces, embroidered after a criss-cross, quaint fashion, in scarlet worsted, were bright on his striped shirt: he was very particular, poor fellow, as to the width of the stripes. The broad black riband round his throat was tied in a jaunty bow; and on Sundays he had always a sprig of myrtle, a rose, a carnation, or some pretty cottage flower, in the button-hole of his smart blue jacket.

Fanny was anything but a "belle": her plain straw cottage bonnet was tied firmly on her head, tight down at the sides, by a broad, thick, blue riband, that had been dyed at least three times, and would "come out in black" as good as new in winter. During the week she dressed in cotton, of some dark obscure pattern, chiefly of a chocolate hue; and her broad, strong feet, and stout ankles, were eased in blue stockings and hob-nailed shoes. On Sundays she went faithfully and reverently to church in a miraculously thick silk, which, according to the tradition of Thames Ditton, had been given her mother, who was lady's-maid to a grand old Lady Thornbury—who never would have hooks put in her wardrobe, because her dresses could stand by themselves.

Fanny's Sunday bonnet differed little from that worn during the week; but it was tied down with a broad white riband, and there was a peculiar bow at the side—the position of the bow had not varied the eighth of an inch for ten years.

Gilbert was considered the handsomest lad at Teddington. The best that could be said of Fanny was that she was always clean and respectable. Why were they married? Gilbert had neither family nor friends; but he had one ambition—he wanted to scull his own wherry. Fanny told him she had saved as much money as would purchase two. They were married.

Fanny never wanted to be thought of, or what is called "petted," by her handsome husband; but she took care of him and of his earnings, and, in process of time, of his three boys. All her sharpness would not have made Gilbert careful, so she managed to be care-taker to the whole family, and her petty acts of wilfulness seldom roused his easy nature even to remonstrance: if he was suddenly called upon to act, by some contradiction, or little feminine rebellion, he soon gave in, lounging off to his boat, and returning with a bright smile, all for the sake of "peace and quietness." She was as particular as he could be as to the breadth of his stripes and the trimness of his dress, and cultivated the flowers he loved best. She ministered with the unconsciousness of a strong love to all his little weaknesses, and so had her way in important matters. Many of the pretty girls of Teddington—aye, and in the sleepy, but well-to-do town of Kingston—did not hesitate to say that the handsome boatman was thrown away on an ugly old wife: older than him she was to a certainty; but Gilbert Golding was evidently happy and prosperous under the trial: and her desire to please her husband, whom she loved with the strength and determination of her perhaps coarse, but fervent nature, was so great, that at his request she altered the bow of her bonnet, and permitted him to choose her a new dress!

How the girls of Teddington did stare and flout! but Fanny went steadily to church with her little lads, stiff and sturdy as ever—apparently unconscious of her finery: still, it must be confessed, it was impossible not to wish that Fanny had been Gilbert, and Gilbert Fanny. Both Gilbert and his wife were in much favour at "The Anglers," and the landlord never failed to recommend the handsome waterman and his boat to what he called "nice customers." Fanny considered his boat her fourth child: she cherished, and dried, and re-covered the cushions, and had a summer and a winter set. There was no boat could vie with Gilbert's: she bought striped awnings, and contrived quite a picturesque and pretty canopy, that kept off rain or sunshine. She always "helped" her husband to paint "The Forget-me-not," as the boat was modestly called; and Fanny's help in this, as well as in other matters, consisted in "doing it all herself." Her voice was sometimes raised beyond its usual pitch; but, on the whole, as Fanny's duties multiplied, so did her temper and manners soften.

One light evening in June, Gilbert wafted the gentleman he had been rowing about all day home to "The Anglers," moored his boat, eat his supper, kissed his boys, and his wife, told her he would wash the boat himself, and prepare her for the next day. He only stopped in his little garden to gather a carnation, and proceeded to the boat, which he unmoored, and sculled into the shadow of one of the distant aits.

The evening closed in, the moon rose; it was a soft, balmy evening, a delicious evening,—not a ripple on the water. Gilbert did not return to supper—no one at "The Anglers" had seen him since he disappeared behind the ait—most likely he had been called by some one who wanted a moonlight row—nothing more likely. Fanny prided herself, amongst other strong-minded notions, on never being anxious or uneasy about anything—"It would all come right; and if it did not, what odds?"

However, when "the neighbours" were asleep, and the moon was gone down, and the church clock "gone one," Fanny might have been seen peering through the half-darkness, rustling among the boats, and after unmooring one, rowing from ait to ait—down one channel, up another, fighting the water-fowl, and calling, in a suppressed voice—even there ashamed of her anxiety—"Gilbert!—husband!—Gilbert!"

No one heard her shriek of terror when, right across a creek, she discovered "The Forget-me-not" alone, unmoved by breeze or ripple! In a moment she sprang on board. Where were the oars?—one lying across the seats, another floated within reach of her hand.

"Gilbert!—husband!—Gilbert!" She was unanswered, unechoed, in the stillness of the lonely night.

She hastened to the village, and shouted loudly and strongly from house to house, that they were to get up and seek and find, for that Gilbert's boat was

drifting beside the bank—but where was Gilbert Golding? They must wake up and find her husband. And so they all did—that is, they arose and sought; and during the remnant of that night, and all the following day, they dragged the Thames, and hunted, and took council together, and dragged the waters in every creek and willow bay, for him they did not find.

Fanny looked for neither sympathy nor kindness—she rather repelled both, yet seemed endowed with almost supernatural strength, and worked as seldom a woman was known to work before. She kept the boat in repair, and twice each year repainted with her own hand her husband's name upon it; she would not sell it, but let it out, and always saw to its mooring and cleaning. As her boys grew up, she steadily refused to let them take to the water: she said "their father would not like it." All her words and deeds proved that she did not, or would not, consider him dead: and during moonlight nights, no one was surprised to hear Fanny unmoor a boat and paddle it beside the banks, and among the reeds and willows—now in, now out of the moonshine—always returning to her widowed bed before dawn of day. There were no three finer lads in Surrey than the three Goldings—good, steady boys, constant and attentive at school, and afterwards constant and attentive to their work. We came upon those three lads quite unexpectedly one sultry summer afternoon: we were sauntering through a friend's grounds (you may see the top of the house above the trees) along a pathway which led to an unprotected foot-bridge that crossed a small arm of the Thames, half pool, half rivulet, sometimes more than half empty—at times like a water-garden, at others a little mimic sea. We knew by the rapid tinkling of the sheep-bells, and the bleating from a pen which skirted the pathway, that something particular was going forward among the sheep. Upon the bank stood Edward Golding, in vigorous yet kind contention with a strong-minded young ram, that objected to being washed; while William, the second lad, waist high in the water, stretched out his arms to receive the obstinate animal, and the youngest was occupied with a little lamb, which soon ran bleating and dripping to its mother. The lads enjoyed the work, and the worthy farmer assured us he would rather have the Golding lads to help at his sheep-washing than any three men in the parish,



SHEEP WASHING.

for "Ye see," he said, "they are both strong and tender." Fanny must have been proud of her boys, but she did not say so. She toiled on, thought and worked, silent and reserved even to her own children; and though considerably aged, still passed more than one sleepless night during each full moon rowing amongst the sedges between the aits—up one channel, down another. Poor Fanny!

The very night of the sheep-washing the lads took their homeward way, singing one of the Christmas carols in joyful tune. As they drew near home their voices fell, for though their humble cottage home abounded in comforts, and they knew their tea would be ready, the cake baked, and their shoes and stockings warm on the hearth, still there was always something about their mother that forbade merriment: they could tell her all their little troubles, and she would give them good advice, and something like sympathy in her own hard fashion; but she had neither ears nor smiles for their joys. They saw the door was open—their mother met them on the threshold—a strange awe crept over them, and they stood round the little table without speaking, looking from one to the other. The cake was cut, and two persons had evidently been sitting there. Fanny pointed this out to them, but did not speak.

"What is —?" The inquiry was arrested by their mother's impatient, almost imperious gesture. Silently she glided towards her little bed-room; the check curtains of the bed were drawn. She seized the arm of her eldest son, and croaked, rather than whispered—

"I knew he would come back, alive or dead—I knew he would come back: he is now between the living and the dead. Remember, he is not to be questioned why he went, or where he has been; he is my husband,—your father, boys. He is come home—home—six years gone—eight years gone—but he is home! Hush! Let us pray, and thank God!"

Silently they knelt down—silently they prayed—silently the incense of thanksgiving rose and passed to Heaven. Nor did they see their father until morning; and then, instead of Fanny, a grey-headed, weather-beaten man unmoored the "Forget-me-not."

When his wife was not present, his neighbours did not hesitate to question him as to the cause of his disappearance, and where he had been.

"He wanted to see the world," he said, "and had done so; and was not a little glad to get home again."

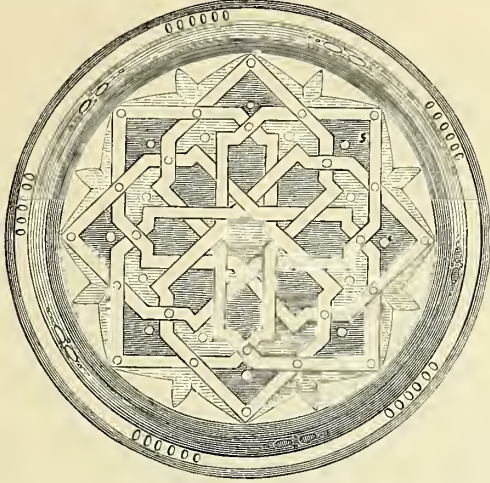
And that was all!



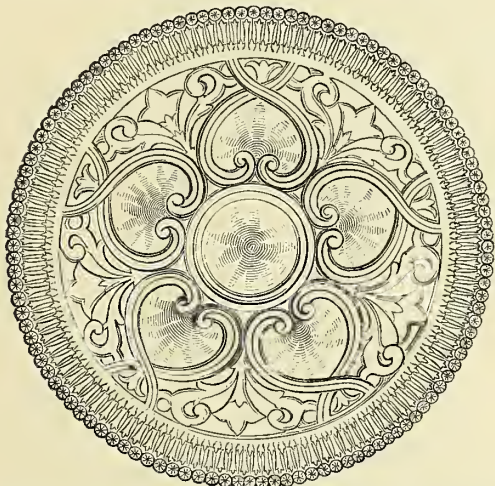
## SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

## OBJECTS OF DECORATIVE ART SUGGESTIVE TO DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

THE first object now illustrated is a plate or salver in painted earthenware, manufactured at Tangiers, in Morocco. Notwithstanding the interlaced design, literally identical with patterns on the walls of the Alhambra, and on buildings of great antiquity at Cairo, it is of modern origin, and was perhaps only



manufactured a few years ago. The next piece, also an earthenware dish, is a very different production; this is a specimen of the interesting ware of the celebrated Bernard Palissy, and is probably one of the pieces produced after his final settlement in Paris: its date may be reasonably assigned to somewhere

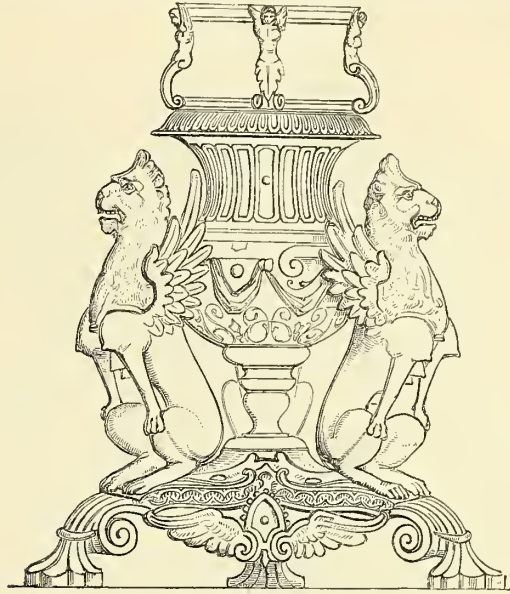


about the year 1570. We have next a specimen of Italian enamelled earthenware or "Majolica," produced either at Urbino or the neighbouring town of Castel-Durante. The tasteful pattern of oak foliage is a favourite one in the earlier products of this renowned manufactory, and was in fact intended as a



compliment to the reigning family, the Della Rovere, whose well-known cognizance was the oak-branch: the date of the piece is about 1520. The spirited work represented at the head of the second column, is a lamp-stand, in gilt bronze or or-molu; it is of Venetian origin, of about the middle of the 16th century. The original is finely chiselled in a bold and masterly style, and

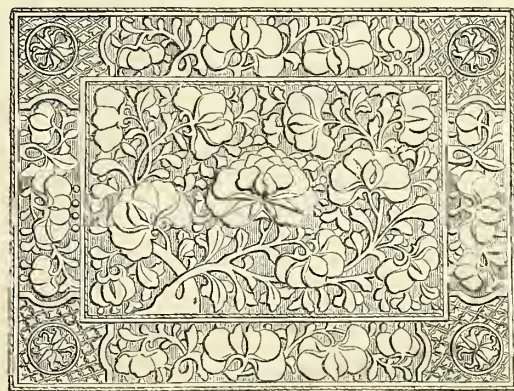
affords a capital example for the treatment of sculptured metal-work; the tame and laboured handywork of the modern bronze chaser is completely thrown into the shade, when contrasted with the sharp and decisive execution here displayed. This design might, with but little alteration, be again brought into



use. Silver-gilt salver—Flemish 17th century work—decorated with a border of scroll foliage in relief, executed *en repoussé*. The details of this design are arranged with great taste and ingenuity, so as to fill the decorative space, or ground of the border, without any appearance of constraint. The



last engraving on this page represents the lid of a box, of Chinese work; the pattern is executed in a species of mosaic work, in relief, of mother-of-pearl. It will be observed that the ornamentation consists of a conventional rendering



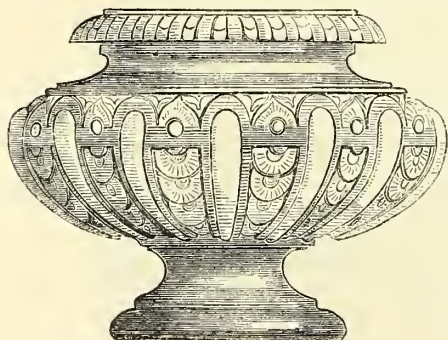
of a flowering shrub; the use of natural objects, as direct types of ornament, is a leading characteristic of Chinese art: we see it in various examples of the ornamental work of the country. In this instance, as in the preceding one, the manner in which the space is filled with graceful forms, properly balanced and contrasted in every part of the surface, is especially worthy of notice.



Bellows in carved chestnut wood, Italian, probably Venetian work, *circa* 1550. This comparatively humble object of domestic use was, during the Renaissance period, a favourite object with the decorative artist; specimens have come down to us displaying admirable skill, both in design and exe-



cution; in this specimen the details are beautifully picked out in gold; the nozzle or spout is in bronze, very artistically chiselled. Saltcellar in Palissyware. This is a rare and elegant specimen of the skill of the old French potter; it is brilliantly enamelled with bright green, brown, yellow, and



marbled glazes, and is of Palissy's best time and most careful workmanship. The large ewer is in thin beaten copper, and was doubtless intended to contain scented water; it is of Venetian work, of the first half of the 16th century. The ornamentation

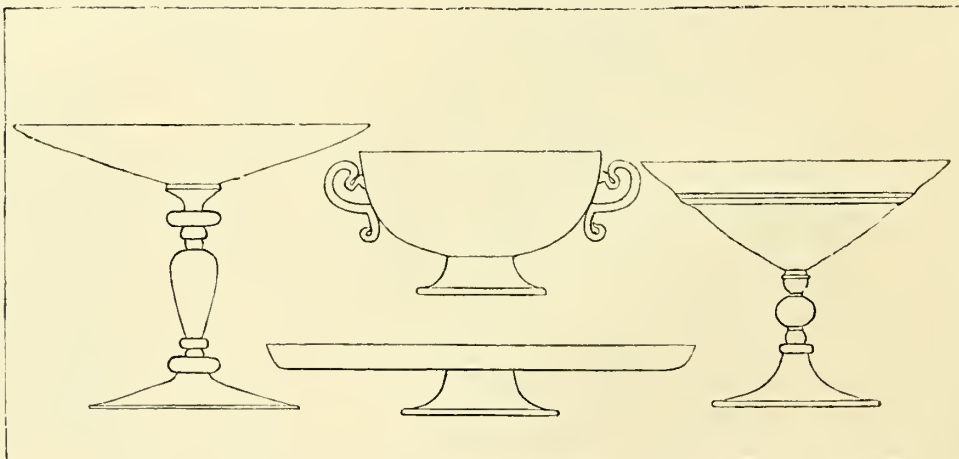
is entirely beaten up by hand, and, although somewhat coarse, is very effective. The shape of the piece is very good, recalling the antique, and nothing can be at the same time in better taste, or more

thoroughly well adapted for use, than the spout and handle. The great want of artistic feeling in the ornamental production of our modern coppersmiths would be evinced by comparing, for instance, a



modern design of a tea-urn or coffee-pot, with this cheap, yet thoroughly artistic article, of ancient manufacture. The four pieces beneath illustrate forms of ancient Venetian glasses. The elaborate

filigree-work with which the originals are ornamented, could not be represented in an engraving, and their interest is in consequence diminished; the simple elegance of outline they all display, is, how-



ever, well worthy of regard, and is calculated to afford useful suggestion to modern designers for glass. Ancient Venetian glass is nearly always blown, seldom moulded, and never cut; extreme thinness of substance was esteemed a quality of

excellence. The material itself was coarse in the extreme, as compared with modern glass, and the advantageous display of the natural lustre of the glass, little, if at all, taken into account; beauty of form, on the other hand, was never lost sight of.

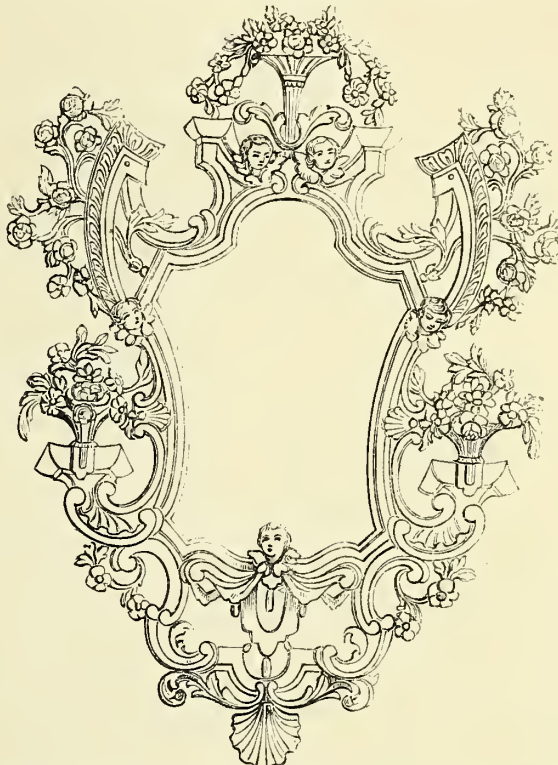


The two engravings at the head of this page are of carved and gilded wood frames, of old Venetian work, of the end of the 17th or beginning of the 18th century. The first has a small cup attached, and was used as a *benitier* or holy water stoup, the oval frame having probably held a small picture of a

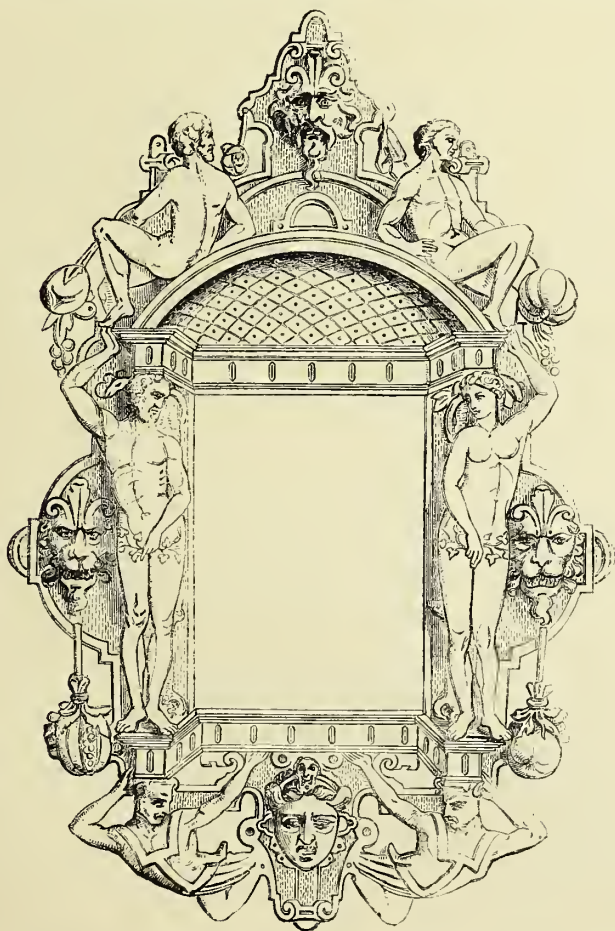


sacred subject painted on copper. The second appears to have been a small mirror frame. Although not of the purest period, there is a florid richness of style about these objects, and an amount of fancy displayed in the arrangement of the details, which raise them far above mediocrity. They are, it is true,

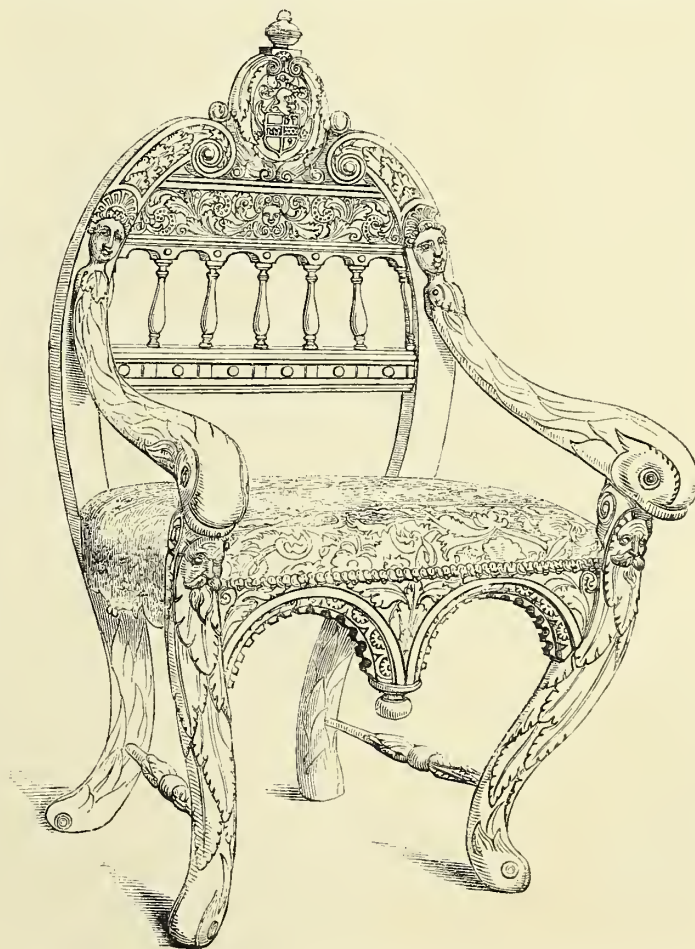
style of Flemish sculpture of the first half of the 16th century. The small mirror, now wanting, was doubtless of speculum metal, mirrors of silvered glass not being in use so early as this. The architectonic details of this frame afford a curious instance of forms in relief sculptured in perspective; the figures are



carved in full relief, in a most masterly manner, and are evidently from the hand of an eminent artist. Our last example is an arm-chair, also of Flemish Renaissance work, probably of about the year 1600; it is in carved oak, the seat covered with needlework. This chair was purchased at the Bernal sale,



full of the structural inaccuracies common to the rococo ornament of the period to which they belong, yet how infinitely superior they are to the flimsy modern "compo" frames of this class now produced! The next example, also a mirror frame, is a work of much higher pretension; it is in carved oak, of the highest



and was one of the few examples of early furniture in that renowned collection. It has the advantage of being entirely in its pristine state, which can be said of so few out of the innumerable specimens of old carved furniture which adorn the rooms of modern virtuosi.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## \* THE YOUNG FALCONER.

F. Tayler, Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 0 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 10 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

No department of the recent "Art-Treasures Exhibition" at Manchester afforded, it may be assumed, greater pleasure to the lover of pictorial art than that allotted to the display of paintings in water-colours. Ranged, so far as was practicable, according to their epochs, we were enabled to examine the progress of this art from its earliest date—its infancy of weakness—to the maturity and strength into which it has grown up during the last quarter of a century, and to which the artists of our own country have alone been able to attain; they have left all continental rivals immeasurably behind. This pre-eminence is principally owing, we believe, to the patronage our artists receive: the demand for works of this kind has proved an incentive to them to carry their productions as near perfection as a knowledge of the principles of Art, and a scientific acquaintance with the materials employed, will admit: it may now be safely affirmed that the power of water-colour painting "can no further go:" as now practised by our most distinguished painters, we see in it every quality of excellence that can be desired.

What a contrast do the works of the best ancient masters offer to those we are annually accustomed to see in the two galleries in Pall Mall! Setting aside the single matter of *composition*,—the superiority of which in either class will always be a matter of taste and opinion,—there cannot be a question that while the old painters attempted little more than thin, slightly-tinted sketches, the moderns have succeeded in producing pictures elaborate in execution, with a power and brilliancy of colour unsurpassable even in oils.

Frederick Tayler, the painter of "The Young Falconer," is an artist who has done much to sustain the supremacy of our Water-Colour School; he has long been a member, and has just been elected president of the elder society, in whose gallery his pictures have an interest peculiar to themselves, inasmuch as from the nature of their subjects there are none to come into competition with them. He is the Nimrod of painters: his delight is in horses, dogs, and in everything which relates to the sports of the field, whether of our own time or of that of our forefathers. Like his compeer in oils, Landseer, he is equally at home in the courtyard of some old baronial mansion, where yeomen, priekers, huntsmen, hounds, horses, mingle with cavaliers and ladies, all eager for the field, and on the misty hills of the north, where the Highland gillie, with his "two or three doggies," stands like a sentinel at his post, watching the motions of the enemy.

His "Young Falconer," exhibited at the Water-Colour Gallery about ten or twelve years ago—where it was purchased on the day when her Majesty and the Prince Consort visited the exhibition—is an elegant little composition; the youthful sportsman is evidently of gentle blood, the page doubtless of some "fayre ladye," whose favourite hawk is perched on his hand: at his feet lies a dead heron, that has fallen a victim to the deadly swoop of the well-trained bird of prey: two noble dogs complete the group, which combines to form a charming picture of one of the principal amusements of our ancestors, and which was followed even among the dangers and occupations of war, for Froissart says that when Edward III. invaded France, he took with him thirty falconers on horseback, who had charge of his hawks; and every day he either hunted or went to the river for the purpose of hawking, as his fancy inclined him.

Though the royal establishment still retains its hereditary Grand Falconer, in the person of the Duke of St. Albans, the pastime of hawking is gone quite into disuse. George, Earl of Oxford, who died towards the close of the last century, attempted to revive it; and still later, Colonel Thornton, the well-known Yorkshire sportsman, Sir John Sebright, and a few other Norfolk gentlemen, possessed hawking establishments: but these have passed away, and the diversion is now only to be regarded among the customs of the past.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

THE  
PHOTOGRAPHIC EXHIBITION.

THE fifth exhibition of the Photographic Society has been opened at the South Kensington Museum. We find there, seven hundred and five photographic pictures, independently of the works executed by the Royal Engineers, which are a very important addition to the collection. There are many very beautiful pictures to be found amongst those now exhibited, some few of them showing a considerable amount of careful study, great artistic feeling, and perfect manipulation. But the exhibition fails to prove that any advance has been made in this country, in either the science or the art of photography.

The Photographic Society was established for the purpose of cultivating and promoting "the Art and Science of Photography," and for encouraging its application in various directions. We cannot say that this purpose has been fulfilled. Even regarding photography as an art, with a few exceptions, we find no better pictures now, than were produced ere yet the society had existence; and, as a science, photography has not advanced in the slightest degree, during the past four or five years, in any direction which can be traced to the society.

Owing to the important trade which is now carried on in photographic pictures of various kinds, men have been stimulated to aim at the production of fine effects in their pictures, and frequently they have succeeded. The success, however, is not always honestly secured, and we would urge upon the Photographic Society the importance of insisting, in any future exhibitions, that the original negative photograph should be exhibited by the side of the positive picture. The ease with which any one, possessing some little artistic power, can add to or take from the original negative production, offers a fatal facility, which we find is too frequently made available to the production of artistic results. In many of the largest and finest photographs, which have excited attention in the windows of the dealers in London, many of the effects, beautiful though they be, are the reverse of the truth; and it is quite evident that much artistic skill has been bestowed upon the originals, from which the pictures we speak of have been printed. The Photographic Society is bound to check this by every means within its power; and it certainly should secure an exhibition of pure photographic production. It has been said—and it will no doubt be said again—that there can be no harm in *stopping out* an objectionable light, or in giving transparency to too dense a shadow,—that defects in the film or the paper may, with all innocence, be repaired, and thus a finer result secured. This is all well enough, if it is merely an artistic result at which we aim. If we desire for our drawing-room, or our portfolio, effective pictures, disregarding the means by which the effect is produced, there can be no objection to *touching*. The pictures, however, which form the exhibition of the Photographic Society should be photographs in all truth.

There are powers in the photographic art which are yet waiting for development. It was said by M. Biot, in 1840, in reference to the varying chemical influences of surfaces differently coloured, that we could not hope to reconcile, on the sun-drawn pictures, the effects of light and shadow which are dependent upon colour. He proceeds—"These are the difficulties generally inherent in the formation of chemical pictures; and they show, I think, evidently, the illusion of the experimenters who hope to reconcile, not only the intensity, but the tints of the chemical impressions produced by radiations, with the colours of the objects

from which these radiations emanate. . . . Thus some of Mr. Talbot's pictures represent white porcelain vases, coloured shells, a candlestick (of metal) with its taper, a stand of white hyacinths. The whole of these objects are felt and perceived very well in their chemical image; but the parts which reflect the pure white light, probably also the radiations of every kind, are, relatively to the others, in an exaggerated proportion of illumination, which, it seems to me, must result partially from the capillary communication during the continuance of the action; so that the inequality would be less if the paper were more sensitive, or more rapidly acted on."

With the increased sensibility of the collodion processes, the objections, so well urged by M. Biot, have been partially removed. Much yet remains to be done; and if any one will be at the trouble of examining some of the finest of the *true* photographs in the present exhibition, they will discover that some parts are more strongly illuminated than in nature, and that others sink into a deep shadow, which is never seen, in reality, during the hours of daylight. The truthfulness of photography as it regards the outlines of objects, and the infinite minuteness of details, give an inexpressible charm to those productions, and blind us to defects which are yet found in the best chemical pictures.

We know there are difficulties in the way of overcoming these defects, but we also have the evidence of Herschel, and the chromatic results of Niépce de St. Victor, proving to us that by a proper adjustment, and a careful selection of the chemical agents employed, we may produce photographic tablets which are nearly equally sensitive to all the prismatic rays. Our photographers confine themselves to certain salts of silver, as if there were no other preparations susceptible of actinic influence, whereas there is scarcely a chemical compound which will not, under some condition, yield to the decomposing power of the solar rays. If, instead of being satisfied with the production of such pictures as we have described, some of our photographers would content themselves for a season with the results obtainable from a series of well-devised experiments, having for their object the production of tablets on which the neutral tone representing blue, should be in true contrast with the tone by which yellow should be depicted, we might expect sun-pictures of far greater beauty than any which we have yet seen. An attentive study of the spectrum, and its influence on different chemically-prepared surfaces, would tend to the advancement of this scientific art beyond the dreams of its present admirers.

We cannot discover a novelty in the exhibition: the instantaneous pictures, giving us the breaking waves, have been familiar to us since the very first evening meeting of the Photographic Society; the dramatic groups, which are exceedingly clever, cease to strike us with the surprise and pleasure with which we beheld them four years since; and so of all the other pictures now hung at the Kensington Museum. Why do we miss the names of so many excellent amateur photographers who have hitherto been regular exhibitors? Why have we so many pictures which have already been seen in this or in other exhibitions?

We have made these remarks in the most friendly and honest spirit. We desire to see the Photographic Society filling a high and honourable position, and feeling that the present is the proper time to draw attention to its *shortcomings* and its mistakes, we have not hesitated to do so. The Photographic Society must, if it degenerates into a trading society, soon cease to exist; and unless the exhibitions of the society enable the public to see photo-





THE YOUNG FALCONER.

FROM AN SKETCH BY THE REV. J. G. WILSON.

Engraved by J. G. WILSON.







graphic effects superior to those which are common in every principal street in London, they will not be attractive. In time, we trust, the society will look to this.

It must not be supposed that there are not any objects of interest in this photographic exhibition. There are many singularly beautiful pictures, upon which we gaze and gaze until we find ourselves transported in thought to the scenes so faithfully represented. Mr. Roger Fenton, as usual, gives us many well-selected scenes, treated with his artistic feeling, and full of those marvellous details which have ever been the prominent charm of a photograph. Mr. J. D. Llewellyn, too, rejoices in those charming bits of nature with which South Wales abounds. The real value of photography is, however, most strikingly shown in the productions of F. Frith, jun. His subjects in Palestine and Egypt impress us with a consciousness of truth and power which no other Art-production could produce. The sands of the desert have for centuries been grinding those gigantic columns and colossal statues; and there, before us, is the abraded stone, every mark being preserved to tell how slowly, but yet how surely, the dust of the earth is overcoming the greatest works of man. All those photographs by Mr. F. Frith should be very carefully studied.

Mr. Hale, of Adelaide, exhibits portraits of the aborigines of South Australia; these are valuable contributions to ethnological science, and we hope to see similar productions from other lands.

There are a large number of portraits, varying very much in character, many of them very excellent, both as portraits and as photographs; and some which should not have been hung at all. Better things can be seen any day in the advertising frames of the numerous portrait establishments. This being the case we refrain from mentioning any.

Amongst the studies of nature we must name with especial praise the works of Messrs. Ross and Thomson, of Edinburgh, and the geological studies of Mr. J. W. G. Gutch.

Mr. O. G. Reijlander exhibits here the photograph which excited so much attention at the Manchester Exhibition, of "The Two Ways of Life." Virtue and Vice—Industry and Pleasure—are here displayed with an allegorical felicity, which is—under all the circumstances of producing such a picture—surprising. The pose of each figure is good, and the grouping of the whole is as nearly perfect as possible. We do not, however, desire to see many advances in this direction. Works of high Art are not to be executed by a mechanical contrivance. The hand of man, guided by the heaven-born mind, can alone achieve greatness in this direction. Mr. Lake Price exhibits some pictures belonging to the same class as this one (and others) by Mr. Reijlander. "Robinson Crusoe" is his subject, and pleasing pictures has this artist made of our schoolboy hero.

Mr. Cundall, Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, C. Thurston Thompson, Caldesi, and Montecchi, and several others, are exhibitors of exceedingly good photographs.

We are much pleased with the north room, which is devoted to the photographic works of the Royal Engineers. These illustrate the real value of the art of photography. A series of photographs illustrating the application of photography to the reduction of maps, as introduced by Colonel James, R. E., and practised in the Ordnance Survey under his direction, is stated to effect an annual saving to the country of £1800 in this Department. Various works upon which this Corps have been engaged are photographed as in progress; and a better clerk of the works than the camera-obscura cannot be conceived. The progress

of every day's work is told with unerring fidelity. Some ingenious cameras, and one very large one, with folding arrangements, shows how thoroughly the engineers purpose availing themselves of this art, which we have done our utmost to encourage from the first days of the Daguerreotype to the present hour.

In conclusion, we again urge upon the council of the Photographic Society, the importance of stimulating scientific inquiry among its members; and the absolute necessity of having the negatives submitted to a committee—even if they are not exhibited—so that the photographic truthfulness of every picture shall be guaranteed.

## HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY.\*

We accept this work as a valuable addition to the literature of ancient Fictile art. The history of that art whose earliest exponents afford indubitable, and, in some respects, the only data, from which the theology, manners, customs, and literature of the ancients are determined, must naturally, from this cause alone, awaken deep and lively interest, independently of any consideration it may claim as the most comprehensive and perfect medium for the illustration of industrial skill.

Certainly no branch of manufacture offers so ancient and close an alliance between Art and utility as that of the potter. The extreme plasticity of certain earths, the ease with which they can be fashioned into forms suited to ordinary domestic requirements, the consistency which even natural heat will give to them, have conduced to the general adoption of this class of labour, even in the primitive stages of savage life. We are warranted in concluding that it was practised amongst all the early families, and retained by them when they were dispersed abroad upon the face of the earth. Whether the fashioning and hardening of clay was first practised by the potter or the brickmaker must ever remain a matter of speculation. Bricks "thoroughly burned" were used at the building of Babel, 2300 years before the Christian era.

The most ancient and the most simple piece of machinery in the world is the potter's wheel, and there is none which so signally exhibits the power of mechanical contrivance in giving beauty and utility to shapeless masses of matter. A formless lump of clay is set upon the wheel before the thrower; as the wheel revolves, it shoots up into a long thin column, and is then pressed down into a globular form; then the finger, or a simple profile of wood, gradually shapes it inside, while the hand gives it external form: and in less time than we can describe the process, a vase, a jar, a basin, or a cup, is finished, and needs only to be endowed with such consistency as will enable it to retain the form which it has received.

The antiquity, and also the nobility of the art, are demonstrated by the repeated references to it in Holy Writ, and especially in similitudes which emanate directly from the Divine imagery. For example, Gen. xi. 3—"And they said one to another, Go to, let us make brick, and burn them thoroughly." Jeremiah xviii. 3—"Then I went down to the potter's house, and, behold, he wrought a work on the wheels. And the vessel that he made of clay was marred in the hands of the potter; so he made it again another vessel, as seemed good to the potter to make it. O house of Israel, cannot I do with thee as this potter? saith the Lord. Behold, as the clay is in the hands of the potter, so are ye in my hand, O house of Israel." Chronicles iv. 23—"These were the potters, and those that dwelt amongst plants and hedges; there they dwelt with the king for his work." The last quotation we shall make is of a very remarkable character, and leads to the inference that the art of glazing earthenware vessels had been discovered seven hundred years before the Christian era: the words are—"Burning lips and a wicked heart are like a potsherd covered with silver dross."—Proverbs xxvi. 23.

\* "HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY," by Samuel Birch, F.S.A., in 2 Volumes, illustrated with Coloured Plates and numerous Engravings. John Murray, Albemarle Street. 1858.

Not only do the preceding texts establish so early a date for these operations, but what adds materially to the peculiar interest attaching to the principal processes, is the fact that the mode of fabrication remains so essentially the same, that were it possible to resuscitate the mummy of an Egyptian potter, he could find immediate and remunerative employment in our Staffordshire Potteries.

The nature of the subject has tempted us into these preliminary remarks, for which we offer no excuse, but will proceed to the duty of our review.

Mr. Birch gives us in his work the result of many years' patient investigation and research, which both his attainments and the position he holds eminently qualify him to turn to valuable account. The subject is subdivided into five parts,—the first referring to Egyptian and Oriental pottery, the second to Greek, the third to Etruscan, the fourth to Roman, and the fifth to Celtic, Teutonic, and Scandinavian. Within the limits to which our space restricts us, it is impossible, in regard to a work so comprehensive, to do more than refer to the heads of the separate classifications, and present such extracts as offer the most novel features in themselves, or a more than usually conclusive elucidation of the specialities to which they refer. On such a subject it follows that the author is indebted for a considerable portion of the material to previous pioneers in the same path, and this he very candidly acknowledges. This has been collected and digested with considerable care and judgment, and the whole consecutively arranged, so as to form a progressive detail of the various stages of this interesting manufacture, chronologically arranged. The task was a laudable one, and has been very adequately fulfilled.

The first part is devoted to Egyptian and Oriental pottery, containing reference to the "sun-dried bricks," and the purpose to which they were devoted. The custom of stamping them with hieroglyphics is attributed to the object of marking their destination. The clay of which they were composed, is thus described:—"The Fayoom and the Delta, which abounded with rich alluvial soil, and which are remote from the principal quarries, must have presented, at the most ancient period of the national history, the appearance of a vast brick-field. The mud brought down by the river was particularly adapted for bricks and pottery: when analysed it has been found that about one half is argillaceous earth, one fourth carbonate of lime, while the residue consists of oxide of iron, carbonate of magnesia, and water. Close to the river's banks it is much mixed with sand, which it loses in proportion as it is carried by the water farther from them, so that at a certain distance, it consists of pure argil, or clay, which at the present day forms excellent bricks, tobacco-pipes, terra-cotta, and stucco." Some of the earliest bricks were undoubtedly those made for the various brick pyramids, although it is not possible, at present, to determine the relative antiquity of all these edifices. Several, however, are tombs of monarchs of the Twelfth dynasty. Bricks of this class were made from the time of the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties, till about the 10th century, B.C.

Under the head of "Baked Clay," follow descriptions of the red and unglazed terra-cotta, of which the "common, dull, unpolished earthenware was made," as well as bricks, sarcophagi, sepulchral cones, figures, vases, &c. Mr. Birch comments upon the peculiarity of this clay as being very absorbent: this is not essentially its quality, but dependent upon the degree of heat it is submitted to in the process of vitrification. The clay varies very considerably both in colour and texture, according as the heat is more or less intense. A moderate temperature was sufficient to produce the soft, pale tint so much admired, and at this heat the clay is absorbent. This was often obviated by saturating the ware in oil. Mr. Birch states—"The use of terra-cotta sarcophagi was rare among the Egyptians, the rich availing themselves of hard stones, such as granite, breccia, basalt, and alabaster, as well as sycamore, cedar, and sandal-wood." The sepulchral cones are thus noticed:—"Certain objects deposited with the dead, were always made of this red-brick earthenware. These were the sepulchral cones which, as their name implies, were rude cones, turned on the potter's wheel, and stamped on their bases with a hieroglyphical inscription in bas-relief, impressed



from a mould: their inscribed end is frequently painted red; a brick has been found thus impressed. These cones have been found placed over the doors of the tombs, or scattered on the floor amidst the *débris*. Although it is evident that they were part of the sepulchral furniture, their use proved a riddle to Egyptian archaeologists. Their dimensions are from six inches to a foot in length, and about three inches in diameter at the base. Some have conjectured them to be seals for sealing the tombs; others that they served as cards of invitation to the mourners, or passports of admission to the sepulchres. From recent discoveries made at Warka, in Babylonia, it will be seen that these cones were in reality bricks, which were introduced into walls in such a manner as to form patterns of ornamental brickwork, their inscribed bases being placed outwards. The inscriptions are always of funeral import, and the words 'the devoted to,' or 'blessed by Osiris,' often precede the name of the dead."

The "*shabti*," or sepulchral figures" claim special notice: these, which "were deposited with the dead, and formed part of the funeral relics," were also made of terra-cotta. Like those of unbaked clay, they are generally of a late period,—probably of the age of the Roman dominion. In some instances they have been rudely modelled, and a line of hieroglyphics, expressing the name and titles of the deceased, is scrawled upon them. All the figures are of persons of inferior condition, and were executed at a period when the Arts had irrecoverably sunk. They were deposited in little chests made of wood, and painted *in tempera*, on which was inscribed a dedication to Osiris, or a chapter of a ritual; and they were then placed by the coffin, in the sepulchres. Besides these figures, little sarcophagi are occasionally found in the tombs, painted in exact imitation of the larger coffins, and are supposed to be the models which Herodotus states were shown by the undertakers to the relatives of the deceased. Sometimes they contain a little terra-cotta or wooden mummied figure, and are then complete models of the coffin. They were also part of the funeral decorations, but their employment is not obvious.

The "sepulchral vases," for holding the entrails of the dead, are thus described:—"It was usual in the embalming of the wealthier classes to soak them carefully in the requisite preparations; tie them up in neat cylindrical packets, and deposit them in vases having the shape of the four genii of the Ament or Hades."

The second part treats of Greek Pottery, which is classed under three heads, viz., "first, sun-dried clay; secondly, baked clay, but without a glaze or terra-cotta; and thirdly, baked clay, with the addition of a glaze, or porcelain." To this latter definition we must object, as the mere process of glazing ordinary baked clay, such as that referred to, does not constitute porcelain, or anything like porcelain. The various analyses made of the ancient pottery of Egypt, Asia Minor, Greece, and Italy, prove that natural clays alone were used in its fabrication, varying in their selection according to the requirements to which the ware was to be adapted. The bright tint of some of the red pottery, due to the presence of peroxide of iron, is no proof of subsequent admixture,—as some natural clays are now found so impregnated with this oxide as to produce a colour quite as vivid as that of the ancient wares. Porcelain can alone be made by artificial clays.

The various uses to which the "sun-dried clay" was applied, are specified by reference to the "bricks used in Greece till the time of the Roman dominion." The Temple of the Lepræan Demeter, in Arcadia, that of the Styrian Demeter, in Stiris, and the Chapel of Æsculapius, at Panopeus, were all of this material. The walls of many fortified cities, Mantinea, for example, seem to have been made of sun-dried bricks, which resisted the battering-ram better than baked ones. A statue of Prometheus, of unbaked clay, still existed at Panopeus in the time of Pansanias.

The application of "terra-cotta" is found in bricks, roof-tiles, inbrices, drain-tiles, columns, and other architectural members; in the construction or lining of cisterns and aqueducts; also in the fabrication of "votive figures for religious purposes, studs for dresses, bases for spindles, tickets for the amphitheatres, and prizes for victors in the games. Of it were made the vats or casks in which wine was made, preserved, or exported; the pitcher in which

it was served, and the cup out of which it was drunk; as well as all the various culinary and domestic utensils for which earthenware is used in modern times. It furnished the material for many small ornaments, especially figures, which are often of a comic nature; and supplied the undertaker with bas-reliefs, vases, imitative jewellery, and the other furniture of the tomb,"—a very comprehensive catalogue of the early application of the "potter's art," and one which leaves little opportunity for addenda by modern operations. The water-pipes of Greek invention, though of Roman manufacture, found about a century since in Hyde Park, were very similar in their manufacture to those in general use at the present day.

On the colouring of terra-cotta figures the following remarks are worthy of notice: "The method of colouring these figures was well known to the ancients, and it would appear that the Greeks had a body of artists who were solely employed in painting statues, bas-reliefs, and other architectural ornaments. Two modes principally prevailed: in the first, the whole ground of the figure, or bas-relief, was coloured celestial blue, and the relieved parts were picked out with red, yellow, and white. The faces, especially in the old style of the art, were painted of a deep red, as among the Egyptians. In other instances it is probable that they were coloured with the most harmonious distribution of tints, by artists of renown, as in the case of Damophilus and Gorgasus. The celebrated Posis, a contemporary of Varro, executed such exquisite plastic imitations of fruits, in terra-cotta, that they were mistaken for the objects themselves; which could not have been effected except by painting them, like the artificial fruits in wax at the present day." The consideration of this part of the subject extends to great length, and is illustrated by reference to many examples of varied character and treatment.

Small cones or pyramids, to suspend around the necks of cattle, were also made of terra-cotta; "they were about three and a half inches long, and perforated at the top. They are frequently found in the fields in Greece, and especially in Attica. In general they are painted black and red, and those found in Corcyra are inscribed." Several of these cones or truncated pyramids have been exhumed by recent excavations in the Crimea, near Sebastopol and Kertch.

The manufacture of "children's dolls" in pottery, introduced within the last few years to a considerable extent in this country, is but a reproduction, as several of these toys, made in terra-cotta, have been found in the sepulchres of Athens. "They are cast in a mould; the bodies, legs, and arms, are formed of separate pieces, pierced with a hole, so that they might be connected and moved with a string, like the modern Marionettes or puppets."

We must pass over with mere enumeration the chapters on "Lamps," "Amphoræ," and "Flower-pots," to that on glazed vases, from which we will make a few brief extracts. "These vases show the highest point of perfection which the ancient potteries attained. They were applied only to purposes of luxury and decoration, and used with great care and tenderness, being little suited to domestic purposes. They stood in the same relation to the other products of the ancient potteries, as the fayences of the middle ages and the porcelains of the present day do to vessels of terra-cotta, stoneware, or tender porcelain. The Greek are the most important for their beauty and for their art." Mr. Birch remarks: "The beauty and simplicity of the shapes of their vases have caused them to be taken as models for various kinds of earthenware; but as every civilized people has received from other sources forms sanctioned by time, and as many of the Greek forms cannot be adapted to the requirements of modern use, they have not been servilely imitated." This opinion, which would have been warranted a few years since, must now be received with considerable modification; for as illustrating the aptitude of their forms to purposes of utility, and at the same time proving the increased appreciation of their beauty by the public, we may observe that the most popular forms, now the recent products of English potters, are copies of these shapes; and the more closely they have been resembled, the greater has been their commercial success. On the number of extant vases Mr. Birch remarks:—

"The Musco Borbonico at Naples contains about 2100; the Gregorian Museum in the Vatican about 1000; Florence has about 700; and at Turin there are 500. On this side of the Alps the Imperial Museum at Vienna possesses about 300; Berlin has 1690; Munich about 1700; Dresden 200; Carlsruhe 200; the Louvre at Paris about 1500; while 500 more may be found in the Bibliothèque Imperiale. The British Museum has about 2600 vases of all kinds. Besides the public collections, several choice and valuable specimens of ancient art belong to individuals. The most important of these private collections are those of the Duc de Luynes, the Duc de Blacas, the Count de Pourtales-Gorgier, the Jatta Collection, that belonging to M. St. Angelo, at Naples, and a fine and choice one belonging to the Marquis Campana, at Rome. In England the collections of Mr. Hope, of Mr. Jekyll, of the Marquis of Northampton, and of Mr. Hertz, contain several interesting examples. The total number of vases in public and private collections probably amounts to 15,000 of all kinds." Mr. Birch devotes eight chapters to the description of these vases, which embodies, amongst other particulars, details of their "discovery;" "literary history;" classifications by D'Hancarville "and the Duc de Luynes;" "paste" modellers; "processes of making and firing;" the various styles, "subjects illustrated;" "artists' and potters' names;" their various uses, names, and shapes, and "sites of the ancient potteries." As many of these subjects have already been noticed in the pages of the *Art-Journal*, on our occasional reference to the early ceramic art, we shall but select for consideration those with which our readers may be least familiar.\*

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Great complaints have appeared in the English newspapers about the cleaning of paintings in the National Gallery: what would the critics say on seeing several that are now exposed in the Louvre? The art of scrubbing has been exercised with a vengeance; and some of the finest pictures, which we have been accustomed to see with the marks of age on them, appear as if they were in the annual *salon* of Paris, fresh from the brush of our artists. It certainly is far from desirable that the old masters should be allowed to accumulate various coatings of filth and dust that time unavoidably leaves on paintings, but there is a great difference between judicious and careful cleaning and rubbing down to the threads of the canvas. One picture we cannot help pointing out—the large sketch by Tintoretto, representing Paradise, which is more like an extravagant example of Diaz than what we have been accustomed to admire. It is quite refreshing, after leaving the long gallery, to come back into the large saloon, where the paintings have not been touched. Picture-cleaners do not reflect that when they carelessly and roughly take off the dirt from a painting, the lights painted with thick colour are always least changed: hence the shadows, being much darker than they originally were, become fearfully black; thus a very fair white skin will have shadows as for a deep brunette. A fine sketchy painting, said to be by Rembrandt, has been added to the gallery: it represents a butcher's stall, on which a carcass is hanging. It is no doubt an acquisition. The gallery is only partially open, the works not being yet finished. We shall give an account of the paintings by Rubens and others when the rooms are opened.—The Exhibition of Marseilles has succeeded very well this year. The sale of pictures realised 28,000 francs.—The bronze statue of the "Improvisateur Italien," by Duret, has been purchased for the Luxembourg.—The magnificent collection of objects of *vertu* collected by M. Humann has been sold, and very high prices were obtained. The details would be too long for the space at our command.

DÜSSELDORF.—Professor Lessing, the distinguished historical and landscape painter, has accepted the offer of the Grand Duke of Baden, to become director of the Art-gallery at Carlsruhe; the post confers upon the possessor many signal advantages.

ROME.—Signor Albani, an Italian sculptor of high reputation, recently died at Rome, at the age of eighty; bequeathing a considerable fortune for the promotion of the art of Sculpture.

\* To be continued.



## PICTURE SALES.

THE sale of a number of water-colour drawings, the property of Mr. H. WALLIS, took place on the 12th of February. Those to which buyers seemed to attach most importance were—'Land's End, Cornwall,' J. M. W. Turner, a small drawing, 8½ in. by 4½ in., 49 gs.; 'The Stone Breakers,' W. Hunt, 55 gs.; 'Flowers and Fruit,' Mrs. Duffield, 40 gs.; 'Caught Napping,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 80 gs.; 'Corfe Castle,' J. M. W. Turner, the same size as the 'Land's End,' 35 gs.; 'Hastings Beach, with a Fish-Market,' J. M. W. Turner, size 26½ in. by 18 in., 205 gs.; and 'The Terrace at Haddon Hall,' D. Cox, 30 gs. Turner's drawing of 'Hastings Beach,' was presented by the artist to the late Sir Anthony Carlisle, as a mark of gratitude for his attention during a severe illness which Turner had when staying at Hastings.

Mr. J. C. GRUNDY, of Manchester, the well-known printseller and dealer in works of Art, submitted a large portion of his collection to a sale by auction during the month of February. The principal lots were,—'Scene in the Highlands, the Gillie's Home,' J. F. Lewis, 51 gs.; 'Primroses and Bird's Nest,' W. Hunt, 40 gs.; 'Christ Preaching,' G. Cattermole, 40 gs.; 'The Baron's Warning,' G. Cattermole, 46 gs.; 'The Heavens are telling the glory of God,' Miss Gillies, 50 gs.; 'Scene in Glen Nevis, Inverness-shire,' T. M. Richardson, from the last exhibition of the Water-Colour Society, 102 gs.; 'Monaco,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 82 gs.; 'The High Altar in the Cathedral at Caen,' D. Roberts, R.A., 62 gs.; 'The Watering-Place,' J. Linnell, 70 gs.; 'Interior of an Irish Cabin,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 66 gs.; 'Mountain Scene,' a shepherd-boy on a donkey, goat, sheep, and cattle, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 70 gs.; 'Peter the Great seeing Catherine, his future Empress, for the first time,' the original sketch for the large picture, A. Egg, A.R.A., 47 gs.; 'Nymph and Cupid,' size 8½ in. by 6½ in., W. E. Frost, 51 gs.; 'Lucy Ashton at the Fountain,' J. Faed, 61 gs.; 'Morning,' P. Nasmyth, 61 gs.; 'Belshazzar's Feast,' a small finished sketch for the large picture, J. Martin, 182 gs.; 'Temple at Paestum,' D. Roberts, R.A., 250 gs.; 'Hallowed be Thy Name,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 50 gs.; 'Landscape and River Scene,' T. Creswick, R.A., 81 gs.; 'An English Homestead,' Crome, of Norwich, 90 gs.; 'The Maid of the Mill,' T. Creswick, R.A., and F. Goodall, A.R.A., 84 gs.; 'An English Homestead,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 64 gs.; 'Scene in Normandy,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 185 gs.; 'The Cruel Sister,' J. Faed, 189 gs.: this charming composition measured only 14½ in. by 11 in.

The collection of CHARLES MORGAN, Esq., of Clifton, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on Saturday, the 20th of February, and realised the sum of £4320. We subjoin the leading specimens:—'The Scotch Road-side Inn,' J. Philip, 31 gs.; 'Fishing Boats at Katwyck, on the Dutch Coast,' cabinet size, E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 60 gs.; 'Hogarth before the Governor of Calais,' the original finished sketch, W. P. Frith, R.A., 56 gs.; 'The South-sea Bubble,' the original finished sketch for the celebrated picture, E. M. Ward, R.A., 70 gs.; 'Group of Peaches, Black and White Grapes, and Apples, on a small slab,' G. Lance, 44 gs.; 'A Coast View—Evening Scene,' cabinet size, C. Stanfield, R.A., 96 gs.; 'Fishing Boats on the Medway in a Breeze,' Müller, 210 gs.; 'A Hayfield,' David Cox, 96 gs.; 'The Bathers,' D. Maclise, R.A., 82 gs.; 'Coast Scene on the Isle of Arran,' H. Bright, 112 gs.; 'Highland Sheep, on the bank of a stream,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 135 gs.; 'View on the coast of Dorsetshire,' an early work by T. Creswick, 43 gs.; also by the same artist, 'A View on the Thames,' 62 gs.; and 'In the Forest,' 105 gs.; 'A Mill on the Dolgaric, North Wales,' one of the finest works of W. Müller, exhibited among the Art-treasures at Manchester, 420 gs.; and 'A Rustic Scene at Rainham,' by the same, 230 gs.; 'The Hill Farm,' cabinet size, J. Linnell, 120 gs.; and a noble landscape, by the same great artist, 'Noon,' 250 gs.; 'A Nymph Bathing,' W. Etty, 62 gs.; 'Rouen Cathedral,' with numerous picturesque figures in the Grande Place, before the western tower of the cathedral, D. Roberts, R.A., 350 gs.; also a most capital work by the same artist, 'The Island of

Phila, Nubia,' 420 gs.; 'Passages to the Bidassoa,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 510 gs.; 'The Mountain Toilette,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 150 gs.; 'Buttermere, Crummock Water, and Gunnerdale,' J. B. Pyne, 195 gs.

The following pictures, with several others of less importance, were sold in the same rooms after Mr. Morgan's collection:—'A Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A., 97 gs.; 'The Awkward Position,' A. Solomon, 230 gs.; 'Ulysses in the Island of Calypso,' T. Uwins, R.A., 75 gs.; 'The Dirty Boy,' T. Webster, R.A., from Mr. Wadmore's collection, 360 gs.: at the sale of Mr. Wadmore's pictures, about four years ago, it realised 331 gs.

## PICTURE-SELLING.

EBERHARDT v. MASON.

IT is not without pain we comment on a transaction such as this—to which duty commands that we direct the attention of our readers. Our warnings have been so continual, so explicit, and so conclusive, that we may well wonder at finding any picture-buyer, of any age or condition, who can now be made the victim of a "bargain," so palpably one-sided as that which induced the unfortunate plaintiff to pay £2000 for covered canvases, the real value of which was about £200. Every now and then, however, we obtain proofs that our warnings are ineffectual. We have made it notorious that suspicion should be always alive, when pictures are offered for sale—whether by the auctioneer, the dealer, or the private "gentleman;" yet cases are very frequent, such as that to which we refer—made public by the newspapers, and on which we may therefore comment, unappalled by danger of "costs without damages"—sufficient, surely, to induce at least common caution in purchases. It is not improbable that in this instance the high "respectability" of the vendor may have disarmed the buyer of suspicion; and, under ordinary circumstances, it was not unnatural to suppose that a person who had held foremost rank among the traders of Birmingham, was incapable of a procedure such as a jury has recently laid to his charge.

The case was tried at Worcester, before Baron Channell and a special jury. The PLAINTIFF, Mary Eberhardt, is a widow with six children, residing at Stourbridge. In her cross-examination an attempt was made by Mr. Huddleston, Q.C., to weaken her evidence by some insinuations concerning a young man who was "invited to her house for a day or two," and "stayed eight months," but who, notwithstanding, had not "claimed damages for breach of promise of marriage." If this effort to destroy her character had succeeded, the case would have been just the same: she sought—and she obtained—from a jury the remedy for a wrong to which she was justly entitled. The DEFENDANT, Josiah Mason, is a partner in the firm of Elkington & Co., the well known electro-platers. That duty is always painful which aids to lower the character of a person who holds a prominent and respectable place in society; but it is a duty, none the less.

"The action was brought to recover damages for the breach of warranty of a number of pictures by the old masters, sold by the defendant to the plaintiff in the early part of last year, and which, on examination by competent judges, turned out to be for the most part nothing better than bad imitations. There was also a count for a false representation. The defendant denied the warranty and the representation."

The plaintiff had, it appears, met "at a sale of Turner's pictures at Kidderminster" (it is not stated who was the actual or ostensible owner of these "Turners") a Mr. Nixon, a picture-dealer of Birmingham: some weeks afterwards this Mr. Nixon called upon her, told her of some pictures "to be bought cheap," and induced her to go with him in a cab to the defendant's house at Erdington. She was soon introduced into "the gallery;" and under the guiding auspices of Mr. Nixon and Mr. Mason, she made purchases to the amount of £1777. She had declined dinner, but she partook of luncheon. We quote her evidence:—

"I went into the picture gallery, and the defendant and Mr. Nixon came in. The defendant Mason and Mr. Barnard arranged the prices. It was written on paper. I sat by while they were writing. The price was put opposite

each picture. I asked, 'What does it come to?' They said 1777. I said I should not give that, and besides it might not be a Müller (alluding to one of the pictures). The defendant said, 'Yes, it is; is it not, Nixon?' He said, 'Yes.' I said I would not mind 1500. The defendant would not take that, and I agreed to give the whole amount, 1777. Mr. Barnard wrote the list, and the defendant dictated. The defendant called the pictures by their names, and Mr. Barnard wrote. There is some of defendant's writing on the paper. I had the whole of the pictures. I then came away, and the next day I went to Nixon's, and told him I had a mortgage for 3000. on some property. Nixon went out, and in about a quarter of an hour the defendant came in with Nixon. I asked the defendant if he would take the mortgage deed instead of payment. He asked me if I would make it up 2000. I said I had quite sufficient. He said I had better make it up 2000. I said, 'But what will you give me for the 300?' He said, 'There is a Landseer and a Snyders.' He said he would send somebody over for the deeds, and with a check for the difference, 1000. I had admired a large picture, and Nixon said, 'Yes, it's a Landseer.' The defendant was in the room. The defendant said another picture was a Snyders; it was a very fine picture, and had been sold at some castle for 700. He mentioned the castle, but I don't remember the name. This was on a second visit to defendant's house, on the 8th of April. I asked the defendant what pictures he had looked out for the 300. I left it to the defendant Nixon and the young gentleman to look me some out. The other pictures were taken down on the back of the list. When the defendant said the picture was a Snyders, I said it was a very ugly Snyders. Nixon said it was a very fine picture, and wished me to take it to the Manchester Exhibition. The defendant said one of the pictures was by Such. I did not like that, and he said he would send another. I remarked that there would be 60. due for interest in June, and he must look me out something for that. He said he would, if I would leave it to him. He sent me one worth 107. I said, 'Honour, Mr. Nixon,' and he said, 'Yes, trust me,' (laughter). They came the next day, the 9th of April, for the deeds. A messenger came with Nixon, and I gave him the deeds, and he gave me a check for 1000. He sent me the Such and a Baker for the 60. I wished him to take them back."

Mr. Barnard (the young man referred to as having been the plaintiff's visitor for eight months) deposed that he—

"Wrote down the names in this list at the dictation of Nixon and Mason. Many of the prices had been mentioned before, and the names of the pictures, with the prices, had been made out in pencil. The paper produced was written, and the amount came to 1777. The defendant said the plaintiff could have them for 1760. The prices, I believe, are in defendant's handwriting. The list came to me in this letter from the defendant, dated the 28th of March, 1857. The letter was read, stating that he would let the plaintiff have the pictures for 1760, but it was 'quite a sacrifice.' The defendant represented all the pictures to be by the masters named, or the plaintiff would not have purchased them. I recollect the defendant said one of the pictures was a very fine picture (dogs and a deer), and he believed it was a Landseer. I would not swear that he guaranteed the Müller. He said it was a Müller, and the name of Müller was upon it."

We gather from the evidence of Mr. Foster and Mr. Birch, what these pictures were, and what they were actually worth. Mr. Foster said in evidence,—

"There is no pretence for calling the picture produced a Murillo. It may be worth 57. Murillo painted two hundred years ago. The picture produced is below criticism, and was probably painted from a print. (It was charged 80.) The large Müller, charged 100, I value at 20 gs. I value it as a pleasing piece of furniture. It is not by the great Müller. The smaller Müller I value at 30s. (charged 30.) It has no pretensions to be a Müller. The Bonington (charged 30.) I value at 4 gs. It is a very bad imitation. The two Zuccarellis (charged 40.) I value at 20. They are not even like the style and manner of Zuccarelli; they are totally different. They are modern copies of some masters of the Poussin school. The two Van Berghems (charged 50.) are, one a bad copy of Cuyp, and the other of Berghem. They are worth 107. The Salvator Rosa (charged 157.) is a copy, and I value it at 77. It is a bad imitation: the drawing is bad, and it wants vigour and transparency. It is a landscape, with banditti. The Paul Potter (charged 60.) I value at 207. It is not a Paul Potter. Had it been so, it would have been worth from 600. to 1000. The Ostades are not genuine. One is a battle-piece by old Cuyp, and is worth 57., the price charged. The Guido is a bad picture, and I don't think it is a copy of the master. It is worth 47. (charged 207.) The subject is a Madonna reading. The Palamedes is worse than bad: it is worth nothing. I put it down at 27. (charged 157.) The next, the Angelica Kauffman, I value at 57. (charged 207.) I do not think it is a copy of that artist. The Schiavone is not a Schiavone, but it is worth 207. The two Snyders are not genuine. I value them at 107. (charged 857.) They were probably painted by Hondius. The Landseer is not a Landseer; it is unmitigable. I value it at 157."

Mr. Birch deposed as follows:—

"I have examined the pictures in question. I feel certain the Murillo is not by that master. I think it is worth 157. The Müller is not by that master; I think it is by his brother. I value it at 207. The other Müller I value at 30s. I am confident the Bonington is not by that master. I value it at 67. I soon got tired of the old masters. The Zuccarellis I value, as furniture fixtures, at 167. They are not by Zuccarelli. Of the Berghems one is a copy of Cuyp. The Salvator Rosa is a great mistake, and is only worth 57. The Paul Potter is only worth 10 gs.



The Guido is not a Guido. It is worth 3*l*. The Palamedes is worth 4*l*. The Angelica Kauffman is not genuine. It is worth 5*l*. The Snyders I value at 9*l*; they are not Snyders. The Landseer is a complete mockery. I would not give 5*l*. for it."

"Mr. Huddleston, for the defendant, denied that his client had ever warranted any of the pictures; and as it was a question of character and credit, he should put the defendant himself in the box, and the jury would say which side they believed."

The defendant was put into the box accordingly; he deposed as follows:—

"We went to the gallery two or three times. Through Mr. Nixon the plaintiff asked me to sell some of the pictures—the upper pictures. I said I did not like to disturb the gallery, and did not wish to sell them at all. Afterwards Mr. Nixon brought a list to me, and asked me to price them. I did so. The list produced is the one. I did not dictate the names, nor was I present when they were written down. I put the prices with the assistance of Nixon. The plaintiff did not agree to the prices I put, and I reduced them. Mr. Nixon took the list into the gallery, and I think I went in. I did not state that I warranted the pictures; on the contrary, I told her I would not warrant any. My attention was drawn by the plaintiff or Mr. Barnard to the Paul Potter. I said if I could prove it was a Paul Potter, it would be worth a couple of thousand pounds. I had a picture by Müller, with the name on it, which I thought much of. I told the plaintiff distinctly that I could not warrant any of the pictures. I bought the Snyders as a Snyders, and thought much of it. I saw it at Maxstoke Castle, but Nixon bought it for me. I bought the Zuccarellis at Teignmouth. I bought them as Zuccarellis. I sent seven pictures to make up the 300*l*. balance. I believe the prices of the pictures upon the whole were fair prices. I had given more for some of them."

"The jury found that there was a warranty—the paper—and gave a verdict for the plaintiff for the full amount claimed, 519*l*."

We have been compelled to abridge this very remarkable case, and have sufficiently commented upon it. The verdict of the jury is such as to preclude the possibility of doubt as to their opinion, or as to the construction we are bound to put on the transaction. It is, as we have said, another warning; we trust it will be effectual.

Meanwhile, this trial may serve to enlighten us on two points. We find in a palatial residence, the mansion of a wealthy Art-manufacturer, in the prosperous town of Birmingham, "a gallery" of pictures; and we obtain information of what it consists. We do not suppose the unfortunate plaintiff selected all the worst; and we learn that the then proprietor reluctantly parted with the "Murillo," and attached great value to the "Landseer,"—believing in the "Müller," because the name of "Müller" was painted on it. What are we to think either of his liberality as an Art-patron, or his judgment as an Art-critic, who could be content to form "a gallery" of such wretched materials and look upon it with pleasure! Had he actually persuaded himself—under the tutelage of Mr. Nixon, picture-dealer—that he was the possessor of paintings of merit and worth, and was satisfied by the persuasive eloquence of this very serviceable ally? or did he well know that his gallery contained an assemblage of trash, to be wisely got rid of upon all convenient occasions?

We have no desire for the companionship of Asmodeus; but we greatly fear that if other galleries in Warwickshire were exposed to scrutiny, the result would be a melancholy prognostic for Art.

There is another point on which we are enlightened: if we understand the verdict rightly, it was given because the "paper" which contained the names of certain artists, was considered by the jury as a "guarantee." If it be so—and we earnestly hope it is—picture-sellers had better look to themselves. Even Mr. Foster may find himself in a very awkward predicament when, some day, a printed catalogue is placed in the hands of twelve "good men and true," who are asked to redress the grievance of a victim in an auction-room; while vendors will deem it prudent to be especially careful when they make out a bill for "pictures sold."\*

\* [We have heard, indirectly, that application will be made on the part of the defendant for a new trial; but on what grounds we cannot exactly see; it would, however, gratify us to know that Mr. Mason could prove himself "more sinned against than sinning." The verdict was unquestionably given in accordance with the ruling of the judge, that the affixing the name of the artist to the bill of sale constituted a "warranty;" this, as we have observed, is a novel doctrine of the law in matters referring to picture-selling.—*Ed. A. J.*]

## HELEN FAUCIT.

FROM THE ALTO-RELIEVO BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

THE first point for an artist, be he painter or sculptor, to consider, is the selection of a good subject; the next, how to treat it appropriately: in portraiture the former is not always at his command, but if he has taste, judgment, and talent, he may, to a great extent, triumph over the difficulties he has to encounter in the absence of what is required, and acquit himself honourably of the task confided to him. Now, in the case of the sculptured work here engraved, Mr. Foley had no such obstacle placed before him, for though the face of "Miss Helen Faucit" may not be formed upon the accepted classic model, it is capable of assuming a classic character, as all who have seen her in the part of Ion must acknowledge. Moreover, there is a degree of elegance in the form and bearing of this lady, whether in action or repose, that peculiarly fits her for sculptured representation. Mr. Foley has judiciously refrained from exhibiting her in any especial historic character, though she might easily be taken for some one of the Greek maidens whom ancient poets have described, did not the bas-relief of our great dramatist, and the pile of books, associate the idea of the work with a later period: these accessories are very properly introduced, as being in harmony with the dramatic genius of the lady, and as valuable aids to the composition of the design.

This alto-relievo is worthy of the high talent of the sculptor, than whom there exists none in Europe whose mind is more poetically attuned. The pose of the figure is remarkably elegant and easy, the draperies fall gracefully and naturally, and are not broken up into forms and lines destructive of repose and "breadth." We are compelled to admit that the engraver has not succeeded in producing so faithful a portrait as we find in Mr. Foley's work: the face has not the soft expression, nor yet the true outline, of the original.

"Miss Helen Faucit," until very recently, has been, we regret to say, little more to the play-loving world than a memory; and it certainly shows too truly the lack of dramatic talent, when we are forced to admit how inadequately she is "supported" in any of those characters which she renders with grace and dignity emphatically "her own." Pity was strangely mingled with our admiration when we saw her on the stage of her Majesty's Theatre, as Lady Macbeth, on the occasion of one of the performances before the late royal visitors at the English court. That night she played the Thane's wife for the first time in London. From the reading of the letter, to the last scene, where she vanished from the stage—more like the spirit of the marvellous woman who had stimulated her husband to the murder, and supported him during his remorse with as much devotedness as power, than a still living creature—all was resplendent with art of the highest order: we can imagine nothing finer, nothing more perfect. We bowed in homage before a great triumph of genius, and felt the truth of a stranger's observation—"Henceforth Ristori must sit at her feet." We are happy to say, that since that night—so poor in all but HER—Helen Faucit has repeated Lady Macbeth at the Lyceum, and gratified those who appreciate such enjoyment by "reappearing" in "The Lady of Lyons," and in "Beatrice." How delightful to have the opportunity of witnessing these parts once more! We wish the public were more thoroughly awake, amongst its other excellences, to the integrity of this lady's acting. She renders the character of Lady Macbeth more full than any other actress of our time: her by-play in the banquet scene is perfect; it tells its own fearful story of the withering anxiety which is sapping her very brain; and yet all is tempered by so sound a judgment, that the company could only gather from it the woman's deep regret that her

"Lord is often so."

But we have little space for dramatic criticism: if we have in these few words wandered from our appointed path, we have the excuse that there is but little dramatic excellence extant to tempt us often to do so. We cannot, however, fail to record that this lady came upon the "London boards" while in the first blush of girlhood—she came without the long

probation of provincial practice usually believed to be absolutely necessary to success—a timid, delicate, trembling girl, in her opening scene moving the audience to pity, and to wonder why one so young, and so unpractised, should try her unfledged wings in such a flight; but this soon passed into astonishment when, losing herself in the creation of the poet, the young actress soared into a new existence, and became what others had only represented.

Who that has heard has ever forgotten the exquisite modulations of her voice in the most fervent of Juliet's confessions of the love that expanded her young heart? Who could forget the girlish playfulness, changing into impassioned determination, in that marvellous upspringing of woman's love? And who that witnessed has ever forgotten the fearful winding up beside the tomb? This was but the commencement of a series of triumphs which at intervals, "few, and far between," are still continued in "the provinces;" sometimes, as by a happy miracle, she is seen for a "night or two" in London, only to make her absence still more regretted.

She is now a much greater actress than ever, having bated not a jot of her first grace and enthusiasm, and having added thereto the experiences of a richly cultivated mind, and the deep readings of human character which only observation and time can teach. Happily for herself, "The Lady of Lyons" has found in real life a "Claude Melnotte;" and though keeping in public the name that "witched the world," her friends know her, within the sanctuary of her beautiful home, as the happy wife of a distinguished and accomplished gentleman, adding another to the proofs we could number that, however

"Court and caressed,  
High placed in halls, a welcome guest,"

the true woman turns to domestic life to give and receive happiness.

## ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—Nearly five months have elapsed since the inquiry which the government directed to be made into the affairs and past management of the Royal Hibernian Academy, has been held, and yet the Report has not appeared. The annual exhibition of the academy is advertised to open during the present month; but we can scarcely expect to hear of any very satisfactory result so long as contention and discord prevail among the academical body. Pending the publication of the Report Mr. Norman Macleod is commissioned to draw up, we are unwilling to refer to the several matters that have originated dissension; but we are compelled to say that an institution that possessed a building free from rent charge, and has also an annual parliamentary grant for the purpose of encouraging Art, ought to make a far better return for such advantages than the Dublin Academy has hitherto done. Its exhibitions are mainly supported by the works of the "Saxon;" Irish artists—the best of them, that is—appear almost universally to shun the gallery.

BELFAST.—An exhibition of decorative and ornamental art was opened in the apartments of the Belfast School of Design on the 19th of February: it consists of works selected from the Museum at Kensington, and comprises selections in almost every material and class of ornamental manufactures, both European and Oriental. Among the most beautiful and costly were several examples of old Sèvres porcelain, belonging to Her Majesty: these engaged the especial attention of the assembled company which had met to inaugurate the opening. During the evening addresses were delivered, and resolutions moved by the Mayor of Belfast, Lord Massareene, Dr. McGee, &c. The latter gentleman intimated that the Belfast School had not at the present time its fair proportion of pecuniary aid from the Government: in 1851, the grant was £475; in 1852, £500 or £600; now it had dwindled down to £80. Notwithstanding, he "was willing to give the Department thanks for the small instalment now given of what they owe Belfast."

MANCHESTER.—The annual meeting to receive the Report of the School of Art in this city, was held on the 18th of February. The president of the institution, Mr. E. Potter, F.R.S., who occupied the chair, regretted the thin attendance of visitors, and "wished that so useful an institution was founded upon larger support from his fellow-townsmen."



THE GARDEN OF ALICE  
A NOVEL IN THREE VOLUMES  
BY  
MRS. J. K. BROWN

LONDON: 1850









This is the old complaint which we find prevailing in the majority of meetings of this kind throughout the country: the inhabitants of the respective towns withhold from the schools such aid as they require. The report of the council spoke of the satisfactory working of the school, and its great utility; and though the subscriptions had somewhat decreased, its financial condition, owing to strict economical management, had improved; it was expected that the institution would soon be out of debt. Mr. Hammersley, the head master, stated that 272 pupils had attended the first quarter, 102 in the second, 234 in the third, and 200 in the last quarter. The sum total of the year's receipts was £1167: a debt of £120 still remains unpaid. A sum of £200 had been paid during the past year towards liquidating old outstanding claims against the school.—The council of the Royal Manchester Institution and schools of Art, has decided upon offering the following "Heywood" prizes for competition at their next exhibition. The silver medal, and 20*l.* in money, for the best oil-painting (size not less than 20 inches by 12 inches), the original production of a pupil of any school of Art within 100 miles of the Institution; a prize of 10*l.* in money for the best chalk drawing, the original production of a pupil of any school of Art within 100 miles of the institution. The competing works must be delivered at the institution not later than Wednesday, August 4th.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYNE.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the Newcastle School of Art took place at the Institution room on February 2nd., when Mr. W. Jackson, M.P., presided, and delivered an opening address. This school is of comparatively recent origin: at the end of the year 1856, the number of pupils was only fifteen; at the close of the past year it had reached forty-seven. The total number of persons taught in the central public school by the master in 1856 was 100, and in 1857 it was 203. The Department of Art awarded the last year two silver medals and six bronze medals to the school; and prizes were given by several patrons of the institution—Mr. S. Child, the Rev. J. S. Broad, Mr. Dilworth, and by the committee. Mr. C. M. Campbell, of Stoke, offered to put his name down for £5 towards paying the expenses of any student who might be considered worthy of being sent to study in London; and Mr. Jackson, the chairman, stated that he would add £15 for the same object.

BIRMINGHAM.—The report for the last year of the committee of the Birmingham "Society of Arts and Government School of Art," is in our hands: it was read and adopted at a meeting held on February 4th. We learn from the document that the aggregate number of students in the various classes of the head school and in the branch schools was 1325, and that their attendance and conduct were very satisfactory. "As a proof of the practical value of the instruction given in the School to the manufacturers of Birmingham, the committee refer to the last report of the head master made to the Department of Science and Art, which shows that, during the year ending 30th June, 1857, 254 of the male students were engaged in the special trades of the town. Included in this number were 10 brass-founders, 15 chasers, 39 die-sinkers, 53 engravers, 23 jewellers, 24 japanners, 10 modellers, and 8 silversmiths. In addition to those engaged in the special industries of Birmingham, there were 50 students employed in the building and furnishing trades, together with 33 employed in miscellaneous industrial occupations, in which drawing is of great practical value." The report states that the present session will, in all probability, see the long projected arrangement carried into effect for transferring the School of Art to the new Institute Building, in Paradise Street. The last topic in the report to which we think it necessary to refer is far from being the least important: it refers to the retirement from the school of Mr. George Wallis, the head master and Art-superintendent, and of Mr. Wood, deputy head master. The resignation of their respective duties by these gentlemen, and especially the retirement of Mr. Wallis, will be greatly felt; his ability and energy have undoubtedly been mainly instrumental in bringing the school into its present state of efficiency and usefulness: of this the committee seem to be fully cognisant. Mr. Wallis resigns from a feeling that his state of health is unequal to the duties that one in his position is called upon to discharge. He will be succeeded by Mr. Rainbach, son of the late eminent engraver of that name, and till recently head master of the Cork School.

DEVONPORT.—A School of Art has been founded in this populous town, and a meeting to inaugurate it was held at the Mechanics' Institute, on February 28th. Mr. Henry Cole, C.B., and Mr. Redgrave, R.A., from headquarters at Kensington, were present, and delivered addresses on the importance and utility of such institutions.

## THE CHANGES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

HAVING accepted the resignation of Mr. Fergusson, the directors of the Crystal Palace Company have advertised for "a general manager" for their great and important institution. This appeal has been responded to by numerous applicants; and the directors will have to select their future chief executive officer from a group composed of persons differing from each other as widely as possible, both in their views of the administration of the Crystal Palace, and their capacity for undertaking the office with any reasonable prospect of success.

In their definition of the duties and powers of the general manager, the directors have shown that they require two very distinct classes of high administrative qualities in that officer. Thus he is to form the programme, and to originate and carry out all the plans for attracting the public to the Crystal Palace; and he is also to superintend the working of the entire staff in every department (with the sole exception of the secretary's department), and to maintain and be responsible for the permanence and security of the buildings, water-works, and all other property of the company.

When the magnitude of the Crystal Palace is taken into consideration, it certainly does seem that these two classes of duties would be assigned with the greatest advantage to two officers, each of whom might find a sufficient amount of occupation in his own sphere of duty, while each would be distinguished by qualities peculiar in themselves, and specially adapted to the peculiar duties that each would have to discharge. The great point for the directors to determine is, that their new manager should be able thoroughly to popularise the Crystal Palace, and fully to develop its comprehensive resources. We may assume that the maintenance and security of the buildings and their accessories of every kind will be duly provided for; but the difficulty unquestionably rests in the working the institution with the view to making it popular, and prosperous because popular. We believe that prosperity is quite within the limits of possibility for the Crystal Palace; but it can only be achieved by such a masterly handling of the palace as will render it at once permanently attractive and really useful. Popular (and also, occasionally, more advanced) lectures must occupy a prominent position in the new system of administration: much also may be done by a better arrangement and classification of the collections. The manufacture department ought to assume a much higher position. It might, indeed, be elevated to become a perpetual exhibition of industrial Art of the most comprehensive and varied character. Other novelties will not fail to occur to the new manager, should he prove the right man in the right place. One other thing we may notice; this is, the importance that the new manager should be both sensible of the variety of tastes and the difference of associations in visitors, for all of which he must provide with equal thoughtfulness, and also that he should be a person easy of access, and affable and courteous in conversation, as well with visitors as with those who may have professional communications with him. We trust that the forthcoming change in the administration may be such as will speedily demonstrate that the Crystal Palace will at length occupy its proper position. In expressing such hopes, let us not be understood to impute blame to the late manager; Mr. Fergusson is a man of first-rate talent and ability, though perhaps he may not have been quite "in the right place" at Sydenham. He worked, however, with the most devoted earnestness and fidelity for the Crystal Palace Company; and that a greater measure of success should not have attended his labours, is undoubtedly to be attributed to the same mistaken system of administration which hitherto has left all our exhibitions without a voice, to popularise themselves as they best might. When we know who the new manager is (or who the new managers are), and have been able to study the programme, and the plans of administration be put forth, we shall feel ourselves in a position to deal more fully with the present condition and the future prospects of the Crystal Palace.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE MEMORIAL OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION.—The committee, aided by five adjudicators—Lord Monteagle, Lord Goderich, W. Tite, Esq., M.P., Richard Westmacott, Esq., R.A., and Daniel Mac-lise, Esq., R.A.—have resolved that the design, No. 22, is that which it is most desirable to select as the work to commemorate the Great Exhibition of 1851. It will therefore be, we presume, submitted to the Board of Works, in due course, and we hope to see it the ornament of Hyde Park: for it will, undoubtedly, be worthy of the occasion, and honourable to our British school of sculpture in the nineteenth century. On opening the "sealed letter," it was found to be (as everybody knew it was) the work of Joseph Durham. Although we at present feel somewhat restricted in our observations and comments, we imagine there can be no breach of confidence in stating that this design (No. 22) was selected by ten out of twelve of the noblemen and gentlemen who voted—the arbitrators consisting of seven members of the committee, and five assistant adjudicators. For ourselves, we had from the beginning no doubt whatever that such would be the result: the press generally, if not universally, described it as the best; and it was certainly so considered by "public opinion," so far as it was possible to test it. We believe it to fulfil all the requirements demanded. In the "idea" there may be no originality: it is merely that of the four quarters of the globe presided over by Britannia; but in the *treatment* there was considerable originality, especially in characterising America as a young and vigorous Britannia, instead of as an Indian chief, with his cap of feathers—in accordance with the "time-honoured" notion of the New World. But it is probable the design will undergo some alterations—although its leading features may be preserved—and that the artist will produce a work that shall be in all respects worthy the age, the occasion, and his own fame as a sculptor. We trust such will be the view taken of it by the Board of Works—and, in especial, the angust person who cannot fail to be interested in a memorial, which testifies to his industry and patriotism, and that fosterage and continuous aid without which the GREAT EXHIBITION would have been a failure instead of a success. There are several points connected with this "competition," to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers; but at the present moment it would be premature so to do. We shall be prepared, at the proper season, to give full explanations concerning the course pursued by the committee from the commencement—challenging the strictest scrutiny into every act of theirs, and maintaining that no competition could have been conducted more honourably, or on principles plainer or more straightforward. On the whole, we may express our belief that no better or more suitable work could have been obtained—giving due weight to the fact that they had to deal with a sum no larger than £6000; and we feel assured that when the transaction from beginning to end has been inquired into and explained, it will be satisfactorily shown that Alderman Challis and the committee have discharged their duty faithfully and honestly.

ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.—The committee have so far concluded their labours as to furnish "a report to the council of the Society of Arts." It contains much that is good, and may be useful. The subject of fraudulent imitations is somewhat extensively dealt with: it is proposed to make "the copying, or knowingly uttering copies of artists' names or monograms, a felony;" and a misdemeanor to "make, or cause to be made, copies of works of Art, for the fraudulent purpose of selling or exchanging such copies as originals," and to "sell or exchange the same." A similar penalty (open to much question) is proposed to be inflicted on those who retouch engravings as fresh proofs, or as the works of the original engraver, though retouched by other hands. With respect to copyright in pictures, architectural designs, works in sculpture, &c. &c., it is, if we rightly understand the document, proposed that the producer shall have a right during his life, and for thirty years after his death, for "such designs as he may have conceived." We are not at this moment in a condition to canvass the document, nor can we give



to the subject the consideration it undoubtedly demands; we require further information, and a clearer knowledge of what is positively contemplated. The matter may receive proper treatment hereafter: even now, however, we venture to say there is considerable danger in legislation such as that which the report seems to anticipate. If there be one thing more than another which an Englishman holds dear, it is "the right to do what he likes with his own." The Duke of Newcastle was once subjected to considerable sarcasm for supposing he might safely exercise such a right in reference to farms or holdings, which he refused to let to persons entertaining political opinions opposed to his own: but it is, after all, a principle which guides every Englishman of every grade. Now it is quite clear *A. B.* may buy a picture, if he pleases to do so, submitting to any conditions that may be annexed to it; but he is equally free to decline to purchase it at all. We do not hesitate to express our entire conviction that if this great right—real or imaginary though the right may be of no consequence—is withheld from him, he will buy no more pictures. He will become a collector of other luxuries, with which he may "do what he likes;" and of collectors of pictures there will be hereafter very few. This is no fancied peril: let the question be put to any nobleman or gentleman who has formed a gallery of pictures; let him be asked if they would have been upon his walls had they been subjected to such conditions as those referred to by the report? The subject is so pregnant of thought, and, we must add, so suggestive of danger, that we shall take time to consider it in all its bearings.

**BIOGRAPHY OF TURNER.**—It is said that Mr. Thornbury, author of "Art and Nature," is engaged in writing a life of Turner, and that Mr. Ruskin has aided him in the task by the loan of sundry MSS. and note-books of the artist. The pictures of our great landscape-painter will certainly receive full justice from the descriptive powers of Mr. Thornbury, who writes vividly and poetically: we must wait to see whether he is competent to deal philosophically with the peculiar art of Turner: the task is by no means easy.

**SOCIETY OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTERS.**—This institution has made a judicious choice in the election of Mr. F. Tayler, as its president, in the room of Mr. J. F. Lewis, whose resignation we announced in our last number. Mr. Newton, a landscape-painter, was at the same time enrolled among the associate members of the society.

**THE FORTHCOMING PICTURE EXHIBITIONS.**—In the notices of the Art-treasures Exhibition at Manchester, which, during the course of the last year, appeared in our pages, we more than once expressed our conviction of the propriety of attaching *descriptive labels* to all pictures and works of sculpture at public Fine Art exhibitions. We have reason to feel assured that such an arrangement would be received by the public with the utmost satisfaction, and we accordingly now desire very strongly to urge upon all persons "in authority" in connection with the forthcoming exhibitions, the importance of adopting this system of description in addition to the customary catalogues. Let every picture and statue bear a label, stating its subject, the name of the artist, and the owner of the work; it would also be desirable to add the year in which the work was executed. Much of the fatigue and annoyance hitherto inseparable from visiting our exhibitions might thus be avoided. The sale of the catalogues would remain the same, since every person wishes to retain some means of referring to the pictures and other works after he has left any exhibition: what all visitors want is not to have occasion to make continual reference to catalogues while actually inspecting the contents of an exhibition. Would it be possible also to associate with our exhibitions courses of popular lectures on Art? The subject is before the public, and we believe that it might be very easily handled in a manner that would prove at once both attractive and useful in the highest degree.

**LANGHAM CHAMBERS SOCIETY.**—The first of the three *Conversazioni* appointed to be held by this society, took place, at their rooms, on the 22nd of February, on which occasion portfolios were contributed by Mr. Duncan and Mr. Mole, containing works of rare excellence; besides pictures by Mr. Moore, Mr. Hayes, and others. The next meeting

takes place on the 3rd of April, and the last for this season on the 8th of May.

**THERE IS NOW BEING EXHIBITED** at the Auction Mart in the city, a large picture painted by Mr. T. J. Barker, of which the subject is "Preparing for the Start," a scene in the Piazza del Popolo, at Rome, before the race which takes place in the Corso at the conclusion of the carnival. The Piazza looks somewhat small, from the desire on the part of the painter to portray with precision all the buildings and objects in and about it, but the spirit and importance of the subject centre in the horses and grooms which throng the place. The artist enjoyed the privilege of selecting his models from the stud of the Prince Piombino, and he has eminently succeeded in describing the fire of the animals, and their impatience for the race, in which they engage without riders, but with certain light trappings, to which are appended goads, that, as the animals move, penetrate their sides and urge them to increased speed. The Piazza is surrounded with spectators in all their holiday bravery. We see the Porto del Popolo, the famous obelisk, Monte Pincio, Santa Maria del Popolo, and the monastery: nothing is forgotten, and as a whole it is the best picture that Mr. Barker has yet produced.

**HAMPSTEAD CONVERSAZIONE.**—On the evening of the 24th of February, the second of these meetings was held, on which occasion were exhibited a numerous series of studies made in Venice by F. Goodall, A.R.A. They are heads painted on primed millboard, and left without backgrounds, just as they received the last touch while the model was yet before the painter. They are uniformly dark in complexion, but all singularly striking in character, inasmuch that we seem to recognise here and there a trait of the fallen nobility of Venice: and how strongly do they remind us of Tintoretto and Paul Veronese!—the same mould of feature prevails markedly in the works of both. This type, in its living reality, is found at Chioggia, but we cannot pass the Riva, or the Rialto, without seeing the same dozing in the shade, in all the luxury of native indolence. There were also some admirable drawings by Pyne,—essays in a new medium which seems to yield a solidity equal to oil, but with a greater atmospheric truth. Sketches of great power were exhibited by T. Forster, E. Cooke, A.R.A., W. H. Burnett, Cropsey, Agnani, W. W. Penn; and during the evening Mr. Kilburn delivered an instructive lecture on the Aurora-Borealis.

**ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.**—The annual festival of this excellent society took place on the 27th of March, after our sheets were at press. We can only express a hope that the gathering on this occasion of the friends and supporters of the institution was of such a nature as to materially promote its prosperity.

**A BUST OF GENERAL HAVELOCK** is to be placed among those of other celebrities which adorn the Council Chamber of the Guildhall, the court having passed with acclamation a vote to that effect. Richly-mounted swords to living heroes, and busts of those who have fallen in sustaining the honour of their country, show that the commercial community of London, with all its restless activity in pursuit of wealth, is not unmindful of the men whose deeds uphold the safety and glory of the nation.

**M. GAMBART** has, we hear, become the owner of Mr. Frith's forthcoming picture of the "Epsom Race-course," and has engaged his countryman, M. Blanchard, to engrave it.

**MESSRS. CHRISTIE AND MANSON** advertise for sale in the month of May the collection of English pictures and water-colour drawings formed by Mr. John Miller, of Liverpool: it contains several fine examples of the works of Turner, Linnell, Etty, Callcott, Millais, Wilkie, Müller, Constable, Poole, J. F. Lewis, D. Cox, and other stars of lesser magnitude.

**A STATUE OF TURNER**, from the chisel of Baily, will, it is expected, be seen in the sculpture-room of the Royal Academy this season: the work, it is surmised, will form a portion of the monument to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral. We have obtained permission to have a drawing made of the statue, to engrave as one of the "portrait-statues" we are now introducing into the *Art-Journal*.

**THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.**—The exhibition of this society will this season—and it is to be hoped permanently—be held in the great room

at the Egyptian Hall, that recently occupied by Lord Ward's collection; a signal improvement both upon the site and the space of last year. The days for receiving the pictures were the 16th, 17th, and 18th of last month; and the exhibition will open early in April, with a collection of works superior, it is believed in every quality, to those of last season.

**THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.**—There are strange rumours afloat concerning this work: "the thousand tongues" are noising it abroad that, notwithstanding the awards of prizes in Westminster Hall, the competition will lead to nothing, except a return to the original scheme of giving the commission to Baron Marochetti: indeed it is added that the arrangement was "in progress" when the competition was mooted; and it is to be carried out now that the competitive designs are either sent home or shelved into one of the ante-rooms of the new palace at Westminster. We cannot credit a statement so utterly opposed to every principle of honour: we do not believe that any government would dare to commit so great an outrage on common decency. We, therefore, abstain from more than a mere note to state that such a rumour is in circulation.

**MR. JOHN TIMBS.**—We regret to learn that this excellent gentleman and accomplished man of letters has retired from the editorship of the *Illustrated London News*—a post he has occupied during the long period of fifteen years, almost, indeed, from the commencement of the publication. Although we have no right to inquire into the circumstances connected with this retirement, we are fully justified in expressing our belief that it cannot be other than a calamity to that journal; for to his experience, industry, and amenity of character it is undoubtedly indebted for much of its marvellous success. Mr. Timbs has gained the esteem of all with whom he has been associated. As a labourer in many useful fields of literature, the public owe him much; and be his ultimate position what it may, the press cannot lose the services of so valuable an ally without offering to him a tribute of respect and gratitude.

**THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.**—The gentlemen who advocate the purchase of the Soulages Collection by the Government, for the national Art-museum, exhibit a zeal and perseverance worthy of a better cause. Lord Palmerston, in his zeal for Greek Art, and nothing but Greek Art, is known to set the Soulages purchase on one side with characteristic emphasis of expression. But the accession of Lord Derby to power appears to have revived the question; and now we find the officers of the Architectural Museum stepping quite out of their way to take the front position in the new agitation, with a petition to the legislature to effect this much canvassed purchase. The committee of the Architectural Museum very naively admit that with Soulages Art, such as it is, they have, and can have, but little sympathy: still there is about this collection such an Art-feeling, they say, that they consider it ought to become national property. Again and again have we endeavoured to discover in what particular respects this collection of Renaissance works is so eminently calculated to benefit and give a healthy impulse to our national practical Art; but our own previous conviction that the Government ought *not* to buy it for the nation, receives fresh confirmation from every visit to South Kensington. What are our cabinet-makers to learn from the long row of exceedingly ugly carved chairs, every one of them exactly alike? And what is there in the collection that is worthy of admiration, that cannot find its counterparts in the national museums already? There can be but a single plea for purchasing this collection with public money, and that is, the intention of forming from it the nucleus of Art-collections of its class in some of the more important provincial cities. Its residence at South Kensington has demonstrated that it is not wanted there; and if it were to be moved to the British Museum, it would speedily become equally evident that in that department of the national Art-collections its permanent presence is altogether unnecessary. We trust that the present Government may do much that will prove of the utmost importance in advancing popular Art-teaching, and in developing the application of true Art in practice: at the same time we hope that their policy in this matter will be no less judicious than liberal and



earnest: and it certainly will be an instance of sound judgment to leave the Soulages Collection still accessible to Art-appreciating Manchester, or to Christie's centrifugal hammer.

The movement of the committee of the Architectural Museum in support of the proposed national purchase of the Soulages Collection causes us more than a little regret, inasmuch as it shows how speedily it has assimilated itself to the prevailing influences of South Kensington. For more than one reason the sooner Mr. Christie has to deal with this Soulages Collection the better.

THE COUNCIL OF THE "ART-TREASURES EXHIBITION" OF MANCHESTER have at length determined upon the memorial which shall at once be the result of the great event, and shall preserve a "perpetual record" of its having taken place in the metropolis of cotton: they have commissioned Mr. Noble to execute a bust of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, to be presented by them to—Manchester! Thus consistently ends the magnificent project of the "merchant princes" of the north, in a bust to grace (we presume) their own civic hall. Wretchedly bad as was the part discharged by Manchester itself in the matter of the Art-treasures Exhibition, we confess to having expected a conclusion less "lame and impotent" than this. We certainly did consider that the noble collections which found a home for some months at Manchester must have exercised some influence upon the *genius loci*, and that they must, when they departed, leave behind them at least an impulse akin to their own high qualities. But the cotton-spirit has proved too true to itself to be in any degree affected, even by the concentration of so much that is most excellent in Art.

PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY.—We have very recently had submitted to us a series of specimens of lithography produced by means of the direct transfer of collodion photographic negatives to the stone. The process has not yet been fully developed, but the principle upon which it is based is certain, and clearly defined. The inventor is Mr. Greatrex, the photographer of the Regent Quadrant; and this gentleman is actively engaged in carrying out his experiments, with a view to a patent. The importance of the invention is very great, and we shall watch with much interest its progress in the hands of Mr. Greatrex.

THE ARCHITECTURAL MUSEUM.—The committee of this institution, now forming a part of the establishment at South Kensington, have put forth their Annual Report, in which they claim credit for various important improvements as the results of their removal from Cannon Row. It is satisfactory to observe that the committee continues to be as strong as in past times, and that the list of subscribers also shows numbers but little diminished. The committee dwell with evident complacency upon the "general publicity afforded to the museum," as "evinced by the fact that from the opening of the South Kensington Museum (June 24th) to the 31st of December last, the number of visitors has been no less than 268,291." We should be glad to know that this large number of "visitors" to South Kensington has furnished an increased number of students to the Architectural Museum itself. It would also have increased our satisfaction in reading this report, had it indicated that the collections had been carefully classified and systematically arranged; that they were continually receiving fresh and important additions; and that some definite plan for architectural study and illustration was organised, with the view both to bring the museum to bear for good upon the practice of architecture, and also to exercise upon the public such an influence as may lead to a better appreciation of this great art.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Before these lines are in the hands of our readers, the problem as to the acoustic qualities of the new west-end music hall will have been solved. On the 25th of March the hall was opened with a grand concert in aid of the funds of the Westminster Hospital; and then the musical qualities of Mr. Owen Jones's edifice were brought to the only conclusive test in such a matter—that of practical demonstration. We anticipate success, as we hope for it, in this important particular; inasmuch as the kindred arts have been summoned to lend their aid in preparing a fitting home for the popular music of western London.

THE SECOND CONVERSAZIONE of the season of the "Artists' and Amateurs' Society," was held at Willis's Rooms on March 4th: there was a large attendance of company, ladies and gentlemen, and an abundance of Art-works for their entertainment.

AT THE CONVERSAZIONE of the "Graphic Society," on the 10th of last month, held in the library of the London University, two small volumes of caricature sketches, accompanied with "notes" in imitation of Mr. Ruskin's criticisms on the Royal Academy and water-colour exhibitions, afforded vast amusement. The name of the author is not appended; but whoever he may be, he has shown great aptitude for burlesque, both with pen and pencil. Mr. Ruskin has met with one who knows how to use against him the weapons borrowed from his own armoury.

CARVING IN WOOD.—An extraordinary example of wood-sculpture, executed by a self-taught artist of Southampton, Mr. W. Bryer, has been shown us. The subject is from a well-known print of Mr. A. Fraser's picture of "The Moment of Victory," the combatants being two game-cocks, whose struggle for mastery has just terminated in the death of one of them; but, at the "moment of victory," the owner of the birds, it may possibly be, or perhaps only a humane member of some village "peace society," makes his appearance, and puts to flight a group of mischievous young urchins who have been spectators of, if not instigators to, the combat. The sculptor has scrupulously adhered to the artist's picture, carrying out every detail with the nicest accuracy, and in the boldest relief: it is marvellous how his instrument could reach some portions of the work without injury to the others; as, for example, the canary in the cage that hangs on the wall. As a work of patient labour and elaboration it is unique, while it shows very considerable artistic feeling in execution. There is no doubt Mr. Bryer has a genius for carving in wood: let him go to Nature, and make her his study in something that may lay claim to originality of design, and which would be right worthy of the art, and we "venture to guess" that in time he will earn a title to fame.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS, AND THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.—A proposition has been submitted to the Council of the Society of Arts by certain active members of the society itself, for commemorating the Great Exhibition of 1851, by a second grand assemblage of the productions of human Art and industry, to be held in London in the year 1861. This project, however plausible at the first glance, will not endure the test of calm and careful consideration. In the first place, it will appear that the very success of the former Exhibition is in itself the strongest possible argument against the probability of a second experiment proving similarly successful. In 1851, the world had had no experience of Great Exhibitions. The idea then was fresh as well as grand. Nations and individuals alike were eager to take a part in that wonderful demonstration; and all looked for results commensurate with the importance, the comprehensiveness, and the novelty of the Exhibition. Will the Society of Arts point out those results of the Exhibition of 1851, or of its successors, which may be fairly relied upon to induce "the world" once more to concentrate its choicest artistic and industrial productions in Hyde Park? The peculiar circumstances, and the unique excellence, of the 1851 Exhibition, combined to secure for it a complete pecuniary success; but it has yet to accomplish its own proper practical effects upon Art and industry. The more direct action of Art, as an element of a "Great Exhibition," saved the gathering at Paris from a fate similar to that which befel the American and the Irish projects. And, last year, Manchester took in hand to carry out the Art idea to its full development. But even this Exhibition, with all its intrinsic advantages, had a narrow escape from failure; and, in the way of results, it has left behind it no more than a painfully convincing proof of administrative incapacity in those to whose temporary care the works of Art were entrusted.

THE WARDEN AND FELLOWS OF DULWICH COLLEGE have entrusted to Mr. Redgrave, R.A., the task of preparing a catalogue of their pictures, and the general arrangement and disposition of the collection, so as to make it available to the public.

## REVIEWS.

LES GALERIES PUBLIQUES DE L'EUROPE—ROME. Par M. J. G. D. ARMENGAUD. Published by J. CLAYE, Paris.

Rome is still mighty, though the sceptre which once swayed the whole civilized world be struck from her grasp; "the lone mother of dead empires" yet rules the world of Art, and beckons Art-pilgrims from all quarters to inspect the treasures her ancient walls contain. Who shall describe the contents of the papal palace only?—where days may be spent in merely walking through the galleries which woo the student, and months be profitably devoted to their examination. Many a student has gone to Rome an earnest lad, and lived there still studying as an old man in the glorious collections that demand his admiration. Various are the palaces of Rome that vie with the papal residence in the exhibition of their treasures; and happy are the memories that dwell with us of the days when we passed slowly through the noble rooms of the Corsini, the Borghese, and the Spada palaces—lingering, loath to leave, beside the noble works they contain. How anxious have we always been that all the friends we love, that all who love Art for its own beautiful powers, could be carried, without the intervening difficulties and costs of the journey, to see that which has given us such glorious and pure enjoyment. Some near approach to such fairy-like power the book before us possesses: herein are the best gems of sculpture and painting, ancient and modern, all exquisitely engraved, selected with judgment, accompanied by well-arranged remarks, critical and explanatory,—and all this in a portable volume. We have seldom met with a more perfect book,—one that more completely disarms criticism, and transforms it to a mere descriptive comment. The engravings are most admirable; and the paper and print—those minor matters sometimes neglected by our neighbours—are here both perfect. The printing can challenge comparison with the best press-work of England; the paper rivals in soundness the vellum of the ancient scribes. The book is not restricted to the works of Art in Rome; it is also enriched with large views of the principal antiquities and buildings in "the eternal city:" these are all given with the most scrupulous fidelity, and with a minute conscientiousness that will not only delight an antiquary, but almost prove to a mason the texture of the stone. What more delightful in a long English winter, than these pictures from "the sunny south" of all that history has made famous? and what more noble than the printing-press, wedded to Art, and bringing its treasures thus to our own firesides?

LES CHEFS-D'ŒUVRE DE L'ART CHRÉTIEN. Par M. J. G. D. ARMENGAUD. Published by FIRMIN DIDOT, Paris.

A series of exquisite wood engravings here exhibit what Art of the highest kind has done to illustrate the great events of Christian history. The selection has been widely made, and the best galleries have been laid under contribution. It comprises works from all hands; and the "divine Raphael" is mated with the realistic Murillo, the graceful Carlo Dolce, and the "terrible" Michael Angelo. There is much of instruction to be gathered in merely turning over the pages of such a book as this, and contrasting these great masters, in their mode of rendering the great scenes of our faith. The individuality of each is distinct: it is not the reproduction, slightly varied, of a great preceding mind, but the genuine thought of an earnest artist working out his own idea, that beseeches our judgment in the labours of the past masters of Art: and it is this honesty of purpose that arrests our attention wherever we meet it, though it be in such works as Rembrandt, produced in ungenial Holland; for, grotesque as the Dutchman occasionally was, you feel that he meant honestly, and worked conscientiously to bring forth the talent that was in him. Schools have, by the very nature of their existence, done much to destroy this originality; but, despite all chances, it is still peeping forth in every real genius, and is yet preserved in the works of the old masters as an example to their followers. The author of the present work sets out with a defence of Christian Art against the objections sometimes made of its antagonism to the higher forms of grace and beauty which pagan Art so lavishly produced. His work proves that it still abundantly exists, less sensuous, but as powerful as ever, in the more ethereal graces of the saints and angels of Raphael, and other refined masters. A more elegant volume than this we have seldom seen, or one in which the art of wood engraving has been more successfully displayed. The portraits of artists given in the work—one of the most difficult branches of the art—are all



executed with the clearness and perfection of drawing usually confined to steel engraving: indeed, in softness of effect they rival such works, thanks to the extreme care of the printer, and the excellence of the paper. M. Armengaud concludes his work with a tribute to all who have been engaged in it, and it bears the appearance of having been a loving labour to them as well as to himself.

ULYSSES DERIDING POLYPHEMUS. Printed in Chromo-lithography, from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER. Published by ROWNEY and Co., London.

Few, if any, of Turner's pictures more fully sustain the character he earned for eccentricity, than the "Ulysses deriding Polyphemus," in the national collection at Marlborough House, and of which Messrs. Rowney have just published a large chromo-lithographic print. The picture was painted about nine years after Turner's visit to Italy, namely, in 1829: it was nearly the first of his works in which he appeared to set at defiance all previously accepted principles and styles of Art,—to acknowledge nothing in composition but his own vivid, luxurious, and poetic imagination, and to express his ideas in any and every way fancy suggested. Hence, we have here a painter's dream taking the form of a gorgeous cloud-land which the setting sun has robed in garments of azure, vermillion, purple, and grey,—rocks, mountains, sea, Trojan galleys, all more or less decked out in the same brilliant colours. It is, in fact, a "Turner extravaganza," belonging to that class of his works which critics have assailed and defended till there is little left to say concerning them; although they are almost, if not quite, beyond criticism in the ordinary meaning of the term: a writer can scarcely take a middle course in his observations—he must either unequivocally condemn or laud the style of painting which Turner thought fit to adopt in this period of his career.

Whether the reproduction—so far, at least, as the printing-press can imitate—and the circulation of such works may influence for good the public taste, is a question that will also find advocates and opponents: to discuss it here would occupy more space than we could give were we inclined to enter upon it. The public, it may be presumed, demand "Turners" in some shape or other, or publishers would not embark their capital in speculations like the "Ulysses," of which, we believe, there is another similar print in existence. The science and art of chromo-lithography has been put to a severe test in the production of the print that, with its masses of dazzling colours, almost blinds the eye to look at,—an excess of power which, in the horizon especially, it would have been better to keep down, so painfully obtrusive is it. The artists who have been engaged in producing the print have doubtless done the best with the means at their disposal; they have carried their art as far as it will go: to reach Turner by such a process is impossible, and we confess to entertain a greater love for the engraver's copies of the master, than for the colour-printer's: the mind and the eye are not distracted by black and white; both are disturbed by such positive hues as are here.

L'IMITATION DE JESUS CHRIST. Par THOMAS-A-KEMPIS; accompagnée de quatre cents copies des beaux Manuscrits. Published by L. CURMER, Paris.

When De Marillac, the old Chancellor of France, lovingly translated this famed work of Thomas-à-Kempis, for the edification of such of the French people as knew not the Latin original, he could scarcely have thought that more than two centuries afterwards French artists would be employed in perfecting, at a moderate cost, an edition which should rival the glories of the ancient illuminated books, that kings only could then hope to purchase. In no way does modern life contrast with ancient more forcibly than in this power of possessing books. In the middle ages a library of a few dozen volumes was admired for its extent, almost in the same way as we admire large libraries of a public kind, where books are counted by thousands. Before printing produced facsimiles of books, they had to be multiplied by hand labour alone, and many years must have been devoted to a careful transcript of a single volume. The Art-labour in painting and gilding was an additional work of much cost and industry, and we need but look at one page of this splendid book to understand how great it must have been. M. Curmer, in the work before us, has industriously copied examples of ornamental pages from the most exquisite illuminated manuscripts of all ages and countries; and some idea of the vast variety may be formed from the fact, that more than 400 pages are thus decorated, many being entirely covered with colour and gilding, as if the leaves of the book itself were really plates of gold. Every style of ornament

adopted by the book decorators of every era, from the 7th to the 17th century is given, and some few of eastern origin are included. The book is thus not only a splendid volume, testifying to the powers of the French press—a veritable *livre de luxe*—but an encyclopædia of ornamental art, to which the designer may turn for authorities of all kinds. Heartily do we congratulate M. Curmer on the successful close of his labours, and as heartily recommend them to the English public.

A BOY'S ADVENTURES IN THE WILDS OF AUSTRALIA; OR, HERBERT'S NOTE-BOOK. By WILLIAM HOWITT. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE & Co., London.

This is a cheap edition of a book, which abroad or at home should be in every "boy's" hand. We are carried along by the adventurous spirit, the resolution, the independence of the travellers, while we are enlightened by their observation, and feel that wisdom is growing out of pleasure. The little volume is enriched by Mr. Harvey's illustrations, and is "got out" in good style: a volume more deserving popularity has rarely been issued by our publishers.

THE PARTING LOOK. From a Drawing by E. H. CORBOULD. Printed and Published by G. BAXTER, London.

Mr. Baxter has not made a very judicious selection in the subject he has reproduced by his patent process of colour-printing; the figure is affected and unnatural: no village-maiden—especially of the period to which the costume applies, when rural sports and rural labours made the lasses less careful of their complexion than at the present time—ever departed from her native hamlet with face and neck so untinted by sun-ray and wintry storm, as the coquette of Mr. Corbould's fancy; for in spite of the tear that hangs on her cheek, and the rustic character of her dress, she is a coquette of the first order,—pretty, delicate, and very likely to forget her sorrows on her first entry into the busy world, to which, it is presumed, she is on the way. As an example of block-printing in colours, the print is the best we have seen, far less heavy than any preceding specimens of the same process; the draperies are capitably rendered; such solid stuffs, almost as silk-like and glossy as rich brocades, composed the apparel of which our great grandmothers used to boast they—that is the stuffs—required neither hoop nor crinoline as aids to expansion, though the former was among the fashions of the day. Notwithstanding our objections to the manner of Mr. Corbould's treatment of the subject, it belongs to a class of works which has numerous admirers; and certainly Mr. Baxter's reproduction is most successful: we should like to see his skill exercised on something higher, pretty as this print is.

TRESORS D'ART EXPOSÉS À MANCHESTER, EN 1857. Par W. BURGER. BARTHES & LOWELL, London.

It was not until 1851 that our continental neighbours gave us credit for the production of anything beyond cotton prints and steam-engines; but we can afford to pardon this limitation of our intelligence, when we learn also from them that the cheapness of the cotton fabrics which we manufacture in such quantities as to supply the most distant markets of the globe, is due to the humidity of our atmosphere, so favourable to the cultivation of the plant! Since 1851, and the national French exhibition, it is no longer thought by foreign artists that the introduction by them of painting and sculpture into England might be a profitable enterprise. To meet, therefore, with anything in the shape of Art-criticism from a foreign source, approaching a just appreciation of our position, is as much an act of justice done by our neighbours to themselves as to us. The critical catalogue, *à propos* of which we advert to the circumstance, is a thick volume of nearly 450 pages of matter, written carefully and with much artistic knowledge. "The collection at Manchester," says M. Burger, "is about equal to that of the Louvre. The Spanish, German, Flemish, and Dutch schools, with the primitive schools of the north, are even more fully represented, and only in the great Italian masters of the Renaissance does the Louvre surpass the exhibition at Manchester." The writer is impressed with the fact, that these kingdoms are inestimably rich in works of Art. No countryman of our own has ever seen as much as Dr. Waagen, and even he has seen only a portion of those Art-treasures which we have been accumulating for centuries. Yet, after all, very many of the best of the ancient pictures were not at Manchester; M. Burger pronounces upon those that were exhibited, but the excellence of a numerous catalogue of un-

exhibited works he cannot estimate. He rejects, as spurious, numbers of these works, attributed to this and that great master, and very likely he is right, for very few large collections are genuine throughout. Perhaps, as an extensive collection, that of the Pitti is less open to objection than any other in Europe. In such a notice as this, what interests us most, is that which is said of our living and rising painters. Merimée remarked that Hogarth could neither draw nor paint: there is, it is true, much in his pictures that is objectionable—they are loose in drawing and coarse in execution. Merimée cannot have seen the "Marriage-à-la-Mode;" if he has seen it, we deny to M. Merimée the power of judging: nor is the impression made by Hogarth on M. Burger favourable. Reynolds and Gainsborough, however, are painters of great power, although both very unequal. Both very differently pre-occupied, have, while essaying foreign styles and new principles, produced some indifferent pictures; but, on the other hand, both have executed *chefs-d'œuvre* which place them immeasurably beyond all their contemporaries, and even among the glorious galaxy of European celebrities. This is a liberal expression of opinion on the part of a foreign critic towards us; but we go farther than this, and believe these painters, especially Reynolds, equal to the best of the great masters of portraiture, Titian and Diego Velasquez, and in expression and luminous quality superior to both, and if superior to them, far surpassing all portrait-painters since their time. When our school was obviously faulty in its drawing, that was a shortcoming which all the academies of Europe could legitimately condemn; but now that among ourselves no work of Art is at all estimable if not well drawn, the foreign criticism with which we have been generally favoured, is tinged with that national prejudice that colours the expressed opinions of all schools in reference to each other. We take some credit to ourselves—not for knowing the works of the most eminent men of most of the foreign schools—but that we know those of the second, and even some of the third-rate artists of those schools, and making every allowance for differences of style, manner, and feeling, do them that even-handed justice which they merit. Our columns, *ab ovo usque ad malum*, testify this.

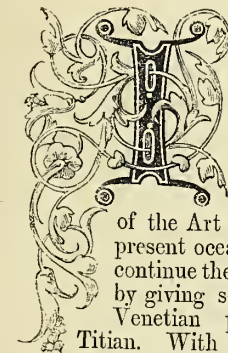
In M. Burger's book, the first two chapters on the English school are devoted to Reynolds and Gainsborough almost exclusively. Richard Wilson is but little admired, and Stothard is held in slight esteem; his picture of the Canterbury Pilgrimage is inferior to the engraving. Of West, Viardot, in his *Musées d'Angleterre*, says that his "Cleombrotus banished by Leonidas," would not be received for exhibition by a French committee. But M. Burger goes farther than this, he says, "The six pictures by Benjamin West, at Manchester, are like the signs of booths at a fair. They are, however, his most celebrated works, with the 'Christ Curing the Sick in the Temple,' a work which cost 3000 guineas. There is also his 'Death of General Wolfe,' a picture universally known by Woollett's beautiful engraving." We have no enthusiasm for West, but to come to an odious comparison, if his works are sufficiently good to signalise booths at a fair, there are also in the heterogeneous collection of the Louvre, works by no means less eligible for such a distinction. The writer claims to be classed in the ranks of the professors of Art—but what can be his qualification, when he startles us by such a passage as this: "Wilkie and Lawrence resuscitated Hogarth and Reynolds; Constable would have continued Gainsborough; Bonington, in his too brief life, would have done wonders; Turner, in his long life, tried all styles to encourage his countrymen to every research and every kind of perfection, and to leave behind him an immense series of works in which there are productions of the poet and the painter." M. Burger is astonished at the *naïveté* and naturalism of Constable, who had the audacity to accept all combinations of shades as he saw them in nature. Landscape-painters were accustomed to look at nature according to a principle of their own, and in painting from her they suppressed passages here and enlarged others elsewhere; but Constable painted precisely what he saw, without troubling himself about the result, which was a series of landscapes of a natural force and reality, such as had never before been seen in any school. To Turner not much praise is awarded. After him Bonington, Harlowe, Raeburn, Newton, Leslie, Mulready, Webster, Martin, Etty, Müller, Ward, Stanfield, Roberts, and the Pre-Raphaelites, are slightly mentioned; and notwithstanding the errors into which the writer occasionally falls, it is gratifying to find that British Art is beginning to be considered by foreign critics apart from the influence of the national prejudices to which they have ever yielded when writing of our school.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1853.

THE PRE-TITIANITES,  
INCLUDING GIORGIONE.

IN the last numbers of this Journal we endeavoured to communicate to the reader the impressions we derived at Venice from the works of Giovanni Bellini, that "genuine morning star" of the Art of the lagunes. On the present occasion it is our purpose to continue the subject of Venetian Art, by giving some account of the other Venetian painters who preceded Titian. With the exception, however, of his immediate precursor, Giorgione, who at once so boldly and brilliantly secularised Art in this corner of Italy, they do not seem to us to call for any very extended notice. Their works, almost exclusively of a devotional cast, show much feeling, indeed, but it is commonly of a somewhat harsh or drearily melancholy cast, rarely carried to the height of a tender and truly amiable expression. As we have already observed elsewhere, the Venetians came strangely late into the field, and their works were still stiffly, meagrely, childishly drawn, and most confined in range of subjects, at a time when the Art of Tuscany had reached its utmost perfection and variety. Working aloof from the rest of Italy, and as if (one might almost think) with the characteristic jealousy of Venetians, they display less perception of beauty of form and ideal grace than her other schools. Their notions, founded on a Byzantine basis, were at first modified rather by the homelier feeling and the congenial power of splendid colour and execution shown by the Germans and Flemings—the early schools of Cologne and Bruges; and the distinctive merit thus resulting is beauty of colour, a pre-eminent talent for which, on the part of the Venetians (originally inspired, doubtless, by the rare natural hues around them), had been previously cultivated and improved by their habitual intercourse during so many ages with the "gorgeous East." Almost at once the soft, delicate, and brilliant complexion of the works of their earliest school of painters, the Vivarini of Murano, produced early in the latter half of the fifteenth century, seems to give promise of the unrivalled *full bloom* of beauty which afterwards glowed forth here. Indeed, in examining the best of these earlier works, nothing else is so remarkable as the contrast they display between a prompt genius for colour, and an incapability with respect to form—the delicacy and masterly gradation of their hues, combined with their weak and often absolutely childish drawing.

The great museum of these older works is now the Academy, where the pictures of so many suppressed churches and convents are

preserved and collected. The first room, a small one, decorated gaudily with Gothic ornaments, is filled with productions of the two earliest periods of Venetian painting, principally by the Vivarini. They consist, for the most part, of single figures of saints on gold backgrounds, standing side by side, but each separate in its gilt niche, which is often splendidly illuminated with lesser quaint missal-like paintings. Here, though grouping and extended composition are as yet unthought of, it is highly pleasing to distinguish clear and unmistakeable dawnings of life, and individual truth, and saintly expression, emergent above the retiring mediæval night of the *painter's* art: that art is, at length, in resurrection here at Venice also. In one or two yet earlier paintings—the earliest by far in this collection—Coronations of the Virgin, produced in the middle of the fourteenth century by two Venetians, Nicolo Semitecolo, and Lorenzo Veneziano, the flat and uncouth figures remind one not simply of the Byzantine, but of the *Hindoo* style: they look at least as like representations of the coronations of some Indian goddess by Buddha or Foh, painted by some oriental limner, as what they are intended for. It is difficult to look upon their barbaric superstition, meagre inanity, and nauseous gaudiness, without a feeling somewhat allied to disgust. But in the productions of the Vivarini, painted nearly a century later, Art is so far progressive, that side by side with figures yet attenuated and ungainly, are others with indications of soft and delicate flesh and blood, and with nobly arranged and most tenderly modelled draperies; and, above all, a pious spirit, a saintly soul, is here and there not obscurely breaking forth, like a serene sunrise. In a Coronation of the Virgin, by Giovanni and Antonio of Murano—the first of whom was a German, who enriched the infant school with some of the principles of colouring and composition characteristic of the old school of Cologne—the execution is remarkably soft, and so is the warm and ruddy colouring; and the little naked children standing in a crowd between the pillars that support a rude and imbecile notion of the Virgin and the Persons of the Trinity, are easy in their postures, quite innocent and pretty. Here is perhaps a first dawning of a classical influence; but the old doctors and saints, seated around, are German rather in their quaint but gentle-hearted homeliness. Luigi Vivarini, a later artist, gives a more imaginative air to his figures; but his heads are decidedly harsh and disagreeable. His meagre, ugly St. John the Baptist's wild, serious look, is nevertheless strikingly conceived. Finally, Bartolomeo Vivarini, in technical qualities, is much in advance of those we have hitherto mentioned. His figures are, several of them, highly interesting from their life, truth, and portrait-like individuality. A saint, evidently a portrait of some peculiarly Romish priest (we feel we have met him many a time), would do credit to any period of Art, for this unmistakeable verisimilitude, and for delicate, highly-finished painting. A Madonna, too, by Bartolomeo, also in the Academy, is, most unexpectedly, fully and softly rounded, decidedly sweet-faced and pretty. But his Santa Chiara is really a highly dignified old lady, not in any way unworthy of Giovanni Bellini. With this last item of praise, however, the reader should be told that these two last-mentioned Vivarini, belonging to a somewhat advanced period of Venetian Art, were, in fact, not antecedent to Bellini, but contemporary with him; and hence it is very desirable that their works should be more clearly distinguished from the earlier ones in the same room, with which they are at present likely to be too closely connected in point of time. In taking leave of Luigi and Bartolomeo Vivarini,

it may be as well to say that their works in SS. Giovanni e Paolo, and S. Maria de' Frari, are harsh and gaudy pictures of ill-favoured and very disagreeable saints, whose looks are quite discouraging to any one with less energy of devotedness to the cause of Art than a German critical discoverer, or an eloquent writer at his wit's ends for a new subject. Yet Bartolomeo's works in the Academy are by no means open to the charge of remarkable hardness and severity of outline which has been brought against him; and his colouring (as well as that of some of his immediate competitors) is at times exquisitely tender and beautiful. Delicate pearly tones are to be met with in his pictures, supported by subdued greenish harmonies, such as pervade the persons and the wave-secluded homes of the Nereids themselves. They were drawn, most likely, by these Venetians from the frequent and loving contemplation of the sea around them; and in their works have the additional charm of a characteristic and poetical propriety. Admirable in these respects is the recent acquisition by Bartolomeo Vivarini in our own Gallery, and well it exemplifies what has been here said in relation to the genius of these painters for colour, and their incapability with regard to form.

But we must proceed with the works of the other Venetian painters of this latter period, many of which are of far greater interest and importance than the productions of the Vivarini.

In the same Venetian Academy are many altar-pieces by these other contemporaries of Giovanni Bellini, and by his numerous scholars; the ablest of them being Victor Carpaccio and Marco Basaiti, who were not his pupils, and Cima da Conegliano, Martino da Udine, and Rocco Marconi, who were, and Gentile Bellini, his elder brother. Their works, like the others we have mentioned, are often disagreeable from mawkish devoteism and antiquated stiffness; but it is pleasing to discover, now and then, gleams of a fine rapt expression shining forth in their most successful productions—here with increased intensity—like emanations of sunrise suddenly recognised as giving glory to some wild landscape of rude and quaint rocks, and meagre trees having too little earth about their roots, yet nourished by heavenly airs. Not that these devotional painters of Venice, after all, are apt to rise into such engaging tenderness and *beauty* of expression as sweeten the finest religious reveries of other Italian schools. On the contrary, their saints, though no doubt deep enthusiasts in their way, have commonly a cold and harsh expression, "humanly speaking;" as if, "humanly speaking," they were tolerably good for nothing. The crystal clearness of the atmosphere around them forms one of the chief merits of these pictures, and of course greatly aids the general impression of sanctity, by its pure tranquillity and freedom from earthly haze or soil. Of all Bellini's competitors, or scholars, none deserves to be placed before Cima for expression of ascetic sanctity, and for this clear spirituality of light and colour. His masterpiece, formerly in the Church of La Madonna del' Orto, and at present in the Academy, is an altar-piece of four remarkably serious, dignified, and solemn saints, standing before one of those fine old quaint, serene, *pious* landscapes, which seem perfectly conscious of the seraphic presences in the midst of them. It is the finest work of the class in Venice, after two or three of the best Bellinis. A Baptism of Christ, in San Giovanni in Bragora, is also one of Cima's masterpieces. Commonly there is a severity of expression, a hermit-like meagreness and wildness in his very peculiar heads, which discover the painter at a glance. He paints like some enthusiast who has meditated much in the



wilderness, and fasted and scourged himself a great deal more than the milder and sweeter Bellini may be supposed to have done; yet the depth and intensity of feeling shown in some few of his best works are interesting, and by no means unproductive to the imagination. Like him in these respects, though inferior, is Marco Basaiti, a painter, it is said, of Greek parentage, whose most noteworthy picture is an altar-piece in the Academy, of our Saviour in the Garden. In this the Christ kneeling on the rocks, high in the middle of the picture, before a clear golden dawn, is (if nothing more can be said of it) a solemn, pathetic, interesting figure, with that fervid but somewhat *barbaric* look which is characteristic of this painter. His crowded Redeemers and female saints would do exceedingly well for representations of some of those early Saxon kings and princesses of ours who were so foud of renouncing the court for the cloister. In the present picture of Basaiti's, the disciples beneath are slumbering in postures very natural and lively, especially one extended in precisely the attitude of a sleeping gondolier, who, stretched on his back on a bench under the arcade of the Ducal Palace, had fascinated me for at least five minutes the morning before. For a sainted fisherman a gondolier may here have been considered a not inappropriate model. Mr. Ruskin, wishing to exalt the early religious painters, says that Basaiti's golden sky, in the Academy, altogether overpowers and renders valueless that of Titian beside it. The reader of his eloquent pages, who retains independence of mind enough to make use of his own eyes, will find that it does nothing of the kind; but Mr. Ruskin, with whom brilliancy of effect is commonly a first consideration, often sacrifices great men in a very ruthless manner, for the mere purpose of heightening a sentence by an effective comparison; and so here Titian is bound and tied to the horns of the altar of his Goddess of Rhetoric, a divinity whom he loudly denies indeed, but is often found assiduously worshipping. Martino da Udine is well worthy of an honourable corner in the memory, for the dignity and expression of his angels and saints; but Bissolo, though he has been highly praised for spiritual tenderness, seems to me invariably mawkish. Rocco Marconi is a somewhat later artist, but retains much of the old manner. A *Pieta* under the Cross by him, an altar-piece, is a magnificent old work, interesting for its elaborate rocky landscape, which, though quaint, and unlessoned in the forms of nature, is of a beauteous clearness and tender warmth of tone; but the figures are feeble and *rapidly* sweet in expression.

Nor may we here overlook (though we half wish to do so) Carlo Crivelli, a painter, whose extravagant love of ornament, perhaps unequalled in his art, displays much of the neighbouring Paduan influence. His pictures are covered with a wonderful elaboration of gold-damasked robes, gold ornaments, (St. Peter's keys and St. Ambrose's crosier actually in gilt relief,) pavements and pavilions of variegated marbles, garlands of fruit, and other things of the kind. The saints embroidered in the borders of the dalmatics are almost as highly finished as their wearers. But these wearers themselves, what ugly, wrinkled, sour-looking old men they commonly are! Reverent thoughts of the Madonna, however, seem to have refined this painter's imagination somewhat; for he figures her as an elegant slender crowned lady, sometimes of considerable beauty; and his little children are, here and there, very pretty, softly painted, and even tolerably well drawn. The colouring amongst his profuse gilded damaskings is rich and splendid, or in other instances tenderly warm and harmonious throughout. In some of Crivelli's works the figures

are absolutely hideous, scarily hideous; but the perception of personal beauty, at the time generally unfolding itself, seems to have gained considerably even with him.

An elegantly quaint old picture by Fra Negroponte, still more Paduan in its feeling, is to be found in a mean little side chapel of San Francesco della Vigna. The Madonna here, like some queenly bride, or her principal Maid of Honour at the least, clad in rich coif and superb gold and brown dress, (very like what our Elizabeth Woodville, or Catherine of Aragon, may have worn,) sits in a garden, in a fanciful pavilion, adorned with bas-reliefs of cupids and flowers. An arch of fruits canopies her head; and little birds are hopping amongst the ground-flowers, at her feet. Here something of that demure beauty which so readily passes for religious, is accompanied by a charming romantic feeling. Whilst wandering about the more silent and neglected corners of Venice, it is quite delightful, without guidance or expectation, to stumble on an old work such as this. And if it is but imperfectly seen in that dim and shabby little chapel, behind altar candles, and spires of tissue-paper flowers, and lackered vases and canisters, why the situation and the contrast, add something of the charm of pathos: we feel the more for that lonely romantic princess thus fallen on dull and evil days.

A work by Girolamo Santa Croce, to which we were directed by Mr. Ruskin's notes, deserves particular mention also. It is in San Silvestro, the church from which our "Offering of the Magi," ascribed to Paul Veronese, was recently acquired, in consequence of a strange oversight committed during some repairs of the building. These alterations so changed the different compartments, that none of the larger pictures could be restored to their proper places. So a papal decree, and an order from the local authorities, were by-and-by obtained for their sale; and thus, by an accident less fortunate for us than for the good fathers of San Silvestro, we procured one of the largest and poorest works in our gallery. Santa Croce's picture, one of the few still in their places, is a *Santa Conversazione* of St. Thomas of Canterbury, enthroned in episcopal state, with musical angels sitting at his feet, and saints on each side, in front of an elaborate landscape, just such as one admires in journeying from Venice to Verona. Ridge above ridge dotted with towers, rises behind a cheerful plain, thick-set with tufts of trees, and villages. The clear sky is scattered with little islands of white clouds reposing with their wings quite rolled up, and with pretty cherubs no less pure, serene, and airy than they. Girolamo, it seems, is chiefly admired for these hovering infant angels, with which he has peopled the skies of several of his pictures. The present one is a noble old work, but half spoilt by the slimy over daubing of two of the saints. It is melancholy to contrast their modern pseudo-sentimentality, and muddy smoothness, with the simple guileless tenderness, and warm transparent complexions of their companions. Pleasant it was, nevertheless, to fancy the reverence for the sanctity of San Tommaso, almost buried, as it were, in a nook of one of the obscurest parts of Venice; but our attention, I well remember, was much disturbed at the time by another picture, a living one, displayed close by—a woman confessing. The confessor, a very fat man, sat dancing and dandling his foot all the while, with the most easy nonchalance possible, and taking copious pinches of snuff. When, at last, she had said her say, he said his; and a most lively and pleasant piece of gossip it seemed to be, abundant in the extreme. But presently he noticed our stolen glances towards him, and then what should he do but sheepishly, or reprovingly, (I scarcely know which,) close a little shutter

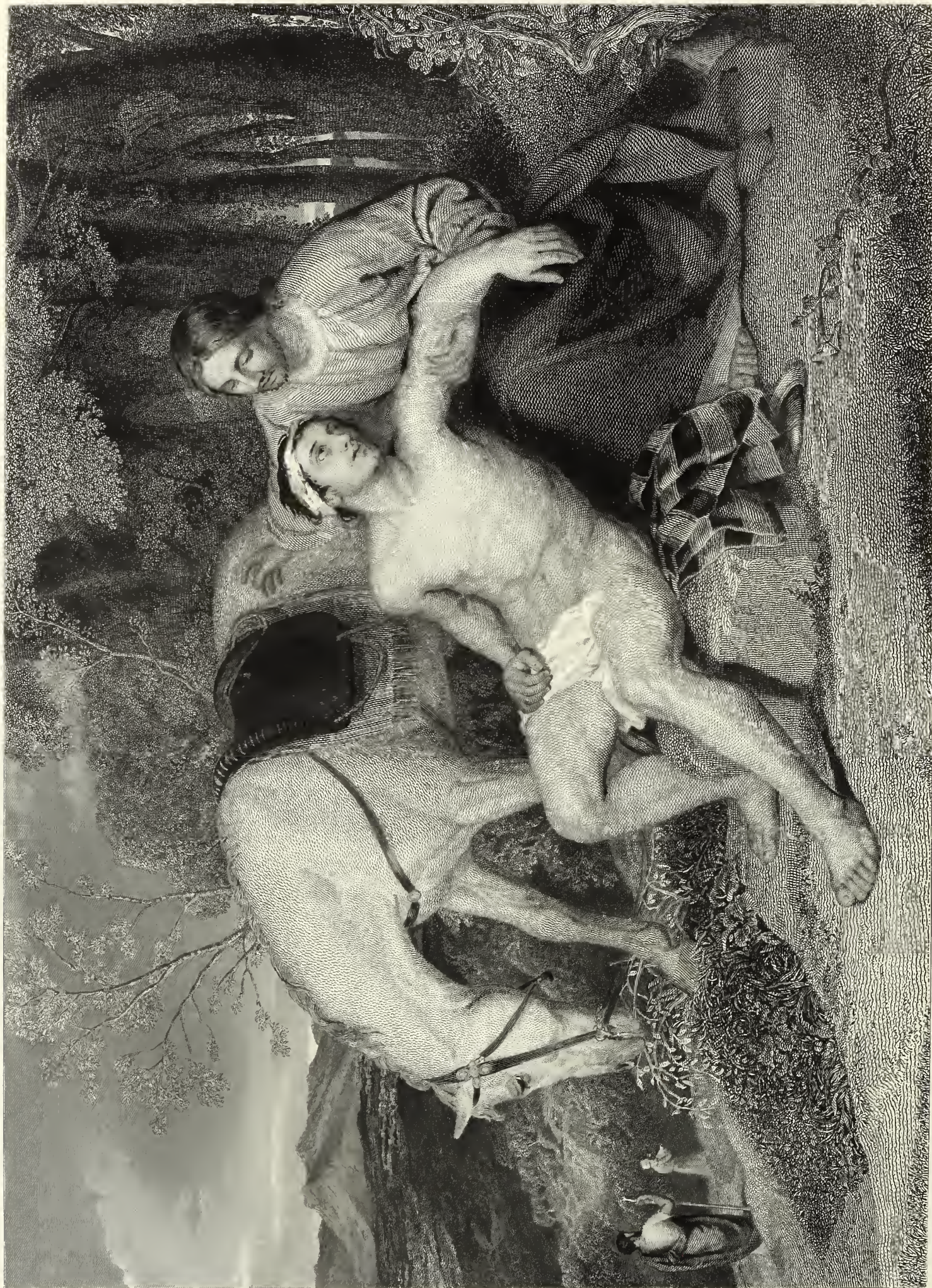
before him. However, it concealed his head only, not the lower part of his person. Still the abdominal obesity below was obvious: still the frequently used snuff-box and the ever-jogging leg were freely displayed to us, holding their course as leisurely as ever. And these spiritual confidences were not exhausted when we left the church, after eyeing them not much less than an hour! Sincerely, no offence to our dear Roman Catholic brethren is meant by these observations; for had we been the rigidest of their body, still we should have felt inclined to whisper in such a case as this, Beware, beware, lest the confession of frailty insensibly become reciprocal.

But these same living pictures wean us too much from our proper business with the canvases. We must return to the Academy for a few brief moments, to close our account of the earlier painters of Venice with a few observations on two of the most gifted of them. In this glance at Bellini's contemporaries, Victor Carpaccio, certainly second to none of the period, may be classed separately with Gentile Bellini. They both, for the most part, painted a somewhat different species of subjects—subjects legendary and historical, with figures frequently smaller and in crowds, and most elaborate architectural and landscape backgrounds, in which much genuine thinking and feeling humanity, exquisite colour and light, and precise clear recording of many interesting peculiarities of their age, are veiled from the careless eye by the lingering quaintness and stiffness of early Art. A series by Carpaccio in the Academy, illustrative of the life of St. Ursula, has high merit in these respects. A somewhat meagre, sharp-visaged melancholy race of men, in the costumes of the fifteenth century, are variously occupying themselves in the affairs of the 11,000 virgins, in old mediæval cities, courts, and harbours, which have more of a Flemish or German than an Italian air. Extraordinary industry and patience are here sustained by great ability. Many of the heads, full of life and character, are remarkably good. The antiquated stiffness of much of these works is greatly ameliorated in his masterpiece, a picture of a different class, an altar-piece with large figures, of the Presentation in the Temple, in which he rivals Giovanni Bellini on his own ground, and, indeed, excels all but his five or six best productions. Here also you have magnificently-finished painting, and similar depth and clearness, animated by a more golden glow, almost vying with some rich cathedral window, which an amber cloud in warm twilight stays to gently illumine. The Infant Saviour in this picture is quite lively and pretty, and one of the female heads has even something of a Peruginesque sweetness and elegance—a peculiarity rare, indeed, with Venetian painters. Beneath are three little musical angels, such as are foud of attending together at the *Santi Conversazioni*. One of them, who sits with his legs crossed, and thrums away ardently on a lute much too large for him, looking sideways at the finger-board with an amusing air of seriousness and determination, is a strange, quaint child, whom one cannot easily accept for an angel; nevertheless, he is right welcome for his naive simplicity and naturalness. The niche which forms the background is superbly Bellini-ish; and the golden dalmatic of the devout and amiable "San Simeone Vecchio," bordered with a row of missal-like pictures, each of them studiously detailed—a notable instance of the splendid and consummate elaboration of these magnificent old works. This picture of Carpaccio's, and Basaiti's masterpiece, were both produced in 1510. The antiquated peculiarities of these devotional painters of Venice become highly remarkable when we remember that the same year Raphael was completing his noblest









THE S. I. EASTLAKE. P. R. A. PINXIT

# THE GOOD SAMARITAN

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION



frescoes, and that Giorgione, who painted with the utmost boldness and freedom under their very eyes, died only the year after. Cramped in drawing, and exclusive, though fine, in their peculiar feeling, but admirable for colour and pure finish, these *Bellineschi*, remaining aloof, adhered steadfastly to their devout traditions, and in Art, no less than in geographical position, maintained something of a medium between the other Italians and the early Flemish painters.

Lastly, we must by no means forget Gentile Bellini, whose crowds of moderate-sized figures and elaborate architectural backgrounds much resemble Carpaccio's usual subjects, and who is, on the whole, a painter of little inferior merit, with this distinction, that his execution and colouring are more soft and delicate; indeed, sometimes they are extraordinarily so. Wonderful for these merits, and withal one of the most quaint and entertaining pictures of the time, is his painting of the Miraculous Recovery of a Fragment of the True Cross from the depths of one of the Venetian canals, on a certain memorable occasion. The precious relic belonged to the worshipful brotherhood of the Scuola di San Giovanni Evangelista; and in the fourteenth century, that is to say, about a century before the date of the picture, whilst they were carrying it along in public procession, some accidental pressure from the crowd suddenly pushed it into the water. Several pious and worthy citizens, excellent swimmers and devoted men, were immediately busy in the water, in pursuit of it; but it was reserved for the Guardian or Head of the Brotherhood, by his miraculously good diving, to restore it to the longing eyes of his shamed and horrified confraternity. In the picture the swimmers are in the water; and on the shores it seems as if all the distinguished people of Venice were assembled, in a most orderly and composed crowd, *miraculously calm*, one really cannot help supposing them to be. Amidst them stand long files of prim ladies, some very decidedly fat and middle-aged, and in a rich and strange white gauzy attire, proper, no doubt, for the holiday occasion; and opposite kneels a column of venerable men, like all the others, motionless and placid under the miraculous influences of that extraordinary moment, except that their composure seems, from their pursed-up noses, to be faintly disturbed by some bad odour from the canal—a delicate and subtle stroke of nature, for the discovery of which in this age of profound imaginative interpretation of works of Art, I confidently claim my due minimum of praise. But however liable to serious controversy may be this hypothesis, or last new reading of mine, there can be no doubt that the picture is painted with marvellous delicacy and clearness, cramped and weak in drawing, it is true, but in colour exquisitely soft, and of a tender warmth, and in distinctness wonderful, considering that there is little or no light and shade to help the painter in this respect. Such a result is only to be accomplished by the utmost delicacy of gradations and varieties of purest colour. And here you see not only the costumes but the street architecture of old Venice preserved and perpetuated in full bloom. The Gothic groups of windows, now in dingy and ragged mourning for the misdeeds and vices of the Adriatic's fair Spouse, glisten with gold; and the walls between them blush with vermillion and other bright and rich colours. Who would not most willingly sit even for an hour before such a picture as this, or that other of Gentile's in the self-same chamber, in which they are carrying this identical relic, thus happily recovered, in procession before a truly superb delineation of St. Mark's Church, as it was in those days, almost in its Byzantine purity, before the more modern alterations? Who

would not like to speculate on the countenances here treasured up for us in their liveliness and calm thought, and often with humble homely looks and features, interesting from their expression of character, and also pleasing as an evidence of the painter's lowly sympathies? Who would not dwell on them till their *thoughts* and *feelings* begin to appear too, imparting fresh news of old Venice, and building up in our minds some lively story of her better days?

So far is highly pleasing; but the devotional pictures of the minor painters of this period, and even the less-successful works of that class by their more gifted contemporaries, occasion, on the whole, far different feelings. Several long galleries in the Academy, abounding in the works of such painters as Bissolo, Mansueti, Santa Croce, and others more dry and antiquated, may be considered chiefly valuable as a vivid illustration and proof of the deplorably monotonous, lugubrious, and emasculated state into which a spirit of morbid devoteism, organized and consummated in monkery, had sunk the minds of the more imaginative men of the age in which these pictures were produced. There is something most melancholy in perceiving how their fancies and feelings were cloistered away from good sense, healthy humanity, liberal sympathies, and manly freedom. The Madonnas themselves sit in their gilded state, pale and sick, as if "awearied, awearied" of the eternal devoteism; and their worshippers—harsh, shrunken, melancholy, and emaciated—exhibit a physical degradation arising from spiritual intemperance, far worthier of a Buddhist monk or Brahmin fakir, than of Christian teachers and sanctities. We wish—we have often wished—that those writers who expatiate on the religious spirit of the art of this period with a sweetness of tone and sentiment which is so captivating, had been impartial enough to dwell a little more on the melancholy failures of their favourites, which, even they must surely admit, are as eight or ten to one, compared with the successful instances. We hear so little of these failures in the graceful and flowing eulogies, that when, at length, the fascinated reader issues forth from their pages into the long perspectives of an Italian Gallery, he is, if not fairly enthralled by their word-power, and destined for the remainder of his days to judge of pictures through his ears rather than his eyes, astonished to find how much such failures predominate. We wish these writers would take a larger and more comprehensive view. When they loudly condemn the "later men" for classicality, the failing of their age, we should be better pleased if they would also blame the earlier men for monkery, the weakness of theirs. When they stigmatise the Post-Raphaelites for too much of the flesh, let them also not wholly overlook that these Pre-Raphaelites had often too little of it; and that this foolish, shallow, puffed-up disdain of the body and its requirements may be as demoralising as vice itself, nay, since extremes meet here also, often produces the self-same results. In each alike, the poor body is abused and misgoverned—in one, by over-indulgence, in the other, by contempt and neglect.

But at Venice an utter change in the feeling and style of Art, commenced and carried almost to its height by the same mind, with an originality and force rarely rivalled, had advanced far, long before some of the antiquated religious works here described were painted; and the sudden transition we shall now make to the bold spirit who accomplished this, will be properly characteristic of the suddenness and rapidity of what he effected.\*

\* To be continued.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Painter. S. Smith, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. 1½ in. by 3 ft. 7½ in.

THE president of the Royal Academy is one of the few painters who, having adopted a certain style of Art in the beginning of their career, continue it to the end. In speaking of style, we refer more to the principles and practice of painting than to subject: there are many artists who change their method of execution and colouring when they strike out into a new field of action, as did Wilkie, for example, after his visit to Spain and the East; others, again,—and this is by far the most numerous class,—keep upon their old ground, but exhibit it under new aspects; Turner painted Venetian scenery in two styles, and ideal landscape in three: and others, like Sir C. Eastlake, vary their subjects without altering their manner.

If we compare his latest exhibited pictures with his earliest productions, those of about thirty years ago,—the "Pilgrims arriving in sight of Rome," belongs to that period,—no one would doubt for a moment that they are the work of the same mind and the same hand. It would be wrong to say that he has only one model for his figures, both male and female; but there is a strong nationality almost amounting to a family likeness among them all: the type is the true Italian, modified, however, according to the characters of the individuals, and the circumstances in which they are placed; his colouring is throughout all of an uniform quality and tone, but is uniformly sweet, pure, and quiet,—never dazzling by its brilliancy, nor astonishing by its bold and striking contrasts: it shows more of the study of the Florentine school than of the Venetian. He seems to have set out with the determination to win his way to fame rather through the approbation of the discerning few than the voices of the multitude: none of his pictures ever took the world of Art by storm, but they gained the applause of all to whom delicacy and purity of feeling in subject and treatment, careful execution, and truth and colour are recommendations.

His picture of the "Good Samaritan" belongs to that series of works which succeeded his representations of Italian figure subjects: of this series the most important pictures are, "Christ weeping over Jerusalem," and "Christ blessing little Children;" in these productions alone the artist may well be content to rest his good name,—they would be honourable to any school, in any period: nor is it likely, from the multifarious occupations which now serve to draw him away from his studio, that he will ever produce their like again.

The "Good Samaritan" is a beautiful picture, elegant in composition, and exquisitely finished. The principal figure must recall to those who are acquainted with ancient Art, the conceptions of some of the old Italian painters: the drawing is correct, the foreshortening of the limbs very cleverly managed, and the expression of the face that of a man who is suffering severe bodily agony, but whose pain is mitigated by the sympathy and kindness of another. The flesh tints are not quite agreeable to the eye; they are reddish, and of a dull tone—too red, we should presume, for a native of the country to which the man may be supposed to belong. The colour, however, is much neutralized by those in the draperies of the Good Samaritan, whose upper garment is purple pink, and the lower dark red: a cloth of dark blue stripes is underneath the wounded man; the sky and distant hills are of a deep ultramarine; the grass and foliage of the trees principally of bright emerald green. The grey horse, sober as it is in tone, adds greatly to the "light" of the picture, and seems to bring the whole into harmony of colour.

The action of the composition is sufficiently apparent: the wounds of him who "fell among thieves" have been bound up, and his kind "neighbour" is preparing to "set him on his own beast,"—by the way, would not an ass be the animal most likely to be employed by travellers in Judaea? At a short distance, the priest and the Levite are seen "passing by on the other side."

The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1850: it is now in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Not many years ago, an anecdote went the round of the newspaper press, which struck us, at the time, as embodying, in the quaint absurdity of the incident recorded, a very shrewd moral. In that "abstract and brief chronicle of the time," it was narrated, that a day or two previously, a party had set out, on a fine summer's morning, from Helensburgh, to fish, as others had done before them, at the Buoy of Roseneath. What success they had in the main purpose of their expedition, is not reported,—and, from what we know of the after-proceedings of the party, we hold it the more considerate course not to inquire. That, however, which it was natural they should do, as the sequel of a day so spent, whether the success had been more or less, they did:—as the evening drew on, they made preparations for returning home. In this intent, and as the means to this end, they took to their oars, and pulled away for Helensburgh "with a will." They are not represented—these holiday gentlemen—as having regarded themselves in any other light than that of indifferent rowers; but yet, they were astonished, and finally alarmed, to find, how little progress they made, as the price of efforts which grew even desperate when the night grew late. It seemed, as if a supernaturally strong tide were running against them, and increasing in strength with each minute that passed away. Four hours of ceaseless rowing left them nearly as far from the shore which was its object as when first they took in their nets, and turned their boat's head in the direction of the town. Worn out with fatigue, they tugged at the oar till eleven o'clock of that summer's night; and then,—at that "eleventh hour,"—they made the discovery which set matters right at once, and gave them free way towards the lights that beckoned from the distant land. When their task by the Buoy was done, they had, it now appeared, forgotten to lift the anchor for their return; and for four fruitless hours they had been hopelessly straining against their own cable. They were laughed at, of course,—and very fairly, too; though, amongst the laughers there were those who were making just the same mistake, and had not yet found it out. The impediment to the after-progress of our fishing friends was an impediment of their own institution,—and instituted on reasonable grounds. Their anchor was a good and serviceable anchor where they had laid it down,—and needful to the work which in that time and place they had to perform. But, they who want to go to Helensburgh, must lift the anchors that gave them firm riding by the Buoy of Roseneath:—and he who hopes to steer for the lights of the present, will scarcely succeed in doing so unless he cast off from the cables that held him to his moorings in the past.

The men of this our generation who have memories that carry them even a quarter of a century back, can have no difficulty whatever in recalling the time when a frequent and familiar moral practice was, that of rowing against the stream. The attempt to stay in mid-air the leap of the water-falls, was not then accepted as carrying an instant title to a straight waistcoat. The legislator of that "good time" applied the formula of King Canute to the tides,—overlooking his moral. The moral followed, nevertheless; and we have found it now, and written it up as a warning above the dead legislator's grave. There was a Sisera in our boyhood, as we remember well, who "in his courses fought against" the stars. His name was:—but let the dead rest. He lived to be, a ghost ere he died,—and comes not now into the starlight of our time, even as a phantom.—To return back, closer to our

argument. In those not very distant days of which we speak, statesmen and others steered openly athwart the currents of events and of opinion, and turned their boats' heads up the river-courses without, as we have said, general impeachment of their sanity. Nay, they did this in such sufficient numbers, that, while, of course, they made not—as it was not in the nature of things they should—any successful way against the downward flow, yet they were able to encumber its free action, and to dam the streams of progress for a time. So marked and rapid in recent years has been the abatement of this vicious practice, that if now you see—as occasionally you will—an ancient gentleman toiling right in the tideway, and inversely to its direction, you recognise him at once as an anachronism, and look with indulgent pity on a labour which, absurd in its own aspect, offers not a moment's obstacle to the march of the moral currents. Now and then, it is true, on the floor of the House of Commons or elsewhere, a man will even yet step out, for an exercise of this kind, who has notoriously not the excuse of being enslaved by the old traditions, and is undoubtedly philosopher enough to know that you cannot sail up a river when wind and tide are setting down; but the exhibition is in such case exceptional;—undertaken either capriciously, for the recreating of the exhibitor's eccentricity,—or, it may be, scientifically, with a view to testing the strength of the current. For the most part, as we have said, in our day the world of Englishmen is agreed to recognise the moral forces, and their movements and direction. Though few, however, will now be found amongst us to offer such formal and avowed resistance to these as is implied in the direct act of rowing against the current,—it is still wonderful, how frequent, below the surface, are the cases in which minds willing to move onward are yet held back by the fastenings of custom or of prejudice from which they have omitted to cast themselves loose:—wonderful, in how many unsuspected places society is dragging its anchors.—Here, now, is the Royal Academy, clinging blindly to the moorings which were laid down for it just ninety years ago,—and, while it pretends to move in obedience to the larger forces that are at length urging it forward, impeding in its efforts to do so as a necessary consequence of that pertinacity to the past,—and standing, by virtue of the retarding influence in question, right in the path of the great Art-currents of to-day. The Royal Academicians, of course, have not the slightest intention of doing anything so absurd as rowing against the stream; but they have not yet learnt to see, that they fail to make all the progress which, with the power they have on board, they should, for the express reason, that, the Academy is, like the fishing-party at Roseneath, dragging its anchors.

When the Royal Academy was originally established, on the 10th of December, 1768, the scheme of the institution was laid down on nearly the same identical foundations that it occupies in this year of grace, 1858. Now, that is a proposition, the mere statement of which, unaided by any argument of ours, contains the exposure of its own absurdity. If the measure of 1768 were correctly taken with a view to the object then in hand, it cannot possibly represent the Art-figure which has since had ninety years to grow. Either, there must have been a great waste and extravagance of original construction in reference to the interests at that time to be lodged, or those interests must now be of necessity cramped and confined beyond the possibility of their legitimate action, supposing them to have expanded in due proportion only to the expansion of most other interests since the days

"When George the Third was king."

We should like to know, how many of the great social expressions there are which can be adequately measured in our day by the scale of 1768. Why, even our moral measures are correctious of the standard of George III. Our very ethics, social or political, are no longer the same. Of the mutilated "wisdom of our ancestors," many of the fragments that we yet retain are cherished by us in a proverbial only, not a representative, character, and embalmed as aphorisms after they are extinct as truths. Our very dialectic refuses to wear the tight costume of George the Third's age. We know in our day, for instance, that the old familiar precept, to "shuu change," which was deemed safe teaching then, can be sound teaching only in a state wherein things are not constantly changing all around us,—and that the injunction to "let well alone" is practically useful on the sole condition that *well* shall be an invariable quantity. So long as any given thing has a relation to shifting circumstances around it, *change* in itself consists in remaining the same. If the Royal Academy were *well* instituted at the period of its creation, its institutions must for that express reason be ill suited to the wants of the present time. If it were rightly shaped to the Art conditions amid which it saw the light, it can have no due adjustment to the Art conditions which surround and appeal to its maturity. The very theory of its perfection ninety years ago, must, interpreted according to the mere letter, be the theory of its insufficiency to-day.

To say, merely, that the constituency for a national institution which shall be an adequate embodiment and representation of the Fine Arts amongst us at the present time is, at the least, six times as large as that out of which the Royal Academy originally issued, is to give a very incomplete expression to the amount of the interests now pressing for representation by means of such an institution. The mere numbers of the artists who constitute the true Art body of the nation now, and who should therefore form a part of any institution which affects generally to incorporate our artists, is—as we shall shortly have to show—a part only of the facts in the case,—though a part of itself sufficient, if there were no more, to sustain the argument for a new solution of the Academy question. When first it was felt expedient to give academic figure, and something like means of corporate action, to our native arts, the number of artists thought necessary to compose an academic presence of sufficient dignity and consistency was obtained,—and that, not without difficulty, and some delay,—only by admitting complementarily into the body two classes of persons who are excluded from membership to-day,—foreigners and females. It may be questioned much, whether the age was ripe for a native Academy of Arts which could not find amongst the body of native artists a sufficient number of members to constitute such Academy. Be that as it may, however,—out of the thirty-six Academicians whom alone it was found possible at the beginning to get together towards the full number of forty which was the appointed figure of the young institution, nine were recruited from the ranks of foreign artists,—without seeking to include in that category its future president, the American, West,—and two, Mary Moser and Angelica Kauffman, belonged to what we apprehend is considered (though we are not quite certain whether the modern exclusion be formal, or merely casual,) the non-academic sex. The exclusion of the foreigner from a native Academy of Arts,—except under some system of honorary *attaché*-ship, to be incorporated into its new and enlarged constitutions, when we get them,—will be recognized at once, we apprehend, as a sound



principle. The exclusion of female art, where it can make its title to admission good on all other grounds than that of the artist's sex alone, we hope to see either justified on some argument which for ourselves we fail to discover, or abandoned as resting on no good argument at all. There are, our readers know, some strange motives operating, avowedly and otherwise, as the basis of action in this Academy; but we fancy, that even an institution which appoints its professors not to profess, and gives its annual dinner as a sort of picture trade sale, would yet hesitate to suggest the *alliteration* as a reason for placing the female in the category of the foreigner. We should not, however, like to assign a limit to what some of the older and less apprehensive members of the Academy would do in the direction of the whimsical. But, even if it should be finally determined, that the higher rank of the Academicianship is a senate, and its members must wear beards,—and, on business grounds, and some other grounds of very sound policy, there is sufficient argument why this should be so,—we can yet see no avowable reason for refusing the properly-constituted claim of the lady artist to associateship, when the Associates' door shall have been opened, as we hope to see it, sufficiently wide to let in the body generally of the profession.—But, to return from a digression which anticipates a portion of our argument.—Such as we have described it, was the condition of the Art supply that furnished the infant figure of the Royal Academy; and it will be at once allowed, that, as in the case of infancy generally, the investiture was somewhat larger than the figure demanded, or could fill. It was expected, we must presume, that the figure would grow, up to the lines provided for it,—and out of them.—How, then, sits the academic garment for which the Arts were measured in George the Third's time on the Art figure of to-day? Simply,—to speak in the language of the metaphor,—it clothes but a small portion of the whole, and cramps what it clothes. In language more direct,—for every member who vacates one of the seats which in the young days of the Academy it was found so difficult to fill, there are half a dozen candidates waiting now,—each with the necessary amount of qualification in his pocket,—but, one only of whom it is possible to seat. The narrow ways that lead into the narrow temple of the academic privilege are beset by a crowd of highly-certificated artists,—few of whom it is possible ever to admit at all,—those few only at long intervals, and by one at a time,—and the fortunate one, only through the avenue that leads over a newly-closed grave. To the inner chambers of the Academy, Death is sole door-keeper. As we have before said, the new Academician steps up to his chair by the help of a coffin,—and wears as part of his academic costume a dead man's shoes. The title of some distinguished artist to the full honours of his profession, written in immortal characters on the Academy walls, and long since recognized within and without, can be completed only at the cost of a life.—Nor does any single election of Academician or Associate take place, which does not leave behind it, to balance the sense of tardy justice done in one instance, a sense of individual injustice, more or less deeply felt and resented, in others:—while a sense of general injustice pervades the whole body of the profession, at the narrowness of a scheme which renders the individual injustice inevitable, and the authorised character of the assumption which gives its sting to both. The Academy is so constituted, that the boon which it confers on the one is a heart-burn to half-a-dozen,—and the stigma which its neglect inflicts on the many it has power to avoid only for the very few. Affecting to be a head to the Arts

of the country, it detaches itself needlessly from their main body:—arrogating to itself a sort of state recognition, it claims the immunities and irresponsibilities of a private association. Society after society has sprung up amongst the artists outside, formed to undertake that part of the Art administration which the Academy rejects, and save those Art interests which the Academy throws overboard. The Royal Academy, which by its overall comprehensive action has created the occasion for these several institutions, by the largeness of its figure is in the way of them all. What its own deficiency summons, its own pretension obstructs. Dragging its anchors of 1768, it pulls right across the Art currents of to-day. It is held in the tideway which it neither uses nor leaves free by the moorings laid down for it by George III.—Meantime, the lights are burning steadily and conspicuously by which it should steer, if it would reach the high position which at this moment, we believe, awaits its own deliberate acceptance or rejection.

That the interests of the public suffer even more than the interests of the Academy from this state of things, is beginning to be strongly felt; and there are more reasons than one just now pressing from without, which point to the necessity of another and an early solution of these academy questions, in one sense or another. Before alluding more in detail to the external circumstances which are hurrying on a reform, and to the nature of the reform needed, it will be well to inquire how far this external pressure is at length felt within the walls of the Academy itself, and what prospect may have arisen of aid from the Academicians in the amendment of their own constitutions.

They who, like ourselves, are in the habit of watching with some anxiety the action of this body politic, will not have failed to notice a variety of symptoms testifying to the fact, that the force of public opinion is beginning to reach it from without,—and that there is a growing party within who are determined to give to that force its reasonable effect, and to that recognition of the force its practical application. The spirit of reform, we rejoice to say, is visibly stirring within the walls of the Royal Academy itself; and though his first steps on this unaccustomed ground are timid and ill assured, and amount, in truth, to very little more than a mere announcement of his presence, yet, that presence is itself a fact full of significance in a quarter where resistance to him has hitherto taken the form of absolute exclusion. Till we had reform fairly on the ground, we could not proceed to take out letters of naturalization for him. With those who ignored him altogether, there could, of course, be no discussion as to his proportions. The argument of reform is a wedge-like argument,—and powerful only on condition that you get the small end in. These are truths which have been recognised with the earnestness of alarm by some of the older members of the Academy, who stick sleepily by the ancient argument. It is not without an avowed feeling of uneasiness that they see the old copy-book texts dealt with irreverently. Even such bit-by-bit measures as point in the direction of progress, without, however, making, it must be affirmed, much advance towards it, are resolutely resisted by them on the express ground that they *do* show the road. That they effect, in fact, scarcely anything of that which they indicate, is met openly by the objection that they admit the necessity there is for something being effected. Changes which these men might hold to be indifferent in themselves, they hold to be dangerous in that they *are* change.—Thus, the recent relaxation of that law of the Academy in virtue of which a vacancy accruing in the ranks of the Academicians might remain unfilled up for a period of nearly fifteen months, was opposed by them, not on the merits of the

law itself, but because the relaxation of it *was* a relaxation. The attempt now making to extend the correction of the same absurdity (or, rather, wrong,—or, both,—for, it was a wrong wrought absurdly, and an absurdity maintained wrongfully,) to the case of the Associate,—such extension being, after the other, a proposition of the merest and most simple logic,—is resisted on the avowed argument, that it is one more tap of the insidious wedge. We cannot deny, that the fears of the parties in question are well founded. Both these amendments *do* involve a concession, that the scheme of the Academy is somewhat too tight,—and may be conveniently let out here and there, where it can be done without seriously affecting the form of the institution. The concession in either case is a very mild one;—still, it is a concession. The grand point—the *wedge* point—is, the admission of the tightness. The rest will be an affair of driving forward the wedge.—Again:—Mr. Cockerell has for some time past had on the books of the Royal Academy a motion which, like the others, affirms this most important of the principles contended for by ourselves as necessary to a reform of the institution in conformity with the demands of the time,—while it fails to carry out that principle to any sufficient practical issues. In recognition of a position which we have long pointed out, he proposes one of those fractionary measures which express the recognition without occupying the position. His step is what is called “in the right direction;” but it stops infinitely short of the conclusion, its pointing towards which *makes* the direction right. Still, Mr. Cockerell's proposition helps the cause incidentally. With very little virtue in itself, it will be the occasion of a virtue to come. Each patch that we add to the old constitution of the Academy, contributes its argument to the necessity for getting a new and respectable constitution in the end. For the present, however, while Mr. Cockerell allows, by his motion, that the scheme of the Royal Academy is not large enough for the Art-figure of the age,—he introduces a remedy which will offend the sticklers for exclusiveness by the admission itself, and disappoint the advocates of progress by its inefficiency. He aims at an increase in the number of Royal Academicians by means of a measure which argues for the increase, while it will, we apprehend, leave the number pretty nearly what it at present is. Mr. Cockerell's plan is, that of creating a new order of Academicians,—whose ranks he proposes to supply by volunteers from the existing body. The members of the projected new order he calls “superannuation” Academicians; and any Royal Academician who may, from age or from infirmity, be desirous of withdrawing from the activities and responsibilities of office, is to retire, if he will, into this supplementary order, retaining all rights and dignities which pertain to his present position, and divesting himself only of its cares and duties. For every Academician availing himself of this privilege of honorary membership, Mr. Cockerell would elect another member into the body of forty;—thus kept intact according to the formal prescription, while evaded by means of a sort of *ante mortem* death. Now, will Mr. Cockerell tell us, in all honesty, how many vacancies he, in his most sanguine mood, has reckoned on creating in the present ranks of the Academy, by the erection of this academical hospital?—and whether, in the event of his being able to tempt some solitary member or so into its wards, a proposition which affirms that forty is a number too small to express the representative Art of the age, is adequately enforced in practice by a machinery which works to a result of forty-one? If, indeed, the optional character of the measure were abandoned, and retirement into the new order were made compulsory under given



conditions,—this measure might doubtless have a certain limited operation in enlarging the numerical scheme of the institution. But, as we have hinted, all such half measures as these are mere evasions of the true principle now struggling for assertion. They create a feeling as angry among the friends to prescription as larger measures would,—and fail wholly to satisfy those more enlightened members of the Academy who see clearly that reform in the spirit of the age is a condition of its future greatness.—This motion of Mr. Cockerell's, however, though it proposes that which is of no great operative value, standing alone, contains, nevertheless, a suggestion which might very conveniently be considered in such larger scheme of reconstruction as we hope yet, and ere long, to see carried out. The readers of this Journal have not now to be told, that the arguments for a superannuation class in the Royal Academy are cogent enough. The superannuation, they know, we *have* practically already:—Mr. Cockerell's motion would merely provide, that it should appear in its own name,—and make a vacancy for an efficient member.—The proposal in question has, we may add, been referred to the council of the Royal Academy, for their deliberation; and, judging by the time which has elapsed since the reference was made, they certainly exhibit no eagerness to bring that deliberation to the issue sought.

The great difficulty with which the Royal Academy has to contend in its attempts to take such an attitude as may not be offensive to the large body of British artists, consists in its own hybrid character. Neither a public institution, properly speaking, nor a private one,—it insists on being both. It claims to have the authority of a public body, with the immunities of a private one,—to be private as regards responsibility, and public for representation. It stands before the world in a corporate attitude, without being a corporation,—has a corporate air, without corporate functions. Assuming to be a mere association of individuals, promoting the Arts by their own methods and for their own benefit, and having no obligations to the state,—the costly lodging which the Royal Academy enjoys from the state does, in fact, raise a moral obligation, were it only in its character of an endowment,—while it creates no legal one. But, there is no denying, that this form of state subsidy is something *more*, in effect, than a mere endowment. The fact of the institution in question being housed in one of the national palaces does unquestionably give to it a primacy over all Art-institutions that may venture to compete with it,—and invests it with that *national* character which it accepts as a property without admitting as a claim. The world in general, as we verily believe, has no suspicion that the Royal Academy is without a charter,—and that each Academician holds his diploma individually and directly from the crown. The Academy not only is *not* a national academy,—it is *not* a private academy either, in that independent sense pretended. It is emphatically, what George III. made it,—a *Royal* Academy. To all intents and purposes, the Queen is its visitor. Its very appointments are made, subject to her approval, and held during her good pleasure. Of all this, however, nothing appears on the surface; and there is no question, whatever, that the Royal Academy does receive such an amount of sanction from the state, as places it at the head of the Arts in England, and gives it that authority as its possession which is in no sense its right. This, which is a sore at home, is a snare abroad. In the eyes of Europe generally, there is little doubt, that the Royal Academy is regarded as taking that position which the great continental academies hold,—and, therefore, charged, like them, not only with the custody of native Art, but with the obligation to do its honours. Here,

it fails lamentably,—and the Art-character of the country suffers grievously by its failure. Here, the undefined and double character of the institution operates towards a serious impeachment of the public emotions. Its narrow and beneficiary action comes in, to control its representative function,—and the foreign appeal to what is supposed to be the national hospitalities it meets in the contracted spirit of a personal code. It is not to be expected, that the institution which incorporates into its very laws the expression of its sordidness and its sycophancy, should hail the stranger artist in the high and generous tone of a national representation. It is too much to hope, that a society which, at home, chooses, under a formula, for its guests, at the one annual banquet which it gives, those only who are most likely to pay for the dinner,—the picture-buyer, and persons "*in elevated situations*," or "*of high rank*,"—should recognize the privileges which make a more spiritual appeal when they present themselves in the person of the foreigner. We know of cases in which artists from abroad have experienced at the hands of the Royal Academy an amount of inhospitality which would have been impossible had it been, in any high sense, the national institution that in all probability they imagined it to be. This is, we repeat, a grievous inconvenience. The right of the Royal Academy to "do what it will with its own," is not disputed; but it is becoming of pressing importance, that it should either divest itself of that character of authority which commits the nation to its discourtesies, or rise to the dignity of the character and fulfil its demands. Instances like those to which we allude are carried back by artists to their continental homes, and present our country to the foreign mind in an aspect which is not true to the earnest love of Art that is growing and spreading amongst the people.—Even at home, there are stories circulating throughout the profession, in which the Academy figures injuriously, and the parties aggrieved are brother artists of their own:—stories that increase the original ill-will which their privilege creates, by the narrow spirit in which they interpret it. Take as a single instance of the thing we mean, what happened last year to an artist from the North,—a distinguished member of the Royal Scottish Academy, and having, besides, official duties to perform, by the appointment of the state, in connection with his art. Chained by those duties, this gentleman was prevented from visiting London during the whole of the period when the exhibition of our own Royal Academy was open to the public,—but contrived to reach it on the morning of that evening when the artists meet within its walls in conversation, and the pictures are exhibited, by gas-light, to a select few. Never doubting—how should he?—that this last chance could be turned to account by an artist like himself, he applied to the President for a card of admission, and stated, as above, the facts on which his application was grounded. We suppose, it would require a character as unquestionable as his own to command the belief of his brethren of the palette, when he got back to the Scottish metropolis, and told them he had been refused!—No explanation can be satisfactory in this discreditable matter. Either the President of the Royal Academy has, or he *should* have, such a very moderate amount of discretion as would be sufficient to meet the unquestionable claims of an exceptional case like this.

The time has come, when between these two several and conflicting characters to both of which it pretends, it is fit that the Royal Academy should make a choice. It must, we repeat, elect, at last, either to rise into a national institution, or to sink into one strictly private. Some body we daily more and more want to fill the functions which at present it virtually abdicates,

—and such a body as we need, *it* is more than any other qualified to become. All the great European institutions of the kind have had beginnings like its own, and their growth has been in a similar direction to that which we indicate. The French Academy is a State expansion of academies that had severally a private origin,—and so is the Roman Academy of St. Luke. Everywhere, it has been found, that as the Arts grew which these institutions fostered, the growth has demanded a larger development on *their* part to keep pace with it. Private associations may do much towards laying, and strengthening, the foundations of a national Art,—but the Art that has at last become national, must be rescued from the keeping of a coterie.

Should, then, the Royal Academy be prepared to answer in its own person the demands of the time,—to accept the high mission which invites it, and which, in its default, must fall somewhere else,—its first step should be, as we have formerly pointed out, to ask the Government for a charter. Apart from all objections directed against the narrow scheme on which the Academy operates, its essential constitution is not in harmony with the spirit of the age. An institution wearing the livery of a court, is ill-suited to be the expression and guide of that large Art-development which has grown national in its character and in its aims. A body, as we have said, whose independent action within, is restrained by the prerogative, cannot pretend to a large and independent action without. For free expatriation over the wide sea that lies around them, we recommend the Academicians to lift the anchor laid down ninety years ago in the royal closet. Cast loose, then, from their ancient moorings by that royal buoy, their charter should be such as will give them a full and comprehensive sweep over the boundless sea before them,—empowering them to steer with the strong set of the great Art-currents, and to catch into their sails all the favouring taste-winds that blow. No swinging for the regenerated body in the tideway by some old prerogative cable, in virtue of which it neither moves itself nor lets others pass:—but, riding majestically over the Art-waters as they roll, let it take, as the national ship should, all the Arts of the country into its convoy. Quitting metaphor:—we have already pointed out, that, in order to be a true and majestic impersonation of British Art, the body of the Royal Academy should be composed of all who contribute to make British Art illustrious. To present the true figure of the country's greatness in this respect, it should omit no part that helps to build up the figure. We are not in this article objecting to—nor, indeed, considering at all the question of—an ascending scale of ranks and dignities in the inner region of such an Academy itself; but intending, for the present, to deal only with that practical wrong and theoretic absurdity which defines an express limit on the outer borders of this enchanted Art-land.—"The Society," says constitution the first of the Royal Academy, "shall consist of Forty Members, who shall be called *Academicians* of the Royal Academy."—"There shall be," says constitution the second, "another order or rank, *not exceeding twenty in number*, who shall be called Associates of the Royal Academy."—Now, not to insist just now on the merely arbitrary and unessential character of this very distinction of ranks,—not to dwell very emphatically on the fact, that, as the Academician is elected out of the body of Associates, and *only* out of their body, the precedence is simply ceremonial, and the division into two classes expresses only one and the same order of merit or qualification,—let us confine our present argument to the far larger absurdity involved in the final limitation which deter-



mines the extreme circle of the Academy. The associates shall "not exceed twenty in number!" Why?—Why not nineteen, as well?—why not twenty-one? Of course, the Academy does not say, there shall not be more than twenty persons *worthy* to be associates:—that would be King Canute's order to keep back the tides. But it says, whatever number of artists the growing richness of the soil may yield, we practically recognise only twenty of them as eligible to come in and sit at our lower table. It is our pleasure to define, according to a measure of our own, what we quite clearly see can only make, in fact, its own definition. The thing itself is elastic,—but our rule in reference to it is absolute and invariable. There may be fifty artists whom it would be an honour to any academy to associate to itself,—a hundred, if you will, it makes no difference,—there are only twenty possible associates. We distinctly refuse to associate with more than twenty artists, besides our own academical body; and so far as the effect of our institution is concerned, we will keep down the figure of artist-worth to that number. There is a great deal too much cleverness abroad,—and, Malthusian as our practice is, we have been quite unable to check its growth; but what we can do, we will,—after twenty, we ignore it. Of all the Art-greatness which cannot be expressed by the cabalistic number *twenty*, we know officially nothing,—though practically compelled to hear a good deal about it. There is specific virtue in twenty. That is our number,—the number laid down for us by George III. ninety years ago;—and, in addition to its other merits, it has now the merit of prescription.—There is no doubt whatever, that a private body of men may agree to consist of as many members or as few as they please for purposes of their own,—but it is quite certain, that they should no longer be allowed to do so in the character of a national representation. Logic like this is of course permissible to artists, or to others, who, having to themselves the entire of the interest in the argument, may shape that argument as they will; but it is simply absurd as expressing the scheme or argument of a National Academy. Even as a *Royal Academy*, it can never have been intended that this body should overlook the growth of ages; but this at any rate is clear,—a body holding such language the state should not lodge in its palaces, nor clothe with its visible sanctions. The new charter should sweep all this kind of dialectic away,—and be written in a language suitable to the necessities and conditions of the times. The dignity of the Academicianship itself, we contend, would be marvellously enhanced by the destruction of the exclusion in which it is set,—and the heart-sores which surround the institution now, and make it a canker in the artist-life of England, would give way, as a consequence, to the genial and Art-promoting sense of a common interest cemented in a common bond. Of the present system, as in a former article we said, "the wrong and the evil fall everywhere,—as much on the Academy who loses the distinguished artist, as on the distinguished artist who misses the Academy. Every man of due qualification who is excluded from an association that undertakes to present in itself the body of recognised English Art, suffers an injustice, and has a mark of depreciation set on him, by authority;—and the great corporate figure of the association itself loses something for every great artist whom it omits from its list of associates. Surely, a scheme that should sweep into the system of the Academy all that is illustrious in the Arts of England must of necessity give to it a grander presence in the eyes of Europe."—We have already, on a former occasion, laid down the general outlines of such a constitution as we should desire

to see the new charter of the Royal Academy embody;—and are ready to do so again, and in greater detail, whenever the fitting occasion shall present itself. Meantime, we confine ourselves to saying, that its leading feature would be, the power and the duty of affiliating to itself all the Art-ability which appeals to the Academy's adoption and can minister to its illustration. To the numbers of associates there need, we insist, be no limit, save the limit of the Art-worth that presents itself for enrolment. As at a university, every artist should be entitled to take his degree in the Academy, who comes furnished with the excellence which is the true qualification. To all these, under such arrangements and modifications as may be hereafter determined on, should be given a share, actual or virtual, in the government of the institution; and they should form a constituency to adjudge the great final prizes of the profession. Surely, —as we have said before, and say again,—the crowning honour of the Academician's chair, filled by the award of all that is eminent in the Arts of England, would gain immensely in dignity from the larger and more enriched basis on which it would, under such a constitution, be made to stand.

We stated at an earlier period of this article, that the argument for a revised constitution of the Royal Academy which derives from the increase of numbers in the Art-body since the foundations of the Academy were laid, is only a portion of the whole argument in the case. At that particular point of the question it is, no doubt, that the sense of incongruity first and most conspicuously meets the inquirer; but it would, as we hinted then, be a mistake to suppose that the artist is the only party having an interest in the inquiry. The fact is, the whole conditions of the Art-question are altered since George the Third's time. Art, which was, then, the luxury of the aristocratic few, is becoming more and more, in the intelligent sense, an affair and a possession of the people. The Art whose patrons were, it may be said, a coterie, a coterie might adequately administer, —but a national thirst for the Fine Arts must be fed by a higher organization. Art mingles now in the education, softens the labours, informs the amusements, and enters generally into the aims of the masses. Over all these facts and tendencies an Art-academy has properly a mission. By its mouth-pieces in Parliament, the people have voted large sums for the promotion of Art and Art-education in many ways. They have become the conscious possessor of priceless treasures, and are constantly on the look out to increase the store. Out of all these changed and growing conditions arise a class of duties for a national institution not provided for by the narrow arrangements of George III. The function of a national Art-academy, in our day, is not exhausted with its teaching in the Art-schools. It has a large pupilage out of doors, whom, by means proper to itself, it should prepare to receive the results of the lessons which it gives to the pupilage within. Under some system, which it belongs to its own duties, when it shall thoroughly understand them, to devise, the walls of all our picture galleries should become its lecture-rooms. To the special training which it has hitherto given, and given liberally, it should add the general instruction which it has hitherto entirely overlooked. As we have before observed, it has to comment on all the great picture texts which the people possess,—and the Art-wealth which the nation has acquired by purchase or by gift, it has to prepare the nation to enjoy. This is the sort of institution demanded by the times in which we live, and which Government should at length help us to see provided. If the Royal Academy be willing to bring its great traditions in aid of such an institution, it has but to ask,

what the Government will surely give,—a charter introducing it into the necessary relations with the state and placing it under the necessary responsibilities to the public, enabling it to expand its figure to the dimensions suggested, and conferring on it powers and capacities equal to the enlarged action sought.

The one pressing reason why we have returned to this subject at the present time, and urged it with more than common earnestness, remains to be stated. No one, we think, who followed us in November last (see *Art-Journal*, No. XXXV, p. 329), through our analysis of the evidence given before the Commissioners appointed by Government to inquire into the question of a site for the National Gallery, can for a moment doubt that the pictures forming that priceless collection must, without much further delay, be rescued from the calamities with which, on overwhelming testimony, they are threatened in Trafalgar Square. Never was a case for removal more pressingly made out. The public were fairly startled by the revelations of that Blue-book; and the more earnest amongst them are beginning to manifest a sort of impatience that interests so precious should be perilled at the suggestion of any motives which do not keep *them* first in view, and any interests less precious than themselves. If the one solitary argument against the removal which is drawn from distance, as it affects the use of the pictures, were of tenfold the force that it is, it must give way before the body of arguments that menace their very existence. It is simply idle, to discuss the more or less of opportunity incidentally obtained by a process which subjects the essence of all opportunity to the visible hand of the destroyer. But, the fact is, that this single argument drawn from distance has itself been polemically overstated. It is by no means our own intention to follow the example of over-statement, by denying to the argument the weight which properly belongs to it; but a little candid consideration of facts and figures will, we think, show, that it may be so reduced in proportions as to leave it no chance of standing up for a moment against the serious case which there is on the other side.—It is, of course, not pretended by any one that the argument of distance is an argument at all as it affects the wealthy classes who move about at will, with time for a part of their superfluous wealth, and the means of easy locomotion as an instrument for doubling it.—Then, in the case of the Art-student, we question whether it might not be contended that such a light distance as that which leads from our crowded streets to Kensington Gore is as much a gain to him as it can be a loss, in the progress of his studies. But whether this be so or no, the loss is not essential, and can in no case be great; and it is to the student, above all others, of first importance that the precious book shall be kept legible from which he has to learn.—It is in the name of the public generally, however,—of the working masses, whose capital is time, and who must turn that small portion of it which they can give to objects like these to the best account,—that the argument against removal is principally put forward. It is this emphatically national use of the national collection which is urged as a reason for keeping it, as is assumed, within most easy reach of the toiling public, by retaining its present location in Trafalgar Square. That this great popular interest should be put forward as mainly influencing such a question as this, is, indeed, a striking sign of the times,—marking all the space that opinion has travelled since the days of George III. But, they who look at the returns of visitors to the national and other collections, and to temptations of a similarly wholesome and refined nature, which lie distances two or three times as great away, may well doubt whether the popular argument has



been rightly read. The working masses—and let it never be forgotten, how immense a majority of all the public, of *all* ranks and *all* classes, that term embraces,—the working masses have more objects than one on which to lay out the little capital of time that they can spare to spend from actual work. They have to buy with it fresh air, and the health it feeds,—they have to buy the enlargement of knowledge and refinement of thought which these fine national collections help to nourish,—and they have to buy that intellectual enjoyment which is moral health, and circulates perennially around all the great masterpieces of mind. All these objects of purchase help and fortify one another; and if, out of the small capital of time at its disposal the public can purchase them by a single act, it has unquestionably turned its savings of this kind to the largest account. The fact is, the people love, now, to have an aim beyond enjoyment in their mere enjoyments, and to give to their very search for air the appearance of a search for information. This is a habit of the popular mind by every means to be encouraged; and we say, as we have said before, that the statesman who, observing it, gives to the people a new motive for coming abroad to the natural health fountains,—such motive for instance, as the national pictures at Kensington Gore might be,—is a benefactor of the same beneficent class as he who of old sank a well in the desert.

But, a few figures from the records of the museum collecting for popular use on the very ground now in question, will be a case directly in point. We will take a couple of months—the one a summer, and the other a winter, month—in two several years, in the one of which the Museum of Ornamental Art was in the streets of London, while in the other it was on the people's estate at Kensington. We omit the year 1856, when the establishment was in progress of breaking up at the one place for removal to the other, and the transition state of things would make the comparison unfair,—and we will take the year which preceded, and that which immediately followed. In July, 1855, the number of visitors at the museum, when at Marlborough House, was 7438:—in July, 1857, at South Kensington, it was 22,924. To this last has to be added the evening attendance in the same month,—but for which the same opportunity was not given at Marlborough House;—and this amounted to 22,828. This aggregate of 46,752 makes the visits to Kensington in July, 1857, more than six times as many as those paid only two years before to the same institution in Marlborough House. At Marlborough House, in October, 1855, there were 9100 visitors:—at South Kensington, there were, in the morning, 16,411, and in the evening, 21,732,—making a total of 38,143, and an increase more than four-fold.—We may add, that the average attendance during five months at South Kensington was 41,000 monthly, or half a million a year,—while the average monthly attendance at Marlborough House was 7800.—Now, of course, we would by no means be understood as seeking to claim the whole of this increase to the credit of our argument. Much of it is due to the opening of the museum in the evening,—and something goes, no doubt, to the account of the natural development of the institution. It is sufficient for our purpose to have shown, that, not only has such development suffered no check from the removal of the museum to the people's estate at Kensington,—but that the increase there has been in a ratio far beyond what could have been reasonably predicated from the rate of progress at Marlborough House.

Well, then, from Trafalgar Square we conclude it is inevitable that the national pictures must go:—and in that case, their present

splendid home will be ready for a new appropriation. Of the palace which houses them now the Royal Academy is already in possession, as joint tenant,—though only at the national will;—and the opportunity which possession gives, the Royal Academy is not a body to overlook. For all the purposes of such a national institution as the age demands, and as we have been urging, this is a magnificent site, and a sufficient building. The supply of the national want in this respect is rendered far more easy by the opportunity which the vacation of the building in question will afford. The chance is one on no account to be overlooked. On such an association as the Royal Academy at present is, this palace of the nation *must not* be thrown away. We hope Parliament will demand a strict account of the ministerial intentions in respect of this building, should facts place it at the disposal of the Government. If the Academy desire to occupy at once this national palace and the great Art position which it should represent, now is the time for Government to make terms with the Academy. If that body be willing to cast off its royalty, and rise to the nationality of the interests involved, a great career, of which its past is but a shadow, awaits it,—and Government may by its means give to the country an institution whose free and vigorous action shall secure for the Arts of England a high and distinguished place among the Art-schools of the world.

### ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Scottish National Gallery, in Edinburgh, which was completed in 1856, has been made the subject of a Treasury minute, which was drawn up by Mr. Wilson before leaving office. The five eastern and one central galleries are to be devoted for four months every year to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy; the five western and one central galleries shall be reserved for the formation of a Scottish National Gallery of Art, and shall be permanently and exclusively so occupied. For the formation of a National Gallery there are four collections of paintings immediately available—namely, the valuable collection of the Royal Scottish Academy, the collection belonging to the Royal Institution, the interesting collection bequeathed to the city of Edinburgh by the late Sir James Erskine, of Torrie, and the collection belonging to the Board of Manufactures, besides various pictures belonging to the National Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, and others belonging to private individuals. These collections are, for the most part, at present exhibited in the building of the Royal Institution, and, on their removal, the galleries there are to be devoted to the exhibition of the interesting museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, which the society has generously handed over to Government free of cost, for behoof of the public, to whom it will always be gratuitously open. The Treasury minute proposes that the annual charge of the National Gallery, amounting to £1142, shall be paid by the Board of Manufactures, from whose funds came £20,000 out of the £50,000 which the building cost, the larger portion being contributed by parliamentary grant. Mr. W. B. Johnstone, a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, has been appointed principal curator and keeper of the National Gallery, at a salary of £250. For fitting up the saloons of the Royal Institution for the Antiquarian Museum, a parliamentary grant is to be asked of £2032. It is recommended that the School of Design, upheld by the Board of Manufactures, shall cease to form a charge on their funds, and shall be affiliated to the department of Science and Art in London.

LIVERPOOL.—The artists who have seceded from the Liverpool Academy, and established themselves as an independent institution, under the title of the "Liverpool Society of Fine Arts," announce that their arrangements will enable them to open an exhibition in the Queen's Hall, Bold Street, in the month of August or September. Contributions of works are invited from the artists of the metropolis and elsewhere.

NORWICH.—On the 30th of March, the supporters of the Norwich School of Art assembled in the rooms

of the institution to receive the Report of the committee for the last sessional year; or rather, as it appears in the document, for the last eighteen months. The number of pupils attending the central school, during this period, was 268, showing an increase of 72 over the preceding eighteen months; the number of students in the out-door schools was 1125. Mr. G. R. Wilde, the government inspector of these institutions, visited the school in February, and after an examination of the students and their works, awarded twenty medals for distribution: to one pupil, George Searles, a silver medal was awarded. Sir S. Bignold's Scholarship, value £15, was gained by Charlotte Cartwright, with whom George Easter seems to have had a sharp competition; Mr. J. G. Johnson's Scholarship, value £10, was carried off by George Searles, the committee at the same time highly commending the drawings sent in by Henry Jean, Miss Cartwright, Messrs. L. J. King, Searles, and Easter, have been appointed, by the department of Science and Art, pupil-teachers in the school, a position that entitles them to a gratuitous application of all the advantages the institution offers, and also to an annual allowance of £20. The Report announces the retirement of J. H. Gurney, Esq., M.P., from the presidency of the school, and the accession of the Bishop of Norwich as one of the vice-presidents. There is a debt of £200 outstanding against the school, arising from repairs effected in the building it lately occupied, and for furniture in that—a new one—in which it is now located. Arrangements are being made to liquidate this debt by a Fine Arts Bazaar, to be held in September next. The meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to Mr. Claude Nursey, the head-master, "for his continued exertions in promoting the success of the institution." Mr. Nursey, in addition to the arduous duties as principal, has given his gratuitous services as secretary.

SCARBOROUGH.—Arrangements are being made for an exhibition of pictures here, which is to take place during the busy season, at this fashionable and much frequented bathing-place, designated by the late Dr. Granville, in his "Spas of England," as the "Queen of English Watering-places." The exhibition will be held in the Assembly Rooms, a new and elegant building, in which the architect has had especial care in the management of the light, for showing in the most advantageous manner the objects hanging on the walls. The exhibition will open in August, of which due notice will be given. We have some gratification in making this announcement to artists, as it will afford them a most favourable opportunity of allowing their works to be seen by a very large, influential, and wealthy class of people from all parts of the United Kingdom, who annually frequent this delightful town during the summer and autumnal months.

BIRMINGHAM.—The recent retirement of Mr. George Wallis, the head-master of the Birmingham School of Art, and of Mr. Daniel Wood, the deputy head-master, has called forth an expression of goodwill and kind feeling on the part of the students towards their instructors, which is highly honourable to all. At the last attendance of these gentlemen in the class-rooms, they were respectively addressed by Mr. H. Hill and Mr. G. Hall, two of the pupils, on behalf of their fellow-students, and requested to accept a testimonial as an expression of their respect and esteem. To Mr. Wallis was presented a casket and writing-case of walnut-wood, richly mounted in or-molu, and a handsome pencil-case. The testimonial for Mr. Wood was unfortunately not ready for presentation at the time, but we hear it is to consist of some specimen of local Art-manufacture.

HALIFAX.—A very pleasing improvement has, we understand, been made to the fountains which play on each side the saloon on the terrace of the People's Park. Formerly a single jet of water sprang from the mouth of a fawn, the head and face of which, carved in stone, was placed in each side of the four recesses of the two wings to the saloon, and fell into the basin beneath. The effect of the eight small thin streams of water was not what it ought to have been. This has evidently been felt, for a short distance beneath the orifice of each jet, and about equi-distant between it and the water in the basin, has been placed a conch shell, of elegant shape, carved in stone, and into which the water falls, and overflowing the shell, trickles into the basin beneath in ten small streams.

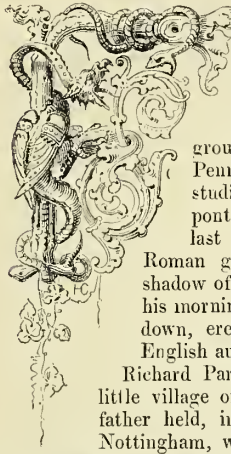
BANBURY.—A memorial of the marriage of the Princess Royal is to be erected, by public subscription, in this town: it will take the shape of a cross and fountain combined. The design of Mr. Gibbs, a local architect, has been selected out of several sent in competition. It is in the decorated Gothic style, the height about 50 feet; six niches are intended to be filled with sculpture.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXV.—RICHARD PARKES BONINGTON.



RANCE, through some of her biographers and writers upon Art, places Bonington among the painters of that country—founding the claim only on the circumstance that his Art-education was completed in France, and that a considerable portion of his brief life was passed there. But on precisely the same grounds Italy would possess a right to Gibson and Penry Williams, and a score other artists who have studied in Rome and taken up their residence in the pontifical city, and who will in all probability find their last resting-place amid the monuments of departed Roman greatness. But Bonington sleeps not under the shadow of the dark cypresses in Pere la Chaise: the dawn of his morning opened up beneath an English sky; his sun went down, ere it was day, amid the heavy golden tints of an English autumnal atmosphere.

Richard Parkes Bonington was born in October, 1801, at the little village of Arnold, near Nottingham: his grandfather and father held, in succession, the post of governor of the jail in Nottingham, which the latter, after a comparatively short tenure, was compelled to resign, from the freedom with which he expressed his political opinions, and discussed the measures of the Government, among those confided to his safe custody. On relinquishing his post he, then unmarried, commenced practice as a portrait-painter, for which it seems he had some talent; and on his marriage with Miss Parkes he removed to Arnold, where the wife opened a school for young ladies, and where she gave birth to the subject of this memoir. After remaining in Arnold a few years, the family returned to Nottingham, the lady continuing her school, and her

husband his practice. With the example of his father constantly before him, it is not surprising that young Bonington manifested at a very early age a desire to use his pencil; but it did astonish many of the friends of his parents to see with what facility the child handled the instrument of Art, and with what taste and accuracy he would copy not only portions of prints and drawings, but natural objects. Being an only child, he was regarded with more than ordinary solicitude by his parents, was indulged, but happily not spoiled; his amiable and affectionate disposition enabled him to triumph over the evils to which he was exposed by flattery and excessive kindness. "The father," writes one of his biographers, Allan Cunningham, "perceived a wonderful aptitude in the boy, and, with a father's love, he watched over his progress, and, with an artist's skill, showed him the true and immediate way. He supplied him not only with those ready subjects for exercise which the print-book and portfolio contain, but conducted him into the fields, and bade him study the pasture hills, the ruined towers, the running streams, the busy birds, the unfolding flowers, the light and shade of the forest, and in all, and in more, find matter for his pencil. . . . During these early days the general education of Bonington was not neglected. He made such progress in learning as enabled him to acquit himself as a gentleman when the use of his pen was called for; he could not, however, lay claim to the rank of a scholar. Indeed, to anything like scholarship few of our artists have any pretension: subdivision of labour, so much admired in this age of extravagance and economists, limits men's views too exclusively to the immediate pursuit which brings bread or fame; and as Art, unlike 'the learned professions,' holds out no allurements to those born in the circles of wealth and worldly honour, the Royal Academy has to recruit its ranks from those whom the impulses of nature may chance to call from the workshop or the plough to hold the pencil or the chisel. The learning of Fuseli—of which he always made the most—was the terror for many years of his less accomplished brethren; on the strength of attainments which would have been accounted moderate enough anywhere else save amongst artists, he ruled with all the insolence of a Swiss, a Greek, and a grammarian: he who could quote Pindar in the original had no chance of being contradicted by any one in authority during the presidencies of either Reynolds, West, or Lawrence." This subject of scholarship in the case of artists, referred to by Cunningham, is one that has been occasionally mentioned by us: it is an undeniable fact—and one for which we have endeavoured to account when writing on the matter—that artists, generally, are not so well educated as



Engraved by]

THE TERRACE.

[J. and G. F. Nicholls.

members of other liberal professions, and it is much to be regretted, for many reasons, that it is so: a wide and comprehensive education will never make a great painter if the specific inspiration be wanting, but it will assuredly assist the development of what is usually called genius, and guide it into a right and worthy channel; often enabling it to overcome difficulties that without it are frequently found insurmountable, and leading the mind from what is ignoble and common in Art to that which is elevated and lovely. We speak of education as a rule; there are some cases where nature seems to have rendered it to a certain extent unnecessary, and others where it appears to have been almost thrown away: if Reynolds and Lawrence could have discoursed in Greek like Demosthenes, and in Latin like Cicero or Tertullian, they would not have

produced more elegant portraits than they have left us, nor have shown themselves more polished gentlemen than they were; and Fuseli, though able to quote Pindar in the original, could not shake off the roughness of his external nature, nor produce on his canvas the beauty and the grace of a Greek model.

Allan Cunningham's account of the share which the elder Bonington had in the education of his son is contradicted by another biographer. In a memoir of the young artist, published some time after his decease, in *Arnold's Magazine of the Fine Arts*, a monthly publication which for many years has ceased to exist, we find the following remarks:—"So far, indeed, from Mr. Bonington's taking every opportunity, as was stated in the *Literary Gazette* at the time of his son's death, of leading the latter to the Arts as a profession, he never considered



the subject at all; and the whole training and pupillage of the son was left to his affectionate and accomplished mother. It is true Mr. B. practised as a portrait-painter, but it was more in the name than the principle; and even if he had possessed the talent sufficiently for directing his son's abilities, his inclinations drew him always to other scenes and pursuits; for when he ought to have been in attendance on his family and establishment, he was enacting the political mountebank on a waggon in some part or other of the town." How much or how little of actual truth is contained in this statement we have now no means of ascertaining; but its veracity is in a great measure borne out by the fact that the elder Bonington was compelled to quit the country and seek refuge with his family in France: it is from this period, and in Paris, that young Bonington's career as an artist commenced.

He had reached the age of fifteen when the family took up their residence in Paris: what a change was this for one ardent, enthusiastic, and only waiting the opportunity to show that nature had endowed him with talents that required nothing more than a fruitful soil and genial atmosphere to cause them to grow and blossom luxuriantly!—what a change from a comparatively obscure country town, where probably at that time even a picture of second-rate quality was a rarity, to a continental city whose galleries of Art were crowded with the works of the great masters of painting! It would have been the extreme of folly for any one to attempt to restrain the impulses of his nature; the only course was to guide them, and therefore the father, influenced by the conviction of the latent genius of his son, seriously set to work to aid his improvement. The first step was to get permission for him to study in the Louvre: "This,"

says Cunningham, "was readily granted to a youth who carried with him such proofs of capacity: and the keepers of that fine national collection are represented as wondering at the skill with which the English boy transferred to his own paper or canvas some of the fairest landscapes of the Italian and Flemish schools."

After pursuing his labours for a considerable time in the Louvre, he was entered as a student of the Royal Institute of France, and became a pupil in the *atelier* of M. le Baron Gros; here, however, he did not remain long: Bonington's spirit was too independent, and the conviction of his own powers much too strong, to induce him to submit to the academical rules of study laid down by the master, who reproached his pupil "for inattention to the precepts which he delivered on picturesque painting:" he left the Academy, and confined his studies to the Institute, where he drew principally from the living model. A writer in one of the French journals, *Le Globe*, says,—"After Bonington had established his reputation, M. Gros did him justice. He recalled him,"—the expression assumes that Bonington had been dismissed, and had not voluntarily withdrawn himself, from the Academy,—and in the presence of all his pupils—who were enchanted with the success their comrade had achieved—praised his fine talents, which no one had directed, and begged that he *would have the goodness to become one of the ornaments of his school.*"

The connoisseurs of Art in Paris soon discovered the merits of Bonington as a painter, and almost contended for the acquisition of his pictures. Although at no period of his life does it seem that he passed much time by the sea-side, yet his favourite subjects were coast-scenes; for one of his earliest drawings of



Engraved by]

THE FISH-MARKET ON THE BEACH.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

this kind he received a gold medal, at the time when Constable and Copley Fielding were recipients of similar honours for works exhibited at the Louvre, and Sir T. Lawrence was decorated with the insignia of the Legion of Honour.

In 1822 Bonington left Paris for a journey into Italy; though fame and commissions accumulated upon him, a desire to visit Venice triumphed over every other consideration. Here he passed several months, sketching the old architecture of the city that sits enthroned on the waters; from these sketches many of his finest pictures were painted. On his return to Paris, he found himself in a position to occupy a house of considerable pretensions in the Rue St. Lazare, where he lived in good style, and entertained many of the most distinguished members of the literary and artistic circles of Paris.

It was not till the year 1826, that his countrymen in England had an opportunity of seeing publicly any of the works of the young artist who had risen into such favour among Parisian amateurs. A few who had visited the city had heard of his fame, and made themselves acquainted with his productions, but his name was comparatively unknown among us; however, in that year he sent to the British Institution two pictures of small size, views on the French coast, which created what is usually termed "quite a sensation" among the Art-critics, some of whom having never heard the name of Bonington, regarded it as a *nom de pinceau*; one writer, we are told in the *Literary Gazette* of the date of the exhibition, declared there was no such painter as Bonington, and attributed the pictures to Collins. In the year following, he sent to the

Royal Academy another "View on the French Coast," and in 1828, three pictures, "Henry III. of France," a "Coast Scene," and "The Grand Canal, with the Church of La Vergine del Salute, Venice." One other picture, a "Turk reposing," completes the list of his works publicly exhibited in England; but at the period when it was seen—at the British Institution in 1829—the hand that wrought it was mouldering in the grave.

In 1827, for the first time since his family had retired to the continent, Bonington visited London, but although he had now become well known and appreciated in France, the estimation of his genius by others created in him neither vanity or presumption. His modest opinion of his own merits is shown in an extract of Allan Cunningham's biography:—"A letter to me," says Cunningham, "from Mrs. Forster, a lady distinguished by her own talent as well as from being the daughter of Banks the sculptor, contains the following passage:—'When Bonington visited England, in 1827, I gave him a letter of introduction to Sir Thomas Lawrence, but he returned to Paris without having delivered it. On my inquiry why he had not waited on the president, he replied—'I don't think myself worthy of being introduced to him yet, but after another year of hard study I may be more deserving of the honour.'"

In the spring of 1828 he was again in London, and brought with him the three pictures mentioned above, as exhibited in the Academy that year, as well as another letter of introduction to Lawrence, who received him with the utmost cordiality, and with the respect that one man of genius entertains for another.



After a short sojourn here Bonington returned home, where, as well as in England, numerous commissions awaited his attention. In his anxiety to accomplish the wishes of his patrons, he laboured incessantly, and exposed himself unguardedly, it is said, to the too great heat of the summer sun, which brought on an attack of brain fever; the measures adopted by his medical attendants to allay the fever, acting upon a constitution naturally delicate, so reduced their patient that every symptom of rapid consumption was soon manifest. As a last hope of recovery, his friends managed to bring him to London, and placed him under the care of Mr. St. John Long, a practitioner who was supposed to be successful in his peculiar treatment of pulmonary disorders. All efforts, however, were vain; within a few days of his arrival, Bonington's career was for ever closed; he died at No. 29, Tottenham Street, on the 23rd of September, 1828, having nearly attained his twenty-seventh year. He was buried in the vault of St. James's Church, Pentonville, in the presence of a large assembly of private friends and of artists—Sir T. Lawrence, the President, and Howard, the secretary, attending as representatives of the Royal Academy; Robson and Pugin, as representatives of the Water-Colour Society, to pay the last tribute of respect to one whose premature death was lamented by all who were cognizant of his worth.

Lawrence, in a letter to Mrs. Forster, announcing the sad event, writes:—"Except in the case of Mr. Harlow, I have never known, in my own time,

the early death of talent so promising, and so rapidly and obviously improving. If I may judge from the later direction of his studies, and from remembrance of a morning's conversation, his mind seemed expanding in every way, and ripening into full maturity of taste and elevated judgment, with that generous ambition which makes confinement to lesser departments in the art painfully irksome and annoying."\*

The genuine oil-pictures by this artist are very scarce in England; the most numerous, and, with a few exceptions, his best, are in France. In the Vernon collection is, as many of our readers know, a small view of the "Square of St. Mark, Venice." The "Turk reposing," to which allusion has already been made, was in the possession of the late Mr. Rogers, but we do not remember to have seen it in the list of the pictures sold after the death of Mr. Rogers, whose sister, Miss Rogers, was, two or three years ago, the owner of two "Italian Coast Scenes." In the collection of Mr. A. Barker is a charming small female portrait, that shows the versatile talent of the painter. Mr. H. A. Munro possesses a Venetian view, a "Coast Scene," with figures buying and selling fish, and "Francis I. and Margaret of Valois;" in the Grosvenor Gallery, is a very fine "Coast Scene;" at Lord Northwick's mansion, near Cheltenham, another "Coast Scene," and one or two others, of doubtful origin, though ascribed to Bonington. The Marquis of Hertford owns a beautiful specimen, also a "Coast Scene;" the Duke of Bedford another, at Woburn Abbey; and the



Engraved by]

ON THE FRENCH COAST.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Earl of Normanton, at his seat, Somerley, in Hampshire, a picturesque landscape, representing a tract of pasture land, in the foreground is a pool of water, with cows standing in it. These are the whole of Bonington's finished oil-pictures which we have been able to trace out with any certainty as existing in England. Copies, and pictures painted from his sketches, and bearing his name, are in abundance; if our space admitted, we could tell some strange stories of the manner in which these "genuine" Boningtons have found their way into the collections of amateurs.

His sketches in oil from nature, and his water-colour drawings, are tolerably numerous; after his death a large number was sold by Mr. Sotheby, and realised a sum exceeding £1200. The late Mr. Carpenter, of Bond Street, was one of Bonington's earliest patrons in this country, and published a series of very beautiful lithographic prints, which were drawn on stone by Mr. J. D. Harding, from his works. A large mezzotinto engraving, by Quilley, of "THE FISH-MARKET," was also published; we have had it copied, as one of our illustrations.

Though Bonington produced several historical pictures, and others also in which figures constitute the prominent features, and though these works are of sterling merit, accurate in drawing, forcible in expression, elegant in composition, and brilliant in colouring, yet he will always be most widely, if not most favourably, known as a landscape-painter. His first appearance in

England was at a period when, as it has been remarked, our school "was agitated by no convulsive throes of genius; when painting seemed to have settled down into quiet and decent unobtrusiveness." True, we had among our landscape artists, Turner, Callcott, Constable, and Collins, but the first had not then visited Italy, and given to the world those wondrous pictures, the results of his foreign travel, and the others kept "the even tenor of their way" as admirable painters of English scenery, delighting, rather than astonishing, the public. But Bonington's style took the world of Art here by surprise; the power of his pencil, no less than the novel treatment of his subjects, was universally felt and acknowledged by those best qualified to form a judgment. His latest works seem to have been laid upon a threefold basis, or rather, to have sprung from it: his early training in England, and his recollections of it; his matured studies of the old masters in the schools of France; and the impressions made by his visit to Italy. The genius of this artist exercised a vast and beneficial influence both on our own school of painting and on that of France: it roused the former from a state of comparative inaction, exciting, especially among the younger painters, a spirit of emulation, and it gave to the latter a tone of truthfulness and brilliancy it had not before, and which, though now somewhat impaired, it has not yet altogether lost.

\* Cunningham's "Lives of the British Painters," &c.



THE  
TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 5.—THOMAS BEWICK.

NATURE is a grateful mistress to her votaries, and there is no instance of the artist who has studied her beauties, and honestly depicted them, being unrewarded by Fame. Bewick is a prominent example; he studiously and perseveringly devoted himself to this study, and the celebrity he won in his life has increased since his death; all modern refinements in the art of wood engraving cannot eclipse or rival the simple truth and vigour of his woodcuts—

“And the skill which he learned on the banks of the Tyne.”

Thomas Bewick was born in 1753, at Cherry-burn, about twelve miles west of Newcastle, and received his earliest education at Ovingham, on the opposite bank of the river Tyne, Northumberland. His father rented a landsale colliery at Mickley-bank, in the same township, and he assisted him in his labour, having consequently that privation of education which a poor man's son has always to contend against. The lad never lost a chance of improvement, and in good weather or bad walked to his school whenever he could be spared, and noted those bits of nature in his lonely journeys that won him fame in after life.

Bewick's taste for drawing developed itself very early, and determined his father to apprentice him to an engraver of Newcastle, Mr. R. Beilby, who appears to have taken all classes of engravers' work, from initials on tea-spoons, and names on door-plates, up to copper-plates for books; but his ability was but rarely in demand for the latter. In this employ Bewick did not labour long, for in 1768, one year after his apprenticeship, Dr. Hutton wishing to illustrate his *Treatise on Mensuration* with woodcuts, such as he had seen executed in London, applied to Beilby for them; and young Bewick, having made some attempts in the art, was encouraged to persevere, and to him was entrusted the work: he entered upon it with enthusiasm, and succeeded, although he had difficulties of all kinds to contend against, no one to help him over them, and was necessitated to invent his own tools.

Bewick by this means formed a style of his own, and though it would be unfair to state that wood-engraving was a lost art, which he resuscitated, it is perfectly true that it was his superior genius that drew public attention toward it, established it on its present firm basis, and thus “wedded Art unto the press.”

He returned to Cherry-burn when his apprenticeship was completed: it was his custom to pay weekly visits there, and shout his inquiries across the river, when it was too swollen to ford. His heart was in his early home, and when writing in after years to a friend, he says—“I would rather be herding sheep on Mickley-bank top than remain in London, although for so doing I was to be made Premier of England.” London was not to his taste; he visited it in 1776 for a short time, and was employed by Hodgson, the best wood-engraver of that day,—probably in consequence of having received, the year before, the award of a medal from the Society of Arts, for a cut illustrative of the fable of the “Huntsman and the Old Hound.” In 1777 he returned to Newcastle, entered into partnership with his former master, and thenceforward devoted his chief attention to engraving on wood. His first work was an illustrated edition of “Gay's Fables,” published by Saint, of Newcastle, in 1779, whose trade chiefly consisted in children's books, many of which Bewick illustrated in conjunction with his younger brother John. In 1784 they engaged in publishing an illustrated edition of “Select Fables;” but it was in the cuts for the “History of Quadrupeds,” published in 1790, that his great genius fully acknowledged itself. The truth and vigour with which the animals were delineated, and the admirable treatment of the accessories,—the characteristic tail-pieces, where his profound study of nature told to such great advantage,—rapidly made him a great fame. He had thus struck out a path for himself in which he is still alone: he was no slavish cutter of lines laid down for his guidance, as the more modern wood-engraver too frequently is; but he cut with his graver out of the wood many an object no draughtsman could place there—such as the minute figures in a farm-scene, the birds that flit in his vignettes,

and the rich foliage that clothes his trees, all of which are expressed by his graver, with the ready knowledge of a dextrous hand, guided by a mind completely familiar with the objects he depicts. Elaborate labour is now bestowed on wood engravings, and wonder may be excited at the weary toil they exhibit; but the vigour and truth of Bewick's bolder works elevate them far above mere manual dexterity—nor will better engraving rival his well-earned fame, until drawing is more definitely expressed with it, as it is in all his woodcuts.

An illustrated History of Birds next engaged his attention, and here his power of delineation strongly appeared: the minutiae of plumage is always wonderfully rendered, and the tail-pieces with which he decorated his pages, are redolent of original genius.

In 1797 Bewick dissolved his partnership, and thenceforward worked with his pupils regularly and methodically at Newcastle, in the house delineated in our cut. It is situated in St. Nicholas church-yard, and the double-windowed room in the roof was

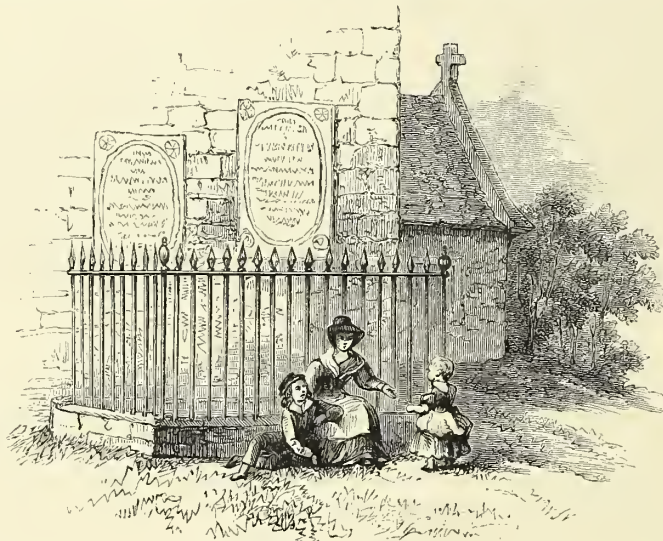


BEWICK'S HOUSE, NEWCASTLE.

the one he constantly inhabited. Here all his best cuts were executed, and here he acquired both fame and competence. His simple habits never left him, nor did he ever indulge in expensive pleasures, or sigh for more than the healthy enjoyments of nature.

Bewick died in 1828, at the age of seventy-five, and is buried at the west end of Ovingham Church, beside his brother John, who died in 1796, at the

early age of thirty-five. John had left his northern home for London, where he practised his art for many years: a pulmonary complaint affected him, and he returned to die at Ovingham. The small tablet on the church wall records his death, and that “his ingenuity as an artist was excelled only by his conduct as a man.” His works have not the artistic excellence displayed in those of his brother, whose tomb simply records the death of



BEWICK'S GRAVE, OVINGHAM.

himself and his wife Isabella, whom he outlived two years. He laboured steadily at his art while life lasted; and “The Old Horse waiting for Death,” was his last work left unfinished at his decease.

There is a useful lesson in such a life as Bewick's, teaching as it does this great fact,—that fame and competence may await the patient exercise of native talent, directed by the bias of its own strength. Bewick struck out his own course, wisely adhered to it, and was content with what it brought him. His moderate wants were more than sup-

plied, and a happy old age was his reward. More ambitious men have failed to obtain the renown he has secured by his unpretentious Art-labour, and he will be remembered when many who mistake notoriety for fame, and the fashion of a day for the homage of all time, are forgotten. Wordsworth gave a tribute to his genius, and Professor Wilson exclaims of him,—“Happy old man! the delight of childhood, manhood, decaying age! A moral in every tail-piece, a sermon in every vignette.”

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



THE  
SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

THE improvement which this society has just effected in the lighting of their exhibition, gives rank to their great room as the best exhibition-hall in London. Heretofore the light was admitted by a lantern roof; that has been removed, and a flat roof substituted, with an aperture sufficiently spacious to light the room so entirely that there is no portion of the wall on which, at a reasonable height, the detail of even the smaller pictures may not be seen. The almost unmitigated power of the light may be found oppressive to eyes otherwise than strongly constituted. So difficult is it to arrive at perfection in the construction of a gallery for pictures, that we have not yet met with that *desideratissimum*. If the light could be subdued in the centre of this room, it would, we think, surpass the results of the best efforts that have been recently made even in the Louvre. The exhibition of 1858 opened with a catalogue\* of no less than nine hundred and nineteen works of Art, whereof but very few evince knowledge, power, or study. A single glance, however, tells us that the mere "market" has been all in all. Of the hanging, it must be said that we have never seen "outsiders" less considerably treated.

It would seem that the governing spirit of the whole body is to paint for "connoisseurs," who are easily satisfied; and that to surpass mediocrity would be to go beyond their power to appreciate and consequently to value; that, in a word, British artists, to sell their works, must paint down to the comprehensions of buyers. This is a foolish, and will be a fatal, mistake. It is shown to be foolish even here; for wherever we find a picture of more than average merit it is marked "sold." It must be fatal, because it is impossible to imagine that a continuance of such collected inanities, or worse, can be made to "pay" even the requisite expenses for the maintenance of a society.

We shall select for notice a few of the exhibited works, and "a few" will suffice; for, in truth, those that demand praise are very limited in number; and it is not our plan to notice such as call for no words but those of condemnation.

No. 7. 'News from India,' W. D. KENNEDY. The striking qualities of this artist's works are clear and bright colour, and that kind of manipulation which looks studiously free, yet is without any passage that could be improved by refinement. The figures—two young ladies, as being attired in modern costume, look rather like portraits than pictorial impersonations: the face of one, however, is concealed, as she bends in grief over a letter.

No. 13. \* \* \* \* W. W. GOSLING. In this large picture the dominant object is an ancient and wide-spreading oak, supported at various distances by other trees, the whole constituting a composition of forest scenery, everywhere penetrated and relieved by the cheerful sunlight. The work evinces knowledge, but the eye is instantly challenged by the uncommon tint of the shaded portions of the foliage.

No. 22. 'The Haunted Chamber,' C. ROSSITER. The appearance of the apartment, with its wainscot and ancient armour, effectively supports the title; and the sentiment is enhanced by the girl looking past the edge of the tapestry for the ghost.

No. 27. 'John Last, huntsman to S. E. Drax, Esq., mounted on his favourite horse, Tramp,' G. COLE. We have no means of judging of the impersonation of the huntsman as a resemblance; it may, however, be said that the animal on which he is mounted is extremely well drawn and painted.

No. 34. 'Lucius Junius Brutus,' W. WATERHOUSE. We are reminded from time to time that we are not yet beyond the "historic period,"—that there are still living some of those artists called by Haydon "historical painters;" but, alas! for the ambition of selecting such a subject as the story of Lucretia, without the introduction of something that nobody has ever before seen therein.

\* We protest against the continued charge of one shilling for this catalogue of 919 lines. It is a mistake even in policy; for, beyond doubt, where one is purchased now, a dozen would be sold if the price were sixpence. The Society can scarcely expect that many will pay a shilling to see the collection and a shilling for a list of its contents.

## No. 35. \* \* \* \* ALFRED CLINT.

"Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees  
Just o'er the verge of day."

Such is the quotation standing in the place of a title to a large picture descriptive of a passage of rocky coast scenery, presented under an effect of sunset. The evening is calm, and the sea is at rest, reflecting broadly the hues of the sky. It appears to be a composition; but, real or imaginary, it is made out with a breadth and dignity of treatment which elevate the tone of the work into a touching poetic sentiment.

No. 36. 'A Lane at Albury, near Guildford, Surrey,' VICAT COLE. A simple subject, rendered interesting from its natural colouring, and that stamp of truth which bespeaks its having been painted on the spot.

No. 41. 'Llyn Dinas, North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The most favourable views of this lake are so much alike that they seem to have been all painted from the same spot. The lake opens immediately under the eye—a dark and lustrous mirror set in a stupendous frame of rock and mountain. The water surface is uniformly dark and sullen, while the sky is bright and cheerful; and this instantly jars upon the sense as a natural discord: the picture is otherwise distinguished by the clean and decided manner of the artist.

No. 42. 'The Ballad,' J. J. HILL. This is a group of two rustics, the principal of whom, a girl, peruses "the ballad," which lies before her on a sheaf of her gleanings. She is much happier in colour and pose than her companion, who is of the other sex.

No. 44. 'Casamicciola, in the Island of Ischia, Neapolitan States,' J. B. PYNE. This picture, we are informed, is painted in "Mr. Hawke's Anglo-medium colours," and it is covered with glass, like a water-colour work. This is the first example of the use of this "medium" that we have seen. It appears to admit of being worked in substance, and with a full brush, and lies with a texture in some degree resembling oil-colour. The work, which is treated as an expression of light, is beautiful in colour, though in this particular not so positive as the oil picture, No. 84, 'Boromean Islands, Isola Bella, and Piscatore, on the Lago Maggiore,' wherein all the beauties of this proverbially charming region are enhanced, and every oppugnant form subdued; and with a play of light and an assertion of space set forth with a facility which evinces a command of the most poetic language of the art.

No. 49. 'Portrait of a Lady,' J. L. REILLY. Sufficiently well executed to have entitled it to a better place.

No. 64. 'It is said that about this time Albert Durer presented a fine picture to his friend Luther,' J. NOBLE. We see in this composition Durer presenting to Luther, who yet wears the monkish habit, a picture of the Madonna—an upright figure, with the infant Saviour in her arms, like those which are yet seen at the corners of some of the streets in Nuremberg. The point of the subject is sufficiently clear, but the work has little else to recommend it.

No. 65. 'Lady Mary Hamilton, daughter of his Grace the Duke of Hamilton,' R. BUCKNER. The head is well painted, and the features are full of sweetness; but the better parts of the figure are not assisted by the lower limbs.

No. 73. 'Smiling Morn,' C. BAXTER. This is a small single figure, and No. 178, 'Summer,' is a similar one, but of the size of life; both sustain the reputation of the painter as a colourist.

No. 77. 'The First-born,' E. J. COBBETT. The infant is asleep in its cradle, while the mother, a young woman in humble life, sits at work watching her child. This picture excels, in substantive quality, the artist's open-air subjects.

No. 83. 'The Reward,' T. ROBERTS. Another composition in which a nursing plays a prominent part. There is also here much knowledge and power, but the mother looks too girlish, and her hands are unduly large.

No. 99. 'Hungarian Pilgrims at a shrine on the Danube,' J. ZEITNER. This is even more sketchy, and somewhat lower in tone than this artist usually works. His colour is sometimes very attractive, but, in execution, his works present something beyond even the antipodes to Pre-Raphaelism.

No. 104. 'At Walton Farm, near Folkestone, Kent,' J. J. WILSON. In these simple pictures, with their sometimes cold, but always harmonious tone of colour, this artist excels.

No. 105. 'An Interior,' T. EARL. A sketch very powerful in colour and effect,—containing a girl at a window, and near her a dog. An agreeable and telling picture.

No. 107. 'The Music Lesson,' T. ROBERTS. In this case the *maestro* is a ragged urchin of a boy, who to his pupil, a bullfinch perched upon his finger, is whistling very earnestly the passage he wishes the bird to imitate. The professor's brothers and sisters, ragged and rosy like himself, witness the teaching with smiling satisfaction. The figures are life-like and substantial, and, although the wooden partition at the back of the whistler is a crude surface in comparison with the rest of the accessories, the work is altogether a production of much merit.

No. 115. 'Mozart's Last Chorus,' J. MORGAN. This large picture contains numerous figures, of which one represents Mozart in his last illness. The scene is a bed-chamber, and the effect that of lamplight; but the composition wants concentration, and that kind of finish for the absence of which glazing cannot compensate.

No. 116. 'The Shepherd's Pastime,' J. J. HILL. This composition presents a rustic seated under a grassy bank, and playing a fife for the amusement of himself and some of his female neighbours. It is not so luminous as the works of its author generally are.

No. 121. 'Temptation,' W. HEMSLEY. The expression of the features of one of the boys in this picture is most successful, as allusive to the difficulty he experiences in opening a small hamper, which has been confided to him for safe transport. The scene is an open common, which, together with the two figures, for there are two, is brought forward with all the precision that characterises the works of the artist.

No. 139. 'The Studio, Foss Novyn, on the Conway, North Wales,' J. P. PETTIT. This title is applied to an extremely picturesque gorge in the bed of the river, shut in by rocks, all but perpendicular, which wear a waving coronal of green trees. The shaded passages are broad and real, but the sunlight is broken and unsatisfactory. The material is admirable.

No. 159. 'Young Sempronius,' T. Y. GOODERSON. If she be a Trasteverina, we have nothing to say against her name; why may she not, like Mæcenas, be "equestri et splendido uata genere?" But hers looks very much like an Anglo-Saxon face. In the other studies by the same hand, which all have merit, there is more of the Romanesque element.

No. 173. 'Landscape and Cattle,' G. COLE. The cattle—a herd of cows—are grouped in the nearest section of the composition, standing in a shallow pool. On the left the ground rises, bearing on this side trees; the right is open. The picture is large, and is enriched by a foreground carefully studied from nature.

No. 188. 'The Windings of the Wye—An Autumnal Noon,' H. J. BODDINGTON. We are here placed on the right bank of the river, and look up the stream, which flows at a considerable distance below. The nearer passages of the view are masterly, but the argument of the picture lies in the misty gradations which define the retiring hills with their velvet textures.

No. 191. 'Yarmouth Herring-Boats,' J. W. OAKES. We scarcely know on what part of Yarmouth beach such a combination as this is to be found; it may be anywhere. The subject is simple, but it is wrought into a sparkling picture.

No. 196. 'The Modern Silenus,' F. Y. HURLSTONE. The Silenus of the composition is an old Campanian peasant, and the Bacchus is a herd-boy, whom he is teaching to play the rustic pipe. The figures, which are judiciously brought together, are accurately costumed, and the old man is sufficiently Italian in feature, but the boy is of a complexion too clear.

No. 201. 'Mill near Aber, North Wales,' J. SYER. This is a good subject—if we see it here as it is in reality—and it is brought forward with generosity and good feeling; but the parade of colour and execution is objectionable, as reminding the observer rather of paint than of nature. The



reds, and other potent colours, have a somewhat vulgar prominence.

No. 224. 'Rejected Addresses,' W. D. KENNEDY. This picture presents an abuse of power much to be regretted; the scale of shade is untrue, and the two figures are marionettes.

No. 238. 'A Gossip on the Coast,' E. J. COBBETT. The gossips are principally two women, one of whom is mounted on a pony; and the scene of their meeting is a grassy site immediately on the sea-coast. The features of each of the figures eloquently sustain the title; and the impersonations have the substantial palpability which this painter always communicates to his conceptions.

No. 262. 'Signor Gardoni,' R. BUCKNER. The figure is enveloped in a cloak, in a manner which suggests that the painter has been thinking of Vandyke. The features are rather those of a woman than a man.

#### SOUTH-EAST ROOM.

No. 279. 'Tarbert Castle, Loch Fyne,' J. DANBY. One of those warm and fresh compositions which this artist paints, as if in memory of Richard Wilson.

No. 311. 'Kars and its Defenders,' J. and G. FOGGO. A large picture, containing impersonations of General Williams, Captain Thomson, Major Teesdale, Colonel Lake, and others. The distresses of the garrison are emphatically described, but in manner the work is a memento of an Art-period long gone by. It is impossible to praise the work; we may accept it as another proof how easier it is to criticise than to execute; "if to do were as easy as to know what were good to do," &c.

No. 319. 'Loch Lomond, from Tarbert,' W. G. BATES. An unexceptionable transcript of this well-known view, and the colour is scrupulously true.

No. 320. 'The Martyr's Hill, from Newland's Corner, Albury, near Guildford,' VICAR COLE. These verdant Surrey hills are always pleasant types of English scenery. The scene, with its atmosphere and busy sky, has been successfully worked out on the spot.

No. 322. 'The Aquarium,' H. SHIRLEY. An establishment of tittlebats in a bottle, to which some children fishing in a weedy pool are yet anxious to add. It is attractive in colour, and very carefully painted.

No. 338. 'Padlocked,' JESSIE MACLEOD. This title is given to a work containing a single figure, that of a young lady standing at a garden gate. The drawing and painting are meritorious, but the point of the story is not very clear.

No. 363. 'Bestow your Charity,' H. C. WHAITE. A girl begging. It is a small picture of some merit; but it gives the spectator a cold shudder to see a study so entirely without relief.

No. 394. 'The Last Load,' G. COLE. Here is pictured the end of the hay-harvest, and if the menace of the sky mean anything, the last load is but just secured in time. The misty sunny distances are described with charming feeling.

No. 408. 'North Devon Coast,' W. WEST. A large study of rocks, the base of which is washed by a heavy sea. The masses are brought out with boldness, and the surfaces are broken and finished with infinite nicety; but the colour of these rocks is not so yellow as it is represented here.

No. 409. 'Midday, North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON. The nearest breadth of this composition is a lake, beyond which rises a study of mountains, suffused with light; but the sun is not within the field of view—and while we see the mountains through sunbeams and brightly illumined, the lake remains dark and sullen, like a surface unsuceptible of reflection. We have never witnessed such a phenomenon.

#### SOUTH-WEST ROOM.

No. 422. 'The Last Gift of Charlotte Corday,' G. STUBBS. The instant the eye falls on this composition it stands confessed an emanation of a foreign school. Immediately before her execution, Charlotte Corday sat to an artist for her portrait, and the only compensation she could offer him was a lock of her hair, which we see her in the act of severing, while the executioner is about to envelop her in the red cloak in which she is to be led to execution. There is facility of composition, but the painter is tainted with the affectations of the school of which he is a disciple.

No. 428. 'Harvest Time,' W. W. GOSLING. A small bright and sparkling picture, in which the objects are only wheat-sheafs.

No. 429. 'An Old House at Sens, Burgundy,' J. D. BARRETT. A ragged, rickety, and grotesque edifice, which seems rather to have been built to be painted than inhabited.

No. 430. 'Early Morning, Loch Long, Scotland,' J. MOGFORD. We view the loch as running into the picture, and enclosed by mountains, and having more the appearance of an inland lake than an arm of the sea. The lustrous surface of the water is a most faithful representation.

No. 444. 'Homeward Bound,' G. CHAMBERS. We are placed here in one of the lower reaches of the Thames, to see an East-Indiaman towed up by two tugs. As to light and dark the arrangement and effect are unexceptionable, but the lower rigging of the ship is a mass of confusion—the commonly known braces and halyards are nowhere.

No. 462. 'Ave Maria,' P. H. CALDERON. A study of a lady in profile, kneeling on a *prie-dieu* before a lectern: the expression is appropriate, the laces and draperies are carefully painted.

No. 468. 'Lias Rocks, on the Dorset Coast,' J. B. PYNE. These rocks are of very extraordinary form, being stratified archwise, with a cavernous opening which is used as a boat-house: the subject is meagre in itself, but it is translated into a charming picture.

No. 476. 'A Pastoral Evening, in the Suburbs of Rome,' MASON. What a pastoral evening is we have yet to learn—the picture shows some Italian peasant women driving their cattle home; it is spirited, and in the manner of the French school.

No. 477. 'The Tail of the Storm—Carswell Bay, near the Mumbles,' J. TENNANT. The principal quantity here is a small rocky headland, covered with turf. Although this subject has been but little studied—and is much less elaborated than Mr. Tennant's landscapes—it is one of the most agreeably qualified pictures he has ever painted.

No. 478. 'Interior, Brittany,' V. de FLEURY. The retiring parts would have been better if painted with colour less opaque; there is, however, some good feeling in the sketch.

No. 487. 'All among the Roses,' A. J. WOOLMER. A small figure in an arbour—the head is gracefully posed.

No. 488. 'A Rustic,' J. HENZELL. This is also a small figure, that of a girl standing at the door of her cottage home, mending stockings. The figure is well rounded, characteristic, and in everything superior to antecedent productions.

No. 490. 'A Sketch in the Corn-field,' W. W. GOSLING. The subject is literally the corn-field, the principal components being sheaves, rendered interesting from their sweetness of colour and lightness of effect.

No. 525. 'Simplicity,' G. SMITH. A profile head of a girl—in expression, well worthy of its title, but rather cold in colour.

No. 530. 'Autumn Afternoon on the Conway,' J. SYER. The lines in this composition must have been overlooked, as the rocks and trees run in similar quantities across the picture, which is, however, spirited and more true in colour than any other work by the same hand.

No. 535. 'The Avenue,' T. CRASHAW JOHNSON. This is a large work, showing the subject in perspective. The near trees evince power in execution and knowledge of truth, but the remoter masses are less scrupulously painted; yet it is a production of much merit.

No. 555. 'Sea Nymph Unveiling,' the late J. G. NAISH. Such a prefix to a name, in a catalogue, brings with it many painful associations. This artist was a painter of Nereids and Naiads, and there is by him, in the National Institution, a marvellously minute study of rocks. This is a small study, very tastefully treated.

No. 572. 'The Rustic Style,' (?) W. UNDERHILL. A composition containing three figures grouped at a *stille*. On this side is seated a herd-boy, playing a pipe; and on the other side are two damsels, who constitute the audience. The accessories in the work are quite as important as the figures—we have observed the same heretofore in the productions of this painter.

No. 589. 'On Holmwood Common, near Dorking,' painted on the spot, G. COLE. The subject is of

the extremest simplicity,—a small stream with a necessary proportion of aquatic herbage, a herd of cows, meadows, and trees; but the whole is brought forward with an unflinching assertion of truth, which in reference to any class of subject-matter is always most gratifying.

No. 590. 'Le Boudoir,' A. J. WOOLMER. There is no word we may suppose in the ample vocabulary of our vernacular that could supply a title for this picture. As it is, we know not what "le boudoir" has to do with the subject—a lady seated before her dressing-glass, and apparently stopping her ears against the voice of her macaw.

No. 597. 'Luckham, Isle of Wight,' V. de FLEURY. A simple composition, in which a sea-side cottage figures as a principal object.

No. 607. 'On the Beach at Ostend, squally weather,' E. HAYES, A.R.H.A. The proposition in the title is successfully realised—we become at once sensible of the wind: remote objects are painted with a lightness truly descriptive of distance; altogether this is a work of much merit.

No. 618. 'Hastings Fishermen,' W. SHAYER. The face of the principal figure in this composition, is masterly in character and execution: the other facilities of the picture are the results of repetition.

No. 663. 'View in Argyleshire,' G. SHALDERS. The distant mountains, and the play of light on them, constitute a charming passage of art. These airy peaks are opposed by a solidly painted near section, traversed by a herd of cattle.

No. 666. 'The Playfellows,' J. MORGAN. These are a little hoy and a kitten, in combination with accessories of very powerful colour.

No. 669. 'Private communication from Lucknow,' W. SALTER, M.A.F. This communication is in the hands of a lady who is seated—and by her side is a little boy. The point of the story is at once intelligible—she receives news of the safety of her husband. The head of the child is good in colour.

No. 670. 'Greenwich Hospital,' H. J. PIDDING. The principal point in the picture is the statue, round which are seated many of the old sailors. No. 671 is 'Greenwich Park,' by the same painter. Both pictures at once identify themselves with the proposed subjects.

No. 677. 'An Italian scene in Latium,' W. LINTON. The dark, nay, black shades which this painter introduces into some of his works may not be according to truth, but they give much solidity to the objects they are employed to relieve. This small picture is forcible and rich in colour, though somewhat artificial.

No. 681. 'Wreck on the Coast,' J. J. WILSON. The sky in this picture seems to have been painted from nature; the heavy cumulus is round and palpable.

No. 689. 'The Cottager's Pets,' J. HENZELL. Equal to the best of the artist's recent productions.

Although the Water-colour Room contains, perhaps, the best collection of drawings we have seen here, we cannot do them the justice they merit.

Of works in sculpture, the Exhibition as usual contains little or nothing; there are, however, two miniature groups by Capt. C. Wyndham (we presume an amateur) which claim and deserve attention. One of them is especially good; it is entitled 'Inkermann,' and is a comment on the text "when their ammunition was expended our men flung stones at the advancing Russians." The stalwart soldier is admirably modelled; and the incident is, so to speak, related with powerful effect. It is evident that the artist has been among the heroic men he has thus portrayed.

We have felt justified in abridging the space we have heretofore allotted to this Exhibition. In truth, the "British Artists" have this year signally and sadly failed to produce a collection of works by which their position and character could be elevated, or even sustained. Certainly, four-fifths of the pictures exhibited are much below mediocrity; yet of the few that approach excellence there is no one unsold. When Art-Union prize-holders enter this gallery, it will be without the hope of obtaining a work that will be worth taking home. It is really "too bad" that such a deplorable assemblage should be brought together, when Art is supposed to be making large advances—when buyers are ever on the alert to obtain acquisitions—and when wealth as well as honours await the artist by whom they are deserved.



THE  
SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

THE change which this society has effected by the removal of their exhibition has numerous advantages which were not attainable where the exhibition was held last year. The Egyptian Hall is within that circle wherein the majority of the Art-exhibitions have their fixed and well-known abodes: it may, therefore, be supposed that this institution will be less likely to be passed over by visitors to other collections than if it had been established remote from the region consecrated to Art. The room is spacious: it lighted to advantage the ancient pictures of Lord Ward, and therefore shows, even more satisfactorily works which do not contain large proportions of shaded gradations. The number of works exhibited is five hundred and eighty-two, in which every branch of painting may be said to be represented. Some ladies who are eminent in the practice of Art have not contributed; and others, who have achieved distinction, have not sent examples of their best efforts. But, as it is, we confess surprise at the existence of such an array of unrecognised talent among our countrywomen. When those of their works that have been seen were widely distributed, and when a great proportion of their labours was never exhibited, their merits could not be estimated; but now that their efforts are brought before the public in a collective form—knowing, though we do, something of the Art-progress of our time—we are compelled to avow that Art has been taken up by the other sex with an earnestness of which we had no conception. The figure, and the extremities, are the great difficulties in drawing; but there are in this exhibition figures drawn with a truth that raises the question as to the attainment of the education by which such things have been effected. We express no surprise at the facility with which the female professors of Art in France paint the figure, because there the commencement of all instruction is academical drawing. But that which we see at the Egyptian Hall is the result of assiduous self-tuition, for we have no school for the instruction of ladies in painting from the living model. Labouring under such disadvantages as the female student does, we are not disappointed to see here so many drawings of flowers, fruit, and still-life objects—we are only surprised into exultation to see so much excellence in the higher departments of Art. There are on these walls landscape and figure-subjects which would do honour to any exhibition. There is now an end in female education to parti-coloured butterflies and favourite canaries: we are surrounded here by evidences of the severest study, and those ladies who wish to gain a shred of reputation must sit down patiently with their best instructress—Nature.

No. 10. 'Fruit,' Miss MARGITSON. A composition of white grapes, a cut melon, plums, &c., bearing evidence of a hand skilled in this kind of subject.

No. 16. 'Meditation,' Miss ELLEN COLE. A study of the head of an old man; a front face painted with breadth.

No. 22. 'A Farm Road,' Miss MARY LINNELL. The manner of this work is vigorous, and the aspect given to the place strictly natural. The road runs into the picture, flanked on the right by a bank bearing a growth of trees and underwood, and on the left by a weedy pool. There is no telling point in the subject, and it is therefore the more difficult of treatment; thus the triumph is the greater that a picture so interesting results from material so commonplace.

No. 26. 'Autumn,' Miss C. HARDCASTLE. But for the perpendicular arrangement of these plants, this would have looked like a study from some wayside nook, rich in ferns, ground-ivy, foxglove, and a variety of weeds and wild flowers scorned by horticulturists, but cherished by painters even beyond the splendours of the exotic Flora.

No. 27. 'A Welsh Spring,' Mrs. J. W. BROWN. The spring is the least important feature in this work, which presents principally two groups of trees most patiently and faithfully worked out from the reality. The foreground also, though perhaps too cold, has received scrupulous justice.

No. 28. 'Gleaners,' KATE SWIFT. Two rustic figures, an elder and a younger sister, resting at a

stile. The little girl, seated on this side, plays with a goat; the face of the child is extremely well painted, and admirably lighted by reflection. The elder of the two leans over the stile; but the face is not so attractive as that of the younger.

No. 29. 'Evening Study in an Italian Vineyard,' Mrs. CHISHOLM ANSTEV. The subject is a mass of vine foliage and grapes: the luxuriant truth of the study renders it interesting. It is the result of much assiduous labour.

No. 33. 'The Emigrant,' EMMA E. BLUNDEN. A study of a girl, absorbed in grief, resting on the bulwark of a ship. The figure is well drawn and painted; but her back is turned to the spectator, and the colour of her dress and that of the ship are identical—a very mischievous error.

No. 34. 'The Gipsies' Haunt,' Miss SARAH LINNELL. This is a more effective subject than that already noticed, being a section of sylvan scenery, excellent in its dispositions, and very powerful in colour.

No. 35. 'Hagar and Ishmael,' Miss M. A. COLE. Hagar is in the act of prayer; the figure is brought forward by a powerful background.

No. 38. 'Rhododendrons,' Mrs. RIMER. These flowers are well drawn, and extremely brilliant in hue.

No. 39. 'Evening Rest,' ALICE WALKER. In this scene there are passages of drapery admirably executed. The impersonations are a Turk and his family, disposed perhaps too uniformly. The composition might have been more judicious.

No. 40. 'Love and Friendship,' ELIZA MILLS. Whether the title be symbolised or not by these roses and ivy leaves we know not. The flowers are well drawn, and well brought together.

No. 47. 'The Bath,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. This is one of the works to which we should point as evidence, that in knowledge, definite manipulation, and drawing, ladies may arrive at a degree of excellence equal to that of the most earnest students of the other sex. The figures are a little boy and his nurse, by whom he is about to be placed in a warm-bath. In colour and substance these two figures are unexceptionable: the manner is playful, but every touch is effective.

No. 56. 'Banks of the Tummel at Faskally, Perthshire,' Miss STODDART. The subject is chosen with good taste. The near trees are natural in form—they look as if they would yield to the wind; but they are touched with a facility which amounts to a certain degree of hardness. The water, distances, and effect are admirable; indeed the execution of the work cannot be too highly praised.

No. 57. 'Portrait of W. J. Fox, Esq., M.P.,' Miss FOX. A very striking resemblance, qualified with expression agreeable and animated.

No. 67. 'The Ruined Temple of Kom Ombo, Egypt,' Mrs. ROBERTSON BLAINE. The sand has covered the temple—the frieze and the capitals alone remaining visible. The ruin is painted with what may be conceived to be a faithful following of its existing condition: it looks real.

No. 68. 'The Little Boat-builder,' Mrs. CARPENTER. Apparently a portrait of a little boy, yet wearing his infant frock. He is seated on the sea-shore, intently occupied in putting the mast into his boat. The little figure is characterised by the warm and lifelike tints and easy manipulation which give value to this lady's works.

No. 69. 'Cart-horses belonging to the Lion Brewery, Lambeth,' Mrs. A. SHIRLEY. Few ladies devote themselves to subjects so unsentimental: animals, like the human subject, must be accurately drawn. The more prominent of the two horses appears to have been slightly refined upon; both, however, are carefully made out.

No. 73. 'Nidpath Castle, on the Tweed,' Miss STODDART. We look up the river, which is not in importance comparable to the stream that flows by Norham; but the Tweed is always romantic. The works exhibited under this name embody some of the very best principles of landscape art.

No. 81. 'Ballad Singer of Connemara, Ireland,' Mrs. ROBINSON. This is a half-length figure, representing a wandering daughter "of an errant tribe," who bears about her her entire *personnelle*, and who, like the Medea of the *Αἰκείον* (but not of Euripides),—

"Has no whereabouts—  
Her home is number nowhere."

She bears a child at her back, a ballad in her left hand, and in her right a basket of apples, and is embowered in an overhanging bush of flowering lilac, though, by the way, when lilac is in bloom apples are not yet sunned into redness. Behind the head of the child a doll challenges the eye—certainly to the disadvantage of the baby. The doll is awake, but the child is asleep. This study is in a firm masculine style, tempered by infinite sweetness of painting, especially in the lilac.

No. 86. 'Fruit,' Miss STUART. A brilliant composition of grapes, pine, and other like material.

No. 88. 'Shetland Ponies,' the property of Her Majesty, Mrs. A. SHIRLEY. These miniature horses are described here as qualified with the very best points of their race.

No. 99. 'The flooded Meadows,' FLORENCE PEEL. We find this name affixed to several very meritorious works; some of them in oils: they manifest a fine and high feeling for the beautiful in nature, and an intimate acquaintance with the capabilities of Art. The drawings more especially are wrought with delicacy and taste, with frequent indications of power.

No. 106. 'A Woody Slope,' Miss YETTS. This picture contains passages closely relative to nature. The work is somewhat hard; but assiduous study of this kind must result in success.

No. 116. 'The Love-letter,' Miss M. A. COLE. A composition of small figures, in which the accessories have been studied with care.

No. 117. 'The Daguerreotype,' ANNA E. BLUNDEN. Presenting two figures—an elder and a younger sister—well drawn, agreeably coloured, and brought together with true artistic feeling; but the picture behind the latter diminishes the importance of the head; this should be removed.

No. 127. 'Flora—a nursery sketch,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. A very spirited little figure mounted on a hobby-horse.

No. 130. 'Lane, Brocham, Surrey,' Mrs. T. J. THOMPSON. A roadside cottage and trees constitute the subject, which, simple as it is, is painted with infinite sweetness, and with the most perfect illusion of sunshine.

No. 137. 'Rue des Lazettes, Honfleur,' Mrs. HEMMING. A view of some blocks of houses near the inner basin. Although the old Cheval Blanc is renovated, there is yet something picturesque left in Honfleur.

No. 138. 'Study of Fruit and Flowers,' Mrs. DAVIS COOPER. Two or three apples, a jar, and a flower-pot realised with much elegance of feeling.

No. 140. 'Bertie,' Mrs. H. MOSELEY. A miniature, in oil, of a little boy in a blue velvet dress; the features are painted with a *finesse* of which we could scarcely have thought oil-colour susceptible.

No. 144. 'From a Window,' ANNA MARY HOWITT. The sun has set, and we look from this window on a twilight landscape, somewhat like a garden lawn inclosed by trees, the breadth and softness of which is opposed by a creeping plant, which festoons the window. The sentiment of the work is a perfect repose, unbroken even by the allusions to life contained in the room into which we are introduced. The whole is most elaborately worked out—somewhat too elaborately, perhaps, but there is ample evidence of thorough mastery in Art; the choice of subject might have been happier, but in all this accomplished lady produces, there are proofs of genius and power.

No. 168. 'Portrait of Miss Dorah Roberts,' Miss FOX. This is a chalk drawing of the size of life, presenting a front view of the features. The drawing displays knowledge in those parts in which drawing too often fails.

No. 169. 'Braubach, on the Moselle,' Mrs. W. OLIVER. A large drawing harmonious in colour, and skilful in treatment.

No. 173. 'The Morning Star of Memory,' Mrs. BACKHOUSE. This is a drawing of a female figure in a classic white drapery, wearing on her forehead a gem composed of a crescent and a star. The expression is a chaste and elegant conception, and the features are coloured and worked out with knowledge and taste.

No. 179. 'Portrait of Dr. Neil Arnott, F.R.S., &c.,' Mrs. CARPENTER. A portrait of the size of life, showing the features as a three-quarter face; it is in chalk, and to a good subject the artist does ample justice.



No. 180. 'Cathedral, Florence,' Mrs. HIGFORD BURR. A very elaborate and richly coloured drawing made from one of the chapels, or the sacristy, of the Duomo at Florence, famous for the works of Ghiberti, Donatello, Gaddi, and others. This copy has been made so faithfully, that we at once recognise the figures of the earlier Florentine school.

No. 181. 'Namur on the Meuse,' Mrs. W. OLIVER. Namur is a very favourite subject; it is represented with perfect truth in this drawing.

No. 183. 'Portraits of Mrs. Edward Lewin and Mrs. J. C. Lees,' Miss M. TEKUSCH. A light but neatly finished drawing, in which one of the ladies is seated, and the other stands by her. The features are worked with great nicety and are very agreeable in expression.

No. 192. 'A Study from Nature,' Miss BURROWS. The subject is fruit, which is very successfully drawn and coloured.

No. 196. 'A Poacher in Embryo,' ADELAIDE BURGESS. A study of a country boy with a bird's-nest; the figure is round and substantial.

No. 200. 'Edith,' Mrs. H. MOSELEY. This is a head in coloured crayons; a portrait of a little girl, life-like and natural.

No. 203. 'A Shepherd Boy of the Campagna of Rome,' Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. This boy has been painted from the life; it is impossible to adapt costume to a figure so perfectly as this sits. He stands, leaning upon his staff, and wears the usual sheepskin jerkin of the Italian shepherds, with the small-clothes and cross-banded stockings. His head is covered with a rusty, broad-brimmed hat, ornamented by a peacock's feather; and the face, which salutes you from beneath the brim, is in character and tint perfectly national. The scene is the open Campagna, by which the figure is amply supported, and perfectly relieved.

No. 204. 'Bamborough Castle, Northumberland,' Mrs. DUNDAS MURRAY. This view is taken immediately south of the castle, looking towards Holy Island and Berwick, the foreground deriving interest from boats and figures. The work is of a high degree of excellence.

No. 205. 'Sunset at Ventnor,' Mrs. MALLISON. This is a very powerful effect; the whole of the ground section lies in shade, and is opposed to a sky enriched by the most glorious hues which the sun can leave in his track. No. 367, by the same lady, is a work perhaps superior to the other; the treatment is similar—another glowing sunset.

No. 208. 'The Cowgate, Edinburgh,' Miss SEWELL. We recognise at once these (in more senses than one) many-storied old houses as of the ancient street architecture of Edinburgh. The locality is very truly depicted.

No. 220. 'Flowers,' Miss EMMA WALTER. These are lilies, geraniums, yellow roses, &c., forming a striking and superb assortment.

No. 221. 'The Orphan,' Mrs. BACKHOUSE. A head and bust of a girl of the size of life, with an expression of destitution which supersedes the necessity of a title.

No. 232. 'Blarney Castle, County Cork,' LADY BELCHER. A bold and effective work, showing a tall ruin, surrounded by trees. The subject is interesting from the earnestness of the representation.

No. 242. 'Lilies and Roses,' Mrs. WITHERS. These flowers are most elaborately painted; the textures of the leaves are most faithfully rendered with every minute incident—drops of water, flies, &c.

No. 247. 'Hawthornden, once the Residence of Drummond the Poet,' MARIANNE STONE. We look here up the Dean from the little bridge, and see the house high on the left bank; but the picture consists of trees, and, above all, of a most luxuriant passage of foreground herbage which has been realised from nature with eminent success.

No. 249. 'Entrance to Seaham Harbour, on the Estate of the Marchioness of Londonderry,' Mrs. DUNDAS MURRAY. The pier, on which the spectator is placed, looking seaward, is not yet finished; loose stone, a crane, and building implements, serve to break the near surface; a collier brig, coming in, is preparing to clew up her main and foresails. The subject is picturesquely and pleasantly treated.

No. 252. 'Sunset Effect—Valley and Round Tower of Glendalough, County Wicklow,' LADY BELCHER. The prefix to the title is most happily realised; it is an attractive subject, treated in a manner to describe distance with perfect truth.

No. 259. 'On the Tay, near Duukeld,' Miss M. A. CARRINGTON. This is a very careful drawing of a well-known subject. The town, with the sky and near and remoter gradations, is charmingly dealt with.

No. 260. 'The First Meeting of Florizel and Perdita,' Miss E. MACRONE. This is painted from the passage in the *Winter's Tale*, wherein Florizel blesses the day when his falcon flew into the grounds of the father of Perdita. The scene is a section of woodland, with forest trees, beneath one of which Perdita is sitting, and Florizel appears. There is something original in the treatment of the subject.

No. 267. 'Winter Berries,' Mrs. WITHERS. Strictly to the title, and charmingly painted.

No. 278. 'Scotch Cottage Home, Loch Lomond,' MARIANNE STONE. A very ragged hovel on the shelving shores of the loch, but commanding an enchanting view, if that be any compensation for wretched lodging. The foreground is rich with the sweetest hues of the fragrant heather, and altogether the view is one of the most truthful and poetic versions we have ever seen of this storied loch. No. 306, 'The Tweed—Eildon Hills,' and No. 318, 'English Cottage Home,' are works also of merit, by the same artist.

No. 279. 'A Marseilles Minstrel,' Mrs. V. BARTHOLOMEW. A very characteristic study of one of those French female peripatetic professors of the hurdy-gurdy, with whose personal points we are all so well acquainted.

No. 289. 'The Best in the Market,' Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY. This is a brilliant work—a production of a high degree of artistic excellence.

No. 294. 'Florence, from the Church of San Miniato,' Miss BLAKE. This is the most effective view of the city, taken from the heights on the left bank of the Arno, whence we look down on the windings of the river—the Duomo, the Palazzo Vecchio, the Ponte Vecchio, all the other bridges, and all the prominent objects of the city. The tone and execution of this work are beyond all praise.

No. 301. 'The Last Dream,' Miss ADELAIDE BURGESS. This drawing represents a girl sleeping, whom, from the title, we may suppose to be afflicted with a fatal malady. There are angels at her bedside, and of these she is of course dreaming: it is a work of surpassing sweetness.

No. 343. 'Portrait of Miss Emily Stuart,' Mrs. ALFRED J. BUSS. A chalk drawing, in which the head and features are delineated with accuracy and spirit. No. 423. 'Ecce Homo, after Correggio,' is a copy in sepia by the same lady.

No. 368. 'Burnham Beeches,' Mrs. GROTE, is a study of trees denuded of foliage, wherein the character of the beech is perfectly described. No. 374. 'Gate-House of Boarstall, Bucks,' is a very elaborate drawing by the same lady.

No. 366. 'Lake of Lucerne,' Mrs. E. STANLEY. A small drawing, the subject of which is at once determinable. No. 373, is another view of the Lake, rendered with a true feeling for natural effect.

No. 402. 'Miniature of a Swedish Lady,' FREDERICA BREMER, contributed by Mrs. S. C. Hall. This exquisitely finished profile is worthy of an accomplished artist, and proclaims the varied talent of the gifted authoress.

No. 403. 'Portrait of a Lady.' A very highly finished work in oil by Miss M. GILLIES.

The sculpture consists of twenty-one pieces, of which many evince, with the very best pretensions, aspirations of a lofty order. No. 536, 'Sappho-marble,' by Mrs. THORNYCROFT, is a work of refined classic sentiment; and No. 551, 'The Flower Girl,' marble, is a conception in another feeling, most worthily carried out, by the same lady. Miss DURANT exhibits No. 555, 'The King Maker'—a statue in armour of the Earl of Warwick, holding forth a crown; and No. 553, a statue in marble of 'Robin Hood'; both of these works are far above mediocrity. There are also meritorious sculptural works by other ladies, and a great variety of cameos and wax models by the Misses PISTRUCCI, of great excellence. In addition to these original works there is a spacious arrangement of copies of very ambitious character, some of which would do credit to distinguished copyists: and thus, from the excellence and variety of this exhibition, it will at once be understood to show a marked improvement upon that of last season.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Sir T. Lawrence, Painter. J. Horsburgh, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. 1 $\frac{3}{4}$  in. by 4 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  in.

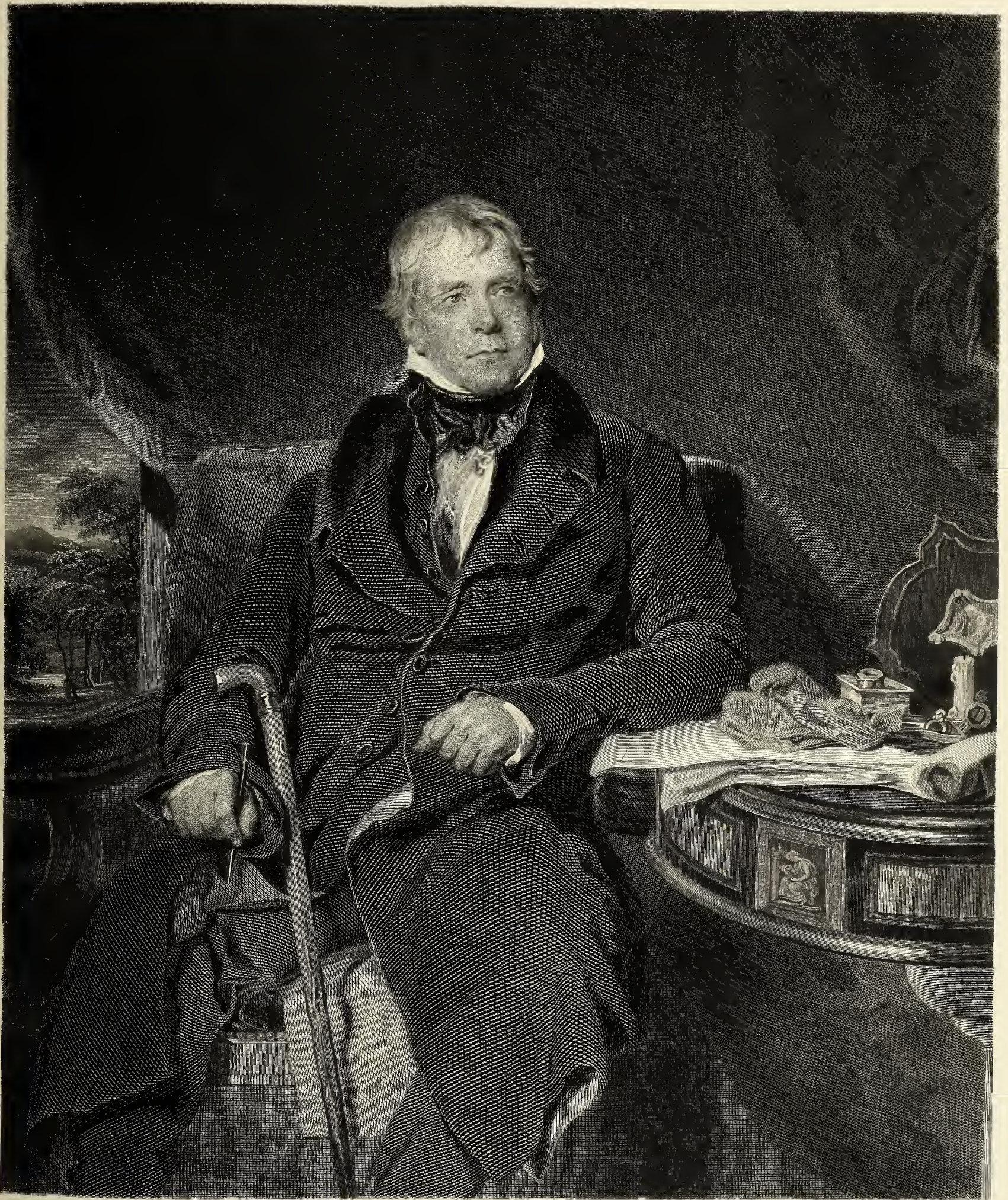
THE history and the works of Sir Walter Scott will always form one of the most remarkable features in the annals of the literature of the nineteenth century; indeed, it may be said in the annals of any epoch. It has been truly written of him in a short biographical sketch, published some years ago, that "the sixty-one years of his life were filled by the incessant labours of a strong and restless mind, which, in the latter half of its career, fixed upon its own efforts no small share of public attention, during one of the most exciting periods of European history. How much of the European fame of Scott has been a consequence of genuine poetical power, and likely to endure—how much of it has been the result of accidental circumstances, and sure to die away, it is yet too early to decide. The contemporaries of a man of genius are no more able to estimate his intellectual stature and proportions aright, than the man who stands close under the wall of Westminster Abbey would be to decide upon its architectural merits." One thing, however, is certain: the fact that, although a quarter of a century has elapsed since his death, his writings have not lost, in the slightest degree, their hold on public favour, nor the brilliancy of his genius been questioned.

Translator, annotator, essayist, poet, novelist, historian, and biographer, the writings of Scott in either of these characters would have given him a good position among the literary men of his time; but it is as poet and novelist chiefly that his name will go down to far-distant posterity. The knowledge of legendary lore he acquired in his early years, his innate love of the chivalrous and supernatural, may be adduced as a reason for his poetical imagination expressing itself in such poems as "The Lady of the Lake," his "Marmion," and "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," &c. These poems took the world by surprise, they were so unlike anything that preceded them; and by their means the reader was taken back, in agreeable and spirited versification, to a period of time and to individuals, real or imaginary, whose acquaintance he had formed only through the prosaic pages of the historian. But even the genius of Scott as a poet could not bind the public to allegiance beyond a few years: his style had become familiar, and the world grew tired of it. Byron had appeared in the firmament of poetry, and the public hastened to worship the newly-risen star. Scott, however, was too intrepid, like one of his knights of chivalry, to succumb quietly before any antagonist. "As the old mine," says Bulwer Lytton, "gave symptoms of exhaustion, the new mine, ten times more affluent, at least in the precious metals, was discovered; and just as in 'Rokeby' and 'Triermain' the Genius of the Ring seemed to flag in its powers, came the more potent Genius of the Lamp, in the shape of 'Waverley,'" the pioneer of the long and magnificent array of romance-writings to which "Count Robert of Paris" and "Castle Dangerous" formed the rear-guard.

"English literature," writes Scott's countryman, Robert Chambers, "presents two memorable and striking events which have never been paralleled in any other nation. The first is Milton, advanced in years, blind, and in misfortune, entering upon the composition of a great epic that was to determine his future fame, and hazard the glory of his country in competition with what had been achieved in the classic ages of antiquity. The counterpart to this noble picture is Walter Scott, at nearly the same age, his private affairs in ruin, undertaking to liquidate, by intellectual labour, a debt of £117,000. Both tasks may be classed with the moral sublime of life." Milton accomplished his task in six years, and Scott had nearly completed his in the same time, when he sunk exhausted in the course: he yielded up his life in the struggle.

Lawrence's portrait of this great and honourable man, which is here engraved, has always been considered the best and most characteristic of the many portraits painted of him; one quite worthy to adorn the royal palace of Windsor Castle, where it hangs.





SIR T. LAWRENCE, PINX.

J. HORSBURN, SCULP.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON, JAMES S. VIRTUE.







## THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

THERE are certain things which it has come to be definitively understood that England cannot do. The source of the inability remains a mystery. There is in it nothing inherent, or *prima facie*, which should render the attempt at the things themselves rash or preposterous. On the contrary, the seeming elements of success are the same which the country employs to prosperous issues in other directions; and the moral of their utter failure here has been learnt only experimentally, and as the price of such attempt.—Thus, it is now known, for example, that England cannot raise a Nelson Monument. It is evident, that there is nothing in the conditions of the particular case from which her incapacity in this respect could originally have been inferred. The national enthusiasm for the hero in question was precisely that atmosphere in which demonstrations of the kind are accustomed to grow; and his pre-eminent place on one of the most important pages of the national history is such as commonly commands the illustration of the Arts. Neither is the cause of failure to be sought in the fact, that England has lost her habit, or her power generally, of monumental commemoration; and it will probably never be clearly understood, why it has been found impossible, by repeated endeavours, made openly and earnestly in the face of day, to rear a Nelson Monument on the same field of effort as that on which rose up a Scutari Monument, as it were, in the space and amid the darkness of a night. The fact, however, of the impossibility in the Nelson case rests on the testing of half a century; and this impossibility has passed finally into the category of accepted propositions. The same power of monumental record which has in the same space of time set up trophies of itself in fifty other places of the world, has here succeeded only in rearing a visible sign of its own insufficiency. The lions have been pretty nearly round the globe as conquerors, in the identical period which has witnessed the failure of all their attempts to take up a position in Trafalgar Square. This, we repeat, is a mystery. Philosophy is at fault in its presence. Sometimes we have ourselves been inclined to speculate, as our readers know, on the possibility that the site of the monument in question might have something to do with the mystery. A search through the conjectural turns up strange fancies; and certain it is, that in this same melancholy metropolitan space we find other hints of desolation, to add to that of an Art memorial which, like the Temple of Jupiter Olympius, at Athens, has been a *quasi* ruin from its birth. Some years since, for example, when the great monumental defect of London, the absence of fountains, had been strongly felt, it was determined, once for all, to put in evidence the vast water-basin which underlies the metropolis, by means of a couple of these lively pronunciations. Unhappily, the soil of Trafalgar Square was tapped for the dancing element,—and our readers know the result. There they are!—a couple of attenuated jets, which, in the paucity of water they expose, offer a constant suggestion of the desert. Had London, in some long-past time, really possessed a fine fountain, one of these phantom jets might now be its ghost.—Then, close behind these feeble water-pulses, there stands a great institution, which has apparently caught the slumberous nature of the ground it occupies, and can no more march, it would seem, with the time to which it should minister, than if its roots were in the sand by Thebes.

This is a fanciful view of the subject, no doubt, as we have already hinted; and what has struck us particularly just now, is, that a new practical element of solution seems to be at length imported into the Nelson problem. Suddenly, it appears as if fresh data were about to be supplied towards the reading of the old riddle, by the case of the Wellington Monument. The leading conditions in the two instances are strangely similar. Here, now, is once more a projected monument to the one other most prominent actor in the same great series of events,—the twin leader of England's material power through the triumphs of that one tremendous crisis; and already, two several ministers have broken down, and a third, for aught that appears, stands paralysed, before the attempt to realise the project. In some respects, the latter case is even less intelligible than the first. Here, the funds needed are, and have

long been, actually in hand. In the Nelson instance, the difficulty was, to get the money; in the Wellington instance, the difficulty seems, to spend it. Then, again, in our latter strait, we have appealed to the whole Art-world for help,—and got it. In the Nelson case, the foreigner gave us money:—in vain; in the Wellington case, he has given us Art:—also, it would seem, in vain. Why, in such cases as these, England should look abroad at all for subsidy, of either kind, we do not understand; and, for ourselves, we shall not be very sorry to see, that what she fails to achieve, in this direction, by her own efforts, she fails also to accomplish with the help of others. We have no desire to see our Nelson Monuments raised with Russian gold, or our triumph at Waterloo illustrated for us by French—or even by Sardinian—Art. At any rate, and owing to whatever cause, the Wellington Monument is fast passing into the same hopeless category with the Nelson Monument:—men are beginning to despair of the one, as they have long since decided to despair of the other. Our speculative argument as to locality, of course, disappears in this new and positive connexion? Can there, then, be something in the theme itself,—common as it is to both instances,—before which all attempts at this particular form of record break down?—or, will some *deus* of the chisel come suddenly, once again, out of the government machine, as in the Scutari case, and give an unexpected answer to at least the latter part of this remarkable problem?

To speak very seriously, on a matter which is very serious:—are we, or are we not, to have a Wellington Monument, after all? And if so, are we to have it on such terms as shall not add one more to the long list of wrongs by which, at the hands of our rulers, the Fine Arts in this country have been so long depressed? Is that better time for native art, so far as its recognition by Government is concerned, of which we have occasionally fancied we caught anticipatory glimpses, to be realised in the matter of this great national work?—or, are we by its means to be thrown back upon the conviction that parliament will do well for the future to leave the patronage of Art in private hands, and vote henceforth the sums applicable to the purposes of ministerial patronage in some less transcendental name? On what principle is it, that a succession of ministers can think themselves justified in keeping unemployed a large sum like that which is here in question, specifically set apart by the people at once for the service of Art and for the commemoration of the illustrious dead?—or, is it so kept hack, in order that, under cover of the delay, and of the want of watchfulness which it induces, one more violation of all principle may be perpetrated, at the cost at once of our own Arts and of our own people? We confess, that the free-and-easy mode of dealing at once with the nation's money on this large scale, and with the nation's expectation in this peculiarly national matter, makes us not a little uneasy as to the possible amount of liberty which may finally be taken with both, if that apparently capricious method of action be allowed to pass unchallenged. Nor must we conceal, that there is a growing feeling of distrust abroad amongst the native artists themselves, and a sense of a coming insult to their body, which many of them persist in believing to be the shadow projected from an impending fact. The truth is, the rumours and apprehensions that circulate on the subject in the profession, are such as would naturally wing their way out of the protracted mystery by which the matter is kept surrounded—as foul things fly about in the darkness; but they have unquestionably received no little justification from a correspondence between the late Chief Commissioner of Works and the Lords of the Treasury, which has just been published by order of the House of Commons.

There are two several grounds on which this correspondence claims attention. In the first place, it shows that the old Treasury theory of irresponsible authority is still unbroken; and, in the second place, it proves that, in reference to the same matter, some injustice has been done to Sir Benjamin Hall. Notwithstanding the suspicions by which he has been assailed, it is evident now that he had, in fact, arrived, however early or late, at the true principles of competition, and was determined that, in so far as he was concerned, they should be maintained. The corre-

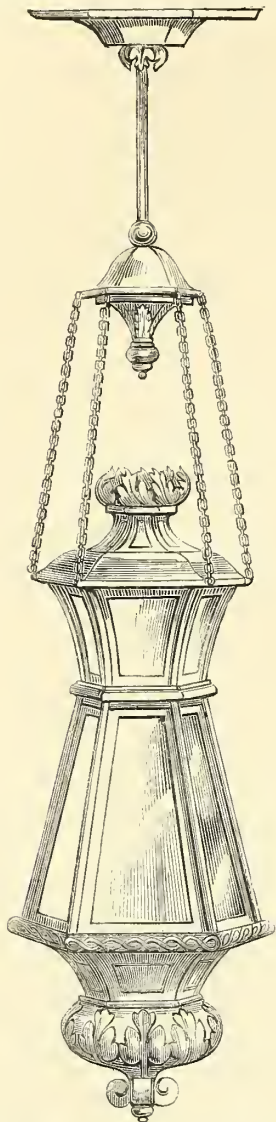
spondence in question relates, not directly to our subject, but to that of the public offices proposed to be erected in Downing Street; but the doctrines in dispute are precisely those which are involved also in the case of the Wellington competition. The argument of the documents turns chiefly on the decision of the Government to erect a new War Office and a new Foreign Office, and Sir Benjamin Hall's invitation to architects to compete for the designs. In the face of this competition, and in the teeth of all the moralities implicated, the Treasury, it seems, had determined, after its own "high Roman fashion," to give the commission to its own architect, Mr. Pennethorne; and this determination of theirs we are very glad to find Sir Benjamin Hall characterising in terms which the readers of this Journal, we think, will recognise as perfectly familiar to them. Such a step, says the late Chief Commissioner, is tantamount to a total disregard of the competition!—an architect who did not compete at all being substituted for the successful competitor! The Lords of the Treasury are very civil, in reply;—but are not to be circumvented by logic. Patronage is not the sort of thing that will bear being made an affair of syllogisms. They "regret to be obliged to adopt a course not altogether in accordance with the views by which Sir Benjamin Hall had been governed in carrying out the recommendations of the Select Committee of the House of Commons;"—but they intend to adopt it, nevertheless. Then, the late Chief Commissioner made to the Lords of the Treasury a proposition, to which we emphatically call the attention of our readers. We are rejoiced to have in this proposition Sir Benjamin Hall's formal adhesion to the principle expressly contended for by ourselves,—with a certain variance in the application,—in reference to the competition for the Wellington Monument. On the 28th of December, Sir Benjamin Hall urged the Treasury "to allow the successful architect for the Foreign Office in the late competition to submit designs for the new office on the limited site acquired by the Act of 1855," instead of employing an officer of the Board of Works. Their lordships, on the 25th of February, replied in the Treasury formula:—they "adhered to their previous decision." The date of that "previous decision" is not given. In all probability it is old enough to have enabled them to dispense with the mockery of the competition altogether, had they been so minded. Let us hope it may not be true, as suspected, that they have a "previous decision" forthcoming in the matter also of the Wellington Monument!

It is so new a thing, and so important a thing, to find sound principles circulating in a government office, that we cannot but lament the accident which deprives us of Sir Benjamin Hall's authority at the Board of Works, at the moment when he had begun to preach there what we deem the orthodoxy of the subject. Still, we cannot permit ourselves to share, to their full extent, in the apprehensions of the British sculptors. The shape which these apprehensions take, we refuse, for the present, to state in terms. That which they believe they have cause to fear, besides the breach of faith which it would involve, and the peculiarly un-English character of the proceeding, would be such an outrage on the body generally of our native artists as only some very strong and emphatic demonstration of public opinion could cure. The sculptors themselves, on the strength of the rumour which has reached them, have put themselves in communication on the subject with the recently appointed First Commissioner of Public Works; and should their fears be confirmed, as the result of that communication, we do hope they will bring their case directly before the country as sitting, by its representatives, in Parliament.—Meantime, we appeal to Lord John Manners, to illustrate his own tenure of authority by taking up this matter at an early period, and in the right spirit. If he would signalise his advent to the Board in a manner very agreeable to those who, like ourselves, have sincerely at heart the interests of our national Arts and native artists, let him, by immediate action, redeem this monumental project from the category of the impossible, to which it seems to be fast tending,—and, by honest and independent action, save it, if he can, from the category of the job, with which suspicious persons believe it to be threatened.

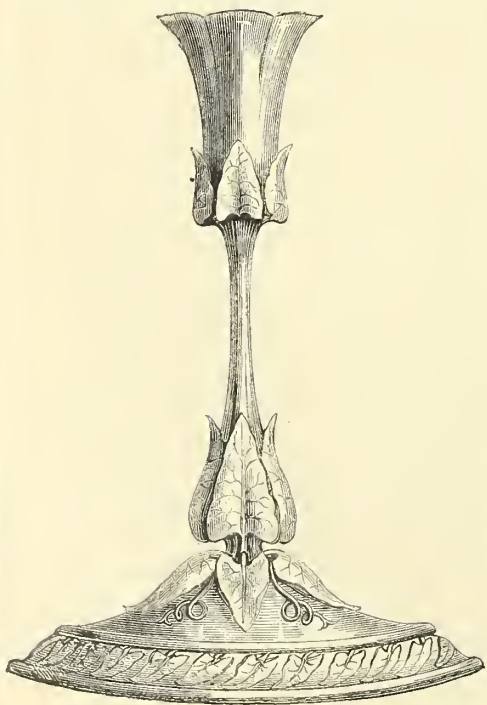


ORIGINAL DESIGNS,  
AS SUGGESTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS, ETC.

THE four engravings contained on this page are from designs by Mr. HENRY FITZCOOK, an artist to



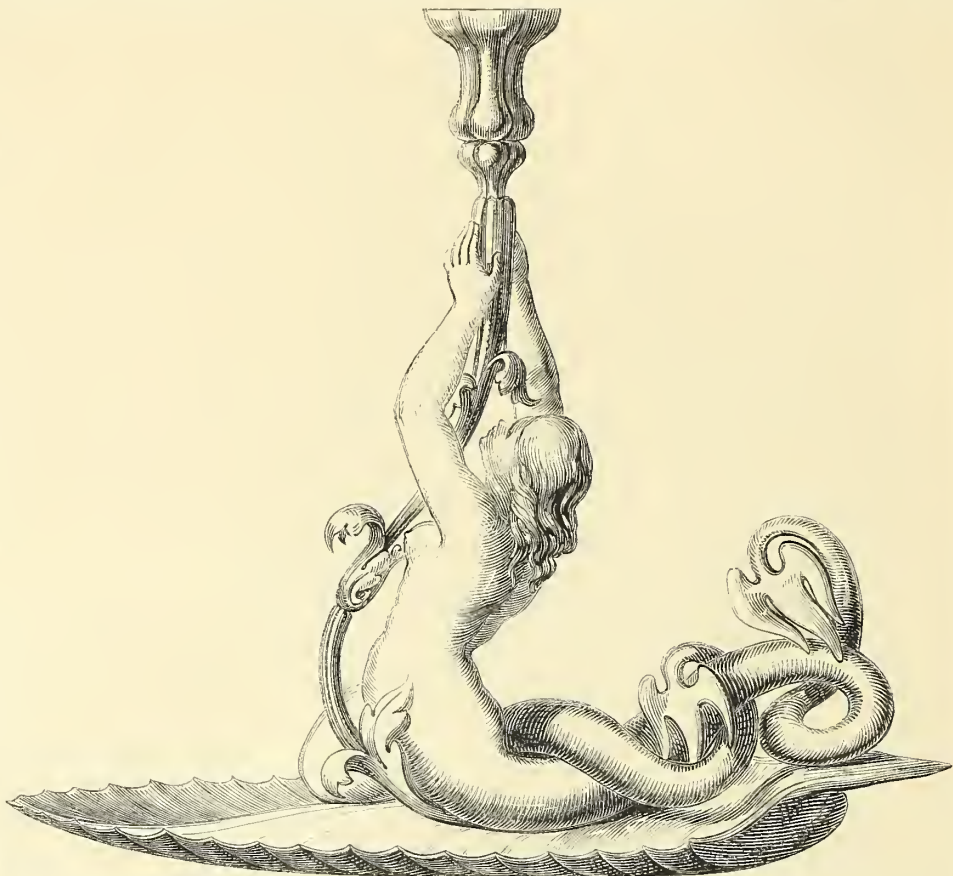
whom we have been heretofore indebted, and who



at one period was somewhat extensively commis-

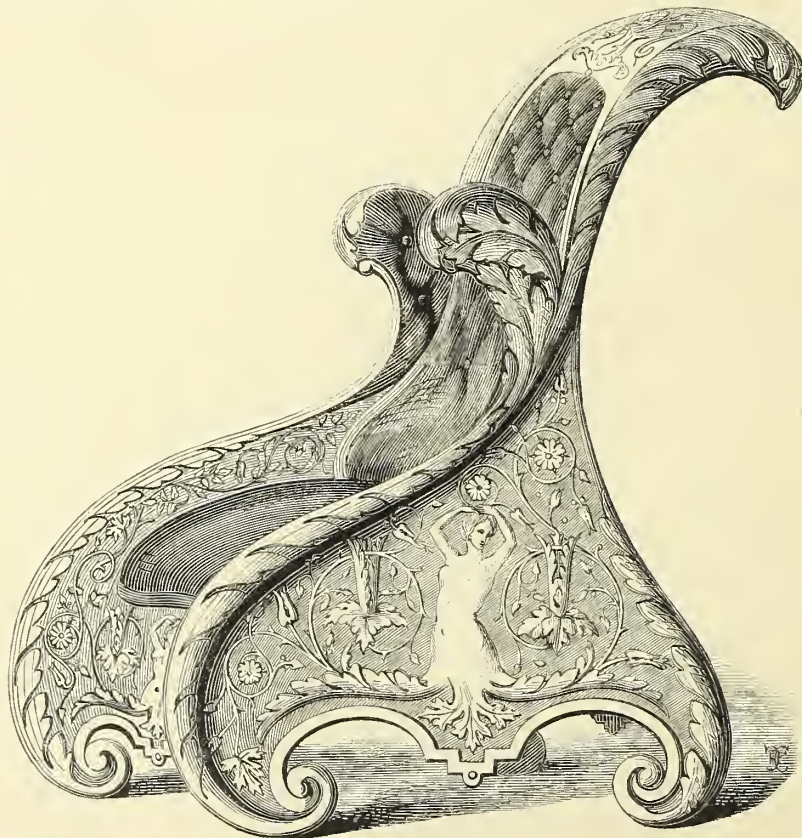
sioned by manufacturers: of late, however, he has abandoned that department of his profession, which we hope he may be induced to resume. The first is for a hall-lamp; the object here being to break the usual monotony of octagons and squares in articles of the kind. The second is for a taper candlestick;

an adaptation of the convolvulus, in which the useful flower has been skilfully employed. The third is for a boudoir candlestick; the material consisting of a sea-nymph, elevating a branch to receive the candle; the whole supported on a shell which forms the dish. The fourth is for a drawing-room lounge; the orna-



mentation is in the style of "the Raffaele arabesque," the artist considers the novelty to consist "in the form—the scroll at each side being stuffed so as to produce a comfortable rest for the head;" and he is of opinion that the design is "equally well adapted

for papier mâché and for carving." It is unnecessary for us to repeat, that in cases such as this, our object is to convey suggestive hints; the manufacturer will best judge as to the extent to which he can render them available to his purpose; but by



alternating these modern "notions" with examples of ancient Art, we enable the producer to arrive at

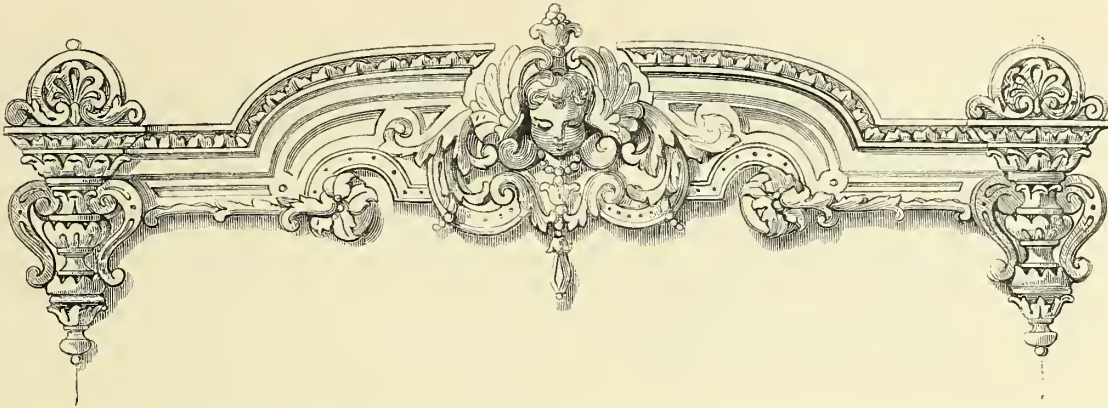
right conclusions, while we refer him to the several sources whence our information is derived.



Of the three designs contained on this page, the first is for "a cornice in the Renaissance style," designed by Mr. CHARLES HENRY WHITAKER (31, Newman Street). It is of the class, perhaps, with which decorators are sufficiently familiar; although

certainly an improvement on that which usually decorates our drawing-rooms. It will be at once seen, however, that, constructed in white and gold, its pretensions to Art are by no means inconsiderable. The third design is also the production of the same

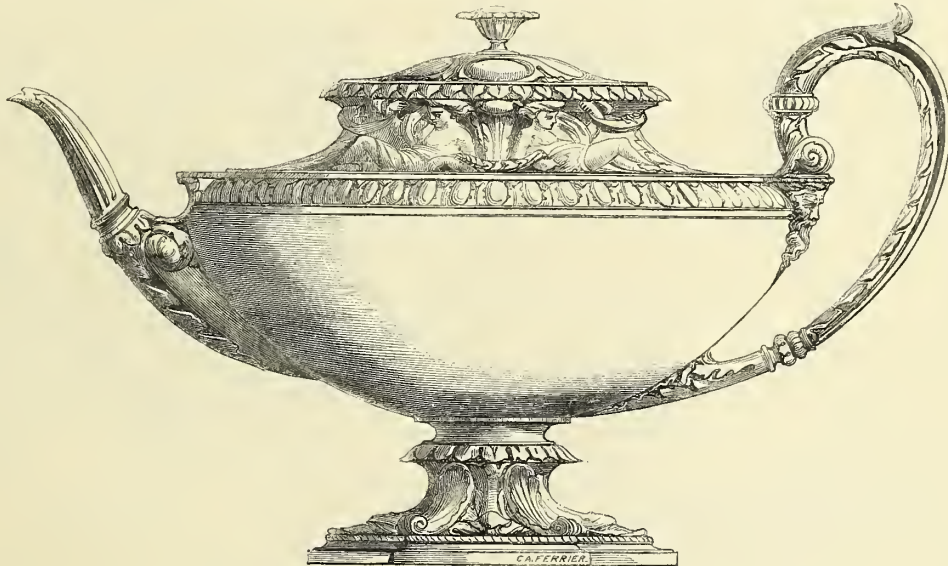
artist: it is of a table, in which art is displayed only by the supporters, the table itself being entirely plain, or rather ornamented by a broad and thick fringe. It is on this account chiefly we introduce it here: the custom of decorating table-tops is for many



reasons objectionable; the cost is thus greatly augmented, while, no matter what the style of decoration may be, it is seldom effective, inasmuch as when partially covered with books, or other objects, the lines must be broken, disagreeable forms being the

inevitable result. Manufacturers are too prone to forget the main, or indeed the only, purpose of a table: it is "an eye-sore" if nothing be placed upon it, and thus consequently to incur expense in embellishing the top is worse than idle. The

second of our engravings is from a design by Mr. GODFREY SYKES, one of the masters of the Government School of Art in Sheffield. He writes,—“In designing it I have had regard to its manufacture, in providing for such effects as are best displayed

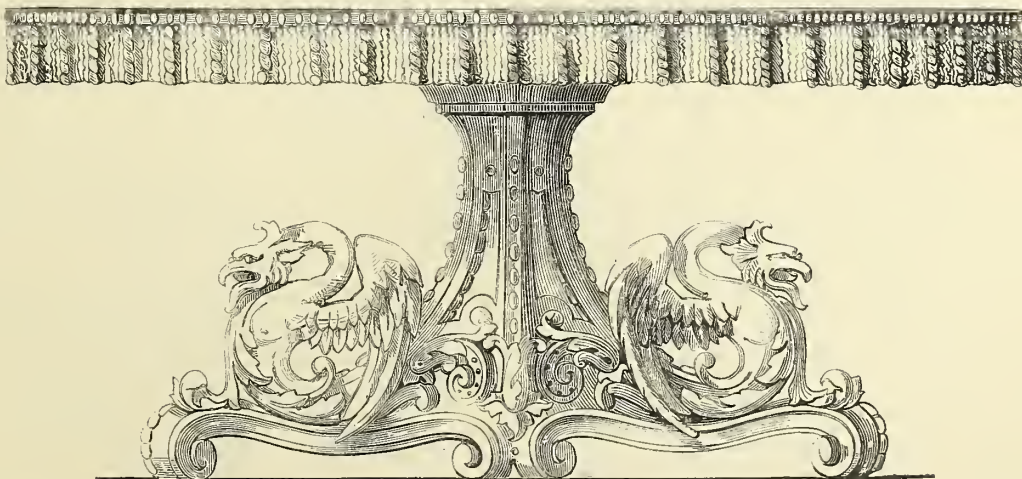


in silver; and they appear to be, next to a good simple shape, contrast of bright or smooth surfaces and dead or matted surfaces, with raised mouldings for burnishing.”

We are thus pursuing our plan of providing sug-

gestive designs to the manufacturer; and if we are not as successful as we desire to be, our subscribers will permit us to say the fault is not ours. We have in no way limited our invitation to contributors; offering all the advantages at our command of

recompense and publicity. It is with no slight pain we are compelled to state, that for one good design submitted to us we receive a dozen that are unequivocally bad; and that from the several schools of Art throughout the country, aid to this project



has been very limited or very inefficient. We may therefore convey another hint to those who in any part of the kingdom are engaged in producing designs for Art-manufacture: the means we place at their command cannot but be to them very

advantageous; there are hundreds of manufacturers who require suggestions, but who are ignorant as to the whereabouts of persons from whom they may be procured. Although such designs as we furnish are thus made common property, they may

be so altered as to become exclusive rights; but especially it should be borne in mind that, when a producer considers to what quarter he ought to apply for assistance, to put him in possession of the names of those who can render it, is no ordinary boon.



## THE ELLIOTTYPE.

THIS is the name proposed for a new, and very beautiful, application of photography, which has been invented and patented by Mr. Robinson Elliott, an artist, of South Shields. The objects of the invention are to reproduce works of high Art—such as copies of the old or of modern masters, of the size of the originals; or, indeed, of any size, by the agency of photography. We cannot do better than describe the process in the words of the inventor, which we copy from his specification:—

"I take a piece of good glass, as free from specks and impurities as possible, of the size I intend the impressions to be; I next, with a brush, do the surface of the glass over with a thin transparent paste, or any other similar compound, as gum water or glue size; I next fix the glass in a frame. Should the picture which I am about to copy be the same size as the glass, I place it underneath, and with some tracing implement, as a fine coloured point of chalk, trace the outline of the picture on the surface of the glass covered with the transparent medium I have described. Should the picture, however, not be the same size, but larger or smaller, an outline is made on paper of the desired size, and placed under the prepared glass instead of the picture, and traced in the same manner. But if the artist prefers it, he can make his outline at once on the prepared glass, which is perhaps the better plan. The outline being completed, I place a black or dark-coloured cloth behind the glass, and proceed to paint the picture on the glass with one colour. The more opaque the colour is for this purpose the better, as the colour is put on for the purpose of obscuring the glass, and of such consistence and thickness as may secure the required gradations for obtaining the lights of the picture when the photographic impression is taken on the sensitive paper. Where the paint is quite solid or thick on the glass, the impression on the paper will be white, and underneath the transparent parts of the glass it will be dark in proportion to their transparency; the pure glass will give the darkest shades, the light passing through such places without obstruction, and acting with full power on the sensitive paper underneath. It is better to use a colour of a light hue, in order to see easily the effect of the work as it progresses; white lead, combining opacity with a light hue, is the best. Where sharpness is required in the lights, a little black may be used with good effect, as it aids the obscurity caused by the thick white; the black is to be used pure by touching sharply over the white when the white is dry; it is, however, not always necessary. While the artist is at work, the dark cloth serves the purpose of showing during the progress of the painting the various gradations of shadow in the picture. When the picture on the prepared glass is worked up to the amount of finish deemed necessary, it is completed by scraping off whatever paint is not required with a scraper or etching tool, and thus clearing and sharpening the shadows. This painting on glass being completed, the cloth is removed, and the glass then has a very different appearance. Before the cloth is taken away it looks like a brilliant engraving; but when the dark ground is removed, and the glass held up to the light, the shadows are all more or less transparent, and the light proportionately opaque. I now take a piece of sensitive paper the size of the glass, and prepared in the ordinary way, and place it on the unpainted side of the glass (the other side would reverse the picture), and put the paper and glass in a printing frame, such as is generally used by photographers, and place it in any common window, with the glass outwards, when, if the sun be shining intensely, an impression will be produced on the paper in two or three minutes exactly like the picture on the prepared glass; this impression is then fixed in the usual manner."

The examples which we have seen of this process have been produced by Mr. Elliott, and they are certainly of the highest promise. We have all the delicate softness of a photographic picture, preserving in a marvellous manner the finest effect of the artist's work. The picture, being copied, as is described, upon glass, requires the skill of an artist. Some judgment is also necessary to ensure the production of the true effect of light and shade; as these, in the photograph, are entirely dependant

upon the relative proportions in which the opaque colour is applied to the glass. The dark parts of the original picture are left bare upon the glass—through these the light exerts its full power—and according to the thickness and opacity of the layers of colour in the negative, so will be the effect of the positive picture.

We are bound in justice to state that this process, although we believe quite original with Mr. Elliott, is not entirely new. In 1841, Mr. Havell introduced an analogous process, which his death alone prevented him from fully developing. "Mr. Havell's method was to place a thin plate of glass upon the subject to be copied, upon which the high lights were painted with a mixture of white-lead and copal varnish, the proportion of varnish being increased for the darker shading of the picture. The next day Mr. Havell removed, with the point of a pen-knife, the white ground, to represent the dark etched lines of the original. A sheet of prepared paper having been placed behind the glass, and thus exposed to light, a tolerable impression was produced." Such was the description published at the time (1841) of Mr. Havell's process. Mr. Elliott has, it appears to us, done much more than Mr. Havell did, and most sincerely do we hope that he may live to see his very interesting application of photography generally applied to the copying of those works which, from their beauty, must influence for good every individual into whose possession they may fall.

The cheapness of the Elliotttype will enable every one to possess faithful copies of the rarest pictures by the highest masters.

## PICTURE SALES.

A COLLECTION of pictures, formed by the late Mr. R. Sanderford, of Belgrave Square, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, on March 20th; they were twenty-two in number, and sold for upwards of £2650. The principal specimens were—'The Laughing Audience,' Hogarth, engraved, 46 gs.; 'Two Horses in a Meadow, with a Man and a Dog,' Paul Potter, a cabinet picture, from Lord Ashburton's collection, 405 gs.; 'A Rocky Landscape,' Ruysdael, from Mr. Gray's collection, 345 gs.; 'Village Fair,' A. Ostade, from the collection of Baron Fagel, 110 gs.; 'A Woody Landscape, with Gipsies round a Fire,' Gainsborough, 105 gs.; 'An Interior, with two men seated and smoking, and a woman holding a Spindle near a Fireplace,' A. Ostade, 220 gs.; 'Sennacherib receiving intelligence of the Revolt of Babylon,' Guereino, from the collection of Mr. W. Haldimand, 200 gs.; 'The Assumption of the Virgin,' Murillo, from the Sebastiani collection, 680 gs.

On the 19th of March, the following English pictures were sold by Messrs. Foster:—'The Royal Nursery,' a sketch by Wilkie, 34 gs.; 'Coast Scene,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 60 gs.; 'The Fortune Hunter,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 90 gs.; 'The Sunbeam,' J. Philip, A.R.A., 97 gs.; 'Burns and Highland Mary,' T. Faed, 100 gs.; 'The Sisters,' A. Solomon, engraved, 67 gs.; 'Ravenswood and Lucy Ashton,' a small picture, 15 inches by 11 inches, by W. P. Frith, R.A., and T. Creswick, R.A., 275 gs.; 'Charles II. and Nell Gwynne,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 116 gs.; 'The Recruit,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 64 gs.; 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 13 inches by 9 inches, 161 gs.

At a sale of oil-paintings and water-colour drawings, which Messrs. Foster and Son were instructed to dispose of on March 31, the following "cabinet pictures" were sold:—'Rustic Courtship,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 65 gs.; 'Group of Cattle—Evening,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 54 gs.; 'Interior of a Catholic Chapel,' D. Roberts, R.A., 88 gs.; 'View off the Dutch Coast,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 70 gs.; 'Girl with a Salver of Fruit,' C. Baxter, 84 gs.; 'Welsh Girl at a Spring,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 66 gs.; 'The Artist in a Fix,' W. P. Frith, R.A., a small finished sketch for his "diploma" picture, 54 gs.; 'Julian Peveril in the Oak Parlour at Black Fort,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 150 gs.; 'Home and the Homeless,' a beautiful little picture, only 15½ inches by 10½ inches in size, by T. Faed, 166 gs. The entire collection realised £2315.

The sale on the 17th and 18th of March of the collection made by Dr. Veron, of Paris, attracted

much attention there, from the character of the works composing it. Many of the pictures realised very large prices; for example, a single figure of a 'Man Reading,' size 8 inches by 6 inches, by Meissonier, was bought by Mr. Uzielli, of London, for £345; the companion picture, of the same size, £336; a sketch, by Couture, entitled 'Horace and Lydia,' £210; an early sketch, 'The Good Mother,' Ary Scheffer, £126; 'Sauset,' Jules Dupré, £225; 'An Eastern Landscape,' Marilhat, £174; 'Landscape,' Roussseau, £183; 'The Temptation,' Diaz, £150; 'Portrait of the Duchess de Châteauroux bathing,' Nattier, £590. The highest sums, by comparison, were given for the works of Decamps, of which there are eleven pictures, and seven drawings. Of these the principal were, 'Joseph sold by his Brethren,' bought by M. Sellière, the Paris banker, for £1428; 'View in Asia Minor,' bought by M. Lamme, of Rotterdam, £576; 'Road Scene, with Travellers,' £291; 'Sunrise,' £177; 'Gipsies,' £210, bought by Mr. Uzielli; 'Smyrna Harbour,' £470. Among the drawings, a pencil drawing, 'Arabs crossing a Ford,' realised the enormous sum of £650; and two small oval drawings in water-colours, 1 inch by 1½,—one 'Punchinello and Monkeys riding,' the other, called 'The Grandfather,'—sold for £100 each. The 'Portrait of the Duchess of Marlborough,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, was bought by the Marquis of Hertford for £336. The whole sale produced about £10,000.

The dispersion of the beautiful collection of water-colour drawings, formed by Mr. Charles Pemberton, took place at the rooms of Messrs. Foster, in Pall Mall, on the 14th of last month. The number of works offered for sale was large, but we can only find room to notice a few of the most important:—'The Grandfather's Watch,' W. Goodall, 62 gs.; 'View in Venice,' S. Prout, 71 gs.; 'Mechlin Tower,' D. Roberts, R.A., 56 gs.; 'Portsmouth Harbour,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 131 gs.; 'Cavaliers Hunting,' F. Taylor, 63 gs.; 'A Bit of Fun,' P. F. Poole, A.R.A., 72 gs.; 'The Giant Tree of the Forest,' G. Cattermole, 155 gs.; 'Episode in the Happier Days of Charles I.,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 180 gs.; 'Virginia Water,' J. M. W. Turner, 184 gs.; the companion, 163 gs.; 'Interior of the Brewers' Hall, Antwerp,' Louis Haghe, 225 gs.; 'A Group of Cattle,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 68 gs.; 'Setters and Pointers,' and 'Foxhounds,' F. Taylor, 111 gs.; 'The Spirit of Chivalry,' D. MacIse, R.A., 150 gs. Mr. Pemberton's collection realised nearly £2500.

Another collection, "forming a different property," as auctioneers are accustomed to say, was sold at the same time: it included 'Aysgarth Force, on the Tees,' J. M. W. Turner, 81 gs.; 'Scene on the Nile,' J. M. W. Turner, 44 gs.; 'Group of Sheep,' a pencil-drawing, by Rosa Bonheur, 36 gs.; 'The Convent Library,' G. Cattermole, 52 gs.; 'The Spirit of Justice,' J. Tenniel, jun., 35 gs.; 'Harlech Castle,' Copley Fielding, 58 gs.; 'The Destruction of Jerusalem under Titus,' L. Haghe, 150 gs.; 'Mother and Child,' a cabinet picture, by C. R. Leslie, R.A., after Raffaele, 146 gs.; 'Juliet,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 130 gs.; 'Study of a Female Head,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 74 gs.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Society *Amis des Arts*, of Paris, has purchased this year seventeen paintings. This society, established in 1789, has seen more prosperous days, but has never been eminently useful, being founded on the false principle of exclusiveness: 100 francs is too large a sum for an individual subscription to any institution of this kind, and must, therefore, limit the number of subscribers.—By an arrangement made with the heirs of Baron Desnoyers, the *Calographie du Musée* has become possessor of many of his best plates.—M. Devachez, engraver of the "Princess of Belgium," engraved for the *Art-Journal*, has received of the Belgian government a gold medal for that work.—The Duke of Brabant has commissioned M. Leys to paint a picture representing "The Creation of the Order of the Golden Fleece."—A statuette in bronze, of the finest time of Roman Art, has been discovered in the bed of the Rhine at Xanten, the ancient "Colonia Trajana," or "Troja Sanctorum."—The viceroys of Egypt has confided to the care of M. A. Mariette the exploration of the tombs of the kings of Egypt buried at Tais.



## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XVII.



It is a popular fallacy to derive the name of Teddington from Tide-end town, from an idea that the first lock on the river being here, here the "tide" may be supposed to "end." In old records it is called Todington and Totyngton.\* The manor is supposed to have been given to Westminster Abbey by Sebert, the first Christian king of the East Saxons. The church is of common-place character; we have engraved it, nevertheless, for it contains several remarkable and interesting memorials,—among others a monument to "Peg Woffington,"†—and also because it is so familiar a friend to "brethren of the angle," who have long regarded the Deep under the weir at Teddington as among the pleasantest of all their river memories. These memories are in truth very pleasant, for although it has "fallen from its high estate," and is by no means as productive of sport as it used to be, there is still plenty to be had in several "pitches,"

where abound all the various denizens of the populous river; while enjoyment is ever enhanced by associations with the past, which are suggested at every spot of ground beside which the punt is pushed or moored. The fishermen here are "the Kemps:" they have followed that vocation from father to



TEDDINGTON CHURCH.

son for more than a century and a half; and although some of them have been occasionally in bad repute as preferring the occupation of the poacher to that of the angler, others of the family have made and established good names, which they continue to preserve "to this day." The best of them is James Kemp, whose cottage stands in a small row by the water side, while the senior of the race keeps the neat and clean "Angler's Inn," through which there is a passage to the boats. James is the oldest of our river allies; we fished with him when his strength was insufficient to moor a punt, and for more than twenty years he was our companion on that "glorious first of June," to which the angler looks forward with intense anxiety, for on that day the Thames is open to labourers with the rod and line.‡

The Lamprey (*Petromyzon marinus*) and the Lampern (*Petromyzon fluviatilis*) are both obtained at Teddington: the former occasionally, the latter periodically during winter in large quantities. "These fishes are, in reference to their skeleton, and in some other respects, the lowest on the scale of organization among vertebrated animals;" they are very poisonous, and live by suction, their mouth being so formed as to induce a powerful contact with the object to which they are attached, whether to stones, to prevent them being swept away by currents, or to the prey to which they adhere, "their small, numerous, rasp-like teeth eating away the soft parts down to the bone." The

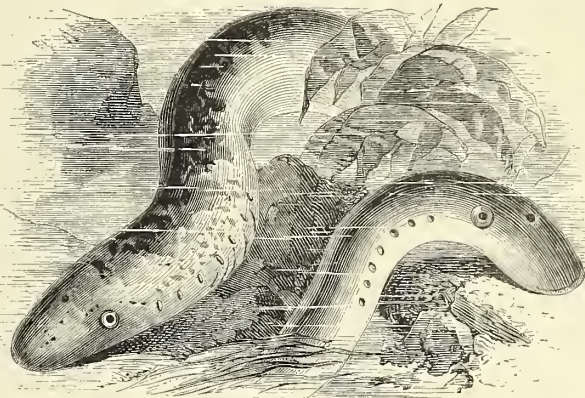
\* "There can be no other objection to this etymology than that the place is called Totyngton in all records for several centuries after the name first occurs."—*Lysons*.

† The tomb of "Mrs. Margaret Woffington, Spinster," as she is termed upon it, is a plain oval medallion. She died aged 39, in the year 1760, and had achieved great popularity as an actress, particularly for the impersonation of male characters of the foppish type; her most celebrated part being that of Sir Harry Wildair, in Farquhar's play of "The Constant Couple." She was seized with the indisposition which proved fatal to her, when speaking an epilogue at Covent Garden Theatre.

‡ Teddington Lock is now a new lock, the venerable and picturesque having given way before the march of "improvement." It is, as we have stated, the first lock on the Thames. It may interest the reader here to enumerate the several locks between Oxford and Teddington: for this list we are indebted to the Town Clerk of Oxford:—

Ifley.	Dorchester.	Maple Durham.	Temple.	Bell Weir.
Sandford.	Benson.	Caversham.	Marlow.	Chertsey.
Abingdon.	Wallingford.	Sonning.	Cookham.	Shepperton.
Sutton.	Cleeve.	Shiplake.	Boulter's.	Sunbury.
Cliefden.	Goring.	Marsh.	Romney.	Hampton.
Wittenham.	Whitechurch.	Hambleton.	Old Windsor.	Teddington.

lampern is rarely received as food, but the fishery at Teddington furnishes a large supply to Holland, where they are used as bait for cod and turbot. "Formerly the Thames alone supplied from one million to twelve hundred thousand annually to the Dutch;" but of late years the fish have become comparatively scarce. They are caught in eel-baskets, and are remarkably tenacious of life. When attached to any object, "the water obtains access and



LAMPREY AND LAMPERN.

egress by seven small apertures on each side of the neck; hence its popular name of "seven eyes." They are of a dusky colour, not unlike the eel, which they resemble in other particulars.\*

Those who visit Teddington will do well to walk up the village and examine some ancient houses, with some of which enduring memories are associated; especially they will ascend a small hillock to visit STRAWBERRY HILL. Of late years it has undergone many alterations; we have preferred to picture it in its zenith, when in the full enjoyment of its fame—such as that fame was.

Strawberry Hill, the favourite residence of Horace Walpole, was built by him in 1747; but he was long afterwards employed in enlarging and improving it, as his collections of *vertu* increased. It was originally a small cottage built by a nobleman's coachman for a lodging-house, and tenanted by a toy-woman, named Chevenix: so Walpole, in one of his letters, declares his house to be "a little plaything house I got out of Mrs. Chevenix's shop." The style of architecture he adopted was the florid Gothie, and to him the merit is certainly due



STRAWBERRY HILL.

of directing attention again to its merits. However questionable we might now consider the taste that constructed a fire-place after the fashion of the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, in Westminster Abbey, it must be remembered that the true principles of mediæval architecture had to be resuscitated; and that this study of original authorities was a step in the right direction, and infinitely better than the pseudo-Gothic of greater architects than Walpole. He succeeded in imparting a very picturesque character to his mansion, and it soon became "a show-house," so that its owner was besieged with visitors, and looked upon a wet day as his only chance of peaceably possessing it. In it he wrote his famous "Castle of Otranto," and his more famous Letters; and in the grounds he established a printing-press, amusing himself by producing therefrom luxurious editions of his own works, and those of his friends. The mansion was very slightly built, being little more than lath and plaster; Walpole himself declared "he had outlived three sets of battlements;" and on the occasion of the great sale here, in 1842, a temporary building was erected in

\* The generic character is thus given by Yarrell:—"Body smooth, elongated, cylindrical, like that of an eel; the head rounded; the mouth circular, armed with hard, tooth-like processes, the lip forming a continuous circle round the mouth; seven apertures on each side of the neck, leading to seven bronchial cells; no pectoral or ventral fins; the skin, towards the tail, extending in a fold from the body both above and below."



the garden, as the long gallery in which it was originally intended to be held, was believed to be too fragile to be filled with people. The extensive character of the collection he left may be gathered from the fact of twenty-four days being devoted to selling it. The lots averaged one hundred and fifty per day, consisting of books, prints, coins, and medals, paintings, and drawings of all ages and styles; and a vast collection which may be classed under the general name of "curiosities," embracing arms and armour, Roman pottery, Raffaele-ware, porcelain of Dresden and Sèvres, furniture of an ancient and curious kind, antique rings, snuff-boxes, and historic relics of much general interest—comprising, in fact, the combined results of a taste that seldom is found in one individual—partaking of the educated scholar, the curious bookworm, the lover of Art, the antiquary, and the collector of "nic-naes;" for the house contained a variety that might suit the taste of all such persons. Walpole, at his death, bequeathed it to the Hon. Mrs. Damer, the lady sculptor, whose works on Henley Bridge we have already engraved. To her he bequeathed also the sum of £2000, for keeping it in repair; the reversion of the house to pass on her death to the Countess Dowager of Waldegrave: but Mrs. Damer gave it up to the latter lady before her own death. Walpole had managed, by entails and jointures, to secure his collections from being scattered through several generations; but, all legal obstacles being removed, the renowned George Robins scattered them in April and May, 1842. The greatest interest was excited, as the collection comprised very rare things, which had been comparatively unknown for the previous half century, and large prices were realised for the various lots. The present Countess of Waldegrave is, however, anxiously replacing in the old house such articles as she can recover; and though it will be hopeless to expect to restore a tithe of its original contents, every item regained will add to the general interest of the whole.



POPE'S VILLA.

Pope's Villa is the next remarkable residence after Strawberry Hill is passed, from which it is distant but a very short walk. Pope had died before Horace Walpole had completed his purchase; but the house remained in the condition in which the former had left it. Our cut is copied from an engraving exhibiting it as in Pope's era. He purchased this house in 1715, and removed to it with his parents from Binfield. The high road from Twickenham to Teddington passed in front of the house, and the small piece of ground at the back, toward the Thames, was all the garden Pope could command without crossing the road, where the large garden was situated; he accordingly formed a tunnel beneath the road, and decorating it with spars, it became "the grotto," so celebrated by his friends, and so ably described by himself, and immortalised by the verse he wrote on it. He had little care for money, and as he made more than he wanted for necessity, he spent it in continually improving his house and garden. Speaking of this once to Speuce, he said, "I never save anything, unless I meet with such a pressing case as is an absolute demand upon me; then I retrench fifty pounds or so from my own expenses. As, for instance, had such a thing happened this year, then I would not have built my two summer-houses." His half-sister, Mrs. Racket, once said to the same person, "It is most certain that nobody ever loved money so little as my brother." He died at Twickenham in 1744, and was buried in the church, with his father and mother. After his death the house was sold to Sir William Stanhope, who added new wings to it, enlarged the gardens, and formed a second subterranean passage. His daughter marrying the Right Hon. Welbore Ellis (afterwards Lord Mendip), the estate passed into his hands, and he guarded with jealous care every relic of Pope. At his death Sir John Brisco succeeded to the ownership, and when he died it was unfortunately purchased by the Baroness Howe, in 1807, who at once ordered it to be destroyed, and erected a new mansion at the distance of a hundred yards from the site.

Villas, many of them very fanciful in construction, now line the Middlesex bank of the river—few, however, being on the Surrey side—until we reach the populous village of Twickenham.

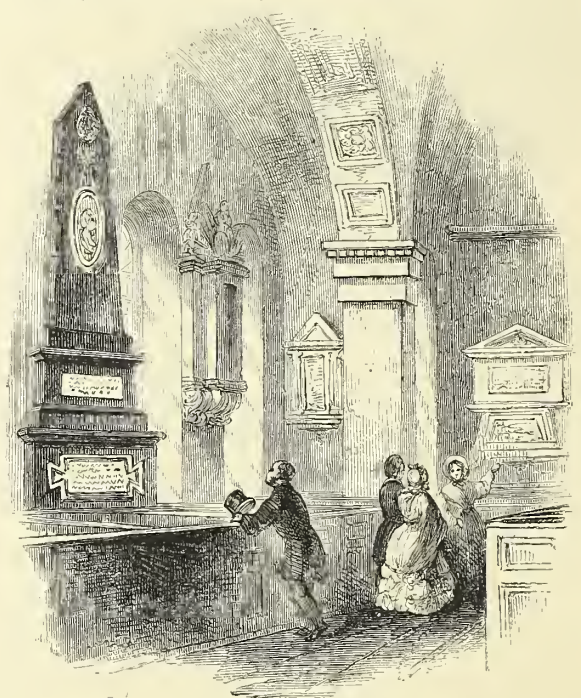
In the days of Pope and Walpole, Twickenham seemed likely to realise the prediction of the latter, "that it would become as celebrated as Baiae or Tivoli." It was the fashion to construct residences on the Thames banks, and to make the village a retiring place for the celebrities of London. Hudson, the painter, and the early instructor of Sir Joshua Reynolds, erected a dwelling near Pope's

Villa, and in close contiguity to one built by Scott, "the English Canaletti," as he was termed, and the friend of Hogarth. Sir Godfrey Kneller—"Kneller, by heaven, and not a master, taught"—also retired to Twickenham to spend the latter years of his life.\* On a stone inserted in the church wall, noting a grant of space to increase the limits of the church-yard by the Duke of Somerset, in 1713, Sir Godfrey is named as one of the churchwardens.†



TWICKENHAM CHURCH.

The parish church is situated upon the edge of the river, but it is almost hidden from view by a large island, sacred to picnic parties, and known as Eel-pie Island, from the most popular refreshment provided there. It is of considerable length, and has a house for the entertainment of water-parties, the whole of this "ait" being devoted to their use. A narrow arm of the Thames divides it from the village of Twickenham, and nearly opposite the middle of the island stands the church, in front of which is the old vicarage and its gardens. The church tower is an old stone fabric, apparently of the time of Henry VII.; the body of the church was rebuilt in 1715; it had fallen to the ground on the night of the 9th of April, 1713, owing to neglect. It is chiefly



POPE'S MONUMENT.

remarkable as the mausoleum of Pope and his family. They are buried in a vault in front of the communion rails. Pope erected to the memory of his parents a tablet in the east wall of the north gallery; and upon the north wall

\* He resided at Whitton, a hamlet of the parish; he built a substantial brick mansion there; the hall and staircase were painted by Laguerre, under his superintendence, and it is said exhibits some of Sir Godfrey's own handiwork.

† He also officiated as a justice of peace for the county, and several amusing anecdotes are given of his adjudications in what he considered equity; in some instances quite opposed to the letter of the law. Thus, on one occasion, a soldier was brought before him for stealing a joint of meat, but having pleaded that it was the butcher's fault for putting such a temptation in his way: Sir Godfrey took his view of the case, and discharged the man, giving the astonished butcher a severe reprimand! Pope has alluded to the decision in his lines—

"I think Sir Godfrey should decide the suit,  
Who sent the thief (that stole the cash) away,  
And punished him that put it in his way."



a monument was erected to the poet himself, by Bishop Warburton.\* It is of pyramidal form, of dark grey marble, with a medallion of the poet, as if suspended upon it, above which is a laurel wreath.† On the outer wall of the church, on the same side, is the tablet Pope placed to the memory of Mary Beach, "in gratitude to a faithful old servant," who had been his nurse and constantly attended him for thirty-eight years. Near it is another tablet to the memory of Mrs. Clive—the "Kitty Clive" of Garrick's era; it bears a long rhyming inscription, commencing:—

"Clive's blameless life this tablet shall proclaim,  
Her moral virtues and her well-earned fame."

After making a competency by her exertions as a comie actress, she retired to Twickenham, and resided at a house on the site of Marble Hill Cottage. Mrs. Pritchard, the great tragic actress, on whom Garrick principally depended in his great plays, also lived at Raymons Castle close by.

On the right bank of the river, the long line of Petersham Meadows terminates at the grounds of Ham House, which is almost hidden in a mass of noble trees, and stands nearly opposite the extremity of Twickenham Ait. This noble old mansion was built in 1610 (as appears by a date over the principal entrance) by Sir Thomas Vavasor, who was appointed, with Sir Francis Bacon, one of the judges of the Marshal's Court in the year ensuing. It was sold to the Earl of Dysart in the reign of James I., "whose widow, Katherine, on the 22nd of May, 1651, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel Tollemache, and Elizabeth his wife, her daughter, who in the year following, surrendered it to the use of Sir Lionel's will."‡ This daughter, by her second marriage, became Duchess of Lauderdale, and was remarkable for the political power she possessed, being one of the busiest women of a busy age. Burnet describes her as "a woman of great beauty, but of far greater parts. She had a wonderful quickness of apprehension, and an amazing vivacity in conversation. She had



HAM HOUSE.

studied not only divinity and history, but mathematics and philosophy. She was violent in everything she set about; a violent friend, but a much more violent enemy." After the Restoration she became the chief politician; "she took upon her to determine everything; she sold all places; and was wanting in no methods that could bring her money, which she lavished out in a most profuse vanity." The small dull chamber in which she is traditionally reported to have received the king and courtiers, is still preserved intact; and her favourite chair still remains there, with her reading-desk and walking-cane beside it. The interior of the mansion is an excellent specimen of the noble houses of that era; the ceilings are painted by Verrio, and the ornaments and furniture display the massive magnificence of decoration then in fashion; the bellows and brushes in some of the apartments are encased in silver ornament, and the several drawing-rooms contain valuable and interesting relics in profusion; few mansions in England are more crowded with pictures and objects of *virtu* than this. The long gallery is hung with portraits of the principal statesmen of the courts of the Stuarts.§

On the left bank a pleasant field-path leads to Richmond, over fertile meadows, studded with noble mansions. The first of importance after passing the ait, is Orleans House, a noble mansion of red brick with white quoins. Here resided Queen Anne while she was Princess of Denmark. The young prince, her son, used to amuse himself by exercising a troop of boy soldiers on

\* It is the one nearest the spectator in our engraving. That at the extremity of the gallery, to which the female figure points, is that which the poet placed to the memory of his parents.

† Beneath are the lines:—

POETA LOQUITUR.

FOR ONE WHO WOULD NOT BE BURIED IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"Heroes and kings your distance keep,  
In peace let our poor poet sleep;  
Who never flattered folks like you:  
Let Horace blush, and Virgil too."

Pope expressly directed, in his will, that he should be buried "near his dear parents," and that he should be "carried to the grave by six of the poorest men of the parish, to each of whom I order a suit of grey coarse cloth as mourning."

‡ Manning and Bray's *History of Surrey*.

§ In a small room adjacent, the famous opposition ministry to Clarendon, known as the "Cabal" (from the initials of the names of the five noblemen who formed it), was wont to meet. It is still called "The Cabal Chamber." A full description of this interesting house, with many illustrations, may be found in "The Baronial Halls" (vol. ii.), edited by S. C. Hall, F.S.A.

the ait we have spoken of. Caroline, Queen of George II., was once entertained here by the then proprietor of the mansion, who on that occasion built the octagon room, which forms so conspicuous a feature in the view. It bears the name of Orleans House, from having been rented by the Duke of Orleans at the commencement of the present century; and here Louis Philippe, afterwards King of the French, passed some of the happiest years of a life of unusual adventure. Next is Marble Hill: it was designed, and the building superintended, by Henry, Earl of Pembroke, the estate having been purchased, and the house erected, by King George II., for the Countess of Suffolk.



ORLEANS HOUSE.

A very pleasant walk from Ham leads to the pretty and retired village of Petersham, on the high road between Richmond and Kingston. It was famous in times long gone by, but is now chiefly remarkable for the renowned establishment of Dr. Ellis—Sudbrook Park—renowned for its "water cure," by which many have obtained happiness with health. We believe there is no place of the kind throughout the kingdom better conducted; the principle adopted with so much success is no doubt greatly aided by the pure air, the tranquillity of umbrageous walks, the close vicinity to Richmond Park, and that retirement from thought and labour which are the best ministers to disease, either of body or mind.

Petersham is very closely associated with our earliest and pleasantest memories of the Thames: many years have passed since we occupied a small cottage in that quiet village; and with it not a few of our happiest associations are connected. We ask leave of our readers, therefore, to introduce to them one of these "memories;" desiring to make them acquainted with a character who cannot yet have been entirely forgotten in that quiet and comparatively unaltered neighbourhood.

Peter Petersham—we knew him a long time ago in the pretty village of Petersham; his name was Peter, and so we always called him Peter Petersham, or Petersham Peter, it did not matter which. He was then a stalwart green-eyed man—indeed we fancied he had a green-toned skin—and his hair looked more like a tangle of green water-plants than human hair, it was so damp and clinging. We seldom strolled without meeting him in the lane that led from the corner of our cottage garden to the noble avenues and quaint imaginings of Ham House, where old Lady Dysart then resided, and used to drive out of those stately gates (which seemed intended to send forth only stately carriages with six portly horses—the carriages containing only big wigs and high heads) in a tiny carriage, drawn by a pony, who seemed to think his life depended on his swiftness; a wonderful old lady she was—nearly ninety—quite blind, highly rouged, and wearing a round black hat, and a cloth something, that seemed an ancient riding-habit. It was pleasant to see the "turn-out" bowling along the avenue. As we have said, we seldom reached the superb trees without encountering Petersham Peter, looking as if he was the river god, who kept his cold guard in the midst of the stately "pleasance"—all walled in so grim and green—and had been suddenly seized with a desire for roving, to ascertain if the world was going as it did in the days of old Lady Lauderdale. Peter was very erect, and looked as if his figure were draped for effect; his garments hung loosely about him, and he carried a dangling fishing-net on a pole, with several eel baskets and indescribable things he used for Thames fishing, or poaching, or anything "handy." Sometimes you came upon him stretched at his full length upon a bank sloping to the Thames; however sleepy or heavy he might look, be sure he was watching a kingfisher, or noting if any particular "jack," or miraculous eel, made their water-home in his immediate neighbourhood. Sometimes while rowing round an "ait," or crossing to Twickenham, Peter was seen rising from among the reeds or rushes, or leaning in one of his most picturesque attitudes by the hollow trunk of an aged willow. Sometimes you met him in Richmond Park, and he knew every dell and tree, and could tell you where the "liveliest snakes," and greenest lizards, and best flies for fly-fishing, were to be found. He called bottom fishing "mud-grubbing," and always said that whoever was fond of catching fish in an unnatural, "unlegitimate" way, deserved hanging. What Peter's unnatural and illegitimate way of catching fish was is more than we believe was known: he had his own ideas on the subject, and very quaint and original they doubtless were: but our own opinion was, that Peter caught fish, or aught else, when and how he could, without reference to any standard of right or wrong. We have said that a long pole, with a landing-net dangling from one end, rested on his shoulder; he also carried no end of rods, and lines, and traps for moles or beetles—queer implements only comprehended by himself. He was a good practical entomologist, though he made rare mistakes with the scientific names, which he always attempted; and whenever he had a rare specimen to show, he would suddenly drop all his paraphernalia on the grass, and



beckoning to you in a peculiarly mysterious manner, exclaim, "Ah! ah! now for a sight; he be a wonder! I never did see—there he be! I got un!—in *vulgaris* a genu-ine mole cricket, but proper *Grigollot taltapa vulgaris*. Ah! ah! ah! Let un alone, miss—you do be always wanting to touch un; you'll get bitten some time. You'd pull a snake by the tail, you would; or a *toa-ad* out on his hole—never did see sich a young lady. 'Taint fem-eine to have no fear. Young ladies as I know come down from Lon'un for a day's pleasure; they go hootin' and screamin' and faintin', they do, at their own shadder—pretty little innocent dears they be. But, loak! they got no sense—no, not a bit o' sense; fear'd o' frogs—don't know a frog from a *toa-ad*; fear'd o' carwigs, scream into next week at a spider, and don't know an eel from a sarpiant—that's edication! They cum to me, and they say, 'Mister—what's yer name?' An' I say, 'Peter.' An' they say, 'I want a nightingale, Mr. Peter.' An' I say, 'Do 'ee?' An' they say, 'Yes; I want a nightingale to take to town this evening; and you must engage it to live and to sing—only it mustn't sing too loud; and it must be quite tame, and eat out on my hand.' Them's the sort o' knowledge they have, t'expect the bird that's born to freedom and fresh air, that the hand o' man was never intended to rest on, to be tame, and to be sure to live, like one of them dirty sparras! I knew a chap once—he was a rare one—well, he sold one of them wise young uns a sparra for a nightingale; he pulled some feathers out of it to make it look slim. The innocent look of the young un when she said,—'Oh, it's a brown bird!'

"Yes, miss," he says.

"I wish you would make it sing just a little now for me to hear it."

"I can't, miss; it's a nightingale, not a dayingale."

"Ye'r sure it's a nightingale?"

"Honour bright as the Thames in sunshine."

"Then," she exclaimed with one voice, "Peter, it was *you* who sold the young lady a sparrow as a nightingale—for you always, when you tell a great story or commit a great fraud, say 'honour bright as the Thames!'"

"Do I, miss? Well, maybe it was me—maybe I was taken in meeself—maybe I didn't find the differ until it was sold," and Peter laughed. "Ah! ah! the fun was, one of the company said it was as like a sparra as one pea is like another; how I did laugh to myself, for she grew quite offended like, and insisted that this was a light brown bird, but that a sparra was next to *black*. She had Lunnun sparras in her eye, pretty dear!"

Petersham Peter would cheat you whenever and wherever he could; he had a supreme contempt for all who were not as conversant with country concerns as himself: and, if possible, he entertained a still greater contempt for those who did not render due homage to the river Thames. Peter did not deny that there were other rivers in the world, but he was indifferent, quite indifferent about them; they might be longer, and broader, and deeper—but they were not the Thames!

"Lookee," Peter would say, when, from a mere love of mischief, we drew depreciating comparisons between the Thames and other rivers—"I mean when we depreciated the Thames—"Lookee, it's all very well to say there be finer rivers, and I say, Show un, and they never do show un; so why should I believe un?"

"You wont go and see them, Peter."

"Why should I? Ain't I well here? Can't I see every clond that passes in that clear water, without the trouble of lookin' up? Doesn't the Lord Mayor, and the kings of all the nations of the yearth, stand on Richmon' Hill—the band playin' and the barges goin'—and bless the 'lmighty Father for their eyesight to show un sich a river? Likely they'd come *here* to look at un, if she wasn't the finest upon yearth; the birds o' y'air sing sweeter upon her banks than they do in Windsor forest—it's a fact. An' as to fish! match me Thames eels in Europe, that's all. Doesn't the king of the French send for 'em? Finer rivers is there? I say, Show un. The Thames is my fayerther and mother too; I never knowed any other—I don't own any other. Wasn't I found in a clump o' withies, a roaring agin' a March wind? And Mathey Prongs, the ould angler, didn't he first think I was a fish, and threw his rod at me over the bed o' yellow water-lilies? and when the hook struck me, I stoit roarin', and laughed. Ah! ah! So he knew I was a Briton, and worth the rareing, and brought me home rowled up in his landin' net. And didn't the dame—Dame Prougs—(my mammy I calls her)—didn't she feed me up on roach, and dace, and gudgeons, and eels? And when was I, from the time I could go alone, a day out of the waters o' the Thames? It wouldn't drown me, or g'ive me cold; it was mother's milk to me. Didn't I play with the eygnets until the swans thought me of their own brood? The water-coot wouldn't leave ber eggs while I counted them; and though I'm not a reg'lar anything—not boatman or fisherman—I makes a good livin' at times out on its waters, at times out on its banks. Sure I've a right to speak o' my own Thames! There isn't a rower, a punter, or a barge from Oxford to Kew that doesn't give me good morra or good night by land or water."

Years came and went—they are ever coming and going—all of mingled sunshine and shadows; the sunshine very bright, the shadows, thank Him who orders both, seldom deepening into gloom. Sometimes we spent our summers abroad, sometimes among our own islands, amid its hills and valleys, its palaces and cottages, enjoying its rivers and its lakes—enjoying, and not unfrequently agreeing with Peter, that there *might* be finer rivers than the Thames—only "show un."

The few persons we knew at Petersham had quitted it, or added to the moulds in its church-yard. We seldom went to Richmond without inquiring about Peter; but we never heard of him; he was nowhere seen; his haunts knew him no more: his name even seemed forgotten.

Lately we have been mightily taken with aquaria; there is great fascination in our mimic lakes, whether of fresh or salt water, in their glass enclosures. We like to see our fish sporting amid forests of valisneria, and the zoophytes clinging literally to their native rocks. One of our practical friends, whose vivarium is our admiration (perhaps that same admiration is mingled with a little envy), in a most generous and disinterested manner offered

to send us his wise man—not of the woods, but of the rivers—a most wonderful old man, who knew every water-plant, every insect, every fish and creeping thing to be found near, or in, the waters of the Thames. It was very generous thus to open the flood-gate of his own knowledge to us; we could not help sighing when we thought of poor Petersham Peter—what a treasure he would be to us now—what plants, and water insects, and fish we should have! And then we might "out-Herod Herod;" we might introduce *our* wise man to our friend, and between the two wise men we should rival Mr. Mitchell and his acres of vivaria in the Zoological Gardens. But Peter must have long GONE HOME; he was an old man thirty years ago.

Our friend's wise man came: at a distance he looked like a doubled-up fishing-rod, with its loose case hanging about it. He was stooping over a very dirty, rusty tin can. We could not at first see his face—when we did, it was so tangled and matted over with grizzled hair, that except for the rapid movement of his very restless but human eyes, it might have been the face of an enlarged Skye terrier—it was literally all hair. We asked what he had brought, and the contents of the can, whose names, as he poured them out, would have formed *addenda* to Yarrell's British Fishes; many of them were new to us, perhaps it was from the manner in which the old fisherman pronounced their names. He was certainly *very* old—the veins and muscles of his hands were lined and netted under the horny skin like fret-work—surely warm, gushing, life-sustaining blood could not creep, much less flow, through these ossified veins! He had by a restless movement of his head thrown back his hair from a high, narrow forehead, and there the skin seemed literally pealed—furrow after furrow of bronzed skin—fold upon fold. He would have been more interesting, though probably less picturesque, if he had been something cleaner; but *that* was hardly to be expected. Still he was a picture Rembrandt would have copied; had he been dressed for effect, the effect probably would not have been so good,—there was marvellous relief to the blue jacket and loose trousers in the deep red waistcoat, and bright (dirty bright) folds of what looked like an Indian scarf wound round his throat, one end tossed over his shoulder, the other descending below his waist; the wonderful folds and shadows of his hair and beard,—the strange markings, such iron-pen markings, on his brow and hands,—his wrists rugged and gnarled as the "crouch oak" at Addlestone, that has numbered five hundred years,—his back bowed,—his marvellous leanness, and the deep booming of his voice, echoing as if from an empty cask suddenly inspired by vitality,—his eyes, too, blinked and glittered when he stooped over the large can; we saw their reflection in the water like twin balls of fire. He was a strange old man—so strange and unlike any creature we had ever seen, that while he bent and bowed over his can, drawing up first one, and then another little sparkling, floundering fish out of the water, we gave no heed to his words, but simply looked at him; at last, dropping one of those abominable loaches—they are always making believe to die, yet they never do die, and are so greedy—well, dropping a panting loach into the can, he exclaimed—"What 'ill un buy? will un buy nothing?—there's no more suitable fish for vivarumms to be had,—all as tame as silky lambs,—cum when ye whistle, wag their tails, eat out of un hauds. Bless 'ee, I've got lizards would follee un over the house like dogs, and wont drink Lunnun water—there! I'm tellin' no lie, HONOUR BRIGHT AS THE THAMES IN 'SHINE!"

"And you," we said, "you are Petersham Peter!"

The old man drew himself up as erect as he could, and looking strangely about, exclaimed in a low, husky voice, "Who said that? say un agin."

"You are Petersham Peter!"

He advanced slowly towards us, shading his bewildered eyes with his hand, peering awfully into our face, examining us feature by feature. At first his eyes gleamed brightly, then they became dark and dull, and heaving a heavy sigh, he turned away—"I doan't know 'ee—I never saw un before."

"Yes, Peter, you did,—years ago, when we were young,"—and we recalled such little incidents as had made impressions on our own minds.

"Ah! ah! mole-crickets, and nightingales, an' pleasant meadows, sweet hay, eygnets. Ah! and the ould little grand lady in her flying carriage, she went to dust sooner than Peter. Ah! You never know'd harm of ould Peter, did ye? *Did ye?*" he repeated almost fiercely.

"No, Peter!"

"I wouldn't ha' wronged the noble river of a can of water! I loved it,—you know I loved it! My own river! I always said when they talked of finer rivers, 'Show un,' but they never did, though they sent me to seek un, away—away over the sea. It was no great harm I done, to send an old man out of his country; they thought I'd never live to cum back, but I did, ye see: but I'm not Petersham Peter now. I've never been that side o' Lunnun since"—he paused, and then smoothing his hair down, he made a sort of bow, assuming a low, querulous tone, "I'm a very old man, lady, and no clear in y'n brain, or y'n eye; I'm broken all-the-gather. I keeps Greenwich way, and gets me little live stock out of rain-fall streams, and green-jacketed pools, I does,"—he looked round stealthily, and added, "*they* doan't know me Greenwich way—*they* never did. Some night I'll try to watch for moonshine, and just ha' one look over the hill, before I die, at the gay river. Only when I cum agin, don't call me *that* name. May be, if ye did, some one, unawares, might ask for my ticket o' leave, and, hush! *I got none*; but I'm not worth sendin' out o' the country agin. I'm not clear y'n brain, or y'n eye!" He paused, shook his head, and while mechanically dipping up his fish in the miniature landing-net, he soliloquised, glancing dreamily at us—"It cum so stunnin', yet so sweet it cum over me—so queer, 'Petersham Peter,'—just like a boat hail from tother world. I wish I knew rightly who you be! You can't be she; she was slim as rod osier, and wonderful fond of lettin' all my fish go out of the well o' the boat right into the river. Ah! ah! Turn all the eels out of the pots, if she could, and wouldn't spit an emperor of Morocco—*vulgaris*. Ah, dear! I forget it. She was as bright a young un as the Thames in sunshine! No, no! why, you'd make two o' she! an' yet, how be it? Petersham Peter!"



RECENT SCIENTIFIC APPLICATIONS  
TO THE ART OF DYEING.DYES PRODUCED FROM GUANO, COAL-TAR,  
AND GRASS.

SINCE the days when the Tyrian purple and the scarlet of the Kermes lent their brilliant hues to the garments with which the inhabitants of the shores of the *Ægean* decorated themselves, man has constantly sought to obtain new colours, or to vary those which he already possessed. The mineral, the vegetable, and the animal kingdoms have been eagerly searched for tinctures with which the product of the cotton-plant, the silk of the worm, or the hair or wool of animals, could be rendered ornamental. Ere yet there was a thought of science, men expressed juices, made infusions, and, in fact, performed, in their empirical way, experiments which were really chemical; and although there was much waste of time, and more of material, they now and then stumbled upon some interesting fact. These facts, whether noticed through some accident, or arrived at by careful research, not unfrequently became the sources of great profit to the discoverer, and hence we have the ennoblement of many a family; and names derived from the arts they advanced, still remain among the nobility of Florence and of Venice. The alchemists brought into Europe, from their Arabian homes, the germs of many of the arts, which took root and flourished in what are now the great capitals of Europe. Although those remarkable enthusiasts were led, by the accident of the times, to devote their attention mainly to the discovery of the *water of life*, and the transmutation of metals, we find many valuable discoveries recorded by them, made in humbler paths, and which led to the advancement of many of the useful arts. Numerous pigments and various dyes resulted from the discoveries of these early chemists, and to them we are indebted for the most useful mordants which we now employ in our process of dyeing. When we look at the permanence and the beauty of the colours employed by the old masters—when, indeed, we examine the frescoes of Pompeii, or the wall-paintings of the Egyptians—we cannot but be struck by the beauty and the permanence of the colours which men in those early days possessed. Much of the textile fabric which has been preserved in the tombs of Egypt, displays the persistence of the dyes employed in the days of the Pharaohs.

Still, notwithstanding our wealth in colours, chemists have never ceased to introduce to our notice new ones; and we have now to record a few of the most recent, and by no means least important discoveries, which have been made in the production of colours suited for the dyer or calico-printer. Of late years, the public have, from time to time, been astonished by the announcement that some delicate perfumes and peculiar aromatic essences could be prepared from the refuse matters of large towns and the waste of manufactures. Essences which are now employed in flavouring confectionery, and for scenting the oils and pomades of the perfumer, are derived from some of the most offensive of refuse materials. Nothing in the whole range of chemistry is more remarkable than this transmutation of compounds. We see, on one hand, a mass of putrefying matter, from which the most offensive effluvia are liberated; and on the other a delicate essence, which goes by, and deserves, the name of “millefleur,” “bouquet of flowers,” or some such term, the result of chemical treatment. The extent to which this change is produced is well illustrated by an anecdote told by Dr. Hofmann in his memoir “On the Phosphorous Bases.” One of the compounds

obtained, called by its discoverer *triethylphosphine*, has a very peculiar odour, “penetrating and benumbing,”—some of these phosphorous compounds being, in smell, “intolerable.” Of this compound Dr. Hofmann remarks in a note as follows:—“There is nothing new in the fact that the odour of a substance may be considerably changed by dilution. Several years ago, when occupied in the preparation of different ethers which have found numerous applications in perfumery, I had frequent opportunities of observing how the desired aroma, which was absent in the pure substance, was brought out by dilution with alcohol. The hyacinth smell of the dilute phosphorous base, *triethylphosphine*, is so characteristic, that one morning I found in my laboratory a large basket filled with hyacinths, the present of a lady friend of mine, who, interested in my labours, had a strong impression that triethylphosphine must be present in the hyacinth. In the interest of science, the entire floral adornment of the garden had been unmercifully sacrificed! It would have been ungrateful not to distil them, but I regret to say, that the anticipation of the amiable donor, who wished to enrich me with so interesting a discovery, proved unfounded. The hyacinth does not contain any phosphorous base.”

No less curious and instructive, are some of the changes which take place in regard to colour. Dr. Prout, many years since, found that the excretions of serpents, when heated with nitric acid and a little ammonia, gave a most beautiful purple colour, to which he gave the name of the *purpurate of ammonia*. This substance is, when dry, of a dark red colour, which is soluble in water, giving that fluid a very fine red tint. This solution not only gives a precipitate with metallic salts, but, when evaporated, yields beautiful crystals, having the remarkable iridescent appearance of beetles' wings. The German chemists, Liebig and Wöhler, have investigated this subject, and they have obtained from uric acid this substance, which they have called *murexide*, and a new class of organic substances, the knowledge of which has facilitated the application of murexide to dyeing and printing.

It was Mr. Saac, however, who first applied this remarkable product in the dyeing of fabrics. His process consisted in dipping woollen cloth, previously prepared with a salt of tin, into a weak solution of *alloxan* or erythric acid—a product discovered by Liebig and Wöhler during their investigations on urea. When the cloth so prepared is dried and submitted to heat, a fine crimson is generated, and if exposed to the fumes of ammonia, it is considerably increased in intensity. Mr. Saac's experiments have been followed up by those of Mr. Schlumberger and of M. de Pouilly. By the processes of the former investigators murexide could not be made to impart its colour to silk or cotton; in the hands of the latter, however, this has been most successfully effected.

M. de Pouilly dips the silk into a concentrated solution of bichloride of mercury mixed with murexide, squeezing the silk well, and hanging it in the air,—when a magnificent crimson insoluble compound is fixed on the silk.

Messrs. Landt and Schlumberger are stated to be the discoverers of a method for applying the murexide on cotton.

The fabric is mordanted with nitrate of lead, passed into an alkali, and then dyed with the murexide. It is lastly dipped into a solution of the bichloride of mercury, which brings out the colour in its full brilliancy. Other dyers and calico-printers have much improved this process, especially Messrs. Dolfus & Co., in France, and Mr. Lightfoot, in Lancashire. They print murexide with an excess of nitrate of lead; then they either expose the cloth to

the action of the fumes of ammonia, or they pass it through a solution of caustic soda mixed with sal-ammoniac.

In the application of this colour to *mousse-line-de-laine*, and such like mixed up fabrics, Mr. Schlumberger has been eminently successful. The wool employed in the fabric is first prepared by uniting binoxide of tin with it. The double chloride of ammonium and tin, a salt known to calico-printers as pink salt, is first employed. The prepared cloth is then printed with the following mixture:—One part of murexide, six parts of nitrate of lead, and two parts of nitrate of soda. The pieces so printed are allowed to rest for two or three days, when, to fix the purpurate of lead on the cotton, and the purpurate of ammonia on the wool, it is necessary to pass the cloth into the following bath of the bichloride of mercury: water, 100 gallons, bichloride of mercury six pounds, acetate of soda twelve pounds, acetic acid two quarts. This brings out the colour in great beauty and permanence.

Our agriculturists were much delighted at the discovery of those remarkable deposits of certain sea-fowls on the coasts of Peru, Bolivia, and Africa, known as guano. The remarkable fertilizing powers of this substance have led to an immense demand, and thousands of tons of guano are annually imported into this country. This important natural product has the following composition:—

Urate of ammonia	. . . . .	9.0
Oxalate of ammonia	. . . . .	10.0
Oxalate of lime	. . . . .	7.0
Phosphate of ammonia	. . . . .	6.0
Phosphate of ammonia and magnesia	. . . . .	2.6
Sulphate of potash	. . . . .	5.5
Ditto of soda	. . . . .	3.3
Sal-ammoniac	. . . . .	4.2
Phosphate of lime	. . . . .	14.3
Clay and sand	. . . . .	4.7
Water and organic matter	. . . . .	32.3

From this it will be evident that we have the elements necessary for the preparation of *murexide* existing in the guano; and from this excretion, which has been for years gathering on the remote islands of the South American and African shores, we are now preparing this beautiful dye.

Several splendid colours have lately been obtained from coal-tar. By chemical means we can prepare from the refuse tar of our gas-works, a peculiar compound of carbon, hydrogen, and nitrogen, called *aniline*. Coal-tar is agitated with hydrochloric acid, which seizes upon the basic oils, and the clear liquor, containing an hydrochlorate of these oils, is decanted off. This is evaporated over an open fire until it begins to disengage acid fumes, which indicate the commencement of decomposition, and it is then filtered to separate any adhering neutral compounds. By potash, or by milk of lime, the hydrochlorates are then decomposed, the bases being liberated in the form of a brown oil, consisting of a mixture of aniline, and an analogous compound called *leucol*. This oil is submitted to distillation, and the aniline is chiefly found in that portion which passes over at about 360° Fahr. The aniline is purified by repeated distillations, and by treatment again with hydrochloric acid.

Aniline combines with acids, forming a long series of salts which are in every respect analogous to the corresponding salts of ammonia. They are nearly all soluble and crystallisable, and are decomposed by the mineral alkalies, with liberation of aniline. These salts are generally colourless, but become red by exposure to the air. The sulphate of aniline is the only salt of this series with which we have, at present, to deal. It is prepared by heating aniline with dilute sulphuric acid, and evaporating gently till the salt separates. It crystallises from boiling alcohol in the form of beautiful colourless plates, of a silvery lustre. The crystals, like the other salts of aniline, reddened by expo-



sure to the air. From this salt several fine colours have been procured by Mr. W. H. Perkin, of Greenford Green, near Harrow, which are of different shades of violet, some approaching to purple, while others are more pink. The process of the manufacture of these colours has been patented: from the specification we copy the following description of it:—

"Take equivalent portions of sulphate of aniline and bichromate of potash, dissolve them in water, and mix the solutions. After they have been allowed to stand for twelve hours, the whole is thrown upon a filter, and the black precipitate which is formed is washed and dried. This is then digested with coal-tar naphtha to extract a brown resinous substance, and finally digested with methylated spirits, to dissolve out the colouring matter, which is left behind as a coppery friable mass, on distilling off the spirit. This being mixed with a little tartaric or oxalic acid, forms the dyeing liquor." This fine colour rivals the delicate and admired colours of orchil—and it has this great advantage over it, that it is not destroyed by light. Mr. Crace Calvert and Mr. Charles Lowe have also obtained from coal-tar products having a most extraordinary dyeing power, and yielding colours nearly as beautiful as safflower pinks and cochineal crimson; and what increases the interest of this coal-tar product is, that by a process discovered by these chemists, they can obtain with it, on a piece of calico mordanted for madder colours, "all the various colours and shades given by the madder-root, as violet, purple, chocolate, pink and red." Again, Mr. Calvert says: "The only thing which has prevented us from introducing into the market the crown red inodorous paper which we prepare, has been, that it is as yet too expensive to compete with this extraordinary colour-giving root; but, we intend pursuing our researches, in the hope of employing it as a substitute for safflower or cochineal, two colouring matters the price of which is sufficiently high to induce us to continue our investigations. We may add that our imitation of safflower colour stands soap and light, whilst safflower colours do not."

The green colouring matter of leaves is familiar to all: it is the result of a highly carbonized compound effected by the agency of light. If a plant is made to grow in darkness it has yellow leaves and white stalks—this colouring compound—*chlorophyll*—is not formed. The more intense the solar light the more abundantly is the green colour produced; hence the leaves of all tropical plants are much darker than those which grow in the more temperate regions of the earth. If we express the green juices of leaves we may stain paper or cotton green with it; but upon exposure to light, it rapidly turns yellow.

Attention has been lately drawn to a green matter discovered by the Chinese, and fixed by them on cotton. It has been ascertained that they prepare it, by a long and tedious process, from two plants called *Pabi-lo-za* (*Rhamnus chlorophorus*), and *Hombi-lo-za* (*Rhamnus utilis*)—both belonging to the well known buckthorn tribe; and they sell it in small square cakes, under the name of *Luh-kaou* or *Luh-chao*. Mr. Crace Calvert informs us that the commercial importation of this article is quite recent, as the first public sale of it in England took place but a few weeks since, at the quarterly indigo sales, under the name of *China green indigo*. No sooner had a foreign green substance been brought to our notice, than in Europe we had succeeded in obtaining also a green dyeing substance from the plants which surround us; and Mr. Schlumberger has been fortunate enough to fix on woollen fabrics the chlorophyll, or colouring matter of leaves or grass.

Mr. Schlumberger's process is to boil 60 lbs.

of grass with 25 gallons of water. This operation is repeated, and the grass then treated with 25 gallons of soda lye, with addition of from 2 lbs. to 4 lbs. of Mercer's dung-substitute (phosphate of soda and lime). It is then boiled for half an hour, and an excess of hydrochloric acid added, upon which a green precipitate falls, which is separated by filtration. This precipitate is dissolved in very dilute soda lye, adding a little of the phosphate of soda and lime, and the silk or wool to be dyed is dipped in until the desired shade is obtained. Stannate of soda is the only mordant which can be used with any beneficial result in dyeing with this colouring matter of leaves and grasses.

One of the most interesting chapters in the history of the applications of chemistry in modern times, will be the account of the utilization of waste products. Science has taught us that, frequently, the material which in a manufacturing process has been rejected as useless, is the most valuable. The products from coal are remarkable as examples of this. At one period gas alone was obtained, and the coke, the tar, and the gas-liquor were all rejected as useless. We have for a long period been steadily advancing, and now the manufacturers of gas obtain that illuminating fluid free of cost, the other products of the manufacture—formerly all wasted—yielding a profit sufficiently large to meet all the expenses of the works. We are yet advancing further, and our coal-tar—as the source from which we may obtain colours rivalling in beauty the finest of our crimson and purples—will become yet more valuable.

Not merely are those discoveries curious and important in a commercial view, but they are eminently instructive as showing us the wonderful machinery which is ever at work around us, giving many thousand different forms to some one element entering into combination with another in obedience to fixed laws. We should learn, from these facts, that even in the most trodden paths of science, there are still vast treasures awaiting the careful and patient investigator. We should, looking beyond the science, and advancing to the philosophy of our subject, study those vast powers with which nature makes her endless transmutations in the organic world. The words of the quaint Robert Boyle are to the purpose:—

"For the works of God are not like the tricks of jugglers, or the pageants that entertain princes, where concealment is requisite to wonder; but the knowledge of the works of God proportion our admiration of them, they participating and disclosing so much of the inexhaustible perfections of their Author, that the further we contemplate them, the more footsteps and impressions we discover of the perfections of their Creator; and our utmost science can but give us a juster veneration of his omniscience. And as when some country fellow looks upon a curious watch, though he may be hugely taken with the rich enamel of the case, and perhaps with some pretty landscape that adorns the dial-plate, yet will not his ignorance permit him so advantageous a notion of the exquisite maker's skill, as that little engine will form in some curious artist, who besides that obvious workmanship that first entertains the eye, considers the exactness, and knows the use of every wheel, takes notice of their proportion, contrivance, and adaptation altogether, and of the hidden springs that move them all. So in the world, though every peruser may read the existence of a Deity, and be in his degree affected with what he sees, yet is he utterly unable to descry there those subtler characters and flourishes of omniscience which true philosophers are sharp-sighted enough to discover."

ROBERT HUNT.

## HISTORY OF ANCIENT POTTERY.\*

On the "Sources of Subjects" Mr. Birch remarks: "We will now proceed to consider the different works of Art, from which the vase painter may have derived some of his ideas. These works were ever present to his eye in great number and variety, and he reproduced them in accordance with the spirit of his age, without making servile imitations; for vase paintings cannot be considered as mere mechanical copies, scarcely any two of them being alike. The treatment of the subject generally resembles that observed in the mural paintings of the oldest sepulchres. . . . The subjects on the later vases of the fine style, recall to mind the description of the pictures of Polygnotus; whilst in those of the decadence, the treatment resembles that adopted by Zeuxis, Apelles, and other artists of the Rhodian school, such as Nicias, from whose works they may have been copied. Yet it is almost impossible to identify vase-paintings with any particular works of antiquity, although it is evident from Pausanias that their subjects were to be found in all the principal shrines of Greece. Few, however, present such entire compositions as occupied the time of the greatest painters."

Upon this latter point we would venture to observe that the limited means of operation at the disposal of the artist necessitated clearness and simplicity in the treatment of the subjects: hence complicated action is studiously avoided, each figure, as nearly as possible, being independent in outline; the result is a balance of colour which could not otherwise have been obtained.

Mr. Birch continues: "The greater part contain only portions of subjects, although some striking examples show that the whole argument of an Epos was sometimes painted. Hence their importance both to the study of ancient painting, and to the reconstruction of the lost arguments of the Cyclic and other writers; for as in the so-called *Raffaellens* ware may be traced the arguments of the Scriptures and of Ovid, so in the Greek vases may be found the subjects of the *Cypria* and the *Nostoi*, and of the lost tragedies of the Athenian dramatist, together with traces of comedies of all styles, and even allegories derived from the philosophical schools, all of which had successively engaged the pencils of the most celebrated artists. That these vases were copies from pictures or sculptures is maintained by one of the most acute connoisseurs, who cites the celebrated vase at Naples, of the last night of Troy, as an evident copy of a frieze or picture, and the procession on a *Vulcan* cup, as taken from a sculpture. But it is impossible at the same time not to admit that, in so vast a number, there are some, if not many subjects, which were invented by the vase painters. These are detected by the correctness of the master's hand, and by the composition, with its accompanying ornaments, being adjusted to the character of the vase. Such works are supposed to be the productions of the vase painters *Archicles*, *Zenocles*, *Pantheus*, *Sosias*, and *Epictetus*."

We cannot agree in the conclusion that many of the subjects were the invention of the painters, simply from the evidence of the "corrections" referred to. The difficulty of drawing upon clay is such that even a practised hand, with the advantage of a previously selected and prepared design, would but effect a primary sketch, or indent, presenting ample scope for "corrections" when the pigment which fixed the subject had to be applied.

Inscriptions and dates are thus referred to: "The inscriptions which occur on vases are limited to those produced at the middle period of the art. On the earliest vases they are not found at all; on those with pale straw-coloured grounds, they are of rare occurrence; on vases with black figures and red ground they are often seen; and on those with red figures they are constant accompaniments, and continue to be so till the decadence of the art, as seen in the wares of the *Basilicata* and southern Italy, when inscriptions again became comparatively scarce. Some of the last inscriptions are in the *Oscan* and *Latin* language, showing the influence and domination of the Romans in *Campana*. The inscriptions follow the laws of *palæography* of the period in which they occur. The oldest inscriptions are those of the following vases:—The *Corinthian* vase of

\* Concluded from p. 122.



Dodwell, with the hunt of the boar of Calydon; a cup of the maker Tleson, with the same subject, and the nuptial dance of Ariadne; the vase of the Hamilton collection, found at Capua; a vase with the subject of the Geryon; the so-called François vase at Florence; another with the combat over the body of Achilles; and a cup on which is seen Arcesilaus, king of Cyrene. Of these, the Dodwell vase has been supposed by some archaeologists to be of the seventh century B.C. None, however, date earlier than Olympiad xxx = B.C. 660, when writing is known to have been used in Greece. The date of the Arcesilaus vase cannot be prior to Olympiad xlvii—li., when the first of the Battidi ruled at Cyrene, nor much later than the lxxx. Olympiad = B.C. 458, when the fourth of the line was in power. Millingen's opinion is quoted as to the division of the principal epochs thus:—

"1st. That of the Ancient Style, B.C. 700—450, in which are comprehended the first efforts of the art.

"2nd. That of vases of the Fine Style, B.C. 450—228, from the time of the Persian to the second Punic war. The best, he supposes, were executed during the age of Phidias and Polygnatus.

"3rd. That of vases manufactured from the second Punic to the Social war. Later than this they could not have been made, for in the days of Augustus, all the towns of Magna Græcia, except Rhegium, Naples, and Tarentum, had relapsed into barbarism."

We extract the following from the article "On their various Uses":—"As all the vases hitherto known have been discovered in sepulchres, it would at first sight appear that their destination was for the dead; but this seems to have been a subsequent use of them, and many, if not all, were employed for the purposes of life." D'Hancarville supposes that the large vases were dedicated to the gods in the various shrines of Greece and Rome, as by the Metapontines, in their Naos at Olympia, and by the Byzantians in the chapel of Hera.

The civil and domestic uses of vases include a variety of forms and decorations specially adapted for their purpose. The painted were chiefly used for entertainment and the triclinia of the wealthy. "The *hydrie*, or water-vases, went to the well, and the various kinds of amphoræ served for carrying wine about at entertainments. Those called *craters* were used to mix wine; and the *psycter*, or cooler, to prepare it for drinking. In jugs called *anochoæ* and *olpæ*, also of painted ware, wine was drawn from the craters, which was then poured into various painted cups, as the *scyphos*, the *cylix*, the *cantharus*, and the *rhya*, horns or beakers, which were the most common. A kind of cup, called the *eyathis*, also of painted ware, was likewise used; the cup called *phiale* was employed in religious rites. The vases used upon the table were the *pinax* or plate, a vase supposed to be the *lecane* or tureen, and certain dishes called *tryblia*, generally of ruder material and manufacture than the others—one of the most remarkable of these vases is the *cinros*. For the service of the toilet were the *pyxis*, the *cylichne*, the *tripodiskos*, the *alabastron*, the *lecythus*, and the *aryballos*. One of the noblest uses to which terra-cotta vases were applied, was as prizes given to the victors in the public games. These prizes, called *athla*, besides the honorary crowns, armour, and tripods, and other valuable objects, were occasionally fictile vases and even coins. Certain vases, bearing the inscription 'From Athens,' or 'Prizes from Athens,' seem to have been given to the victors in the Pentathla, or courses of athletic exercises in the Panathenaia, and are mentioned by Pindar. Some of the vases, which are principally in the old style, are of two sizes, the greater given for the athletic, and the lesser for musical contests.

"At the earliest period of Greece vases were not employed to hold the ashes of the dead; those, for example, of the oldest style found at Athens and at Vulci do not contain ashes. In the Etruscan cemeteries the dead were not burnt, but laid at full length, with all their personal ornaments, their furniture, their arms, and their vases. The custom prevailed amongst the Romans of employing fictile vases exclusively for religious rites, amongst which, that of interment was included: hence the use of the beautiful vases imported from Greece for funeral purposes; and after the due performance of libations,

the vases so employed were thrown away, and left broken in the corners of sepulchres. Numerous specimens of vases thus used have been found, especially *anochoai* and *cylices*. Other vases of considerable size, and which certainly had not been so employed, were deposited in tombs, as the most acceptable offerings to the deceased, recalling to the mind of the shade the joy and glory of his life, the festivals he had shared, the *hetaira* with whom he had lived, the Lydian airs that he had heard, and the games that he had seen or taken part in. Those vases were selected which were most appropriate for funeral purposes, or to contain the milk, oil, and wine which were placed on the bier, with their necks inclined to the corpse, in order that the liquid should run over it while in the fire; those used at the *perideipnon*, or last supper, in which the food of the deceased was placed at his side, and a vase, called the *ardalion*, which held the lustral water, placed at the door of a house where a death had taken place. After the earliest or heroic ages, and during the period of the old vases with black figures, the Greeks appear to have used them for holding the ashes of the dead."

Respecting the "Potters of Antiquity," Mr. Birch remarks:—"Unfortunately little is known of their condition, except that they formed a guild or fraternity, and that they amassed vast fortunes by exporting their products to the principal emporia of the world. The oldest establishments appear to have been at Samos, Corinth, and Ægina, and it was not till a later period that the Athenian pottery attained any great eminence or became universally sought after. The existence of two *kerameikoi*, or pottery districts, at Athens, and the fact that some of the principal men were connected with the potteries, show the great commercial importance of the manufacture." In many respects the similitude between the ancient and modern potters is very striking; the following extracts will sufficiently illustrate this fact without further comment:—"However, the competition in the trade was so warm as to pass into a proverb, and the animosity of some of the rival potters is recorded upon certain vases: to this spirit is also probably to be referred many of the tricks of trade, such as forgeries of the names of makers, and the numerous illegible inscriptions."

It is to the potters of Samos that one of the Homeric hymns is addressed, the oldest record of the art in literature. It appears from the life of Homer, attributed to Herodotus, that the poet had taken refuge in one of the potteries from a storm, and that upon the morrow the potters, who were preparing to light their furnace and bake their earthenware, perceiving Homer, whose merit was known to them, called upon him to sing some verses, promising, in return, to present him with a vase or any other object they possessed. Homer accepted their offer, and sung to them the "Lay of the Furnace," in which the inflated language of epic verse is applied, in a kind of satiric strain to the subject of baking vases—"Oh, you who work the clay, and who offer me a recompense, listen to my strains—Athene! I invoke thee! Appear, listen, and lend thy skillful hand to the labour of the furnace, so that the vases which are about to be drawn, especially those destined for religious ceremonies, may not turn black; that all may be heated to the proper temperature; and that, fetching a good price, they may be disposed of in great numbers in the markets and streets of our city. Finally, that they may be for you an abundant source of profit, and for me a new occasion to sing to you."

A long list of potters and painters is given, with reference to the special productions to which their names are attached.

In his comments upon the modern "imitations" of these vases, Mr. Birch states:—"Of late Mr. Battam has made very excellent facsimiles of these vases, but they are produced in a manner very different from that of the ancient potters, the black colour for the ground or figures not being laid on with a glaze, but merely with a cold pigment, which has not been fired, and their lustre being produced by a polish." If, by this, Mr. Birch assumes that all the designs executed upon the early vases were in vitrified colours, we believe him to be in error. That this was the general method of fabrication there can be no doubt, but that it was subject to exceptional action is likewise certain. We have not

only had vases come under our observation, but have examples in our possession, on which the painting is executed in a bituminous pigment that has not been vitrified. These have evidently been painted on the "bisque," which being in some degree absorbent, offers a medium for the ready adhesion of the glutinous compound, whose tenacity is still further increased by submission to considerable heat, thus securing perfect cohesion.

Some interesting data are given respecting the prices of these ancient works, both at the period of their fabrication, and also the sum realised for some of the finer specimens of recent periods. Incised inscriptions upon the feet of many are assumed to be the original estimate of their value; and this assumption we are inclined to think correct. That the amount so specified must have borne reference to the work upon which it appears, cannot admit of doubt. It is unlikely that it should denote the cost of production, either as regards the fabrication or decoration, as no manufacturer would give publicity to such details, and therefore it may reasonably be accepted that the selling price is thus denoted. We thus find that "1 cylix cost 1 drachma, or about three shillings of the present value of money; 1 crater cost 4 obolos, or two shillings; 1 lecythus, 1 obolos; 1 small pot cost ½ obolos; 1 sancer cost ¾ obolos; a small vase found at Nola, 2 drachme." These prices bear reference to ordinary products, and those of unimportant size, in which a considerable export trade was effected. The prices given for fine specimens in modern times sufficiently attest the estimation in which they are held:—"A sum of £500 was paid for the Athenæum vases in Lord Elgin's collection; £8400 for the vases of the Hamilton collection; Baron Durand's collection sold, in 1836, for £12,524—one vase in this collection, representing the death of Cræsus, was purchased for the Louvre at the price of 6640 francs, or £264; another, now in the Louvre, with the subject of the youthful Hercules strangling the serpent, was purchased for 6000 francs, or £240; another, with the subject of Dejanira, Hercules and Hyllus, brought £142; and a crater, with the subject of Acamias and Demophon bringing back Athraë, £170; a Bacchic amphora, of the maker Execias, of the Archaic style, was bought by the British Museum for £142. Some of the finest vases belonging to the Prince of Canino, at the sale in 1837, obtained very high prices; an *anochoë* with Apollo and the Muses, and a *hydria* with the same subject, were bought in for £80 each; a *cylix* with a love scene, and another with Priam redeeming Hector's corpse, brought 6600 francs, or £264; an amphora, with the subject of Dionysius, and a cup with that of Hercules, sold for 8000 francs, or £320 each; another brought £280. At Mr. Beckett's sale the late Duke of Hamilton gave £200 for a small vase with the subject of the Indian Bacchus." In Naples these prices have been much exceeded—"£500 was given for the vase with gilded figures, discovered at Cumæ; only half a century back 8000 ducats, or £1500 was paid to Vivenzio, for the vase in the Museo Borbonico, representing the last night of Troy; £1000 for one with a Dionysiac feast; and £800 for the vase with the grand battle of the Amazons, published by Schulz."

Having already so far exceeded the limits to which we restrict, even in exceptional cases, our reviews, we can but briefly specify that the remaining parts are devoted to Etruscan, Roman, Celtic, Teutonic and Scandinavian Pottery, and contain matter of considerable though subordinate interest. We the less regret our inability to enter into any details of these classes, as in many respects they assimilate very closely to those we have already noticed; and, as we trust that what we have already extracted will induce a reference to the volumes themselves, which we cordially recommend to the perusal of all (now a large and increasing number) who take an interest in Ceramic Art.

We regret to observe that a work, which has been many years in progress, and likely to continue a standard authority upon the subject to which it refers, should be disfigured by so numerous a list of errata as we find in it—numbering *twenty-six* in the first volume, and *twenty-eight* in the second. Surely it would have been well to have avoided this.



## THE POET MOORE.

IRELAND has done her duty in erecting a statue to her great poet. His memory will endure as long as the language in which he wrote, and assuredly his best monument is his works; but it was well that his country should give expression to its gratitude. If Ireland has been rarely ready with tributes to its worthies, here at all events is one: others may follow, and the heaviest of its reproaches be thus, in time, removed.

The introduction into the *Art-Journal* of an engraving from the statue of Moore, by his namesake and countryman, affords an opportunity to offer some remarks concerning one of the most estimable and admirable of the many great men it has been our lot to know; our readers will not consider out of place such observations as may occur to us, derived from the perusal of his "Journal," and from a personal acquaintance which has long been among the happiest and most refreshing memories of our life.

If the dust of this charming poet, companion, and friend, could be "reanimate,"—and if the great man could read all that has been written concerning him since his death,—he would record, as a sad and solemn fact, the lines which perhaps he uttered only as a sentiment—

"Who would seek or prize  
Delights that end in aching;  
Who would trust to ties  
That every hour are breaking?"

During his life the Poet Moore was truly

"The poet of all circles, and the idol of his own."

Yet the "vanity" so frequently and so wrongfully attributed to genius, and which in him was so universally fostered, was never apparent; while the play of his expressive features, and the sweet tones of his voice, rendered his wit more fascinating, and his gentle kindness more captivating, he was ever anxious to make prominent the talents of others—ever seeming oblivious of his own: indeed, Moore never forced the personal pronoun into society;—it was always difficult to induce him to talk of himself, of what he said, or did, or wrote.

In his "Journal" he simply set down what was said and done, with very little note or comment—recording facts frequently worthless as concerned the public, but still facts: a fibre of thistledown is quite as much a fact as an oak; but whether one is as worthy of being written about as the other, may be matter of opinion. It seems to us that the critics expected a very different record from his "Journal" than the poet had the power to give. Moore never assumed the guise of the philosopher, the man of science, or the historian: he dined with persons of rank and station because they courted his society, and because his naturally refined tastes and habits led him, in his turn, to prefer the society which is at once the most graceful and the least ceremonious. We never find Moore courting the *merely* rich—indeed, in all cases, he is the *courted*, not the *courtier*: it is the severest injustice to forget the long months of labour, of privation, of patience, he endured—which he suffered to remain unrecorded, from his desire not to chronicle what was painful to himself and others—and to represent him as a voluptuary, merely because he enjoyed at intervals, "few and far between," the hospitalities of the accomplished Lord Lansdowne, the unvarying friendship of Lord John Russell, the dinners at Holland House, and the breakfasts of "Sam Rogers."

If at these great "dinners," and much-sought "breakfasts," there was nothing remarkable said, and nothing extraordinary done, the poet had consequently nothing to record. We have been at many "great dinners" and "great breakfasts" with the like result: they went off "brilliantly" everybody said; and yet, despite the smiles and glitter—the scraps of scandal—the sweet music—the pleasant words—the sparkling nothings, which "told" at the time, but fell to atoms in the attempt to carry them beyond the charmed circle—had we been of sufficient importance to keep a journal, we should have paused a long time, pen in hand, before we could recall a sentence worth remembering. The poet's error often arose from believing that gilt was gold: the urbanity, flattery, good breeding, the taste, the sweet voices, the HARMONY of such society charmed him; and in his desire to do

justice to the company, he forgot himself;—he chronicled what was said to him, and seldom what he replied or thought. The English, even at their dinners, are far more remarkable for "deeds" than "words." The best diners at the best houses are slow; and if a lion happen to be present, his influence is that of a "wet blanket" on the company: they fear to "come out" before him; they glance at him between the acts of *entremets* and champagne; the national shyness and suspicion press heavily upon them; they think how quiet, and like themselves, the "lion" is; they wonder what he will say, and when he will begin to say it; and are frequently disappointed at meeting a gentleman when they expected a merry-Andrew. The natural good faith and charming simplicity of Moore prevented his seeing this: sincere and affectionate himself, he believed in the sincerity and affection, not only of his friends, but of his associates. He was more prone than any man we ever knew to exaggerate courtesies into services—yet only those who knew him in his own home, could appreciate the brightness and charm of his conversation, and his total forgetfulness of self. But there are some who delight to draw forced conclusions from one-sided views, and who insist that the poet was an egotist and a sensualist; they scramble sentences together, giving the text, but not the context, and argue for victory, not truth; they exaggerate the hours he passed in the brilliant society of London, and do not notice the months of domestic love and labour he spent with his beloved wife and family.

One of the most beautiful passages of the "Journal," is that in which he records his visit to the grocer's shop in "Aungier Street," and notes with such emotion, the "little back-kitchen" where, when a child, he used to eat his bread and milk, before going to school! And then after the Bannow fête, and the Dublin reception, with what loving tenderness he speaks of his grandmother's poor little residence in Wexford, and recalls the kindnesses shown in his childhood. The death of ALL his children crushed his spirit and his heart, and especially he mourned that dear one "Russell," whose character never caused his parents the least anxiety. His love for his mother, and his sister Ellen, proved even more than his unchanging devotion to his wife, the sweetness and tenderness of his nature; and when the loneliness of death encompassed his cottage home, and the pressure of circumstances shattered without extinguishing the lamp of life, his hard struggles were to preserve his independence, and in this he was nobly seconded by his devoted and high-souled wife. Lord John Russell pays her but a well-deserved compliment, when he says, that "with their small means she managed to keep out of debt." Justice cannot be done to this admirable lady while she lives; but those who know her, know her as truly "good;" beautiful in youth, and beautiful in matured age; to the poet a full fountain of comfort; his best companion, counsellor, and friend; the one who, better than all the world beside, appreciated his genius, and whose praise was a happier recompense than the world's "applause."

That the "Journal" contains some pages that are valueless to the public is certain—what autobiography does not?—but to say that it contains a single passage to the poet's dishonour is to say what is utterly untrue. Those who read it with generous sympathy cannot fail to have augmented esteem and affection for "the man." His stern independence might have yielded to temptations such as few receive and very few resist: he preserved it to the last, under circumstances such as any of his many great and wealthy friends would have called "poverty." Of luxuries, from the commencement of his career to its close, he had literally none: his necessities were never published to the world—nay, were never known to those who could, and perhaps would, have endeavoured to make them less. In all the relations of life he was faithful, affectionate, and considerate: "at home" he was ever loving and beloved; there he was happiest by rendering his limited circle happy.

The biographers of poets are almost proverbial for diminishing the giant to the dwarf. With a few grand exceptions, we find the loftiest precepts humiliated by the meanest examples; social intercourse degraded by frequent inebriation; poverty callous to the "glorious privilege," condescending to notoriety instead of suffering in solitude; so mingling the vices with the virtues, that worshippers

eagerly draw the veil over genius in private life, willing to "make allowances," and content with the bare record—"they are not as other men are."

How few of the great men we have known are heroes in their daily communings!

The poet Moore is one of the very few of whom we may think and speak without a blush. The cavils and sneers of those who do not or cannot understand him, are limited to the crimes of his dining with lords and delighting in the courtesies of flatterers in rags. Had he been a sensualist like —, a drunkard like —, a pitiful borrower like —, a truckler for place like —, critics might have been less severe, and "the world" have accorded to him purer justice.

His always kind, generous, and sympathising friend, Lord John Russell, has been taunted with lowering Moore in public estimation by publishing the *Journal* he was imperatively called upon to publish. He may bear this reproach, with other charges urged against him, and as little merited, arising out of his continuous efforts to benefit mankind—to make this generation his debtors, and posterity believers in him.

How little do we know of the inner life of the author with whose works we are familiar—every line! Those who read the brilliant Melodies of the poet Thomas Moore, give but small heed to the man as he was "at home." Simple as a child, and as easily pleased as a child with a toy; sympathising ever, and with everything; sensitive as are all whose "spirits are finely strung," and to "fine issues;" generous in thought, and word, and act; seeking and finding pleasure in all the common things of earth, "the meanest flower that blows;" gracious to all within his reach—to the humble even more than to the lofty; *independent*—as much so as any man who ever lived; never borrowing, never incurring "pecuniary obligations;" never requiring luxuries, never possessing even a pony carriage; residing ever either in lodgings, or a dwelling small and inexpensive, and rendered endurable only by "order" and taste. He preserved his self-respect; bequeathing no property, but leaving no debts; having had no "testimonial" of acknowledgment or reward—seeking none, nay, avoiding any: sacrificing what would have been to him wealth from a point of honour; and never leading to "party" that which was meant for "mankind;" his career from the beginning to the close was a continued struggle with "strained means" that were at times embarrassments; yet there was not only no sale of, but no "bid" for, that true nobility of soul which he kept unblemished from the cradle to the grave. There is no blot upon his name, no word of reproach can be written on the stone which covers "the earth that wraps his clay." No marvel that such a man should have been loved almost to idolatry in his own immediate circle. But "society" knew nothing of all this; and the readers of his poetry know as little. There are, however, a few by whom the memory of Thomas Moore is cherished in the heart of hearts: to whom the cottage at Sloperton will be a shrine while they live; and the village church, the spire of which is seen from the graveled walk—his "terrace walk" he used to call it—a monument better loved than that of any of the other sons of genius by whom the world is enlightened, delighted, and refined.

The statue we have engraved is the work of an Irish sculptor, a namesake, but not a relative, of the poet. He has chosen a passage in the Diary of the latter for the feeling or sentiment intended that the statue should convey: it is this—"Having expatiated more than enough on my first efforts in acting and rhyming, I must try the reader's patience with some account of my beginnings in music—the only art for which, in my own opinion, I was born with a real natural love; my poetry, such as it is, having sprung out of my deep feeling for music." Thus the poet is represented as if listening to the air of one of those exquisite Irish melodies with which he has made us all so familiar—listening, too, as if the strains brought with them the very words he has united to them.

The statue is erected opposite the entrance of the House of Lords, College Street, Dublin: it is of bronze, and was cast in the foundry of Messrs. Elkington & Co., of Birmingham, who have also, we believe, an establishment in Dublin.

A. M. II.





ENGRAVED BY W. BOOTE FROM THE STATUE BY G. MOORE M.D.C.C.

LONDON JAMES D. GUTHRIE







## OBITUARY.

## MR. JOHN HOGAN.

IRELAND has to mourn the loss of one of the many sculptors to whom she has given birth, and of whom she has such substantial reasons for feeling proud: Mr. John Hogan died at his residence in Dublin, on the 27th of March, and in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

Hogan was called, *par excellence*, the "Irish Sculptor," because his works were principally, if not entirely, executed for his native country: we do not remember that he ever exhibited in London. He was born at Tallow, in the county of Waterford, where his father carried on business as a builder: by his mother's side he was descended from the Irish Lord Chief Justice, Sir Richard Cox. At twelve years of age he was placed with an attorney in Cork, with whom he remained two years; but the legal profession was little to his taste, and at the end of that term he quitted the office of Mr. Foote, his employer, and entered that of Mr. Deane, now Sir Thomas Deane, with the view of becoming an architect. It seems, however, that even this was an uncongenial occupation, for while in the office of Mr. Deane, he commenced the study of anatomy under Dr. Woodroffe, and executed several carvings, of which a statue of "Minerva," in the South Mall, is one. A number of gentlemen, who felt interested in the art and the artist, raised a subscription which enabled him to visit Rome, and open a studio there, from which came forth the majority of his best works. His principal sculptures are "Eve after the Expulsion picking up a dead bird," now in the possession of the De Tabley family; a "Dead Christ;" a "Drunken Faun;" statues of O'Connell, Dr. Doyle, and Dr. Collins; that of O'Connell stands in the Dublin Exchange—a duplicate of this work has, we believe, been cast in bronze, and erected in Limerick. The "Drunken Faun," it is asserted by our contemporary, the *Builder*, resulted "from a challenge given to Hogan by Gibson, to produce any attitude or expression in the human figure, not previously appropriated by the great sculptors of antiquity." Thorwaldsen pronounced the work a *miracle*.

Hogan was one of the competitors for the statue of "Tom Moore;" but the decision was in favour of that by C. Moore, an engraving of which forms our "sculpture plate" this month. At the time of his death he was engaged on a statue of Father Mathew, and also on a bas-relief for the Wellington monument to be erected in the Phoenix Park, Dublin: for the latter work he was to receive the sum of £1000. Thus the patriotism of the country in matters of Art, is wisely adhering to the national cry—not a senseless one in this respect—of "Ireland for the Irish;" we would that a similar feeling were influencing those who have the direction of the Wellington monument for St. Paul's Cathedral.

## MR. HERBERT MINTON.

We extract from the *Building News* the following notice of the estimable gentleman whose loss will be felt as a calamity by the public at large; for to him must be attributed much of the many improvements which of late years have been introduced into British Ceramic Art. In private life no man has ever been more respected or esteemed; upright, generous, and considerate in all his dealings with his fellow-men; ever anxious to do good, and eagerly seeking for the means to do it: his influence has been widely felt, and his services will be remembered with gratitude by the several classes, from the highest to the lowest, with which circumstances brought him into contact:—

"Mr. Minton died on the 1st of April, at his residence, Belmont, Torquay. He had for some time been in declining health, and towards the close of his career his remaining strength rapidly failed him. He endured with the utmost calmness much acute suffering, and passed peacefully from the scene of his useful and honourable labours. Possessed of a clear and powerful intellect, most happily associated with invincible energy and resolute perseverance, Mr. Minton was also endowed in an eminent degree with those amiable and philanthropic qualities which at once adorn and enhance the value of intellectual superiority. In whatever course of life

he might adopt, such a man would be sure signally to distinguish himself. And such is the fact. This much-lamented gentleman has identified his name with an equally beautiful and useful branch of fictile manufacture; and, in the act of doing this, he has contributed largely to the advancement of a sound practical feeling for true Art amongst all classes of the community.

"The extent of Mr. Minton's manufacturing establishments placed him amongst the important class of great employers. And here, also, he will be long remembered as a model for imitation. The same thoughtful care which provided his manufactories with every appliance for the most efficient working, extended its action to both the spiritual and temporal requirements of all who were connected with him, and indeed of the entire neighbourhood of his establishment. He erected a beautiful and spacious church near Stoke-upon-Trent, with schools and all other suitable accessories; almshouses for the aged and infirm; infirmaries for the sick, with every suitable means of sound instruction; and consistent amusement and recreation also for the strong and healthy alike occupied his thoughts, and invoked the aid of his comprehensive and open-handed liberality. While we cannot record the decease of such a man without the deepest sorrow for our loss, we at the same time rejoice to know that his good works outlive him, and that the establishments which he formed will continue both to be distinguished by his name and to be administered in his spirit. It is also a subject for no ordinary satisfaction to reflect that Mr. Minton was appreciated during his life, and that the influence of his example will survive him as a lasting memorial of his worth."

## MR. THOMAS HAMILTON, R.S.A.

The local papers somewhat recently announced the death, in Edinburgh, of this gentleman, well known as an architect in that city for some half-century; and many important public buildings throughout the city bear testimony to his fine taste and professional attainments. Chief of these is the High School, universally admired as a most felicitous adaptation of pure Grecian architecture to the requirements of a modern building. The Burns monument, the facade of the Physicians' Hall, George Street, might be mentioned among others. The new approaches to Edinburgh by the south, and that by George IV. Bridge, the head of Bow Street, and the Castle Road, were also designed by Mr. Hamilton; and he produced a magnificent set of designs for the galleries of the Royal Scottish Academy, which were superseded, though it is doubtful if deservedly, by those recently erected from the designs of the late Mr. Playfair. He was long treasurer, and was one of the original founders, of the Scottish Academy. At the exhibition of the Fine Arts in Paris, in 1855, Mr. Hamilton had the gold medal awarded to him. He had reached the advanced age of seventy-four at the time of his death.

## MR. W. J. BLACKLOCK.

The death of this painter occurred at Brompton, Cumberland, in the month of March. Declining health had, for the last three or four years, almost compelled him to abandon entirely the practice of his art; but his views of the scenery of the north of England were at one time frequently seen and admired by many, in the annual exhibitions of the Royal Academy. Mr. Blacklock was a truthful and unpretending artist, who wooed nature rather than popular favour; hence his works were not among those which people "talked about;" there is, however, that in them which is of sterling value. He died at the age of forty-two.

## PROFESSOR FRANCIS KUGLER.

There are few persons acquainted with the Art-literature of our time to whom the name of Professor Kugler is unknown: his "Handbook of Painting," translated by Sir Charles L. Eastlake, P.R.A., and published by Murray, has, more than any other of his works, familiarised his writings as a critic among us. We regret to have to record his somewhat premature and sudden death, at Berlin, on the 18th of March, from an attack of inflammation of the brain. He was born on the 19th of January, 1808, in

Stettin, and went to Berlin in 1826, to study philosophy. He afterwards removed to Heidelberg, where, through the influence of Herr Mone, he gave himself up to the study of the Art of the middle ages. His first works, entitled "A Sketch Book," and "A Pamphlet on the Monuments of Middle-Age Art in the Kingdom of Prussia," were published in 1830. In 1835 he made a journey to Italy; and in 1837 he was elected Professor of the Academy of Fine Arts in Berlin. From that time to the present he has worked with unwearied diligence; and his contributions to Art-criticism have been as valuable as they have been numerous.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

## NEW LANDSCAPE PAINTING.

"The value and rank of every Art is in proportion to the mental labour employed in it, or the mental pleasure produced by it."—REYNOLDS.

SIR,—A new school, or rather a no-school in Landscape Painting, seems to be springing up among us; one in which all principles and all precepts are alike ignored. "Rules," say Sir Joshua, "are fetters only to men of no genius; as that armour, which upon the strong is an ornament and a defence, upon the weak and misshapen becomes a load, and cripples the body which it was made to protect." These weak, if not misshapen, tyros, evince a decided horror against buckling on this academic armour, and expect, by discarding rules,

"To snatch a grace beyond the reach of Art."

"Those models which have passed through the approbation of ages," are not welcomed as landmarks by this lawless crew. They wish to find some shorter path to excellence, and hope to obtain the reward of eminence by other means than those which the indispensable rules of Art have prescribed. They evade all study of what has been done before, however excellent (probably from an incapacity to appreciate it), and hope to secure instant fame by dashing at an originality, whose sole characteristic consists in an unblushing violation of all law and order. Bald copies of common nature, without selection or arrangement, are the means which these graphic mutineers employ to arrest public attention; substituting the bare materials for the edifice itself. The old law, "*Ars est celare artem*," has no recognition among them, simply because they have no Art to conceal. With matter in abundance, and to spare, they exhibit no mental manipulation, no sentiment, no poetry; nothing suggestive. No light and shadow, no atmosphere; in fact, no Art. Body without soul; vulgar facts for the eye to ramble over, but nothing for the mind to rest upon. "Good stock," as a cook would say, "but not fit for deglutition without the art of the master." 'Tis very strange to see such evidences of graphic tact unaccompanied by artistic thought; beautiful details of individual truth, but none of nature's poetry breathed over them. These scions of the mountain-glen seem to have heads as opaque and impervious to the light of Beauty as the very stumps and stones which they occupy their time in the drudgery of copying. They have wooed the goddess in an unhappy spirit, and she has not deigned to unveil her charms to them. For what purpose have our "Beaux Arts," and "Art Treasures," and National Galleries, spread forth their intellectual wealth, if such mindless poverty is to be the product? Is all the flourishing of trumpets (now so fashionable) about "the progress of Modern Art, and the public taste" to be responded to, in landscape, only by such jejune and aimless efforts? Things whose nude impudence induce you to stare at them, but which vanish from the eye and memory of the real Art-lover at the same moment. I have heard some artists, impatient of the supremacy of established greatness, express a wish that the works of the old masters were either destroyed or out of fashion, in order that "Living Art" might be more effectually encouraged. Verily this desired period seems to have arrived, for the most unschooled tyros have now got the stage to themselves; good Art, therefore, must needs stand still for a while, and progress seclude itself, until the world has been surfeited with these quackeries; the "fashionable mind" may then perhaps return into that wholesome channel which can alone lead to a correct appreciation of sound Art, and by which it will be enabled to distinguish between a meaningless transcript, and an accomplished work built upon truth—truth sublimed by artistic power into an appeal to some of the most refined sensibilities of our nature.

AN ARTIST.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE "HANGERS" at the Royal Academy, this year, were Messrs. Frith, Elmore, and Pickersgill.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—In answer to a question put to the Government by Lord Elcho, in the House of Commons, on the 13th of last month, the Chancellor of the Exchequer stated that there was no intention to take any steps this session with the view of providing increased accommodation for the national collection of pictures. "The matter was one," he said, "which for many reasons could not be long neglected; but he could not at present submit any specific proposition to the House."

We shall be enabled in the next number of the *Art-Journal* to give some account of the numerous additions which have been made to our catalogue of the Italian school in the National Gallery. Twenty-two of these works have been obtained from one source, and some of them refer to the earliest period of the revival, as examples of Cimabue and Giotto, with later works by Taddeo, Gaddi, Filippo, Lippi, and other painters, of whose productions instances are necessary to the formation of a chronological series illustrative of the history of Art. These works are contained in the small room on the right, at the head of the stairs, but in consequence of the necessity of glazing them, they are not yet ready for public exhibition. It has been asked why these additions are continually Italian to the exclusion of the Dutch school? To this question it may be answered that it is desirable to secure examples of the early Italian painters, which year by year are becoming more and more rare, while the best examples of the Dutch schools are more frequently in the market. We rejoice to see the progress that has been made with the glazing of the most valuable and finely-surfaced pictures. Thus hermetically sealed against atmospheric deposit, the question of the removal of the national collection from its present site is definitely set at rest. The first suggestion for thus securing these valuable works was made fifteen years ago in this *Journal*, in speaking of the cartoons at Hampton Court, which ought a century ago to have been glazed and treated as water-colour drawings. The pictures which are now under glass are, "St. Catherine," by Raffaele; "Dead Christ," Francia; the new Perugino, "Bacchus and Ariadne," "St. Jerome," Bellini's "Doge," and "Virgin and Child;" "Christ appearing to Mary Magdalene," Titian; "Holy Family," Correggio; "Knights in Armour," Giorgione; "Holy Family," Barocci; "Ecce Homo," Guido; "Ecce Homo," Correggio; "Holy Family," Mazzolino da Ferrara; "Christ appearing to Peter," Carracci; "Virgin and Child, and St. John," Perugino; "Venus, Cupid, and Mercury," Correggio; "Vision of St. Augustin," Garofalo; "Holy Family and Saints," Garofalo; "Temptation of St. Antony," Carracci; Van Dyck's "Gervasius," the Van Eycks, the Vanderveldes, &c. This evidences that an earnest movement is made in the right direction, which will render unnecessary all further cleaning, and any further contemplation of the removal of the gallery to any other site.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS was opened on Monday, April 19; too late in the month to receive any notice in our pages.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The forty-third Anniversary of this society was celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern on the 27th of March, Lord Elcho, M.P., presiding on the occasion. In proposing the toast of the evening, his lordship strongly and eloquently urged the claims of the institution not only on artists, but on the public generally, who are, either directly or indirectly, interested in Art-matters. During the past year relief has been afforded to individuals requiring pecuniary aid to the amount of upwards of £1000, in sums varying from £8 to £40, distributed among nearly seventy cases. The funded property of the institution now amounts to £19,000: the subscriptions at the dinner reached to nearly £650—an increase of about £25 over those at the last festival.

THE NELSON MONUMENT.—There is at length more than a probability that "the monument" will be finished. In reply to some apt and eloquent remarks by Admiral Waleott, in the House of Commons, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, after fully admitting the national discredit hence derived,

took on himself the responsibility of "providing for the completion of a monument which is so intimately associated with the glory and reputation of the country."

SIR C. L. EASTLAKE, P.R.A., has been nominated an honorary member of the Academy of Arts, of Rome, in the room of M. Delaroche.

MR. G. WALLIS, the head master of the Birmingham School of Art, has retired from the post he has occupied with so much honour to himself and advantage to his pupils, and the public, during six years in Birmingham—but for a much longer period in the schools of which he had previously the charge. Indeed, we believe he is the senior of the masters employed by the Department of Science and Art. It has, therefore, been resolved to present to him a "Testimonial," in acknowledgment of services which, it is rightly said, are "worthy of public recognition, as tending to the diffusion of that knowledge of design and cultivated taste, on which various and important branches of local industry are dependant for their future prosperity." There are certainly few, if there be any, living men to whom Art-manufacture is more largely indebted: he has aided the great "move," not only as a practical teacher, but by lectures, writings, and examples—in short by every mode calculated to impress the public mind with the value and importance of the subject. We have had ample opportunities of knowing the large success he has achieved by his indefatigable zeal and continuous industry. There is no doubt that his services have been especially felt in Birmingham; but they have been by no means confined to that locality. The cause may be more particularly that of its inhabitants—but it is not theirs only; and we hope they will permit subscriptions to be received from other sources. We shall gladly aid and contribute to the project: no "Testimonial" can be more fully merited or more worthily accorded.

MR. BURFORD'S PANORAMA OF LUCKNOW, recently opened, offers to the spectator nothing that he can associate with the horrors which have been perpetrated within the city. It is a scene of quiet beauty, a picture of mosques and palaces embosomed in the most luxuriant foliage, with gardens, fields, jungles, and woods stretching far away into the distance, and the river Goomtee, covered with gay pleasure-boats, winding its way silently through the midst of all. Were it not for the domes and minarets that bespeak the architecture of the East, and a solitary palm-tree here and there, one might readily imagine that the eye rested on a picture of the richest English landscape. The view of the city is taken from the Residency, a large building situated on an eminence, commanding all the most prominent features, a vast extent of the picturesque environs, and the beautiful country beyond. The sketches from which the panorama is painted were made a short time before the breaking out of the mutiny, by Mr. B. H. Galland, in the civil service of the East India Company. Of the accuracy of the view we cannot, of course, judge; but the site of the city appears extraordinarily limited when we remember that the number of its inhabitants was estimated at 300,000; moreover nothing, or but very little, is seen of the dwellings of the poor, nor is there any signs of the "more than ordinary degree of dirt, filth, and squalid poverty" which, as we are told in the book descriptive of the panorama, "causes a feeling of intense disgust; the most wretched habitations that can be conceived, affording but very insufficient shelter to a swarming population;" all this is carefully excluded from the picture, which is thereby made *coulour de rose*, and very beautifully has the artist painted it. Lucknow as it was exists now only, it may be presumed, in Mr. Burford's panorama: all who see it—and the city has become a place of absorbing interest to every Englishman—will be ready to exclaim, "How sad to think that amid so much of the loveliness of nature, deeds have been committed that cause man to blush for his fellow-creature! Can this really be Lucknow?"

THE DIRECTORS OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE have appointed Robert V. Bowley, Esq., to the office of manager. Report speaks favourably of this gentleman: judging from his antecedents, we trust he will be able to do much of what he will have to do, and that we may date a new era for the palace from the day on which he commenced his labours. We shall very soon have the power to form an opinion

as to the plans in progress, for, of a surety, changes there must be—large as well as immediate.

THE ART-FEELING IN BRISTOL.—We see with pleasure all evidences of the spread of an Art-feeling throughout our great provincial towns; and Bristol, which has, in an especial sense, a relation of her own to the Arts of the present time,—claiming our great sculptor Baily for one of her sons,—has on more than one occasion shown her pride in that relation, and her sense of the demand which it makes. A new opportunity for a demonstration of her growing taste has recently occurred, and has given rise to a movement in certain influential quarters, the occasion and purpose of which are as follows. Bristol, with a love of Art that takes many forms of expression, is yet somewhat behind cities of her class in out-door monuments which can be referred to the Art category. With the exception of an antiquated statue of King William III., in Queen Square, she has no representative in any of her streets or squares of that particular branch, which, in the person of one of her own citizens, she has contributed so much to illustrate. The fine open space recently formed in front of the Victoria Rooms,—midway between Bristol and Clifton,—by the demolition of the petty buildings which encroached on it, and the bringing, as a result, into common view the graceful modern elevations that surround the site, have pointed it out as almost challenging some conspicuous central ornament of the kind alluded to, for the purpose of completing this great civic improvement. Arrangements are, we understand, making for an appeal to the public, in order that this project may be carried out by means of a general subscription.

THE COUNCIL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS has resolved to persevere in its efforts to form in London an exhibition of works of Art-manufacture, and also of "Music and Painting," in the year 1861. Although we have more of apprehension than of confidence in the result, and would prefer to postpone the procedure for a few years—probably until 1871, although we may not expect to live to see it—if the project is to be carried out we shall aid it to the best of our ability.

THE GREEN PARK.—During the discussion in the House of Commons, on a question raised by Lord Elcho, to prevent a further desecration of the Green Park, Sir Benjamin Hall was hardly enough to defend the monstrous mass of ugly iron called a "suspension-bridge," which continues to deface the most graceful of our parks. We do not believe the late chief commissioner of works thinks as he says: he cannot by any possibility describe that a beauty which all who see it consider a deformity; especially when he compares it with the bridge that crosses the Thames at Chelsea. A public subscription for its removal would be a success.

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—Mr. Charles Dickens has engaged to preside at the Annual Festival on the 8th of May: we hope therefore he will be as he ought to be, well and properly supported; and that Artists will not permit the accomplished man of letters to see—what we have too often seen—their apathy in the cause he is to advocate. We trust there will be a large gathering; and that the results will be great in proportion.

THE INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS AND THE GOVERNMENT.—We are glad to find, that the artists, in their respective bodies, are at length bestirring themselves in their own cause, and no longer leave to the press the unaided task of remonstrating on their behalf, and on behalf of the great public interests involved, against the repeated acts of injustice committed by the governments of this country where they are concerned. The sculptors, as we know, have taken steps of more kinds than one, for the purpose of indoctrinating ministers, and other persons in authority, as to the true principles of Art-competition, so long taught and urgently enforced by this *Journal*; and the Royal Institute of British Architects, by means of a spirited memorial addressed to the Chief Commissioner of Public Works and the Minister at War, and of an important deputation of their body to the same ministers for the purpose of personally enforcing its views, have conveyed their remonstrance against that determination of the late Lords of the Treasury, to employ Mr. Pennethorne on the work for which some of them had competed, and he had *not*,—to which we refer this week in another place,—as also



against the breach of faith of which the profession has to complain in the matter of the barrack-competition. The argument of the Institute is that with which we have made our readers thoroughly familiar. They affirm, that the Government programmes held out the inducement of immediate, and the prospect of contingent, honour and profit to those architects whose designs might be pronounced the best for the several objects in question,—and that, architects of high standing, on these combined inducements, accepted the ministerial invitations, and made large sacrifices of time, talent, and money. The setting aside by Government, with a high hand, of the awards actually made; and, with the prize designs thus obtained in their possession, looking *outside* the competition for some favoured artist to execute the works for which the designers competed, they characterise as breach of faith:—and we add, it is a breach of morality. The public have this further interest in the matter,—that, besides the breach of faith and of morality, the course in question is a means of paralysing the growth of the national Arts, as far as the Government can. The architects say, as we have said, that if it shall be,—as may well happen,—for any good and sufficient reason, inexpedient to execute, in whole or in part, the particular design chosen for premiums, as originally sent in,—still, the test of merit has been applied and answered, and the successful competitors are the proper parties to be consulted as to any necessary deviations from the plans, or to make new designs embodying such changes as may be needful.—But the whole thing, we repeat, is beaten ground for our readers,—and is again treated by us in another part of our Journal to-day, of which the subject is the Wellington Monument. Once more, then, we say, we rejoice that the artists themselves are up and doing. Such aid as we can bring to their cause, at all times, shall not be wanting; and we recommend them, once for all, to get together their friends, and take the opinion of Parliament on all these matters.

**NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—The trustees appointed to carry out the objects of this new national institution are not very demonstrative; and Parliament, whose action in matters of Art is somewhat spasmodic, does not seem to think there is any necessity that it should inform itself as to the manner in which its own delegations are carried out. It does appear to ourselves, that the proceedings of this commission, so far as they are appreciable, scarcely furnish any very lively illustration of the strength of the arguments on which the importance of the institution in question, and the appeal to parliament in its favour, were made to rest. We cannot perceive, that, with their second grant of £2000, and the time in their hands since it was granted, which should leave them pretty nearly ready to come to the country for a third, the trustees have yet done what they might to lay the basis of a National Portrait Gallery in such a manner as to exhibit anything like a scheme. The love of the casual and provisional, which runs through all our old growths of the kind, seems to be infusing the seed of a palsying influence into the young veins of this new institution. We think, a parliamentary alternative might be useful at the season of the next grant. As we have again and again said, the moderate annual money allotment bestowed on this object, can go but a very little way in the purchase of original portraits,—these may for the present be left to the spirit of private contribution, which all high national objects in this country largely command;—but the sum might do much, judiciously used, towards preparing, by means of good copies, that national framework into which all such contributions, however detached and fragmentary for a time, will finally fit. It is evident, that the following list of portraits is—a *list of portraits*; not any part of an intelligible plan, laid down with a view to relations and proportions:—Sir Walter Raleigh—Speaker Leithall—Dr. Richard Mead—Horne Tooke—Handel—Dr. Parr—Thomson, the poet—The Countess de Grammont (!)—Arthur Murphy (!)—Shakspeare (the Chandos portrait)—Lord Torrington—Earl Stanhope—Archbishop Wake—Bishop Warburton—Sir William Wyndham—The Earl of Oxford—The Earl of Cadogan—Richard Cumberland—Huskisson—Spencer Perceval—Wilberforce—Stothard, the Royal Academician—Lord Sidmouth. It will be seen, that, as a question

of precedence, we might have placed our notes of admiration against half the names in this catalogue. If this collection could be supposed to be the work of the trustees, then, we should have to declare, that, in their sweep over the field of British historic constellation they have only as yet discovered the minor stars. The list plainly bespeaks its origin in casual contribution,—and as casualties, the portraits are one and all welcome. But, what, then, have the trustees been doing?—We know perfectly well all the objections that may be, and have been, urged against system-mongering;—but we have a leaning towards system, nevertheless. The absence of system lets in caprice,—and caprice deforms our national institutions more than anything else. Give caprice its full swing,—and it is, itself, capable of presenting Arthur Murphy as the peer of Shakspeare, and giving the Countess de Grammont for a mate to Sir Walter Raleigh.

**MR. MORRIS MOORE'S ALLEGED "RAFFAELLE."**—The Paris journalists and *cognoscenti* are just now in a state of great excitement respecting the picture of "Apollo and Marceyas," purchased by Mr. Morris Moore, at Messrs. Christie and Manson's, in 1850, and which general opinion in Paris pronounces to be "a genuine Raffaele." Independent of the judgment in its favour given by the Parisian connoisseurs, the authenticity of the picture has been established, it is said, by comparing it with a photograph taken from a drawing of the Apollo, known to be by Raffaele, in the Academy of the Fine Arts, at Venice, which photograph Mr. Moore has only very recently been able to procure.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—The season has commenced with a very attractive programme, in which we find Art occupying a conspicuous place. We rejoice to know that Mr. Lumley begins "the year" under circumstances very favourable to him. There is no one who has a better right to that success, which usually follows the "deserving;" and we feel assured he may calculate on a continuance of the public favour he has so long enjoyed.

**THE STANDARD** has contained a letter concerning artists whose works have been rejected by the Royal Academy, and advising artists so circumstanced to have an exhibition of such rejected pictures. We have long ago shown the utter impracticability of such a scheme—there are many weighty reasons against it. But every year the demand for space increases: it is a deplorable fact that the rooms in Trafalgar Square cannot contain more than half the works sent for exhibition; and it is certain, that among the rejected, there are many admirable productions.

**MR. JAMES FOGO** has written to the *Observer*, to complain that while the charter of the Society of British Artists permits them to elect sixty members, it actually consists of no more than thirty; and requiring that its numbers be increased. We imagine there are more obstacles in the way than those upon which the writer calculates; and that the real difficulty arises, not from any unwillingness on the part of the society, but from reluctance on the part of artists whose adhesion would be beneficial.

**COVENT GARDEN "NEW" THEATRE** will open, it is said, on the 15th of May. We know that modern builders of lath and plaster can work as Aladdin did with his lamp; and it is possible that a structure, which on the 15th of April has neither roof nor interior fittings, may within a month from that date be ready for the reception of a thousand guests. But we imagine no little courage will be manifested by those who trust themselves so early within its walls. While a "new" theatre has been erecting in the miserable neighbourhood of Bow Street, the theatre in Drury Lane has been in a wretched plight: there is no chance of its falling into good hands, so as to be of any value to the Drama—under what circumstances, therefore, prosperity is expected for its rival we cannot possibly conceive. Our sympathy may surely be given, by anticipation, to those who have embarked money in the undertaking.

**THE LATE MR. W. HAVELL.**—We have been requested to state that the sale of the pictures and drawings left by this artist, which was advertised to take place in February last, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, has been postponed to the present month.

**THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PICTURES** opened at the gallery, Pall Mall, on the 22nd of the past month.

## REVIEWS.

**ART-TREASURES OF THE UNITED KINGDOM;** consisting of Selections from the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition of 1857. Published by DAY & SON. London.

The magnificent collection of works of Art gathered together in Manchester, last year, has, like the productions of industrial art which were exhibited in Hyde Park in 1851, been again dispersed, and each individual object is once more placed in the security and silence of its appointed home. Thanks, however, to the enterprising spirit of Messrs. Day and Son, the public is not left without some worthy record of what was exhibited on both these occasions; they are following up their well-known splendid work, entitled, "The Industrial Arts of the Nineteenth Century," by one of a similar character, illustrating a large number of the Art-treasures seen in Manchester, which come under the denomination of "Decorative Art." The series includes sculpture, ceramic, metallic, vitreous, and textile productions. The work is edited by, or under the direction of, Mr. J. B. Waring, and the plates are executed in chromolithography by Mr. F. Bedford.

About fifty plates—out of one hundred, to which the work will extend—have now been published, and we cannot speak too approvingly of the judgment that has directed the choice of subjects, nor of the manner in which the works have been copied. We are not, however, prepared to say that the plates are superior to those in Messrs. Day's preceding publication—it ought to satisfy all reasonable expectations that they are on an equality: this no one will doubt. Perhaps, however, the new series loses something in importance by comparison, from the plates being on a smaller scale.

What a book of study and reference for the Art-manufacturer will this be when completed! What excuse can hereafter be offered for inartistic, tasteless productions, with such models as these to serve as examples? Turning over *ad libitum* the leaves of the twenty-six parts on our table, we feel at once the impossibility of giving anything like a detailed catalogue, much less a criticism, of their contents; we can but point out a few subjects, just to show the general character of the work:—A richly-decorated or-molu cabinet, inlaid with porcelain, the property of Charles Mills, Esq.; an Indian Helmet and Arms, elaborately ornamented, from the collection of the East India Company; a carved wood frame, in the style of the Flemish Renaissance, exceedingly bold in design, the property of George Field, Esq.; Palissy ware, from the Soulaiges Collection, and from that of O. Coope, Esq.; Limoges enamels, belonging to different owners; enamel ewers of Limoges, of the sixteenth century; an Augsburg clock, the property of her Majesty; portions of an ivory cabinet of the fourteenth century; Italian table and chairs of the sixteenth century; a Limoges enamel plaque of the same date, by Jean Courteys, the property of Sir A. Rothschild—a work as beautiful as it is unique; a bone and wood cabinet, Venetian, of the fourteenth century, the property of Col. Meyrick—extremely elegant in design; a vase in Urbino ware, dated 1687, the property of Messrs. Hewett; a group of Renaissance jewellery, &c.; a Latea salver, from the Soulaiges Collection, and a Damascened inkstand, belonging to G. Stedman, Esq., both works of the sixteenth century, and of Italian make, most elaborately ornamented; an Italian silver-gilt cup of the sixteenth century, the property of the Earl of Warwick, richly embossed; a group of Sevres porcelain, part belonging to her Majesty, and part to the Duke of Portland; tapestry of the fifteenth century, from the Soulaiges Collection; porcelain of Chelsea and of Worcester; embroidered bobinet scarf from Delhi, contributed by the East India Company; an embroidered Indian book-cover, from the same source; a Viennese porcelain plate, very exquisite, from the collection of J. Addington, Esq.; tapestry from Hampton Court; a buhl French cabinet, of the latter part of the seventeenth century, the property of her Majesty; an Indian saddle-cloth; Urbino plate and bottle of the seventeenth century; Indian embroidery in gold on muslin; Hispano-Moorish vase, from the Soulaiges Collection; groups of Venetian glass; Majolica plates of the sixteenth century, the property of Lord Hastings; the armour of Alfonso, Duke of Ferrara, time of the sixteenth century, from the Meyrick Collection; an ivory tankard of the seventeenth century, belonging to P. H. Howard, Esq.

This enumeration, made at random, will suffice to indicate the variety of the selection introduced into the work. The historical and descriptive essays, having reference to the arts represented, are written respectively by Messrs. G. Scharf, jun., J. C. Robinson, A. W. Franks, Digby Wyatt, Owen Jones, and J. B. Waring; a large number of wood engravings are interspersed among the text. The publishers



are fully justified in the expectations they formed, as set forth in the prospectus announcing the publication, that it "will spread far and wide the valuable lessons to be learned from the Exhibition, and constitute a standard and lasting record of it."

**CHRIST TEACHING HUMILITY.—THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.** Published by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, Edinburgh.

The Scottish Association, as other societies of a similar nature have done, commits a great mistake in issuing so large an engraving as this from Mr. R. S. Lauder's picture of "Christ teaching Humility." We have before pointed out the impolicy of producing such works; the print becomes almost valueless to many on account of the cost of framing it, and we know that not a few individuals are deterred from subscribing to Art-Union societies from this cause. An engraving that would cost a couple of guineas, to place even in a tolerably plain frame, is a matter of consideration with a large number of those who would like to possess it, but cannot afford the expense entailed by the hanging. Quality ought to be with every Art-patron, whatever his means, of far greater importance than quantity; and although we have not much fault to find with Mr. Eggleton's work, we have no doubt he would have produced a better engraving, had it been two-thirds of the size, for the same money he has received for this: and we have as little doubt that a large majority of the subscribers would have been better pleased, although the print is a kind of "gift" to those who have subscribed the sum of five guineas to the association in one or more payments.

The picture has been presented to the Scottish National Gallery by the association; the composition is of great merit, viewed either artistically or in relation to the subject represented; there is also an originality in the treatment which is very striking: one figure, however, we could wish to have been omitted, it is that of an aged Israelite seated at the extreme right-hand of the group; a large and ponderous figure, that "cuts" into the composition and draws the eye away from its main features; its introduction does not seem to have been necessary for any purpose of real value. The figures, generally, are well-studied and characteristic in expression; the least pleasing and impressive is that of the "Great Teacher;" it is too earthly, and wants that spirituality of aspect which we find in many of the pictures by the early Italian painters, who succeeded in giving to the features of Christ a sacred beauty which the moderns almost invariably cannot, or do not, reach.

The principal fault we find in Mr. Eggleton's engraving is its intense heaviness, and the hardness of outline seen in several of the faces; the distance is brought forward almost as prominently as the foreground, and the white clouds overlap the massive walls, and by their brightness distract the attention from the main point of the picture. The figures in the centre of the group are beautifully engraved; a little more refinement in the flesh of the nearest female would have rendered this object almost perfect. The subject is one of much interest, is honourable to the talents of Mr. Lauder as an historical painter, and is in every way worthy of being perpetuated by the aid of the graver: we only regret that Mr. Eggleton has not employed his tools with somewhat more of delicacy and with greater regard to harmony.

The "Soldier's Return" is a series of six engravings, illustrating Burns's song, commencing—

"When wild war's deadly blast was blown," &c.;

they are from drawings made expressly for the work by Mr. John Faed, R.S.A., and are engraved respectively by Messrs. Lumb Stocks, A.R.A., J. Stephenson, and H. Lemon, each of whom has executed two; but the pair by Mr. Stocks undoubtedly bear off the palm of victory; Mr. Lemon's second plate, with a little more clearing out of the middle distance, might be placed *pari passu* with these. Mr. Faed's compositions are most pleasing, graceful in character, tender and truthful in feeling, and, though the subjects have what may be called a melodramatic tendency, he has treated them without any overwrought sentiment; but he has failed in maintaining throughout the individuality of "My ain dear Willie." In the plate where he catches the first glimpse of his native village on his return from the wars, he appears a man of middle age—one who has stormed the "deadly breach," and whose face shows he has passed through a long service of campaigning: in the last plate, where mutual recognition takes place between him and "Nancy," he is the young soldier once more, as spruce as if he had just left the barrack-room for parade duty. Perhaps, however, Mr. Faed means us to infer that the pleasurable meeting has turned the sun-dial of the "soger's" years many degrees backward.

We are quite sure this very pretty volume will be appreciated by the last year's subscribers to the Scottish Association, for whom it is intended. For those of the present year, Mr. Lemon is engraving Mr. Burr's picture of "The Politicians"—a troop of juveniles busy over an old newspaper.

**LECTURES AND ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, HISTORICAL, TOPOGRAPHICAL, AND ARTISTIC.** By WILLIAM SIDNEY GIBSON, Esq. Published by LONGMAN, London; ROBINSON, Newcastle-upon-Tyne. 1858.

Mr. Sidney Gibson has established himself at Newcastle, on the Scottish border. He is by profession a barrister, an archaeologist in his taste, and in faith a Roman Catholic. He is also a fluent writer, and he loves writing. The volume before us indicates a comprehensive versatility in the genius of its author, which leads him to deal with very varied subjects with equal care. This volume consists of a collection of lectures and essays, repeatedly read in public, but not before published, together with a group of similar papers reprinted from various periodicals and newspapers, including an essay on "Church Bells," which attracted considerable attention when it first appeared in the pages of the *Quarterly Review*, in September, 1854. Mr. Gibson has a pleasant manner of touching lightly upon topics which are, in reality, sufficiently attractive to claim a more impressive system of treatment; and he continually gives promises of producing much that would be of sterling value, if he would but go on and realise what he has led his readers to expect. Unhappily, however, he is either not very profound in his archaeology and general learning, or there inevitably comes over him the influence of his faith, which constrains him, whatever his subject, to assume the character of a champion of Rome. Hence there is a kind of special pleading, even in his descriptions of scenery, which sadly mars their proper effect; while in his more direct dealing with subjects that are open to either controversy or association with Rome, he does not hesitate to throw aside all disguise, and practically to avow his aim. This is the more to be regretted, because it has evidently warped the writer's own mind, at the same time that his productions have thus either failed to become what otherwise they might have been, or they constrain the impartial reader to regard them with a certain degree of suspicion. Mr. Gibson has published several other works, of which one is a "History of Tynemouth," on an important scale. This history, and its companion volumes, are distinguished by the same characteristics with the lectures and essays before us.

The first "Lecture" is on "Poetry and the Fine Arts," and it exhibits more of the better and nobler qualities of the author, and less of his imperfections, than any other of his writings, with the sole exception of his essay on "Church Bells," which is really a very able, as well as a highly interesting, production. Mr. Gibson takes a high view of the functions and capabilities of the Arts, regarding them "as ambassadors from on high, divinely commissioned to sway every mood of the human heart," and he accordingly claims for them a consideration that falls little short of homage. The Gothic he considers to be the most perfect style of architecture, and he expresses his admiration for this great style in his customary fervid manner: yet Mr. Gibson has shown that he really is master of the spirit of Gothic Art in but a slight degree, for he cannot understand the power of mediæval sculpture, and he is eloquent in his laudation of the Duke of Northumberland's very noble, but very mistaken, adoption of the Renaissance of Italy as the style for the interior fittings of his essentially mediæval castle of Alnwick. Another of Mr. Gibson's good and useful papers is a lecture upon the "Historians and Literature of the Middle Ages," in which Matthew Paris, the pride of St. Albans, and the "almost mythic Gildas," receive their due meed of honour; and the value to the student of history of such records as "the household accounts of the good Queen Eleanor" is clearly shown. "Londoniana" also is another interesting paper, replete with curious matter respecting the earlier days of the metropolis. The volume concludes with several brief essays on topics primarily of a legal character, but which all prove to radiate from the same centre of Romanist advocacy. If Mr. Gibson would but write as an archaeologist—or, if he will, as a lawyer—without the ever-present special pleading of his faith, we could with much more satisfaction take up any of his volumes ourselves, and recommend them. As it is, we are compelled to remind our readers that the productions of this gentleman must always be read with the caution which goes far to destroy the satisfaction of all reading.

**SOME OBSERVATIONS UPON THE RECENT ADDITION OF A READING-ROOM TO THE BRITISH MUSEUM; WITH PLANS, SECTIONS, AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIVE DOCUMENTS.** By WM. HOSKING, Architect and Civil Engineer. Published by E. STANFORD, 6, Charing Cross, London.

The question of original invention, and the consequent just claim for due credit and honour, in the case of any new work of importance, is one that has very often been raised without attaining to satisfactory results; and it is to be feared that in many such cases it will be raised again, with precisely the same general issue. In any particular instance, however, where evidence is clear and conclusive in itself, and is set forth fairly and without prejudice, it will always be incumbent upon the critic to seek to promote what he must feel to be strict justice.

The new reading-room to the British Museum has both claimed and received the unreserved approbation of judges in such matters, and also of the general public. The authorship of the design, and of the plan upon which the design itself was based, consequently involves no slight amount of valuable reputation. The essay before us claims for its author that reputation, and asserts that the popular impression—that the felicitous idea originated with the chief librarian, Mr. Panizzi—is founded on a misconception of the real facts. We have carefully considered Mr. Hosking's statements and compared them with the evidence that accompanies them, and we are bound to declare that he appears to us to have established a decided claim to the distinction which has been withheld from him. That is to say, we consider Mr. Hosking to have made out and proved, that the first idea of such a new reading-room as is now in existence, originated with himself, and not with Mr. Panizzi; and also that this idea was promulgated by him in such a manner that Mr. Panizzi might, and indeed must, have been cognizant of it. This opinion does not touch upon the deservedly high honour that has been won by Mr. Smirke, for producing the actual structure with such complete success. Neither does it in any respect or degree involve the adoption of the general views advocated by Mr. Hosking upon the subject of the arrangements of the national museum, or recognise this gentleman's theory, that the Pantheon at Rome is necessarily the only perfect model of proportion in a circular domical edifice. We do not propose now to touch upon the subject of "general arrangements" in our national museum; nor is it necessary to discuss at any length the proportions of the Pantheon. Without thinking of detracting from the high reputation enjoyed by this celebrated structure, we may observe, that difference of application in most instances involves some difference both in plan and proportion; and consequently, a reading-room covered by a dome may be perfect in its proportions, without assimilating in any very close degree to a domical temple. We believe the reading-room as it stands to be an architectural work of the highest excellence; and we believe also that Mr. Hosking was the first person to propose that such a building should be erected in connection with the British Museum.

**THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM OF PRUSSIA.** Lithographed from the Portrait by WINTERHALTER. Published by SACHSE & Co., Berlin; DROSTEN, ALLAN, & Co., London.

Of the many portraits of the royal lady which have appeared, this certainly conveys to us the most faithful representation of her mild and intelligent features: but it is something beyond a portrait; it is a picture of more than ordinary elegance. The Princess is habited in evening costume, walking on a terrace in the cool of the evening, for the moon is just showing herself in the horizon through the mist that envelops the distance. We have rarely seen a mere portrait treated with so much poetical feeling as this is; while the work of the lithographer exhibits a union of delicacy and force that only a master of the crayon could achieve.

**THE GENERA OF BRITISH MOTHS.** By H. NOEL HUMPHREYS. Part I. Published by P. JERRARD, London.

This work will undoubtedly address itself to a far larger class of readers than the scientific entomologist. Each part will contain three plates, in chromolithography, of moths and butterflies, "with the caterpillars on the plants on which they are generally found." The beauty of these plates, as they are seen in this, the first number, cannot fail to attract attention; while the descriptions, written in a simple and popular style, are no less interesting than instructive.

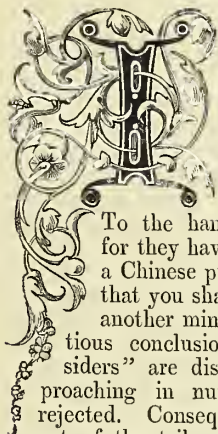


## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1858.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.



It is said that the present exhibition is the best that has been seen in the Academy for some years; but it is not considered that the works of the greatest pretensions are the most worthy. To the hangers all honour is due; for they have covered the walls like a Chinese puzzle; the defiance being that you shall not find room for even another miniature—a most conscientious conclusion. But yet the “outsiders” are dissatisfied that works approaching in number 1800, have been rejected. Consequently the draft on the part of the tribunal of judgment was sufficiently large, but the hangers could not fully and entirely honour it. On its first establishment, the Academy was considered a necessity; it has long since become a mere expediency; so bound round is it by collateral expediences, that justice is admitted by its members to be impossible; yet while inflicting its necessary wrongs, its courts of inquisition and execution sympathisingly declare, that the suffering may not be all on the side of their victims—that they themselves are agonised beyond the power of expression. This is not incredible, if, as we are told, even the most hardened malefactors are within reach of some echo of the voice of conscience. But it is a venerable tradition: the slaughter of the innocents is now a recognised institution; the victims through the halls of the Academy, shaking their gory locks at the priests of the sacrifice, each of whom is fain to say,—“It was not I—it was they—the forty sages.”

The complaint, we say, is inveterate: shall we not, therefore, repeat it year by year, until that which is wont to be regarded as the citadel of Art shall be set in order? There are hung pictures of very inferior merit, to the exclusion of works of rare excellence; and there are pictures of superior character placed out of sight, while others of positive inferiority are paraded in excellent places. If Mr. Ex-commissioner Yeh would have consented to act with an ex-lord chancellor and any leading member of the Jockey Club whose time hung heavily on his hands, there might, upon such occasion, have been more sterling justice in the hanging than there has been for the last ten years. We could protest on the evidence of individual cases; we could unfold the grievance by appeal to the evidence of works, names, and reputations; we could mention startling instances of rejection, but we know that in thus doing, we should aggravate the evil we seek to remedy.

We have often had occasion to speak of the descending tone of subject-matter which cha-

acterises our exhibitions. This impression is this year more forcible in relation to the Royal Academy than we have ever before experienced it. The picture of the season is ‘The Derby Day,’ by Frith; and when we remember that this work, directly and indirectly, picture and copyright, will return to the artist something like £3000, we cannot regard ‘The Derby Day’ otherwise than as an accurate indication of public taste. It contains the material for twenty pictures, and has cost the painter an inconceivable sum for models. It will be advertised and exhibited in town and country, and will eventually return a rich premium to the print-publisher. Such is “the picture” of the exhibition; the tone of the subject is essentially vulgar, and no supremacy of execution can redeem it. Glancing round the East Room, in which generally the most remarkable works are placed—the most aspiring themes by members of the Academy—we find ‘An Incident in the Life of Dante,’ by A. Elmore; ‘The Emperor of the French receiving the Order of the Garter at Windsor from her Majesty the Queen,’ by E. M. Ward; ‘Athalia’s dismay at the Coronation of Joash,’ S. A. Hart; ‘Subject from the Two Gentlemen of Verona,’ A. Elmore; ‘Jesus reproving his Disciples,’ C. R. Leslie; ‘The Interview between the Count de Belflor and Leonora de Cespides,’ C. Landseer, from Lesage; ‘The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon I., &c.,’ E. M. Ward; and ‘A Subject from Milton,’ W. E. Frost. These, which we select from a list of 265 works, the contents of the great room, are the most ambitious subjects treated by members of the Academy. Of the merits of the pictures individually we shall speak hereafter: thus to all this sack, have we but “one pennyworth of bread.” We have many times complained of the dearth of legitimate subjects of an aspiring character, yet never before have we seen such an entire dereliction of our rich and varied literature. But the living and moving panorama of characters set forth in our British classics must be beyond the powers of the mass of our figure-painters: perhaps they are too patent to criticism. The laborious dullness of our transcendental school seeks refuge in antique ballads and legends, or embodies the racking episodes of modern spasmodic verse. If one is original by accident, all the others follow in Indian file. One paints Evangeline, the Lady of Shallott, or some other conception of equal pnnegency, when, lo! there is a creation of fifty Evangelines and Ladies of Shallott; and so it is with every new vein of thought. Originality is not the adoption of a subject from a remote and unknown source; it is a new view of an old and common-place subject. But if the essays of the Academy itself be not exemplary, those of its disciples which may be unsatisfactory are scarcely censurable. The Academy, as the paramount Art institution, exhibits either too few or too many pictures. It exhibits too many, if it would exemplify only the principles which it professes to teach; and it exhibits too few, if it arrogates to itself the patronage of the rising school.

Other subjects painted by members of the Academy, not conceived in the spirit of what is termed “high Art,” are ‘Old Holland,’ Stanfield; ‘The High Altar of the Church of San Giovanni and Paolo, at Venice,’—a fine interior at Rome, and two others, by Roberts; ‘The Maid and the Magpie,’ and ‘Deerstalking,’ by Sir E. Landseer; ‘The Derby Day,’ by Frith; ‘Sunday Evening,’ and two other subjects, by Webster; a small wood scene by Redgrave. F. R. Pickersgill exhibits his diploma picture, and so does Elmore. Cope has painted two pictures, and Creswick several passages of river scenery. Egg has painted two pictures, Witherington three. Lee sends none; Cooke

exhibits several marine views; Poole one; F. Stone one; Horsley two; Hook three; Danby three; Frost one; T. S. Cooper three, and A. Cooper several; and with respect to pictorial competition, it is surprising how many non-combatants there are in the lists of the Academy. Time was, and that not long ago, when the works of many painters yet living were most anxiously expected; and when they came, they were received with admiration and respect. But their pictures are not now regarded as demonstrations of marvellous power. That which was at one time looked upon as the very perfection of execution, is now pronounced infirmity or slovenliness. We are living in an Art-crisis which denies us the privilege of saying that we have a school marked by a national manner. But it is certainly to the propagandism of what the elders of the profession consider as the new heresy, but what the juniors believe to be the saving faith, that we are indebted for the present improved exhibition. The pressure is felt from beneath, and the result shows a salutary action. There are no “Pre-Raffaellite” first-class works; Millais has two advanced, ‘The Crusader’s Return,’ and ‘Rose Leaves,’ but neither was ready for exhibition; and Hunt has entered the third year of labour on his scriptural subject. We cannot now dwell upon the progress and prospects of “Pre-Raffaellism,”—turn we therefore to the writing on the walls.

No. 8. ‘An Incident in the Life of Dante,’ A. ELMORE, R.A. This story is told by Boccaccio, being to the effect that one day passing a doorway, at which some women stood, one remarked—“That is the man who descends to the infernal regions and comes away when he likes, and then writes what he has seen.” There is no point in the subject, dispose the material as you will; there is Dante coming slowly along, and a group of women on the right, but we can by no means know what they say or think of him. The figure of Dante is unmistakable; we suppose him to be walking, but there is no movement in the figure. The artist places the incident near the Ponte Vecchio, on the Lungo l’Arno, whereas we have heard that it occurred on the Via Calceoli. We are told, moreover, that he looked and smelt smoky; he appears here just as if he had penned the very equivocal congratulation to the city of flowers:—

“Godi, Firenze poi che se’ sì grande  
Che per mare e per terra batti l’ali  
E per lo ’nferno il tuo nome si spande.”

No. 9. ‘The Rest by the Way,’ N. O. LUTPON. A pleasant landscape, but an unfortunately common-place title. It is an English scene, with a distant village on a hill; the foreground, with its trees and herbage, is faithfully laid down, and the painting attempts to describe the various trees—with success in some instances.

No. 14. ‘The High Altar of the Church of Santo Giovanni e Paolo, at Venice,’ D. ROBERTS, R.A. We are at once struck with the low colour of this interior; it is entirely worked out in warm middle tones, without any attempt at forcing an effect. The whole is materially modified, as well in light and shade as in colour, for the church has more cold grey in it than we find here. We are taken back to the sixteenth century, and find the senate assembled in thanksgiving for some signal benefits to the republic. The space and proportions of the edifice are sufficiently ample.

No. 15. ‘Coblentz and Ehrenbreitstein from the Moselle,’ G. C. STANFIELD. The point whence this view is taken brings the “Gibraltar of the Rhine” into the middle of the picture, directly over the Moselbrücke; for we are placed on the left shore of the river. The picture is worked throughout with the utmost care.

No. 16. ‘View on the Esk, with Johnnie



Armstrong's Tower, Scottish Border,' W. D. KENNEDY. This is the poetry of colour, but the poetry of colour is not, always, more than any other poetry, the poetry of nature. Sir George Beaumont would not ask about the brown tree here. It is a mellow and harmonious essay, looking much like a resuscitation amid the greenery whereby it is surrounded.

No. 18. 'Old Holland,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The dominant quantity here is an old jetty upon piles—ancient, decayed, broken, mended, and broken again. We look at it from the beach, and it is immediately before us, with indications of a town beyond. The breakers, with the wind off the sea, roll heavily in, and there is rain to windward. At a little distance a ship is riding at anchor. It is an effective picture, realised from very meagre material.

No. 19. 'Scene from Thackeray's History of Henry Esmond, Esq.,' A. L. EGG, A. If a picture be meritorious, it matters little whence the subject is drawn; "The History of Henry Esmond, Esq.," is as good as any other eccentric source. The composition, which is somewhat scenic, shows a lady knightling a gentleman, who wears the military costume of the early part of the last century. The drawing is unexceptionable; the pose of the lady is graceful and natural, but the flesh tints want the light and warmth of life, and there is a certain hardness, especially in the left arm of Mrs. Beatrix, which leaves much to be desired: she gives the accolade with a certain turn of the wrist that bespeaks some practice in *quarte* and *tierce*. Two other figures—an aged dame and a young lady—are entering the room. The background is a wainscot, which is copied from a house at Kensington; before it, is a buffet, whereon are three gilt plates, which cannot be kept in their place, for they precede the heads. It is a dark picture, very vigorously painted.

No. 20. 'General Buonaparte on his Voyage to Egypt, 1798, holding a discussion with the Savans,' C. LUCY. The scene is the deck of the *Orient*, on which are assembled Monge, Berthollet, Geoffroy St. Hilaire, Larrey, Desgenettes, Denon, &c. &c., all of these impersonations being portraits. The subject of conversation is religion; the entire circle are materialists. Napoleon alone standing, and raising his hands upwards, declares his belief in a Creator, "Vous avez beau dire, messieurs; qui a fait tout cela?" Those of the portraits that we know are at once recognisable.

No. 29. 'The Bluidye Tryste,' J. N. PATON. To paint many such pictures as this no one may hope, for, alas! life is short. This canvas is a living herbarium, that will flourish ever fresh and fair despite the vicissitudes of the seasons. But the story—aye, the story; it is from "The Harte and Hynde," and would tell of a lady who caused the death of her lover: but the whole of the circumstances are imperfectly set forth. He lies prostrate, wounded to the death by a dagger, and she is now in an agony of despair at what she has done. They wear the costume of the fifteenth century. It is affectation to speak of the success with which the figures and the draperies are finished—even of the relations and expression of the figures; these are entirely superseded by the vegetation of the spot, past which flows a bubbling and garrulous streamlet—a "bit burnie," on the banks whereof is produced every species of weed, and so transplanted to the canvas in a manner scrupulously botanical. The marvels of the picture are too numerous for description; it is sufficient to say that the whole is realised with a softness unknown in what is termed "Pre-Raffaellite" Art. The work amply upholds the high reputation of the accomplished painter.

No. 30. 'Feeding the Chicks,' G. SMITH. Two children, circumstanced in an open com-

position, and engaged according to the title. A work of much merit.

No. 33. 'The Strange Gentleman,' F. SMALLFIELD. A group of a girl and a child, remarkable for the skilful management of the lights. This artist has before him a high destiny.

No. 35. 'The Emperor of the French receiving the Order of the Garter from her Majesty the Queen,' E. M. WARD, R.A. This work, which has been executed by command of her Majesty, includes portraits of the Prince Consort, the Empress of the French, the Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal, the Duke of Cambridge, the Prince of Leiningen, the Duke and Duchess of Wellington, Lady Canning, Lord Aberdeen, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earl de Grey, the Earl of Ellesmere, the Bishop of Oxford, the Dean of Windsor, and Master Phipps. It may be supposed that the disposition of a number of figures in such a manner as to present them in portraiture, is an object by no means facile of accomplishment; it has been effected here so judiciously that the usual stiffness of portraiture is considerably obviated. Her Majesty is in the act of investing the Emperor, and the personages named above occupy positions on each side of the table. We cannot but lament, however, that the time and talent of this admirable artist were not occupied on a theme more congenial: his acknowledged powers are not for works of this class.

No. 36. 'Portrait of his sister, the late Miss Chalon,' A. E. CHALON, R.A. All who see this portrait must lament the infatuation which could prompt its exhibition.

No. 37. 'Miss Annie Moseley,' H. MOSELEY. A portrait of a young lady, extremely sweet in expression.

No. 38. 'Digby, son of the Rev. Dr. I. F. Hawker English,' S. COLE. Head and bust of a little boy: remarkably brilliant in colour.

No. 49. 'Kate,' T. F. DICKSEE.

*Pet.*—We have 'greed so well together  
That upon Saturday is the wedding day.  
*Kath.*—I'll see thee hanged on Sunday first.

Such is the text, and the expression of the lady coincides with her words; but it is not a grateful subject.

No. 51. 'Lilies and Roses—Constantinople,' J. F. LEWIS. In this small picture, with all its beauties, there is a certain infirmity which betrays the transition from water to oil. If the flowers and foliage were more full, and more generous in texture and in colour, the whole would be incomparably more brilliant, with more of nature and less of manner. It is a small, very highly-finished picture, representing one of the most distinguished inmates of the harem of some wealthy pacha gathering roses amid a wilderness of sweets.

No. 52. 'Upward Gazing,' C. W. COPE, R.A. This is a study of a young mother with her infant in her arms. The face of the child is turned upwards, and she looks fixedly at some object not in the picture. With other excellent qualities, the picture is simple and natural, and entirely successful.

No. 54. 'The sorrowful days of Evangeline,' W. GALE.

"Over Evangeline's face, at the words of Basil, a shade  
passed:  
Tears came into her eyes, and she said with a tremulous  
accent,—  
'Gone! is Gabriel gone?'"

This is a splendid miniature, surpassing even enamel in softness and brilliancy; but it is much to be regretted that such execution should be thrown away on such a subject. Of No. 90, 'The happy days of Evangeline,' also by Mr. Gale, the same objection applies. The artist has of late made a marvellous advance; let him essay loftier themes, and he will be more honourably successful.

No. 59. 'Fairy Tales,' W. C. T. DOBSON. These 'Fairy Tales' are the amusement of a little girl who is seated on a sofa; she is absorbed in contemplation of the wondrous pictures. The head is really worthy of all praise, but in the doll's eyes there is a speculation too prompt.

No. 60. 'Summer,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. The scene is a hayfield, the foreground being a small section shut in by a screen of trees, and here is disposed on the grass a rustic family. The father is extended on the grass playing with one of the children, having just finished his dinner, which has been brought to him by his wife. These figures have all the merit and sweetness of character which Mr. Webster invariably imparts to his conceptions.

No. 61. 'Sir Edward Kerrison, Bart., M.P.,' G. RICHMOND, A. This is a presentation portrait, the gift of "neighbours and tenantry;" it is a full-length, introducing the subject standing. The white waistcoat is the fascinating passage of the work.

No. 67. 'A Ford across an English River, the cattle by T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. A large landscape; a bright and broad daylight composition, in which the stream flows horizontally in the nearest site. The cattle—a herd of cows—are in the water, having been driven down a lane flanked with trees, which goes into the composition perpendicularly to the watercourse. In order to keep the plan as low as possible, and secure the largest amount of sky, the horizon is kept low; this, with the manner in which the scene is brought together, gives us the feeling of standing on high ground—an impossibility.

No. 70. 'Interior, with figures, North Wales,' A. PROVIS. A small picture, the subject of which is one of those rude old cottages which look so well in pictures that they seem to be a never-ending series.

No. 71. 'Near Dunblane, Perthshire,' G. SANT. A small stream, making its way with difficulty over a course obstructed by stones, and densely embowered overhead by masses of foliage impenetrable to the light. This is the error of the picture—it has no relief.

No. 72. 'Dr. Monro,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. The subject is an aged gentleman, very naturally painted, and without any of the technical qualifications which mask rather than realise a study of this kind. Sir J. W. Gordon looks at colour for himself, and not through the distemping glasses of a manner.

No. 73. 'Lady Colebrook,' F. GRANT, R.A. The lady wears black, and is seated in an easy attitude, relieved by an open background: the every-day simplicity of the study is unexceptionable.

No. 78. 'H.R.H. the Prince Consort,' J. PHILLIP, A. This is a full-length portrait, presenting his Royal Highness in the Highland garb in a landscape composition, with Balmoral in the distance. It has been commissioned by the city of Aberdeen. It is a good portrait and an agreeable likeness: while all the accessories are admirably wrought.

No. 79. 'Athaliah's dismay at the Coronation of Joash,' S. A. HART, R.A. This "historical" composition is of the historical size, that is, it is a gallery picture, and certainly the best work Mr. Hart has produced. The coronation is being proceeded with on the right of the spectator. Joash is enthroned, and surrounded by the priests who conduct the ceremony. Athaliah enters the sacred enclosure on the left, but, according to the command of Jehoiada, she is seized and put to death. The tone of the composition is very different from what it would have been in the good old times of Greek faces and Greek draperies. The artist avails himself of the Nineveh discoveries; and the nationality of all the impersonations is Hebrew. The effect is



simple, but powerful; and throughout, the execution is most conscientious.

No. 80. 'Venice from the Giudecca,' E. A. GOODALL. From the Giudecca we view the Riva dei Schiavoni, and the line of buildings from the Grand Canal to Danieli's. When we see this oft-painted subject, we wonder that Canaletti could have lingered so long in the less worthy watery ways of the city. True, he has painted the palace and the prison, the library, and all the adjacent edifices; but instead of half-a-dozen pictures here, he might have painted fifty.

No. 82. 'Mrs. Hearsey,' Sir W. C. ROSS, R.A. A portrait in oil has not been a frequent achievement of this distinguished miniaturist. This is not an exception to the general truth that transitions from one material, or class of subject to another, are rarely felicitous.

No. 87. 'The Lord Chief Justice of England,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. A very striking likeness, but we have never seen the Lord Chief Justice with such an *abandon* in his general *tenué*.

No. 88. 'On the Greta,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. The landscapes of this painter have always much the appearance of garden or park scenery; this section of the river looks as if it were flowing through "home grounds." The trees are lofty, and there is a very natural sway in the fall of their branches.

No. 89. 'The Doctor's Visit,' J. CLARK. The patient is a boy, who sits, supported by pillows, in an easy chair; the doctor sits near him, and his grandmother listens very anxiously to the fiat. The breadth of the composition is destroyed by the pictures that hang on the wall. The figures are, however, extremely vigorous; by the manner in which they are lighted they become round and substantial, and the argument is pointedly set forth; yet we think it falls short of the excellence of the picture of last year.

No. 92. 'An Amateur,' C. ROSSITER. This is a question of hair-dressing. The operator, a village boy, has placed a bowl on the head of his companion, and proceeds to clip all round in full conviction of his skill. There is also a third figure—a spectator—a valuable accession to the composition, which is worked throughout with the utmost nicety of manipulation.

No. 94. 'The Stepping Stones,' C. W. COPE, R.A. The title is supported by a quotation from Wordsworth—

"Blushing she eyes the busy flood askance,  
To stop ashamed—too timid to advance;"

and the picture contains two figures, a country girl crossing a river by "the stepping stones," being reassured on her passage by a stalwart Highlander, who is fishing the pool with the fly. The timidity of the girl is happily dwelt upon.

No. 95. 'Lady Meux,' R. BUCKNER. A full-length portrait, in which the lady appears in a grey dress. The figure is not exaggerated to the unnatural length that some others of this painter's figures have exhibited.

No. 100. 'Ruth,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. A study of a half-length figure of the size of life, having in her hand some ears of corn, in order to identify the character.

No. 101. 'A Kibab Shop, Scutari, Asia Minor,' J. F. LEWIS. Mr. Lewis very rarely paints a figure in motion; the three or four Turks to whom we are introduced here are all seated, or reclining in a state of dreamy abstraction. The picture being thin and dry, bears allusion to water-colour practice; but it is finished with that stipple in which its author realises all his objects. All are somnolent save the pigeons at the door, and the cook within, who is making the kibabs. We are certain of the unimpeachable truth of the description.

No. 102. 'The Sunbeams,' T. FAED. This picture, on the contrary, is remarkable for the richness of its "impasto," but without any affectation of texture. The scene is a cottage, in which there are two women and an infant, standing in relation to each other as mother, child, and grandmother. The old woman is knitting, and the other holds the child, that is making an effort to catch a sunbeam on the wall. The features of the younger of the two women are inexpressibly sweet in colour and expression, and those of the elder are—as to reflected light, furrows, and all the indications of multiplied years—a most cunning essay. The incident is probable, and it is worked out to a charming result; but the light spot on the wall is not sufficiently like sunlight.

No. 103. 'Learning by Heart,' E. DAVIS. The student is a young rustic, who is seated on a chair, with his knees up and his head supported by both hands, and thus intently pores over his book: there is some originality and humour in the conception.

No. 114. 'An Arab of the Desert of Sinai,' J. F. LEWIS. From the breadth and amplitude of his draperies, we must receive him as a man of rank; if not, he is much too neat, for the ordinary sons of Ishmael are ragged and dirty. The figure is finished with the same minute manipulation in which the other works of Mr. Lewis are made out.

No. 115. 'Azaleas,' Miss A. F. MUTRIE. Very intense in colour, but not, we think, so carefully painted as some of the antecedent bouquets.

No. 116. 'The Noonday Sleep,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. The sleeper is a little girl, who seems to have come to the hayfield in charge of the mid-day meal of some of the haymakers who are seen on the other side of the hedge, for the near section of the plan is a wayside nook, shaded by trees: the relations of these two parts are satisfactorily established.

No. 117. 'Granny's Spectacles,' E. DAVIS. There are knowledge and experience in this picture, but it is to be regretted they should be thrown away on a subject so unworthy as a girl trying on her grandmother's spectacles.

No. 118. 'Al Duena,' J. PHILLIP, A. The interest of the character is lost if we do not find her in the exercise of her surveillance: the duena is accordingly in attendance on a lady young and—yes, pretty. Both are half-length figures, and they illustrate Mr. Phillip's Spanish experiences; it cannot be doubted that the impersonations are unimpeachably national.

No. 119. 'Sunday Evening,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. The title suggests that the spirit of this composition is devotional, and we find, accordingly, the family of an English yeoman assembled to hear a portion of Scripture read. On the left are seated the old people: these are the father and mother of the farmer, whose eyes are bent on the family Bible; on his right and left are his wife and children. Mr. Webster remains steadfast in that sentiment whereby he has won the suffrages of all lovers of Art. His works are not marked by any affectation of manner, and in the simplicity of his compositions we find no ingredient paraded as indispensable to the expediences of Art.

No. 120. 'Subject from the Two Gentlemen of Verona,' A. ELMORE, R.A. The persons present are the Duke, Valentine, and Silvia, according to the communication made by the Duke to Proteus in the first scene of the third act—

"This love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Happily when they have judged me fast asleep," &c.

The duke is seated in an easy chair with his feet thrown up; his eyes are open though his posture is that of sleep, from which he seems to be just awakened. By the side of his chair is Silvia, and behind the chair Valentine kissing

her hand. It is essentially a dark picture, very strong in positive colour, and everywhere evincing contempt for all the well-known pretty resources which are unfortunately too popular. This is Mr. Elmore's diploma work, to be deposited in the Academy on his election as an Academician.

No. 121. 'Zephyr and Aurora,' W. E. FROST, A.

"Zephyr and Aurora playing,  
As he met her once a-maying."

One of those miniatures which this artist paints with so much grace.

No. 122. 'An Inmate of the Hhareem—Cairo,' J. F. LEWIS. We have this word now with two h's, but we have yet to learn how the double h is to be aspirated, though probably it is commenced with what to us denizens of these islands must be a hiccough. But the lady—though she may be beneath the gentle degree—is really an interesting person; she is just entering from the garden, and bears before her what seems to be a tray. It is a small picture, which, as to the painting of the face, is charming.

No. 125. 'The Marquis of Dalhousie,' Sir J. W. GORDON, R.A. A plain black coat in portraiture is really much more respectable than the blazon of noble and senatorial robes. We find Lord Dalhousie in ordinary dress, and seated in an easy attitude in an easy chair: but the face is full of thought and eloquence.

No. 131. 'A Rocky Devonshire Stream,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. The subject is of that kind, on the treatment of which the reputation of this artist is based. It is a smooth and limpid pool, repeating beautifully the deep shade of the trees wherein it is embowered. The almost unbroken middle tint in which it is painted is managed with masterly feeling.

No. 132. 'The Early Days of Timothy,' H. LE JEUNE. This composition contains three figures: the child Timothy stands at a table with a scriptural scroll open before him; an instructress is by his side, and on the right is seated a third figure, that of a woman spinning according to the simple method of the ancients. The work is broad, and an elegant taste prevails in the impersonations, but the properties of the composition are not those of the early days of Timothy. The purity and simplicity of the sentiment are truly captivating.

No. 140. 'Kittiwake Gulls on their Nests,' H. MOORE. This, it will be understood, places before us a fragment of sea-side rock, on which we find the birds in their veritable character.

No. 141. 'Savona,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. This place lies on the Gulf of Genoa, and is the last we see in coasting from Nice to Genoa. We are placed on the shore with the fortress on the right,—by the way, looking somewhat small, as we see it beneath the ridges of the Maritime Alps, which here rise from the coast, and are so represented in the picture with much grandeur of effect. A heavy surf is rolling, and the sky is darkening over the sea with an increasing gale blowing in shore. A schooner is riding at anchor close in, and apprehensions are entertained for her safety, as a large boat is being hastily launched, apparently from the view of proceeding to secure her. It is equal to the painter's best works.

No. 142. 'Mrs. Nassau Senior,' F. W. GEORGE. The lady is presented in profile, as engaged in tending flowers, and brought out in relief by a flat green background, the meaning of which is not very clear. The treatment of the work has communicated to it an agreeable pictorial quality, extremely difficult of attainment in portraiture.

No. 145. 'Sheridan Knowles, Esq.,' J. STEWART. Successful as a likeness, and otherwise meritorious.

No. 149. 'Returning to the Marshes,' R. A.



CORBOULD. This picture, although next the ceiling, we can see has good quality; it is perhaps necessary to state that it is cattle that is returning to the marshes.

No. 152. \* \* \* C. R. LESLIE, R.A. "And he came to Capernaum, and being in the house he asked them, 'What was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way?' But they held their peace, for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be greatest." Such is a portion of the quotation from the ninth chapter of St. Mark, which stands in the place of a title. This work exhibits less of the licence of the brush than some of Mr. Leslie's latter productions. The Saviour is seated; there are two disciples sitting on the floor at his feet, and the rest stand round, as he is in the act of calling to him the child, according to the 18th of St. Matthew. In the heads of the twelve there is a similarity of feature that strikes the spectator at once. The common dress is the long sleeved robe, with a looser drapery thrown over; but the whole of their attire looks too new, it has not yet acquired the set of the body. It is the first scriptural subject we have seen from the hands of this artist; and coming now amid what a large class of our painters regard as the crying heresies of the time, we consider it in the light of a declaration that there can be no compromise. Mr. Leslie has a position to vindicate, he is the author of a series of lectures, in which are preserved all the traditions of what has been hitherto recognised as high Art.

No. 155. 'Italian Peasants unloading,' E. EAGLES. A heavy sack is here born by two men; and there is a third figure, a girl, who, by being attracted by the spectator, dissociates herself from her kinsmen. The subject is unworthy, but the execution is good.

No. 157. 'A White Calm after Thunder Showers,' H. MOORE. A glimpse of the sea shining like polished silver, with reflections of sunlight.

No. 158. 'Lagetto, near Lugano,' Mrs. G. E. HERING. This is a larger and more comprehensive view than any that this lady has before painted: her versions of northern Italian scenery are full of poetry.

No. 159. 'The Basilica of San Lorenzo,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. The various architecture of this vast interior looks like a freak of some despotic Goth, who has been assisted in his labours by the fabled genii of the Eastern tales. The vaulting overhead is coffered, in design of that kind known as Renaissance. The high altar is directly before us, and a mass is being performed to a congregation as sparse as we continually see on ordinary occasions in the Italian churches. The high altar is on the absis, and immediately over the confessional, where are said to be interred the bodies of the martyrs, St. Lawrence and St. Stephen. The building was founded by the Empress Galla Placidia, in the fifth century, but finished in its present form by Pope Alexander VII., in 1657.

No. 161. 'Mrs. Henry Verschoyle,' H. WEIGALL. The lady wears a walking dress, and presents a front view of the face, which is endowed with a character of much feminine sweetness.

No. 167. 'Miss Senior,' F. W. GEORGE. A full-length figure in a garden composition, painted with a professed abnegation of colour, but deriving much interest from its pictorial treatment.

No. 168. 'Midday,' W. F. WITHERINGTON, R.A. This is a close subject with trees, like a passage of park scenery, neat and prim as if near the residence of a wealthy proprietor. Beneath the trees, which have been most conscientiously studied, a band of haymakers are assembled to discuss their dinner. In the immediate foreground are some children with a

nest of young blackbirds—never an agreeable incident; for aent such "loot" we protest, with the author of the History of Selborne, and William Cowper, who

"Would not enter on his list of friends"

the man who wantonly sets foot upon a worm. The works of this artist are superior to any he has produced for many years past.

No. 169. 'Argan feigning Death,' W. M. EGLEY. The subject is from the third act of the "Malade Imaginaire," that part in which Argan is induced by Toinette to feign death, in order to see how it would affect Beline. But as soon as the latter is made cognizant of the supposed fact, she thanks Heaven that Argan is no more, and scolds Toinette for her display of feeling. Although, like many other excellent works, a knowledge of the text is necessary to understand the relations of the figures, it has qualities which merit the highest eulogy.

No. 172. 'At Trarbach, on the Moselle,' G. C. STANFIELD. In this view the line of cliffs which marks the course of the river runs into the picture, retiring with infinite sweetness of aerial tint, yet preserving the substance and character of the rocky heights.

No. 173. 'The Bribe,' F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.

"She tempted the Alcaydé with her jewels and her gold,  
And unto her his prisoner that jailer false hath sold."

This is the diploma picture which is to be deposited in the Academy by the painter on his election as an Academician. The incident is found in a Spanish ballad—being the corruption, by a lady, of the guardian of a jail or fortress, with the view to the release of her lover or husband. She has obtained the key, and applies it to the lock, while the officer stands examining the casket of jewels she has given him. The Alcaydé wears a suit of plate armour, and both figures are qualified with that substantial roundness which Mr. Pickersgill always succeeds in communicating to his impersonations.

No. 175. 'Addio per Sempre—a Remembrance of the Carnival,' R. ROTHWELL. A study of a head of a girl holding a mask: the eyes are too large, but the complexion is extremely bright, and would have been yet more so, but for the emulation of her very red dress; from her expression we do not believe in her "Addio per sempre," she looks rather "a rivedervi."

No. 176. 'The Album,' F. PICKERING. A study of a female head, apparently well drawn, and certainly very skilfully relieved.

No. 180. 'The Maid and the Magpie,' Sir E. LANDSEER. This is a large picture, showing principally, a girl milking a cow in a kind of shed, in which there are also goats and a calf. A man in a blouse stands looking in at the opening, through which is seen a farm-yard. But the point of the composition lies in a pair of sabots on the floor, in which there are a basin and a spoon, and the last-named article, a magpie is in the act of abstracting. The costumes are French or Belgian. The cow is a commonplace animal, but the goats are admirable models. The work is distinguished by the clean touch and effective handling of the painter, but it has not the high quality of anterior pictures.

No. 182. 'The Young Mother,' T. S. COOPER, A. This young mother is a ewe with two lambs, carefully painted; but the heavy, dull, and dark background is by no means favourable to good effect.

No. 183. 'El Cortejo,' J. PHILLIP, A. Two Spanish figures, a man and woman in the costume of humble life; the air and style of the impersonations declare at once their nationality.

No. 186. 'The Corsair Chief,' G. HARRIS. This corsair chief is a black gentleman, wearing something like a hussar uniform, and a large

knife in a silver sheath in his girdle; he looks a truculent villain, but he yet may be—

"As mild a mannered man  
As ever scuttled ship or cut a throat."

We look in vain for a sable Gulnare to complete the romance.

No. 191. 'The Most Noble the Marchioness of Londonderry,' C. SMITH. The figure, which is of the size of life, stands in a pensive attitude, the head supported by the left hand—the elbow resting on a pedestal or parapet. The features are clear and bright, but according to prevailing tastes, the pose is too sentimental.

No. 192. 'The Interview between the Count de Belflor and Leonora de Cespedes,' C. LANDSEER, R.A. This is one of the scenes which his complaisant friend, the lame devil, exposes to Zambullo by the removal, as Lesage describes it, of the roofs of the houses, like the upper crust of a pasty, so disclosing all that was contained within. The count, in love with Leonora, having obtained an introduction into her house, appears suddenly before her, to advance his suit in person, much to her surprise. The figures are well drawn and painted, but we think they would have been better in any costume than that of the cavalier period. The lady looks as if she had been reduced from some Vandyke portrait; but as to the local and accessorial compositions of the painter, they are among the best that are exhibited.

No. 193. 'Glen Vorlach, Dumbartonshire,' J. PEEL. A graceful and romantic piece of scenery—a streamlet born of distant hills, and now going on its rocky way, rejoicing among the green trees which have grown up on its banks.

No. 194. 'The Harvest Field,' N. O. LUTPON. This looks like an unqualified transcript from a simple passage of English scenery, the principal section of the plan being an extensive harvest field, with the corn in sheaf. The immediate site is elevated, and we have an extensive prospect over the country. The subject has been studied with much earnestness.

No. 195. 'A Carpenter's Workshop,' J. HAYLLAR. The planes, chisels, saws, and the thousand and one items which enter into this composition, have been drawn and painted with singular patience; but after so much labour the picture offers but an ungrateful return.

No. 197. 'Serjeant Bothwell,' M. J. LAWLESS. A small sleeping figure, executed with much neatness of finish. There is another carefully painted and well managed portrait of Balfour, by this promising artist.

No. 200. 'The Maid of Derwent,' H. H. EMMERSON. This picture is quaint in composition, and very elaborately wrought. The Maid of Derwent is seated on a river dam, like a disconsolate naiad; but really painted with infinite sweetness. The surface of the water behind her is liquid and lustrous, but as it flows over the wear, the charm of that breadth and brilliancy is broken—it falls in thousands of sharp and cutting threads.

No. 201. 'Near Woking, Surrey,' F. W. HULME. Very like a haunt of jack and perch is the deep pool which forms the subject of this picture; it is shut in by trees, and bears upon its glistening surface many a broad and narrow-leaved aquatic plant: a very interesting work.

No. 202. 'The Growth of Love,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A. One of the upland sylvan subjects of which this artist has already produced several. It is small, and appears to have been painted on the spot.

No. 203. 'A Highland Dairy,' T. S. COOPER, A. Simply a landscape, with cows and figures: the animals are drawn as well as Mr. Cooper usually now draws cattle; but they are by no means so careful as of yore.

No. 204. 'The Missing Boat,' F. STONE, A. This event we are to suppose as taking place



in the Pas de Calais. It has been blowing a gale of wind, which has scarcely yet subsided, for the sea is lashing the shore with its mighty breakers. All the boats have returned in safety but one, and the whole population of the little village is come down to the beach in their anxiety for "the missing boat," while the fishermen are sweeping the horizon with their glasses ready to attach their hopes to the merest speck. The figures are numerous, strictly French, and eloquent in expression of their doubts and fears.

No. 205. 'Robert W. Kenmard, Esq.,' J. SANT. A life-sized portrait, of which the head is thoughtful and argumentative.

No. 212. 'A Tyrolean Farm in the Vintschgau,' H. J. JOHNSON. This locality, with the chalet immediately before us, impresses the spectator with a deep sensation of loneliness; it is not an attractive scene, but the painter, with his clean manner of working, has made the most of it.

No. 218. 'The Derby Day,' W. P. FRITH. It would be absurd to deny the popularity of this picture; it is a subject which our countrymen and countrywomen understand; it matters not who approaches it, he or she can at once see a reflex of him or herself, whether it be in genuine enthusiasm for the race, or in utter repudiation of all the entanglements of the course. If you are old, there are your seniors; if you are young, there are even your juniors; if you bet, that man in the green coat, or the other in the light overcoat, or the lady in the white kid bounet, will give or take any odds on any horse. The artist chooses the *entr'acte*—the time between the races—because presently the entire crowd will turn their backs upon us. Truly we find ourselves in creditable company! The thimble-rigsmen are active and vigilant: one youth turns from the table, having lost his all, even to his shirt-studs. There are acrobats, gipsies, vendors of correct lists, professors of prick-in-the-garter, mountebanks, jugglers, and adventurers of every complexion and degree. Again, in drags and carriages there is company of what appears a more select kind: the ladies are gaily attired, and the business of the half hour is with champagne, raised pies, and chicken sandwiches. Nothing has escaped the notice of the painter, nothing is forgotten; the technicalities of the picture are admirable, and the varieties of expression address us in language the most perspicuous. Yet the whole is without effect, still we cannot think that this can have been overlooked in its present state; every thing and person are circumstantially detailed, but there is this result, which amounts to a crying defect,—the black mass of hats and coats on the Grand Stand is not reduced to its proper distance—no atmosphere is allowed—the Grand Stand, therefore, comes across the course to us. A century and a half hence this picture will be more interesting than it is now; the race-course will remain, but it will be frequented by a generation much the same inwardly, but different in their outward guise, and they will look with curiosity on the costumes and appointments of 1858. The desire of the public to examine the work is so earnest that it has been necessary to station a police constable to prevent accidents to it: we have no recollection of any similar instance of "pictorial protection;" though when Wilkie's picture, 'Chelsea Pensioners reading the Gazette of the Battle of Waterloo,' was exhibited, a rail was placed round it. For ourselves, however, we cannot rejoice that this subject has been painted; we shall always regret that so great and accomplished a master in Art did not select a theme more worthy—such, for example, as that to which we have just made reference. To enter fully into the topic is beyond our power at present, but we may do so hereafter; for the

work must be frequently before us for some time to come, inasmuch as it is destined to make a tour of the provinces, where it will give much delight but no "teaching"—at least, none of that teaching which is the highest aim and holiest duty of Art.

No. 220. 'The Countess of Errol,' F. GRANT, R.A. This is a full-length portrait of the size of life; the lady is holding her horse, a grey one, and in the background appears the camp of the rifle brigade.

No. 221. 'Portrait,' T. Y. GOODERSON. That of a boy; the features are animated and agreeable in expression, but the hands are too small.

No. 227. 'Shallow Water,' J. W. OAKES. This picture has in its detail the utmost refinement of touch that oil-colour will produce; yet nowhere is there any want of breadth. It shows the bed, partially dry, of a shallow stream, over which is cast all the flotsom and jetsom of the winter torrents, mixed with the stones; and above this, rise some trees painted with infinite delicacy of touch. The subject is nothing, but it reverses the vulgar proverb, *ex nihilo*: it is a curious performance.

No. 228. 'The Flight,' A. SOLOMON. The scene is India, and the fugitives are a party of our countrywomen flying in terror from a burning city. Any episode of this kind cannot be far from the truth, since these flights have occurred too frequently.

No. 231. 'The Approach of a Stranger,' R. M'INNES. This "stranger" does not appear in the picture, but his coming is indicated by two gipsy girls, who have planted themselves in his way to beg. To colour the circumstance with a tint of romance, they carry with them a fair-haired child, which must be supposed to have been stolen. The heads of the girls are pretty, and on the features is the beseeching smile intended to move the wayfarer.

No. 232. \* \* \* \* J. C. HOOK, A. The artist has been at a loss for a title to this work, and therefore appends to the number, a text from Proverbs, "Children's children are the crown of old men, and the glory of children are their fathers." The figures form a family group; there is an old man, his son, daughter-in-law, and grandchild which is being nursed by the father. The group is circumstanced in an open landscape, painted with severe truth; but this, withal, is a low class of subject.

No. 233. 'The Earl of Leicester,' G. RICHMOND, A. This is a full-length figure in shooting costume, and wearing a peculiar cap, which gives the head something of the character of a portrait by Holbein. On the features plays an unmeaning smile, which is not accounted for.

No. 236. 'H.M.S. Agamemnon taking in the Atlantic Cable,' G. CHAMBERS. This picture is placed so high that its detail is invisible; it can, however, be seen that it is worthy of a better place.

No. 239. 'A Smuggler's Cave,' F. DANBY, A. Certainly the glazes with which this painter treats his works do very much for them. This is a very dark picture, but it is full of detail, much of which, we think, might have been omitted. It shows a portion of a wild, iron-bound shore at sunset, with some men drawing a boat into their hiding-place within the rock. There is generally a vein of poetry in Mr. Danby's conceptions, and here the verse is written in the sky, dark with portentous clouds. There is no narrative in the work such as that which gave interest to anterior productions.

No. 240. 'The Destruction of the Fortress of Emaun Ghur, January, 1848,' G. JONES, R.A. To the title is appended an extract from a speech of the Duke of Wellington in the House of Lords, eulogistic of Sir Charles Napier's march upon Emaun Ghur. The feature of the fortress is a large and lofty

tower, represented as being blown up. Such a theme may be interesting to persons immediately or remotely interested in the event.

No. 241. 'Shylock dismissing Launcelot,' D. W. DEANE.

Shy. "Well, thou shalt see, thine eyes shall be the judge  
The difference of old Shylock and Bassanio.  
What, Jessica!—thou shalt not gormandise,  
As thou hast done with me:—what, Jessica!—  
And sleep and snore, and rend apparel out!"

We cannot praise too highly the composition of this work. Its accessories are all worthy proprieties; and then the den itself, with its worm-eaten, quaint window-shutter, and ancient and well-worn furniture, is thoroughly consistent with the character of its inhabitant. Shylock sits at a table, with his back to the light, counting out to Launcelot his remnant of wages, and dismissing him because he is a "huge feeder." To Shylock's repeated call Jessica enters. The picture requires no title.

No. 242. 'The Girl I left behind me,' J. D. LUARD. This forlorn one has retired from the window to the fire-side, where a glass reflects a regiment going past the house in heavy marching order. Her little sister stands by her and tries to console her, but she refuses to be comforted. The story of the maiden's love, and the departure of the beloved one, are very pointedly told.

No. 244. 'A Conference,' A. COOPER, R.A. This consultation is held between a sportsman, his dog, and his horse. The animals are well painted, especially the horse, and between them the conference seems to be held,—with a conclusion that a man so faulty in drawing is not qualified to associate with them.

No. 245. 'Interior of a Mosque at Cairo—Afternoon Prayer,' J. F. LEWIS. A small picture, which introduces us to a respectable old Mussulman, who stands devoutly repeating his prayers. There are other true believers similarly engaged, some standing and some kneeling. The picture is small, and it is worked out with the minute touch which all Mr. Lewis's works show, and without reference to any effect the architecture of the place might have on the figure.

No. 246. 'Two Lovers whispering by an orchard wall' (Tennyson), W. GALE. This marvellous miniature in oil presents to us a group of two figures, a youth and maiden, treading in the fresh May grass, with bouquets of the fragrant apple blossom pendant over their heads, and relieved by an old brick wall, variegated with many a weather stain: a most fascinating little picture.

No. 247. 'The Publican and the Pharisee,' W. GOLDIE. The arrangement and feeling of this work are peculiar; but it refers us at once to the parable.

No. 253. 'The Lady Susan Grant Suttee, and the Lady Charlotte Innes Kerr, daughters of the Duke of Roxburgh,' H. W. PHILLIPS. This is an effective group; the skin surfaces are more like nature than any Mr. Phillips has ever before painted.

No. 254. 'The Visit of Queen Victoria to the Tomb of Napoleon I., at the Hôtel des Invalides, Paris,' E. M. WARD, R.A. The effect of the *chapelle ardente* is most successfully borne out; the light from the *bougies* is admirably broken on the figures. The Queen and the Emperor occupy the principal places in the composition, and the latter directs the Queen's attention to the tomb. On the right are the Princess Mathilde, the Prince Consort, the Prince of Wales, and the Princess Royal; and in attendance on the Queen and the Emperor, Lord Cowley, Count d'Ornano, &c. The hat and sword of the late Emperor are placed near the tomb, and the draperies and carpets are ornamented with the bec, the favourite ornament of Napoleon I.; in short, the picture represents most faithfully the chapel as it is.



The portraits are accurate, and the facility of manner with which all the available material is realised is very masterly. The picture, however, notwithstanding its many and obvious merits, and the high talent of the artist, that admits of no dispute, leads to a conclusion that the class of subject is not one in which he is destined to excel.

No. 256. 'Rokeby Park,' J. STARK. Simply a group of near trees, supported by others more remote. The forms of the trees painted by this artist are always natural, and their character sufficiently distinctive. The groups are also well relieved; we see between them light streaks of greensward.

No. 259. 'A bit of River-side in September,' C. P. KNIGHT. A study of river-side herbage—docks, weeds, rank grass, hemlocks, with much more of the supplementary vegetation which is so valuable in pictures.

No. 260. 'Nature and Art,' W. H. KNIGHT. The subject of this small picture is only a girl dressing a child's hair, but the two figures are painted with ineffable sweetness. The subordinate material is of the most commonplace kind, yet brought forward with true taste.

No. 261. 'Faith,' G. D. LESLIE. The title is interpreted by a female figure, draped according to the feeling prevalent in Christian Art, and entering a garden wicket. There is some careful execution in the draperies, but the relation between the conception and the title is not satisfactory.

No. 262. 'A Hidden Sorrow,' J. ARCHER. To the title is appended a quatrain from Tenyson's "Lord of Burleigh":—

"But a trouble weighed upon her,  
And perplexed her night and morn,  
With the burden of an honour,  
Unto which she was not born."

The composition is by no means intelligible; we see a poor lady looking certainly confused, but if she has a hidden sorrow it is so well concealed that it cannot be made out. Again, we cannot see whether she is at sea or on shore. Obscurity is not originality.

#### MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 268. 'The Entrance to Pillau, in the Baltic,' J. W. CARMICHAEL. This is a bright and clear picture, and looks finished with long and patient labour. The water is painted with a truth that cannot be surpassed; the craft lie in the water under sail, with a heel and a movement which no other marine painter can give to his vessels; yet with all these qualities the picture is placed next the ceiling. These are the crying acts of injustice which must, in the end, bring about a great change in this institution.

No. 270. 'Admiral the Hon. Sir H. Keppel, K.C.B.,' H. WEIGALL. A half-length portrait, evidently painted with the utmost care.

No. 271. 'Mrs. Mitchell,' R. THORBURN, A. A half-length portrait of a lady wearing white and grey drapery. It is characteristic in feature and brilliant in colour; but this, and the other works of the artist, are not sufficient to atone for his absence from the Miniature Room.

No. 272. 'A Listener never hears gude o' himself,' T. FAED.

"I wrote her a letter, soft, conthie, an slee;  
I bought her the brawest cheap shawl I could see;  
Syne ca'd with my present, my love tale to tell,  
"A listener never hears gude o' himself."

Another verse is necessary to complete the story, but we will state what befell the hapless swain. Colin Dalzell, his rival, with his sister and the girl to whom the letter was addressed, is reading it, and all are infinitely amused at its professions. The door of the cottage is open, and the lover who was coming to advance his suit, personally hears the remarks about his letter and himself. In colour, expression, and solid painting it is an admirable production,

but in execution it is somewhat less careful than former works.

No. 276. \* \* \* \* G. RICHMOND. The picture presents us with a version of the Agony in the Garden:—"And there appeared an angel unto him from heaven, strengthening him." This seems to be a manifesto on the side of the Venetian school. The Saviour is, of course, in a kneeling attitude, and being about to fall, is supported by the angel. The faces and their expression are fittingly conceived, but with such a subject it is almost impossible to be original.

No. 281. 'A Portrait,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. One of the best heads we have seen from the hands of the artist: but in the pose there is a marked affectation, and an objectionable peculiarity in the heavy velvet cap.

No. 282. 'Dutch Boats in a Calm,' E. W. COOKE, A. This is, with little change, an enlarged version of the picture in the Vernon Collection; but hard to the last degree, and without the better qualities of the smaller picture.

No. 283. 'Tibbie Inglis, the Shepherd's Daughter,' T. F. MARSHALL.

"Bonnie Tibbie Inglis, through sun and stormy weather,  
She kept upon the broomy hills her father's flock together."

But the Tibbie Inglis of this version is too sentimental for her occupation. She lies on the grass reading, and surrounded by her sheep. The scene is of course a pastoral landscape, the background of which is very forcibly put in, yet it does not come forward, because gradation does not depend so much upon tone as definition.

No. 284. 'The Nativity,' A. HUGHES. This is a kind of extravaganza for which it is not difficult to account, since there is extant so much fanaticism in painting. The angel holding the lantern for the Virgin to swathe the Infant, which is held by another angel, is a conception existing, we believe, at Cologne. There is some good execution in the work, but its pretension is unlike anything in heaven, or on earth, or in the waters under the earth.

No. 285. 'Old Associations,' G. E. HICKS. A pretty and not an unnatural conception: a poor sempstress, the tenant of a garret, has before her a pot of snowdrops, which she regards with affectionate care. She may be a native of some flowery land in the provinces, but must now content herself with the cheapest luxury in the way of floriculture; and what makes the episode more pointed is, that she is without a fire, and the tops of the houses are covered with snow.

No. 286. 'Going to Market,' H. H. EMMERSON. The expression of sunshine here is admirably assisted by the material, giving life to the picture: a farmer and his wife, she *en croupe*, on their stout horse, attended by their dog. From the equestrian agroupment, the forms and disposition of the shadows emphasize the expression of light. But the worthy yeoman and his spouse are late in going to market, the sun is well up in the sky; the shadows of those who have passed that road before them were much longer; but all this may be remedied by changing the title, which should be "Coming from market."

No. 287. 'Elector and Candidate,' J. E. HODGSON. The elector is a carpenter, and he is visited in his workshop by the candidate; but beyond this there is nothing to declare the relations between the men.

No. 290. 'The Death of Abel,' F. DANBY, A. This is a dark picture, and in effect like most of Mr. Danby's works. We see the two altars, and the body of Abel lies by his, the smoke of which ascends; while that of Cain is stricken with lightning, and the murderer is flying from the scene he has desolated. The artist feels that a subject like this is treated most appro-

priately in a dark key, but the tone here is perhaps too low. The figures in a work of this size are too large to be merely sketched; they are inaccurate in some respects, and any defect is conspicuous in these days of ultra-precision.

No. 291. 'The Valentine,' G. SMITH. The valentine is in the hands of a housemaid, who is reading it in the back kitchen, for which purpose her work is suspended, as the broom in her hand shows. This is a study of shade and reflected lights, satisfactorily dealt with.

No. 293. 'Viscount Massarene and Ferrard, in the uniform of the Royal Antrim Artillery,' E. LONG. An excellently painted portrait; the pose easy and natural; very carefully finished, and in all respects a work of the best order.

No. 298. 'A Study,' W. S. HERRICK. A portrait, but pictorially treated; although somewhat large, it is a good picture.

No. 299. 'Venetian Fishing Craft on the Adriatic—Shore of the Lido,' E. W. COOKE, A. These boats are very accurate in detail, but the hardness of that detail is exceedingly painful.

No. 300. 'Weary Life,' R. CARRICK. This conception is like an allegorical essay, or a *coup de théâtre*. The title is illustrated by an itinerant aerobist, who, with his little daughter, has laid down and fallen asleep behind a rude farm shed, where he is discovered by one of the female servants, who manifests very plainly her surprise at such a rencontre. The subject is not an agreeable one; we may therefore regret it should have been worked out with such cunning manipulation.

No. 301. 'Entrance to a Wood,' J. STARK. The principal object here is a large oak on the left of the composition, the citadel of a nation of squirrels, which come forth to pick up the acorns—much to the annoyance of a colony of rabbits, which equally lay claim to them.

No. 309. 'The Duchess of Manchester,' R. THORBURN, A. This portrait is treated as a mythological impersonation, and must be fully eight feet high. It is one of the most extraordinary errors we have ever seen in portraiture; being altogether incomprehensible.

No. 310. 'The Last Scene in King Lear,' P. F. POOLE, A.

*Lear*.—"This feather stirs; she lives! if it be so,  
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows  
That ever I have felt."

By the side of the highly-finished pictures of the present time, this looks like a large sketch painted without reference to models. The body of Cordelia lies in the centre of the group, and Lear bends over it, holding the feather to her lips to learn if there be yet breath. Edgar, Kent, Albany, and others stand round. The scene is open, with a castle a little removed from the foreground; but the very prevalent practice of painting from nature makes every passage of landscape that is not so produced appear feeble and unnatural, and such is the feeling with which the site in this work must be regarded. The folds in the draperies are confused and improbable, and in the principal heads there is a deficiency of nobility of character.

No. 314. 'Evening Effect,' C. SMITH. A small composition, with a rich and effective evening sky.

No. 316. 'Passing Showers,' A. W. WILLIAMS. This is a very simple subject, but it is qualified with a charming effect; it represents a road flanked on the left by a strip of grass pasture, which rises against the rainy sky. How much would it lose by the removal of the two oxen, one black and the other white, that are standing there! It is a very meritorious work.

No. 325. 'Lady Rachel Scott,' T. HEAPHY. This becomes a picture from the manner of its treatment. The young lady is carrying a large pet rabbit—an agroupment which the artist has very successfully brought forward.



## No. 326. 'A Pastoral,' J. C. HOOK, A.

"Then blow your pypes, shepherds, till you be at home," &c.,

is the quotation from Spenser which is appended to the title; but the tone of the work is too modern to respond to the sentiment, and more especially to the time marked by the verse. The plan is a section of a not very attractive farm, with trees and hedgerows laid out according to modern agricultural economy. And there is a road by which two shepherds approach, followed by their flocks. It is painted with a determination to extenuate nothing of those enterprising greens and strong tones which, under certain aspects, prevail to the prejudice of such compositions.

No. 327. 'Children gathering Water-lilies,' H. LE JEUNE. A very captivating sentiment pervades this composition: the locale is an extremely mellow piece of landscape,—the nearest site occupied by a pool, from which the children are gathering the wild flowers. It is not so brilliant in colour as other works by the artist, but the children are invested with the same youthful fascination we have so frequently before seen.

No. 330. 'Un Jour de Plaisance,' J. R. POWELL. A small picture, so much in the style of the Watteau and Lancret school as to render a work thus composed and coloured liable to the charge of being a copy.

No. 331. 'Evening,' W. S. ROSE. A small piece of rustic nature of ordinary quality, but painted with exquisite taste.

No. 333. 'The Reaper's Nursery,' A. J. LEWIS. This nursery is a settlement effected under the shelter of the upright corn-sheaves, in the shade of which appears the cradle, further protected by a cloak. The site is a nook of the corn-field, shut in by trees, manipulated so naturally that it seems to have been painted on the spot.

No. 334. 'Grace before Meat,' T. WEBSTER, R.A. We are introduced here to an aged pair, who are seated at their humble table,—the old man being in the act of asking a blessing. The cottage door is open, and the manner in which the light is brought in and cast upon the floor is a fascinating delusion.

No. 336. 'Mrs. Merry and Mrs. Cunningham (sisters),' R. THORBURN, A. Two small full-length figures in a garden terrace: the carriage of the heads is graceful, and the impersonations are generally elegant.

No. 337. 'A, B, C, or the Pretty Alphabet,' C. LANDSEER, R.A. A group of a girl and a child, the former trying vainly to tempt the latter to give attention to the pretty book.

No. 338. 'Viscountess Hardinge,' F. GRANT, R.A. A small full-length, presenting the lady in a black velvet riding-habit: the hands are too large, but it is otherwise an attractive portrait.

No. 347. 'The District Visitor,' E. HUGHES. This visitor is a young lady, seated, reading to a poor woman, who is evidently suffering from severe illness. The locality is a cottage interior, and the great merit of the work is the admirable manner in which the light and reflected light are managed. The relief of the figures is perfect.

## No. 348. \* \* \* \* W. H. HOPKINS.

"Through each toilsome day,  
With smiling brow, the ploughman cleaves his way;  
Draws his fresh parallels, and wid'ning still,  
Treads slow the heavy dale, or climbs the hill," &c.

This extract from the "Farmer's Boy" stands in the place of a title to the picture, which shows a ploughman, with a team of three horses, working up hill, followed by the busy rooks. The horses are well drawn; their action shows the heaviness of the work. The picture is simple in composition, but it is a subject by no means easy of realisation.

No. 350. 'Flower-Girls—Town and Country,' J. C. HORSLEY, A. A poem in two cantos—

the first of which is devoted to the description of flower-girls in town, who are introduced on the occasion of one of Drury Lane their faded flowers to the masquers as they enter. There is a Pierrot with a Shepherdess on his arm, preceded by a gentleman with claws, a cloven foot, and a tail, which he carries under his arm. There are policemen, carriages, and the various throng that always assembles on such occasions. The country flower-girls—who have also a picture to themselves—are busied with their bouquets of wild flowers, and have formed for the younger children a nestling-place in the hollow of a tree. The comparison is very forcibly placed before us; the picture is in all respects agreeable; the moral being admirably conveyed by the contrast.

No. 358. 'His Highness Toussoun Pacha, son of Said Pacha, Viceroy of Egypt, and grandson of Mehemet Ali; General in the Turkish army, &c.,' S. A. HART, R.A. A most piquante affair this—you are challenged by a young Mussulman, in an amphibious costume, half oriental, half European: Hessian boots, ample small clothes (a most paradoxical item of dress), European coat and epaulettes, and lastly a fez. Whenever he looks at himself twenty years hence, if there be any apprehension of the ludicrous in him, he must shout unless he is an icicle. But on the part of the artist the work is a great success.

No. 359. 'The Castle of Ischia,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. The insulated rock, with its fortifications, lies in the middle distance; immediately before us there are some feluccas riding in rather a heavy sea. It has all the best qualities of Mr. Stanfield's marine subjects.

No. 360. 'Howard's Farewell to England—taking leave of his tenants at Cardington,' Mrs. E. M. WARD. The great philanthropist is seated in the little garden of one of his "humble friends," who has assembled his family to receive the last counsels of their benefactor. The farmer faces the spectator, while Howard sits in profile on the right, and the buxom wife is on the left, with her young children. This is the most important work we have seen from the hands of this lady; and in vigour of execution it surpasses the productions of many of her masculine and even highly reputed contemporaries. It is, indeed, a production of rare ability; telling its story with simple truth and striking force—and that story has been well chosen—as an incident worthy of Art. In conception, arrangement, and execution, it leaves nothing to be desired.

No. 361. 'Job and his Three Friends,' N. PANINI. A large picture, strongly marked as to feeling with the characteristics of the French school, and wanting the dignity that belongs to the subject.

No. 365. 'Scene in Wales,' J. and G. SANT. This "scene" is a Welsh girl at a spring, bearing on her shoulder a water jar, which she has just filled. The picture is very large—too large for a subject to which grandeur is not essential; but it is the best production in this class we have seen for years. The attitude and action of the figure are perfectly natural; the head is charmingly painted, and the drapery in colour and arrangement, leaves nothing to desire.

No. 366. 'San Giorgio Maggiore,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. We thought that Mr. Roberts had forsaken the city that sits "crowned with gondolas," but

"Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
He comes to pluck your berries harsh and crude:"

he enters the lists to break a lance with a few of the motley ones who have hung up their wallets at Danieli's. Venice is a god-send to painters; what should we do without our annual fifty Ducal Palaces? Yet turn from those

pictures unto this. Roberts has unquestionably the secret of aggrandizement—his breadth of treatment gives importance to the church and the neighbouring edifices, and the Campanile is certainly higher than it is in reality. The colour of the whole is not that of the buildings themselves; but we have done with our complaints, and nothing remains but to sing our *Lobgesang*—an excellent word that!—it radiates into expression all around, and debouches off the tongue with a volume that nothing in the Greek can equal.

No. 367. 'Eugene Beauharnais refusing to give up his Father's sword,' W. J. GRANT. A subject worthy of the felicitous rendering it has received. The incident finds at once a title for itself; that is a primary merit in a picture, generally too little considered. According to an order of the Convention, issued in 1793, which authorized the seizure of the arms of all the citizens, an officer visits Madame Beauharnais, whose son Eugene, a child of ten years of age, refuses to give up the sword. Josephine, his mother (afterwards Empress of France), kneels beseechingly to the citizen officer, who withdraws the weapon, but the boy resolutely clings to it. In arrangement, appropriate contribution, and effect, the work is admirably qualified, but the men want dignity and presence; if Josephine would but rise off her knees she would overtop her persecutor in the grey steeple hat. The Convention was not very particular in the choice of its agents, this fellow is some *fripier* from the Rue du Temple.

No. 368. 'Straw-rope Twisting in the Highlands,' Mrs. M. ROBBINSON. There are, in this composition, three figures most conscientiously executed—they are circumstanced in an open landscape, with near farm buildings—every passage is as minutely worked out as the figures.

No. 369. 'Sir Walter Raleigh in the Tower, circa A.D. 1600,' H. WALLIS. This was about the commencement of his long imprisonment. We find him busied with his "History of the World," confined in a room presumed to be over the Water Gate. He is represented by a dignified and sadly thoughtful figure, seated with his back to the light, and opposite to him is a little boy, amusing himself by blowing bubbles. The impersonation is round and palpable, and the head is endowed with expression and argument. The room is furnished with a taste which discriminates between that which should be conceded, and that which should be withheld; and what is made available here is most appropriate, and just sufficient. But Raleigh's best companion in his incarceration would have been the wife whom he so dearly cherished. The child blowing bubbles means something or nothing: if he means nothing, he ought not to be there; if it be intended to point a derisive allusion to Raleigh's works, on the authority of Ben Jonson and the author of the "Curiosities of Literature," the unbecoming satire has vitiated an occasion worthy of an elevated sentiment.

## No. 372. \* \* \* \* A. L. EGG, A.

"August the 4th.—Have just heard that B—— has been dead more than a fortnight, so his poor children have now lost both parents. I hear she was seen on Friday last near the Strand, evidently without a place to lay her head. What a fall hers has been!"

Although the domestic wreck illustrated in these pictures—for there are three of them—may be in real life of daily occurrence, it is a subject too poignant for a series of paintings. We are saturated by the public prints with the details of such incidents, and would rather fall back upon the consoling influences of Art. As, however, presenting a moving history of everyday life, the pictures attract a large share of public attention; and not less from this circumstance than the very masterly style of the



narrative. In the centre picture a husband, on his return home, finds a letter and a miniature, which prove to him his wife's faithlessness,—he charges her with her infidelity, and crushes the miniature under foot. We see him seated, but heaving under the agony of the shock, while the wife is lying on the floor. At a side table there are two children playing with cards—their quiescence cannot be reconciled with the whirlwind of passion which must have just burst forth in that room. In one of the two other pictures, which may be contemporaneous, the wife is crouching with a child in her arms under one of the arches beneath the Adelphi, looking on to the river at low water. This scene is painted with unexampled success—we use the term in its most literal sense. We congratulate the painter on his utilization of the *inferno* of the Adelphi arches; they are the lowest of all the profound depths of human abandonment in this metropolis; but he has forgotten the rats which meet in hungry hundreds on the vantage-ground left by the retiring tide,—those inhabitants of lower London would have assisted the desolation of the place. In the third picture, which is also a moonlight, the two children are grown up, and one is in the act of repeating her prayers. Thus, there are two moonlights in the series, both admirably painted; but it is to be regretted that something of the moonlight character and colour prevails in the third.

No. 376. 'Jung Bahadoor,' T. BRIGSTOCKE. Everybody has heard of the Ghoorka chief, it is not, therefore, necessary to extract from the catalogue who he is, and what he is doing. The portrait wants personal relief, but it is at once recognisable.

No. 379. 'Fruit,' G. LANCE. Consisting of grapes, black and white, peaches, plums, &c.,—and that inevitable piece of matting, the sign-manual of the painter. A masterly work, in a class of art in which the painter is only excelled by himself.

No. 380. 'Darning Stockings,' G. SMITH. A study of an old woman in a cottage, occupied according to the title. She is opposed to the light, the features being lighted by reflection. The chiaroscuro and natural relief of the figure are beyond all praise.

No. 381. 'Fisher's Home,' J. MOGFORD. A small composition, mellow and harmonious in hue.

No. 382. 'Head of a Child,' J. WOOD. A front face, beautifully bright and tender in colour.

No. 384. 'Eastward Ho!—August, 1857,' H. O'NEIL. This is an essay in a very much more robust and healthy style of Art than has hitherto been practised by this painter. The subject is of the class that would be called by Fuseli "negative," by our French neighbours *genre*, though a large picture of a touching scene. But to what category soever it may belong, the artist is most happy in his conception, carried out as it is with such originality. It represents the last farewell of certain of the wives, sweethearts, mothers, and sisters of a body of troops embarked in a steamer, and on the point of departure for India. Nothing can be more fortunate than the arrangement,—the crowd of weeping women are coming down the side ladder of the steamer, in strong relief against the dead black sharp bow of the vessel. Their descent at this part of the vessel is an error; nobody ever embarks or disembarks at the bows of a ship—the ladder should have been farther amidships. Among the women there is great variety of character, and diversity of emotion; although the cause is common—the departure of a beloved object. We cannot praise this work more highly than to say that it is one of the most remarkable pictures in the exhibition.

No. 385. 'Mr. Richard Naylor,' R. BUCKNER. In the parade of full-dress portraits there is too

frequently a certain vulgarity; but this may be said to be a dress portrait without the slightest taint of such disqualification. Whatever the artist may paint hereafter, this will remain one of his best works.

No. 394. 'Interior of a Welsh Farm-house,' A. PROVIS. Very similar to many others that have preceded it from the hands of this painter, but in colour, we think, excelling all that have gone before it.

No. 396. 'The Fair Camilla presents to Gil Blas the celebrated Ruby from the Philippine Isles,' W. D. KENNEDY. This artist sacrifices too much to his facile and sketchy manner. The dispositions are elegant, but everything looks in dead colouring with a scale of shade that does not round the objects. Were he to paint for greater solidity, he has a feeling for colour that would take care of itself.

No. 397. 'Wood Scene,' E. HARGITT. This is a study of trees that has been assiduously worked out from nature—a simple subject, rendered interesting by its resemblance to reality: yet we have never seen green so overbearing in nature as it is here.

No. 406. 'Spanish Contrabandistas,' J. PHILLIP, A. This is a large picture—too large, indeed, for such a subject. It shows an interior, in which some Spanish smugglers have taken refuge: one of their number being mortally wounded, and anxiously tended by his wife, we may suppose. Another of the band stands at a window preparing to fire on their pursuers, and a mule, still in its trappings, stands near the dying man. The purpose of the picture is a faithful recital of an incident formerly not of uncommon occurrence on the Spanish frontier, among the men who devoted themselves to this life of perilous adventure. We may hope, however, that for Spain and Spanish character, the admirable artist will consider he has done enough.

No. 415. 'The Holy Innocents,' W. C. T. DOBSON. A study of four children's heads; perhaps too much alike, but strongly qualified according to the sentiment of the title. It is full of that charming feeling in which the artist is hardly approached by any living painter.

No. 422. 'The Road by a Highland Lake,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. This is more essentially a grey picture than we have ever before seen from the hands of the artist. There is none of the foreground shade which so frequently occurs in his works. The road is a small ascending gallery, that seems to have been cut in the rocky shore of the lake. To the left the view opens over the lake to the hill beyond: the whole is painted with great precision.

No. 423. 'Blowing Bubbles,' W. H. KNIGHT. These bubbles are blown for the amusement of a rustic party, who are assembled at the door of their humble habitation. The essay is intended as an effect of sunlight; it is happy in movement and hilarious expression.

No. 425. 'Amy Robsart and Janet Forster,' F. WYBURN. The countess on the rich Moorish cushions alluded to in the novel, and Janet Forster behind, engaged in arranging her head-dress. The taste and disposition of the furniture in the "withdrawing apartment" leave nothing to be desired. The plain dress of old Forster's daughter contrasts forcibly with the richness of that of the countess; and in both figures the extreme delicacy of the painting, especially in the faces, cannot be surpassed.

No. 427. 'The Mermaid's Haunt—A Study on the Coast of Dorset,' W. W. FENN. The subject is a portion of rocky sea-wall, through which a large fissure admits the water at high-tide to an inner pool. The place is described with its every minute circumstance.

No. 428. 'Past and Present,' Miss A. BLUNDEN. It is impossible that finish can be carried to greater *finesse* than we find it in this picture; but the minute manipulation is carried

equally into the foreground objects and those a little removed from the foreground—a uniformity which cannot exist. The Past is exemplified by a picturesque ruin, the Present by two children forming bouquets of flowers—the whole is marvellous in execution.

No. 432. 'Festa Time, Florence,' J. A. HOUSTON. The title is illustrated by a female figure, coloured with much sweetness, looking from some window, perhaps in the Via Larga, on the procession below.

No. 442. 'The Jailer's Daughter—a Scene from the French Revolution,' P. H. CALDERON. The story is of the seizure and confinement of a young French priest during the Reign of Terror. He is seated on a bench, bowed down in affliction. The jailer, attended by his two daughters, has just visited him, and has deposited in his cell the usual allowance of bread and water: he is now departing, but the elder of the two girls contemplates with tearful emotion the grief of the young man, and is deaf to her little sister's importunity that she must now quit the place. The figures are well drawn; the lights and darks in the picture form an effective arrangement; and, above all, the sympathy of the girl is impressively described.

No. 443. 'Lulworth Cove, Dorsetshire—Portland Island in the distance,' W. W. FENN. We look down upon the cove—a little bay, in shape somewhat like a horseshoe, into which the small swelling waves roll in quick succession. Thence the eye rises to the rocks beyond, and then passes to Portland Island, a grey form breaking the horizon. The simplicity and earnestness of the work are its real charms, for the subject itself is not attractive.

No. 444. 'Nearing Home,' J. D. LUARD. "Some of our English birds settling on the ship told us we were near home." Such is the proposition (presumed to be an extract from a journal) to be realised on canvas; but there is an episode beyond this. The vessel is a homeward bound steamer, on the deck of which lies a wounded officer, affectionately tended by his wife. His attention is directed to one of the birds, which is picking crumbs from a saucer. Standing by the further bulwark are some wounded soldiers; but this is an error, for rank and file never appear on the quarterdeck. The narrative, however, is simple, perspicuous, and impressive.

No. 445. 'On the Weedy Banks of the Thames—a Passing Shower,' H. J. BODDINGTON. Painted with the artist's usual neatness of manipulation.

No. 446. 'Hagar and Ishmael sent away,' W. C. T. DOBSON. The characters, Hagar and Ishmael, are very strongly marked in sacred history, but we do not think that either the one or the other in this composition is sufficiently signalled, although the work bears everywhere evidence of power.

No. 447. 'A Sniff of the Briny—Day after the Gale,' E. W. COOKE, A. "A sniff of the briny,"—this is not only a facetious, but an ingenious title: it does not illustrate the picture, but the picture explains the title, as a wild sea rolling in upon a shingly shore.

No. 453. 'The Coast Boy gathering Eggs,' J. C. HOOK, A. Here is exemplified the manner in which the eggs of sea-fowl—gulls, kittiwakes, and puffins—are procured from their nests on the ledges of the rocks. A boy, usually a light weight, is let down by means of a rope from above; but in this case the rope is too slight, and the man above could not possibly, in the position assigned him here, keep his footing. Again, the rope should be hitched twice round the person, so as to support him in a sitting attitude, and on these descents they do not take the "egging spoon," being obliged to hold on with both hands. These are mistakes which do not much detract from the value of a very charming work, full of feeling and power.



## WEST ROOM.

No. 457. 'Coronation of William the Conqueror,' J. CROSS. This is certainly the best production which the artist has exhibited since his "Death of Cœur-de-Lion." The ceremony itself is not represented here, but an incident that occurred just before the coronation—that is, the seizure of the crown by William, on the occasion of an alarm, which was at first considered as a rising of the English. The king is almost alone on the dais; there are near him only Archbishop Aldred and a few priests. The consummation of the expression in the work is the king's eagerness to possess the crown.

No. 458. 'The Wheatfield,' J. T. LINNELL. A large picture, affording the best version of its subject we have ever seen. The nearest passage of the composition has been reaped. It is a breadth of stubble, inimitably painted, with numerous figures. Beyond this is the yellow corn, light-waving, and here and there shaded by the passing clouds, the view being closed by rising ground. The stubble is sharp and definite—every stem being individually painted; but the distances are broad, soft, and harmonious, and as to colour, there is all the freshness of nature charmingly tempered by the intervening atmosphere. The work may be classed among the best and happiest efforts of our British school of landscape painting.

No. 459. 'The Blind Basketmaker, with his First Child,' M. F. HALLIDAY. The basket-maker is standing up, and his wife, who holds the child in her arms, is conducting his hand to its face. The pain felt for the infirmity is not compensated by the interest with which we regard the trait of tenderness on the part of both parents.

No. 460. 'The Last Trial of Madame Palissy,' W. J. GRANT. This is an interesting story and an excellent subject—an anecdote of the extremity of Bernard Palissy, who is immortalised in the history of porcelain. He lived during the latter part of the fifteenth century, and, in his experiments to recover the lost art of porcelain enamel, he reduced himself and family to the greatest distress. On the eve of success, he wanted a piece of gold to complete the quantities of a combination, and his wife, after earnest entreaty, gave up her wedding ring, which we see him in the act of dropping into the crucible, while the wife stands by in speechless grief at the sad necessity. The principles on which the picture is wrought are thoroughly sound, therefore its qualities are of a high order.

No. 461. 'The Welcome,' T. FAED. This is a pretty conception—a countrywoman returning home after, perhaps, a long absence at market, is recognised by her blackbird, from its cage, that hangs at the door of her cottage. The figure is distinguished by the usual clear colour and firm painting of its author.

No. 462. 'Henry Martin at Chepstow Castle,' H. WALLIS. The figure is erect, standing by a window, the light of which falls on the face, which thus becomes in its sad expression the key to the narrative.

No. 463. 'The Vale of Lonsdale, from Gray's Station,' W. LINTON. This is a large work, sober and earnest in its feeling, describing a wide range of country closed by hills. The colour and distances seem to be the veritable dictates of nature.

No. 471. 'In Memoriam,' J. N. PATON. This work presents a concentration of intensity that we rarely witness upon canvas. The appalling details of the murder of our countrymen are yet so fresh in the memory that any mere allusion to these fiendish atrocities cannot be borne without a shudder. What, then, must be the feeling on contemplating a picture like this, representing, with all the subtlest cunning of Art, a party of these poor ladies and

children awaiting their fearful doom? which appears to be instant, because the sepoys are now rushing into the cell. We are tempted to wish that the picture were less signal in its excellence. But the spectator is fascinated by the sublimely calm expression of the principal head—hers is more than Roman virtue; her lips are parted in prayer; she holds the Bible in her hand, and that is her strength: but the picture, in its every trait, is so harrowing that we are content with this mention of one figure. And it is entitled "In Memoriam"—be it so; it is not painted for the present generation,—half a century hence, when the dreadful subject has become matter of history, it will then more becomingly—though not even then regarded without a shudder—serve the purpose for which it appears to have been painted.

No. 474. 'Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in Turkey,' J. BARRETT. This suggestion is found in a letter addressed by Lady Wortley to Lady Mar, and simply saying that she thinks the Turkish costume becomes her. She is, therefore, merely introduced in oriental attire—beyond this there is no point.

No. 475. 'Early Struggles,' T. BROOKS.

"Ah! who can tell how hard it is to climb  
The steep where Fame's proud temple shines afar?  
Ah! who can tell how many a soul sublime  
Hath felt the influence of malignant star?"

We see here a young man, with his wife and children, in their humble home, which to them is to be a home no longer, for the bailiff has stepped in, with an execution for rent. He is seated, with his eyes cast down in mute despair, while the bailiff proceeds with his inventory. The chiaroscuro of the picture is perfect, but we cannot tell the young man's profession—there is no indication of his vocation; he wears a coat such as some painters wear, but not one in a hundred inquirers would recognise this.

No. 476. 'Hill Country,' W. LINNELL. A production of the rarest excellence; extremely simple, as consisting of only three or four grand quantities. There is a portion of a light slope on the left, on which some oxen are feeding, whereof the shrubs, grass, and other vegetable incident, are inimitably painted. The right centre is occupied by a brown heathery hill, beyond which is a glimpse of distance and a most effective sky. It is equal to the best works of the elder Linnell.

No. 485. 'The Ducal Palace, Venice,' D. ROBERTS, R.A. This view is taken near the palace, looking thence along the quay and up the Grand Canal; we have, consequently, the Salute on our left. It is a work of power equal to that already noticed—the other Venetian subject.

No. 486. \* \* \* \* Miss MUTRIE.

"Lightly soars the thistle-down,  
Lightly doth it float;  
Lightly seeds of care are sown,  
Little do we note."

The subject is a piece of roadside bank, with all its ferns, rank grass, thistles, wild convolvuli, and withal a dragon-fly, as a sign of life. Useless as these weeds are in nature, they are most beautiful in their semblance as a picture like this.

No. 487. 'Youth in Seville,' J. PHILLIP. A youth and maiden in festal costume: in everything strictly national.

No. 488. 'Concealment of the Fugitives, by Alice Lisle, after the Battle of Sedgemoor, in the reign of James II,' E. M. WARD, R.A. This is the original design for the fresco in the Houses of Parliament, which has been already described in the *Art-Journal*. Here we see the picture, but in the corridor for which it has been painted, it is not visible. The artist has treated his subject with masterly skill: it is not, perhaps, so favourable a theme as either of the two preceding—'The Execution of Montrose,' or 'The Last Sleep of Argyle;' but

it afforded ample scope for thought, nevertheless,—and there is no living artist who could have dealt with it better. It is admirable in conception, in arrangement, and in execution; manifesting that high intellectual power which has given to the painter a prominent position among the leading masters of the epoch.

No. 497. 'The Holland's Diep—Tide Making,' C. STANFIELD, R.A. This is the lowest toned picture he has, we think, ever painted. It represents a breadth of shingly shore at low water, with some boats lying dry, and figures, horses, and appropriate incident. The picture is nearly all greys of various tones, with a clouded sky, and a portion of the sea strongly lighted by the sun's rays.

No. 498. 'The Ayrshire Lassie,' T. FAED. The subject is a country girl sitting on the bank of a rivulet bathing her feet.

No. 500. 'Daughters of the Alhambra,' J. PHILLIP, A. These are two girls at a window of Moorish design. Like the other "year's offerings" of the painter, they are distinctly Spanish; all proofs of keen observation and rare industry, as well as genius.

No. 501. 'The Fisherman and the Syren,' F. LEIGHTON. This is founded upon a legend similar to that of the Lurley: the syren clasps the fisherman, who yields passively to her embrace, and being drawn by her into the water, "never more was seen." There is a classic feeling in the manner of dealing with the subject, and if it lack the freshness which distinguished the artist's first exhibited essay, it has merits certainly not less than those which, four years ago, made him the "observed of observers." This production shows talent more matured, and gives sure evidence of thought and study.

No. 502. 'Shepherds,' J. LINNELL, sen.

"Gives not the hawthorn bush a sweeter shade  
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,  
Than doth a rich embroidered canopy  
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?"

From the lengthened experience of the painter, the shade, and the shreds of sunlight by which it is broken, are rendered without any apparent effort, and they are most successfully illusive. The deep tone is cast on the ground by a hawthorn-tree of many fantastic stems, and beneath it we find the shepherds and their sheep. The branches and foliage form overhead a quasi-arch, through which we see the opposite hill-side, a dense wood. It is an agreeable picture, though not so rich in colour as others that have gone before it. The manner reminds the observer strongly of the feeling and touch of Gainsborough. The accomplished artist is, however, always great, because always natural and true.

No. 503. 'Ulysses in the Island of Calypso,' T. DANBY. This is so entirely of the class of subject of the elder Mr. Danby, with the sunny effect which he so frequently paints, that we at first attributed it to him. Ulysses is seated on a rock, looking at the sea, and apostrophising Ithaca: but the sentiment of the scene is too busy—it would have been more impressive if less thronged with objects.

No. 511. 'The Good Samaritan,' P. R. MORRIS. It is difficult to give any variety to the situations in this subject: the figures here are accurately drawn, and there is evidence of considerable power: greater originality both in theme and treatment would have been to the artist's advantage.

No. 512. 'The Press-gang,' A. JOHNSTON. This is a story of a waterman who, on his wedding-day, and on return from church, was seized by a press-gang, torn from the side of his young wife, and at once put on board of a ship of war. We see him accordingly resisting the sailor, who has seized him, but his single effort is of avail no against numbers. The narrative is pointed and circumstantial; but



the picture does not sustain the reputation of the painter.

No. 518. 'A Day's Earnings,' H. S. MARKS. A small picture, in which appears a musician of the fifteenth century, ruefully contemplating as he holds it in his hand, a small piece of money, the reward of his day's music. The sentiment is literally interpretable from the man's action and expression.

No. 521. 'Landscape—Ulysses at the Court of Alcinous, going to the Athletic Games instituted in honour of his visit,' F. DANBY, A. At a little distance, when we lose the manipulation, there is a powerful reality of sunny lustre in this picture, which is a classical landscape, but too much like others that Mr. Danby has already painted. It is an epic essay, entirely independent of our every-day nature, and it is always observable that when nature no longer presides as dictatress, manner is the inevitable fate of the painter. The proposed effect here is much like that of the 'Wood Nymph,' exhibited some years ago, but not so intense.

No. 524. 'Ruth and Naomi,' M. CLAXTON. This is another of those subjects to which it is difficult to give any novelty of version; the bright colour of the picture tells, although it is placed very high.

No. 526. 'The Warren,' J. W. OAKES. The subject is sufficiently meagre—a mere sandy bank, broken and overgrown with spear grass, and such weeds as find sustenance in sand: over this low crest we behold the sea,—and this is the story; but it is really made out with unimpeachable honesty.

No. 527. 'The Shrine of Santa Fina, in the Duomo of San Geminiano, Tuscany,' R. McINNES. We are here introduced to a party of devotees, who are worshipping before the shrine, beneath which sits an aged woman with a begging-box, inscribed—"Chi dona al povero presta al signore." On the left a blind beggar is being led away. The worshippers are youthful and personally interesting, but not so Tuscan as we could wish them. There is a great deal of detail in the picture, which is worked out with the most laudable constancy.

No. 528. 'Peaceful Days,' P. R. MORRIS. The title is represented by an old soldier, who sits with a child on his knee. The old man's head is the feature of the picture, and it is worked up to a delicacy resembling that of a miniature.

No. 531. 'Retribution,' E. ARMITAGE. This is an allegorical allusion to the Indian revolt, borne in a colossal female figure embodying Victory, or Britain it may be, in the act of plunging a sword into the heart of a Bengal tiger, which has destroyed women and children. The composition points at once to its source.

No. 535. 'On the Gulf of Salerno,' H. J. JOHNSON. The substance of this view is a piece of rocky shore, on the crest of which stands a ruined tower. The cliffs, which are washed by the waves, retire into the picture, to which life is communicated by a boat with figures pulling off the shore. It is executed with firmness, and coloured with natural truth.

No. 536. 'The Return of the Prodigal,' A. RANKLEY. A domestic version of the parable, the scene being the home of a respectable family that are mourning the loss of their mother. The son is kneeling before his father, hiding his face in shame and grief: he returns in a soiled striped shirt, and otherwise in rags. The narrative is clear, and the story, as an incident of every-day life, comes home to the feelings more directly than a biblical version.

No. 537. 'Evening in Greece—Ruined Temple, Cape Colonna,' G. E. HERING. We yield at once to the solace of the tranquillity of this composition; but the ruined temple is set before us with a palpability that qualifies

the sedative of the calm sea and the cloudless sky. The columns rise from a mound which, lying in shade, forces the tender tones of the sea and sky. The subject is extremely simple, but haudred with unusual sensitiveness.

No. 539. 'Heathside in Surrey—An Autumn Study,' G. P. BOYCE. This picture is realised by a most conscientious study of a strip of hill-side verdure: a felicitous identity.

No. 545. 'Home,' T. S. COOPER, A. In this very large composition the title is illustrated by two soldiers who have, after a long march, arrived in the suburb of a city, to which, one of them, pointing, calls the attention of his comrade; but the work is essentially a cattle picture, treated with a sunny effect. There is a much greater amount of study in the composition than the artist has for some time bestowed on any of his recent productions.

No. 546. 'The Bower of Bliss,' G. PATTEN, A. It is very rarely now that we see a subject from Spenser—the taste of the time draws its inspiration from every-day life. Instead, therefore, of nudes, or semi-nudes, and classic draperies, we have veritable coats and waistcoats. This is a large picture, and a very full composition, suggested by descriptions in the twelfth canto of the second book of the "Fairie Queene."

No. 558. 'The Lion in Love,' A. SOLOMON. The composition thus interpreted contains two figures, "the lion" and the object of his affections. The lion is a military man in full uniform, nothing less than a field officer—a colonel at least—violently exerting himself to thread a needle for a young lady who sits beside him, and thus falling into attitude and expression somewhat grotesque.

No. 559. 'Sheep,' W. KEYL. A group drawn and painted with the accuracy and finish which always distinguish the cattle subjects of the artist.

No. 562. \* \* \* \* H. WALLIS. Can it be that the success of 'The Death of Chatterton' has suggested a second picture of a dead man? There is no title to the picture, but it is accompanied by a quotation from "Sartor Resartus." A man wearing the ordinary attire of a labourer has been at work breaking stones at the road-side, and while seated and thus employed suddenly expires. It is evening—twilight—and the dark distance opposed to the light sky is laid in with an opaque and heavy coat of blue, which overpowers everything. The seal of death is firmly set upon the man's features—a "hardly entreated brother," whose pedigree has been that of toil. It is a mournful subject: and has been treated with a mournful feeling; a birth in misery, it seems to give sadness to all who see it. Of the genius of its author there can be no question; but we protest against his continually dismal selection of themes apart from the highest and holiest purpose of Art.

No. 563. 'Sabbath in the Glen,' G. HARVEY. The open-air Sunday worship which has taken place in some parts of the Highlands, where the congregations are poor and sparse, has afforded subject-matter for many pictures. We find here, seated on the grass and listening to their pastor, a small congregation, the gatherings of many weary miles, young and old, those "well to do," and others whose bread is not daily—each a distinctly defined character. The picture is low in tone, and less forcible, perhaps, than some of this admirable artist's earlier works; but it is full of that pure thought and high feeling, for which his productions have been always famous—satisfying the mind while touching the heart.

No. 564. 'Milking Time in the mountains near Dolgelly, North Wales,' H. B. WILLIS. The animals in this picture are well drawn, and relieved in a manner which gives them weight and substance. The time is evening, and the mellow light is broken on them with

the most satisfactory results. There is, moreover, a romantic piece of background, sufficiently well painted to be of itself a picture.

No. 567. 'Portrait in Oriental Costume,' Mrs. CARPENTER. The subject has been so happily treated, that the result is rather a picture than a portrait.

No. 568. 'The Tees, at Gainford,' J. PEEL. This is near Rokeby, and the river is narrow here; but not, we think, so much so as it appears in the picture, which represents simply meadows and trees; the material is charmingly handled.

No. 569. 'Lady Catherine Scott,' G. RICHMOND, A. In the air and carriage of the person there is more of nature than art. Time will do much for the complexion, which at present is somewhat crude.

No. 570. 'Benjamin Franklin at Watts's, in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields, A.D. 1725,' E. CROWE. The point of the narrative is Franklin's preference of water to beer; the scene is the press-room; the time the dinner hour, and some of Franklin's fellow-workmen are indulging in copious potations of porter. He is invited to do likewise, but he declares his preference for water. The presses and the material of the printing establishment are so well made out that they entirely supersede the figures.

No. 571. 'A Mountain Torrent—Morning,' T. CRESWICK, R.A. There is an earnestness and a severity of manner about this work which declares that the artist has given it his best attention. It is a composition, the largest he has ever exhibited. The torrent breaks over the masses of rock in the nearest section of the work, from a watercourse shut in by cliffs. It is extremely sober in colour, with much grandeur of effect.

No. 572. 'Crossing the Ford, Seville,' R. ANSDALL. A yoke of two magnificent oxen, one of them bearing a driver on his back, constitutes the life and interest of this composition: they are the type of animals which are seen not only in Spain but in Italy. The work is of a high character, sustaining a reputation that has been augmenting from year to year.

No. 577. 'Leouora d'Este reading Tasso,' H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A. This is the most carefully painted figure that Mr. Pickersgill has for many years exhibited.

No. 579. 'Contrition,' T. BROOKS. It is extremely difficult to read whence, or on which side, is the contrition proposed to be set forth in this work. The principal group consists of a young woman with her two children, one an infant in her arms; the other kneels beside her, repeating her prayers. In the doorway is a young man, apparently about to go out; but in what relation the two persons stand to each other there is no means of determining. All that can be said is, that the mother and her children are extremely well painted, and would of themselves form a story perspicuous enough; but the presence of the man involves the narrative in mystery.

No. 584. 'The Spanish Shepherd, Seville,' R. ANSDALL. This pastor is a heavy, slouching figure, but, we doubt not, faithful to the life: he is accompanied by a boy on a mule, and followed by his sheep, or, to speak correctly, not followed by them, for while he moves on, the sheep and the mule are standing still. The figures are very forcibly opposed to the light background.

No. 585. 'The Ruins of Dunbar Castle—Morning after a Storm,' J. WILSON. We look at the ruin from beneath the cliffs, with masses of rock on our right, which compose with that on which the castle stands. The sea opens on the left, and heavy breakers are rolling in on the rocks. The quantities are few, but the result is a very suggestive production.

No. 588. 'E. H. Baily, Esq., R.A., F.R.S.,' G. E. TUSON. The identity can be established



as to feature, but the artist has not, in complexion, done his sitter justice.

No. 594. 'Moor Scene,' H. DAWSON. This is a small picture, low in tone, and very conscientiously elaborated; but the clouds are painted with such solidity that they vie in substance with the lower part of the composition.

No. 595. 'Freyberg, Switzerland,' J. D. HARDING. This is a large and important picture, and if one place worse than another could have been selected for it, it is precisely that to which it is consigned. The work is harmonious and brilliant in colour, admirable in execution, and most faithful in its reference to the forms and phases of nature. It is a work of higher quality than hundreds that are placed in better positions, and seeing all this, we would simply ask—if merit be not the touchstone of preference, what is the rule according to which the hanging is ordered?

No. 598. 'Count Paris, accompanied by Friar Laurence and a band of Musicians, comes to the house of the Capulets to claim his bride; he finds Juliet stretched apparently lifeless on her bed,' F. LEIGHTON. The title is amply descriptive, and points to the fifth scene of the fourth act. The artist has not painted for a concentrated expression, but has rather essayed to produce effect by a distribution of interest. The canvas is therefore thronged, but there are thought and originality in the characters introduced.

No. 599. 'The Presentation of Medals for service in the Crimea, by the Queen, on the 18th of May, 1855,' H. THOMAS. This is really one of the best of the modern ceremonial pictures we have ever seen. The site is the Horse-guards Parade, and that, with all the building visible from the spot, is most satisfactorily represented. The figures are small, but they are finished like miniature, and among all the near circles we recognise at once officers of distinction.

No. 600. 'Boccaccio in Naples,' W. C. THOMAS. On the occasion of his second embassy to Naples, Boccaccio, discontented, improvises a canzonet: such we are told is the situation in which he is presented to us. He wears a white-hooded camaille, from below which flows an ample black robe, and thus attired he sits playing a guitar in an open terrace. There is no colour in the picture, but it is a masterpiece, charming beyond expression.

No. 601. 'Rest,' M. C. STONE. The subject is an aged knight who, we are to suppose, is returned to pass the remnant of his days in the place of his birth. His reception, however, is but a cold one, for he is seated beneath a tree without welcome, save from a child that offers him an apple. He is in armour, which, with all the accessories, is well painted; the head of the figure seems too large. The work is one of rare merit and of rich promise.

No. 602. 'Morning in Italy—on the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. HERING. This view of the lake comprehends in the foreground some of the bright and picturesque buildings which are found on, and near, the shores, which serve admirably to "throw off" the mountains that rise on the opposite side; this is managed with an exquisitely tender allusion to morning effect.

#### THE SOUTH AND NORTH ROOMS.

For the notice of the miniatures and drawings we have this year left an unusually small space, so unprecedently numerous are the works of merit that have pressed upon our attention. Although two of the most distinguished miniaturists of our time retire from this arena, there are yet miniatures of high excellence sufficient to demand at our hands the usual notice, which, but for the circumstance alluded to, would have been couched. There remains to us, therefore, only the power of noting the names of the artists, with the title of their works:—No. 618, 'H.R.H. the Princess Victoria at the

Ages of Five and Ten, &c.,' enamels, W. ESSEX; No. 682, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' and No. 740, 'Major Naysmith,' T. CARRICK; No. 701, 'H.R.H. the Prince of Wales,' G. RICHMOND, A.; No. 705, 'The Duke and Duchess D'Aumale, &c.,' unfinished, Sir W. C. ROSS, R.A.; No. 702, 'The Hon. Strange Jocelyne,' Mrs. MOSELEY; No. 725, 'Frederick Tayler,' E. TAYLER; No. 727, 'Portrait of a Lady,' E. MOIRA; No. 730, 'Lady Margaret Beaumont and Child,' H. T. WELLS; No. 750, 'Mrs. Grote,' Miss TEKUSCH; No. 748, 'Mrs. Reginald Corbet,' C. COUZENS; No. 754, 'Portrait of a Lady,' Miss M. GILLIES; No. 776, 'Miss Stewart,' E. HAVELL; No. 799 is a charming drawing by W. MULREADY, R.A.; and No. 800 a very large drawing—'Deerstalking,' by Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.; No. 819, 'Children of Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart.,' J. C. MOORE; No. 820, 'Miss Lillie Leman,' C. EARLES; No. 845, 'Mrs. Squire and her Children,' J. GILBERT; No. 852, 'Mrs. Wildman Whitehouse,' C. J. BASEBÉ; No. 857, 'Mrs. B. Frauk,' F. CRUIKSHANK; No. 859, 'Head of a Roman Peasant,' F. TALFOURD; No. 870, 'Little Elsie,' J. C. MOORE; No. 871, 'A Portrait,' W. K. BRIGGS; No. 875, 'Agnes,' E. HAVELL; No. 877, 'The May-Gatherer,' F. SMALLFIELD; No. 886, 'The Rev. Charles Kingsley,' E. HAVELL.

There are also distributed in these rooms, and even in the passage, pictures and drawings which ought to have had better places, as—No. 662, 'Wayside Weeds,' A. MOORE; No. 824, 'An Autumn Day on the Borders of Dartmoor,' J. GENDALL; No. 839, 'The City of Gloucester,' NIEMANN; No. 847, 'Near Great Marlow, Bucks,' J. M. CARRICK; No. 848, 'Samuel calling down Thunder and Rain on the Wheat Harvest,' C. A. DU VAL; No. 862, 'The Huguenot Conventicle suppressed,' J. RITCHIE; No. 876, 'Christ in the Prætorium,' W. C. THOMAS; No. 882, 'Family Devotion,' No. 893, 'Boppard, on the Rhine,' E. RICHARDSON; No. 895, 'Ben Nevis,' H. JUTSUM; No. 897, 'At Lady Farm, Pyrford, Surrey,' F. W. HULME; No. 905, 'The Jew Pedlar,' M. STOHL; No. 906, 'The Boudoir Entrance,' F. T. BAYNES; No. 907, 'On Guard,' J. CRUIKSHANK; No. 914, 'Painting *Con Amore*,' J. BARRETT; No. 918, 'Dublin Lighthouse,' J. DANBY; No. 919, 'An Incident in the Life of Charles II. at the Hague,' T. M. JOY; No. 926, 'An English River-Side,' W. MOORE; No. 932, 'Burial of the Lord Rosslyn,' A. F. PAYNE; No. 933, 'Italian Peasant,' T. HORRAK; No. 936, 'Bertram Risingham riding into the Church,' T. M. B. MARSHALL; No. 940, 'The Avenue, Cobham,' J. S. RAVEN; No. 942, 'Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward,' P. H. CALDERON; No. 943, 'A Chelsea Interior,' R. TAIT; No. 946, 'A Shebeen House,' E. NICOL; No. 948, 'Lucy Gray,' J. A. HOUSTON; No. 950, 'Prospero and Miranda cast Adrift,' F. S. CARY; No. 952, 'The Sweet Spring Time,' M. ANTHONY; No. 1089, 'The Stone Breaker,' J. BRETT; No. 1090, 'The Terrace,' J. D. WINGFIELD; No. 1101, 'Danger Past,' J. RITCHIE; No. 1102, 'Spring Time,' A. W. WILLIAMS; No. 1103, 'The Widowed Bride,' G. A. STOREY; No. 1104, 'Poë's Introduction to Dryden at Wills' Coffee House, &c.,' E. CROWE; No. 1107, 'Wayfarers,' J. H. S. MANN, &c.

#### THE SCULPTURE.

The sculptural essays amount in number to 211, yet, although the number is but small, they are crowded in a manner the most unseemly in the room set apart for this department of art. The catalogue we say is not large, but, limited as it is, it would sufficiently fill a well-lighted room of three times the size of this apartment. The statues are placed almost contiguously, some behind others, so arranged that they are not lighted, and conse-

quently cannot be seen. But such an arrangement cannot be avoided here; the architect of the building having provided space for six sculptors, never dreaming that there could be any addition to the number. The busts, too, are crowded together as we see them on the shelves of an Italian *gessato* in full work. But with this the Academy have nothing to do. All praise be to them for filling the place, inasmuch as to show its insufficiency. We observe that a finger has been broken off one of the statues, and replaced—an accident doubtless occasioned by some one who has moved incautiously where even angels may fear to tread. There are more statues in marble than we ever remember to have seen exhibited here simultaneously; and here also, as in painting, a transition is felt,—although the antique must ever be the basis of excellence in sculpture, yet the progress of Christian art and naturalism, though slow, is well assured. The purely classic statues are now numerically diminishing year by year, but so long as the splendid remnants of Greek art are extant, their inspiration will prevail. When the catalogue was printed it appears that the place of honour was occupied by a marble bust of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, by J. E. THOMAS, intended for the Board-room of the new Welsh schools at Ashford; but this is no longer in the room: the next number is—

No. 1162. 'Preparatory model for a colossal bust of H.R.H. the Prince Consort,' to be executed in marble for the city of Manchester, M. NOBLE. The bust is treated with a plain drapery, bearing a star on the left side, and it presents a striking resemblance to His Royal Highness.

No. 1163. 'H.R.H. the Princess Royal,' Mrs. THORNYCROFT. This work exercises a powerful charm in its elegant simplicity; the only ornament employed is an orange-flower, shy and half hidden by the hair. In the face is preserved the most natural expression of the Princess: she looks, as she is, good and happy.

No. 1166. 'Obedience,' marble group, J. GEEFS. A child educating a dog; the head of the boy is expressive and interesting, but his canine companion is open to improvement.

No. 1168. 'Cupid Wounded,' H. BANDEL. The subject, we believe, is the story from Anacreon; but the version does not in any way reach the nature and point of the Greek verse.

No. 1169. 'The Negligent Watch-boy of the vineyard catching locusts,' Miss S. DURANT. While this vigilant watch-boy is intent on securing a locust that has settled on the vine foliage, a fox is devouring the grapes. The story occurs in Theocritus, and it is very circumstantially repeated in this elaborate and very admirable composition.

No. 1171. 'Model of a statue of the late Viscount Fitzgibbon,' P. MACDOWELL, R.A. A colossal statue in plaster, to be executed in bronze, in memory of the late Lord Fitzgibbon and others, his companions in arms, who fell at Balaklava. It is strictly a portrait statue, original and very spirited; so treated as to convey the idea of a chivalric youth, who would have been a hero.

No. 1172. 'Mercy on the Battle Field,' E. B. STEPHENS. The subject is interpreted by a dying soldier, to whom a female figure offers a *patera*, supposed to contain water or wine: however well a subject of this kind may be treated, it is rarely possible to read it according to the intention of the artist.

No. 1174. 'Hermione,' as the statue in the "Winter's Tale," act v., scene the last, executed in marble, and to be placed in the Egyptian Hall, Mansion-house, J. DURHAM. The City is to be congratulated on the possession of a work like this; the pose is easy and natural, and the expression pure and exalted. It is, indeed, to be classed amongst the best productions of modern Art.



No. 1175. 'Lady Anna Chandos Pole,' model for a marble statue, T. THORNYCROFT. The modelling of this statue in the flesh surfaces is of that tender feeling which in plastic works most nearly approaches nature. The drapery, moreover, is elaborately composed.

No. 1178. 'Amour et Malice,' J. GEEFS. An oft-repeated incident both in painting and sculpture,—that of a nymph about to clip Cupid's wing. There is a *piquante* quaintness of expression in the girl's face.

No. 1179. 'The Right Hon. Edmund Burke,' W. THEED. This is the model of the marble statue which has been erected in St. Stephen's Hall, in the houses of Parliament. The statesman is erect, and supposed to be in the act of addressing the house. His left arm crosses the body, the right hand is raised; the idea would have been well seconded if the lips had been apart; the features are full of earnest language.

No. 1180. 'Genius,' E. H. BAILY, R.A. A statue in which the subject is treated with the utmost simplicity, the artist relying entirely on expression. This is another of the works for the Mansion-house.

No. 1181. 'The Death of Alcibiades,' Lieut.-Gen. Sir W. NAPIER, H. This is a small statuette in bronze, not without errors in proportion,—as for instance, the left arm is too short,—but really admirable as the work of one whose name we have heard before, apart from his profession—only in connexion with literature.

No. 1183. 'Faith,' a group in Carrara marble, for the interior of a mausoleum, erected in the Necropolis, Glasgow, J. THOMAS. This is a principal female figure with an angel kneeling on each side—a class of work which we rarely see executed for a necropolis. The features are turned upwards, and she clasps the Bible to her breast, the most literal rendering of the title. The work is full of grace and beauty.

No. 1184. 'Statue of the late J. M. W. Turner, Esq.,' E. H. BAILY, R.A. A figure with any personal refinement would not be like Turner. Mr. Baily has, therefore, essayed to set him before us as he was. Had Turner died, equally honoured, fifty or sixty years back, we should now have him commemorated as a nude Titan; but we find him here with his palette in his hand, and wearing an every-day coat. The figure is like Turner as he was twenty years ago.

No. 1185. 'The Mother's Kiss,' marble, H. WEEKES, A. The intensity of a mother's love for her child is here powerfully expressed. She holds the infant in her arms, and her features are lost in the fervour of the kiss, but the action declares a feeling warmer than the features could. The statue is a graceful and very beautiful conception.

No. 1186. 'The Day Dream,' P. MACDOWELL, R.A. A marble statue embodying a charming conception, as rich in poetry as any of those which have hitherto signalled the name of this sculptor; it is a female figure, more human yet not less divine than the fairest imaginings of the Greeks.

No. 1187. 'Ophelia,' W. C. MARSHALL, R.A. This is also a figure in marble, she is seated, the flowers are in her lap, her head is thrown back, and in her frenzied abstraction she gazes upward into vacancy. The statue has been most carefully modelled, and we recognise at once poor Ophelia, but we would rather see her looking down than up, because from the front the view of the features is not favourable.

No. 1188. 'Happy as a Queen,' T. EARLE. A natural and simple action in a girl carrying a water cruse—she shades her head with a broad dock-leaf. The marble of this statue is a most unfortunate piece of stone.

No. 1196. 'Ariel released from the Tree,' J. HANCOCK. This is a bronze figure of infinite grace and lightness. He is full of action, and

speeding on the bat; but the beauty of the lines is broken by the raising of the left knee, which has no definite object.

No. 1197. 'Model of a Statue,' forming part of a monument, erected near Durham, to the memory of the late Rev. W. Gilly, D.D., J. G. LOUGH. The figure lies extended on the tomb, draped in a manner common to such sepulchral monuments, but the eyes are open: this may be intended as a type of faith in salvation, but we fear it will not be generally understood.

No. 1198. 'Honour—a Model,' J. BELL. A colossal female figure distributing crowns of *immortelles*. It is intended to be cast out of the metal of guns taken at Sebastopol, as part of a monument to be erected in memory of the officers and men of the Guards who fell in the late war against Russia.

No. 1205. 'A Fisher's Family awaiting his Return,' A. WAAGEN. This small group in plaster is very sweetly modelled, most effectively arranged, and full of expression.

No. 1213. 'Lovers' Walk,' marble group, A. MUNRO. Two small figures, both amply indicative of the relation to be understood between them. The youth wears a coat of mail, which comes so low as to make his limbs appear short. The mail detracts from the figure—it is not felt as the artist proposes.

No. 1220. 'Bacchante playing with a Panther,' H. BANDEL. A small group of great beauty: the action of the animal is original, playful, spirited, and that of his playfellow natural and graceful.

No. 1221. 'Study for a Statue of Ruth, as a type of the Virgin,' S. RUDDOCK. A small sedent figure, of exquisite purity of sentiment.

Among the busts there are numerous productions which evidence the best gifts which the sculptor can possess. No. 1229, 'Stephen Pearce, Esq.,' and No. 1230, 'John Erichsen, Esq., Professor of Surgery at University College,' both by J. EDWARDS, are busts that would do honour to any school. No. 1211, 'Spencer Smith, Esq., Surgeon to St. Mary's Medical School,' T. BUTLER, shows also the best qualities of the art; No. 1215, J. E. JONES, is a striking likeness and an admirable bust of the Rev. M. Belley; No. 1234, 'Dr. Livingstone,' E. W. WYON, is familiarised to us by portraits. No. 1236 is a bas-relief, or rather alto-relief—'Queen Elizabeth knighting Drake,' by W. THEED, a work of great merit, intended for the Houses of Parliament. There are also—No. 1243, 'Colonel Caulfield,' J. E. JONES; No. 1245, 'The Late Earl of Ellesmere,' M. NOBLE; No. 1248, 'Bianca, Daughter of Adelaide Ristori,' A. MUNRO; and, by the same sculptor, No. 1255, 'Undine,' a statuette, a charming conception; No. 1250, 'Sir Charles Locock,' W. BERNES; No. 1254, 'Autumn,' statuette, J. S. WESTMACOTT; No. 1263, 'W. B. Angell, Esq.,' medallion, J. EDWARDS; No. 1271, 'The Late R. Twining, Esq.,' J. G. LOUGH; No. 1276, 'Angels' Mission,' group in terra-cotta, J. HANCOCK; No. 1299, 'Lord Adolphus Vane Tempest,' J. E. JONES; No. 1302, 'G. B. Airy, Esq., M.A., &c., Astronomer Royal,' J. H. FOLEY, R.A. elect; No. 1311, 'Lord John Russell,' BARON MAROCHETTI; No. 1313, 'Bust of a Lady,' R. C. MACDOWELL; No. 1323, 'Ariel on his Mission to Calm the Tempest,' F. M. MILLER; No. 1330, 'Madonna and Child,' relievio in marble, E. DAVIS—a work of refined taste, broad and pictorial.

And thus, once more, we say "Farewell" to the deities and heroes in the vestibule of our Art-temple; it is to them that we are indebted for the hint that the juniors take the lead, and the seniors follow—it was so, say they, in Rhodes long ago.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE NEGRO PAGE.

A. Cuyp, Painter. J. Godfrey, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 7 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 8 in.

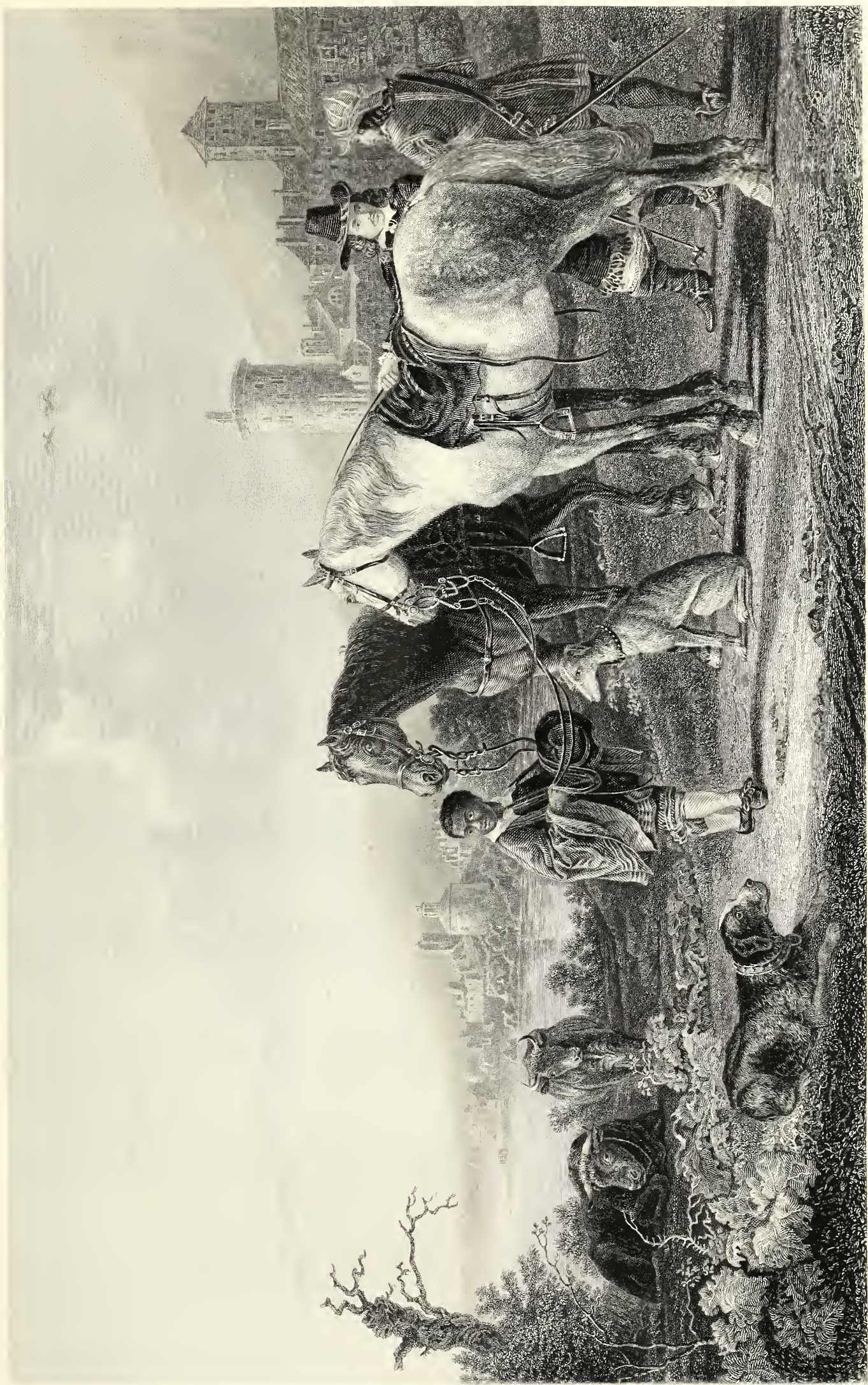
OF Albert Cuyp it may be remarked, that he is one of those "foreign painters"—and the number is not small, especially of those belonging to the Dutch and Flemish schools—who hold their high position chiefly to the discrimination and judgment of English connoisseurs. Scarcely half a century has elapsed since his pictures might have been bought in his own country for a very insignificant sum; five pounds would have purchased, even at that comparatively recent date, what is now difficult to procure for as many hundreds. Our continental neighbours are too apt to charge Englishmen with a want of taste in, and ignorance of, Art; and yet we not unfrequently find them bowing to our decision, and approving our verdict by accepting it as their own guide; striving with us for the acquisition of those works which we, and not they, have stamped with the seal of excellence.

That Cuyp should be a favourite in this country is not surprising: we are, as a people, lovers, almost to a proverb, of such natural scenery as he painted; the rich luxuriant meadows, wherein cows and sheep find abundant pasturage; quiet rivers, on whose surface deeply-laden barges and quaint market-boats move sluggishly along: such subjects are of unfading interest to us. But Cuyp painted more than these: by the side of one of his pastorals, glowing with the radiance of a summer's evening, or sparkling with the dewdrops of early morning, we have seen a picture in which every object speaks of winter: the air is loaded with dull, heavy mist, through which the faint beams of the sun can scarcely penetrate; the river is ice-bound, and the peasantry of Holland are wending their way to market on iron-shod feet instead of gaily-dressed boats; the snow lies on cottage roof and leafless trees, and wraps the whole landscape in a garment of white: these frost scenes are among the most beautiful of his works. In others we have horse-fairs, in others *mêlées* of cavalry, or cavaliers mounting for the chase or for battle: sometimes he conducts us into churches, where the "dim religious light" throws a rainbow of colours on all that comes under its influence; and sometimes a group of bright flowers, or a "gathering" of delicious fruits, is temptingly placed before us by the hand of a painter who was able to represent nature of every kind and under every aspect with a beauty and fidelity which certainly have never been surpassed, and but rarely equalled: his moonlight scenes are as truthfully represented as any others.

Cuyp was born at Dordrecht, in 1606: the date of his death has never been correctly ascertained—a fact from which some inference may be drawn of the little estimation in which his countrymen held his talents, otherwise some record of his decease would have come down to us. He was known to be living in 1672. It is in England that his best pictures are to be seen, and not only his best, but the largest number of his works, for there is scarcely a collection of any note without one or more examples, while copies of all kinds exist in abundance. Genuine pictures of the highest quality by this artist realise very large prices when offered for sale: from one thousand to two thousand guineas, and even more, are given for them.

The picture in Buckingham Palace known as "The Negro Page," is a composition that includes many of the materials which Cuyp was accustomed to group on his canvases. The scene lies on the bank of a river adorned with several edifices of a picturesque architectural character. The incident of the figures and animals is sufficiently clear: the cavalier is booted and spurred ready to mount; the other, in his high-heeled shoes and woollen hose, is also equipped for a ride, in costume not uncommon in those days: the "Negro page" has charge of the horses. As a work of Art it is of the highest character, beautifully painted, rich and transparent in colour; the glow of a fine summer's evening lighting and warming every object on the canvas; altogether it is a picture worthy to have a place in a "Royal Collection."





A. T. W. L. N. X.

THE NEW-FADE

FROM THE COLLECTION OF THE LORD OF THE MANOR

THE NEW-FADE







## THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE fifty-fourth exhibition of this society was opened on the 24th of April, with a collection of 329 drawings: among which is a less number of productions of a mediocre character than have of late years been seen in the exhibition room of this society. Few things are more unequal than genius in Art. Many of those to whom we look yearly for at least one essay of thought and labour, frequently disappoint us either by the absence of the expected work, or by its quality, if produced. These are essentially days of effort in small things: many of the small drawings in this collection are, in their kind, essays equal to aught that Art-labour has ever produced. Since the exhibition of last year the retirement of John Lewis has been announced; and it must be admitted that we feel the loss of his exciting pictures—works whereby the photographic hearts of the most faithful worshippers of the sun are broken—whereby engraving is reduced to comparative imbecility. And although some years have elapsed since Cattermole vacated his pedestal, our affections—though seared, but not yet insensible—are sometimes moved by the sight of a memento of his former radiance; and then it is we deplore that the man yet lives—and does not paint. Cattermole has been “gone to oil” for some years now; but the journey for him seems to be a long one, for we have no sign that he has yet arrived there. The contributions of David Cox are numerous, and not less forcible than in former years. Duncan's picture ‘The Morning after the Gale,’ is a work of rare excellence. Hunt is curiously microscopic, but not so factious as usual. Harding exhibits but one drawing, the very legerdemain of the art. Holland contributes three or four of the most fascinating drawings he has ever made—and Jenkins, that happy match-maker—Dodgson, whose painted sonnets stand unrivalled by anything that ever appeared on paper—Carl Haag, stupendous in inexplicable textures—Frederick Tayler—may his life be a long continuation of dog-days!—with all the other luminaries of this starry sphere, are wondrously great in small things, each of which in itself is great. The recent elections, too, are not wanting in self-support: the Venetian views of E. A. Goodall are eminently true; and not less distinguished is the Genoese interior of S. Read, or the view in Argyleshire, by Newton.

No. 7. ‘Llyn Crafnant,’ D. COX, jun. In choice of subject and scale of colour there is an identity in the works of sire and son; but the elevated style of the former has never been emulated by the latter, whose depositions are unembellished matter-of-fact, while the relations of the elder are pronounced in strains of touching verse. In this Llyn Crafnant we see a Welsh lake, enclosed, of course, by mountains, rendered with a serious breadth, and deeply shaded by a portentous sky.

No. 8. ‘The Castle Rock, Linton, North Devon,’ GEORGE FRIPP. We are doubtless presented with a portrait of this rock, but it is formal, angular, and unpicturesque: on the right the view opens to the sea, in which light and reflection are more immediately felt than colour. The subject is interesting as a local reminiscence.

No. 10. ‘Near Sorrento—Morning,’ W. EVANS. The whole ground section of this view is coloured according to a low-toned system of harmonies. The dominant object is a square ruin, on the right of which there are trees, and beyond this the eye rests on the sea, the distance being closed by Vesuvius and the adjacent high land.

No. 11. ‘Fortune-telling,’ O. OAKLEY. Simply two girls discussing the *sortes boeane* in tea-cups; a composition in the taste of preceding works.

No. 15. ‘Snowdon, from Capel Carig,’ D. COX. It is probable that this drawing was executed some years ago, as it has all the nerve of the artist's best time. According to his wont, he hangs his sky with the drapery of the storm-cloud, which is descending on the mountain. Mr. Cox is the dripping Orion of painters—Fuseli's great coat and umbrella were of little avail here. No. 18 is also a view of Snowdon, small and with little in it; but of what value is that indication of a stream that divides the subject!

No. 19. ‘Tyrolese Carrier,’ CARL HAAG. He is

burthened with that kind of basket which passes from the back over the head, and which is employed for the conveyance of all kinds of commodities; but most effectively paintable when loaded with grapes. He is travelling over rocks, and relieved by the sky: a very substantial figure.

No. 20. ‘Moel Siabod, from the Llugwy, North Wales,’ C. BRANWHITE. Passages of this work are admirably executed—the water, for instance, at the base of the picture; but the eye is distracted by the variety of points as it passes upwards to the peak which gives the title to the picture; and when thus importuned by unimportant objects, which cannot assist the sentiment of the drawing, their insignificance stands confessed. Its garrulous and uneasy execution does not assist the quiescence of the scene.

No. 22. ‘Como,’ T. M. RICHARDSON. We look here apparently towards Capo di Lago and the intervening spur of the Alps over the town, from the terrace of a house, which seems to be in the southern suburb. The colour and chiaroscuro of the near section are rich, deep, and powerful, and compel to remote retirement the airy harmonies of the mountains. It is a large drawing, exhibiting in its treatment learning and tact.

No. 23. ‘Bürgermeister's Tochter, Salzburg,’ CARL HAAG. The water-colour heads exhibited by this artist possess a pictorial excellence which distinguishes them from that resemblance to portraiture into which so many artists fall when making studies of simple heads. The great portion of this face is in clear transparent shade—warm and luminous. Mr. Haag stands alone in this class of picture.

No. 24. ‘On the Hamoaze, Plymouth,’ S. P. JACKSON. The breadth, simplicity, and evening atmosphere are charming; the subject is simply some hulks seen under an aspect of sunset.

No. 26. ‘The Cottar's Family,’ JOS. J. JENKINS. A group of three—a mother and two children at the door of their cottage, which is enwreathed with roses and climbing plants. The mother and younger child stand within the barrier that is usually placed at the doors of cottages to prevent children from straying, and an elder leans on the outside. In freshness and natural expression these three heads are eminently successful.

No. 30. ‘The Morning after the Gale,’ E. DUNCAN. This is the most important work that its author has ever exhibited. The subject is, as may be understood from the title, a wreck, but it is treated with much originality. The scene is viewed not from the shore but to seaward of the stranded ship, which has dragged her anchors and been driven on the rocks; we may suppose at the Lizard, that rises a short distance in-shore. The ship lies with her stern to the land, her masts are gone, and her decks, which have been swept, are now being broken up by the inward rush of water, which breaches at the same time over what is left of her bulwarks. The volume and break of the water, and the manner of its striking the ship, are impressively true. Boats hover round, busily picking up and towing off the floating wreck. It is a composition on which great labour has been most worthily bestowed, for the result is one of the finest works illustrative of the subject that we have ever seen.

No. 33. ‘Highland Gillie, with Dogs and Black Game,’ FREDERICK TAYLER. The lad stands in the centre of the drawing, with the game over his shoulder, and by him are a brace of setters—both figure and dogs being drawn with the facility, and coloured with the sweetness, which characterise the works of the painter. But we cannot help observing the position of the boy with respect to the dogs, which cross him in the manner of a T square.

No. 34. ‘The Valley of the Lledr, North Wales—Halt of Shepherds on their way to Llanrwst Fair,’ E. DUNCAN. Here a road leads into the picture along the base of masses of rock, which are drawn and coloured with such truth as faithfully to describe their stratification and character.

No. 40. ‘Going to Market,’ W. GOODALL. The boy and girl in this drawing may be going to market, but the market will be over before they get there. They are leading a calf across a rapid Highland burn, but their advance is somewhat difficult; however, both the figures and the calf are brought before us with roundness and natural action.

No. 43. ‘Sunrise in Autumn, at Brixton,’ W. C. SMITH. The components here are a windmill, a pool of water, and some distant houses; but simple as the

material is, it derives interest from the charming effect under which it is introduced.

No. 47. ‘A Mountain Torrent, late in Autumn,’ C. BRANWHITE. This composition evinces more earnestness than anything we have before seen exhibited under this name; but there is, especially in dealing with trees, a certain flippancy of manner which decries the more genuine passages of Art. The loud importunities of the small trees, that will not be silenced, disturb the tranquillity of the place, which is placed before us in a manner less like composition than reality.

No. 49. ‘Fruit,’ V. BARTHOLOMEW. Gooseberries, a basket of grapes, peaches, and foliage, painted with a most perfect imitation of nature.

No. 59. ‘Via del Corso, Tivoli,’ ALFRED D. FRIPP. A very sketchy essay in colour, wherein we discern some Italian peasants returning from harvest: they are passing an *osteria*, at the door of which are seated some English artists.

No. 63. ‘Devotees,’ F. W. TOPHAM. These constitute a group of which an old man is the principal; he stands leaning on his staff, and a girl kneels beside him: they are natives of the French side of the Pyrenees, and have stopped to repeat their evening prayer at the sound of the *Angelus*. No. 71, ‘Fountain, Basses Pyrenees,’ contains a representation of the peasantry, similarly costumed.

No. 72. ‘Stye Head Tarn, Cumberland—Early Morning,’ S. P. JACKSON. The sky in this drawing is coloured with infinite tenderness, and has, in a high degree, a luminous quality. No. 73, ‘Ulleswater,’ by the same painter, is a work of much merit.

No. 79. ‘A long Story with neither Head nor Tail to it,’ H. P. RIVIERE. The story is told by an Irish youth to a girl who sits in the marketplace of a country town, with poultry for sale. It is more careful than any antecedent work by the painter.

No. 82. ‘South Transept of Canterbury Cathedral in the fifteenth century—Pilgrims going to the Shrine of Thomas-a-Becket,’ J. NASH. This drawing expresses more effectually the loftiness of the cathedral than that in which the tomb of the Black Prince is shown; but if a little of the license of Art had been used in throwing the upper part of the drawing into shade, the effect which is now somewhat architectural, would have become really pictorial. The line of pilgrims comprehends all classes, from the beggar in his rags to the knight in his suit of plate armour.

No. 83. ‘Return from the Cattle-market, Scotland,’ FREDERICK TAYLER. The incident has the air of truth: the cart with the piper, the harnessed mare, with the foal trotting by her side, must have been seen as we see them here; but the importance of the principals is destroyed by the significance given to the minor circumstances of the composition.

No. 92. ‘Salzburg,’ H. GASTINEAU. The view is taken a little below the town, the river Salza occupying nearly the breadth of the paper. The Schloss, the bridge, and buildings, compose well, and have a romantic character as they are here treated.

No. 93. ‘Nelson at Yarmouth, 1800,’ W. COLLINGWOOD. We are introduced to the hero as he is sitting for his portrait—a circumstance which occurred in Yarmouth after the victory of the Nile; but this is not the picture—it is an ancient and richly-ornamented apartment now in the Star Hotel, which was in the time of Charles I. a mansion belonging to the Bradshaws.

No. 97. ‘Roslin Chapel,’ S. READ. The “prentice pillar,” of course, but treated with a very striking effect.

No. 100. ‘Sunrise on Lago Maggiore, looking towards Pallanza from Isola Bella,’ W. C. SMITH. This view seems to be taken from immediately below the Borromeo gardens: nothing of Pallanza is seen; but the view is closed by the Simplon heights and Monte Leone—a Claude-like feeling being given to the drawing.

No. 107. ‘Early Spring,’ C. DAVIDSON. The trees are as yet leafless, but the bursting of the buds is prettily described, and so minute are the sprays, that they look as if they had been closely imitated from a photograph. The trees are a beech and some elms, which, with a pool of water and a section of grassy upland, constitute the subject.

No. 109. ‘Part of Sens Cathedral, Burgundy,’ J. BURGESS, jun. The subject is one of those ancient edifices of which we see many in France, having



the erection terminated at the towers which the original architect proposed should finish the structure, but which have never yet been added. The drawing delineates very faithfully the time-worn appearance of the building.

No. 112. 'Winter Scene—Carting Ice,' E. DUNCAN. The sky in this drawing is a triumphant success, as being airy, misty, and extremely luminous.

No. 117. 'Kenilworth,' D. COX. We see at once the use to which Mr. Cox always puts his clouds: the lightest point here is a cloud, against which the tower of the castle is brought in relief; the rest lies in broad shade tints, with two figures to bring up the foreground.

No. 132. 'Otter-Hunting in the Highlands—Crossing a Ferry,' F. TAYLER. This is the class of subject in which Mr. Tayler stands alone; we know of no manner of painting that could place these dogs more characteristically before us than we have them here. There is a boat rowed by a "lassie;" two figures—wearing for the Highlands very abnormal caps—are seated in the stern of the boat, into which several of the dogs have leapt, while others take to the water; the way in which the dogs carry their tails may be true, but it fritters the agroupment.

No. 133. 'Roman Peasants resting near Naples,' T. M. RICHARDSON. A long picture, affording a comprehensive view of the shores of the Bay of Naples. The combination of foreground and distance is in elegant taste.

No. 136. 'Osteria, Tivoli,' ALFRED D. FRIPP. But little account is made of this subject, which, in truth, is the venerable remnant of the palace of some consular magnate.

No. 137. 'Beilstein, on the Moselle,' J. D. HARDING. So skilful are the arrangement and the chiaroscuro in this drawing that every touch contributes to form, and every form tells. We look upon and over the town, which is in a great measure screened by trees; the ruin of the old castle—so picturesque an object from the river—is the point of the drawing, which is not large, but the eye rests upon the dispositions with the same satisfaction that the mind contemplates the solution of a difficult problem.

No. 138. 'The Rialto, Venice,' E. A. GOODALL. The feature of the drawing is the bridge spanning the canal immediately before us, with figures, boats, and a variety of movable and immovable contributions. The *locale* has been most accurately studied, and it has been the purpose of the artist to testify honestly to what he has seen, and his deposition bespeaks itself incontrovertibly.

No. 151. 'Gesualti Chiesa, ovvero S. Maria del Rosario,' J. HOLLAND. This drawing is elegant, and brilliant without effort; it is a masterly though simple combination of three quasi-unbroken quantities, which represent also three almost uniform degrees of tone—in, firstly, the buildings; secondly, the sky; and thirdly the water: the buildings run into the picture on the right; on the left the sea and sky are open, the former bearing here and there Adriatic craft, with one gondola, which serves to clear up the water and the sky. The work is beautiful in its simplicity,—candid in its natural expression.

No. 152. 'Tidings from Marston Moor,' W. COLLINGWOOD. A study of a room and its furniture—one of the apartments at Cotele, the seat of the Earls of Mount Edgecumbe. The persons present are Charles I. and Bishop Juxon; a servant enters with a letter. The drawing is very careful.

No. 169. 'Una and the Red Cross Knight in the Caverns of Despair,' Miss M. GILLIES. The passage which suggests this composition occurs in the ninth canto of the "Faerie Queene."

"Out of his hand she snatched the cursed knife,  
And threw it on the ground, enraged, rife," &c.

But Allegory is the most ungrateful of all the handmaids of the Muses: she is, moreover, pedestalled upon an eminence very difficult to climb. In dealing with a subject like this, it is something to say that it proclaims at once its source. The knight wears a suit of plate armour, the first we have ever seen drawn by a lady.

No. 188. 'Pen-y-Gwryd,' D. COX, jun. It may not be considered complimentary to be told that one's work just fails of some quality which would have secured it a surpassing excellence. This is an admirable subject, and either with a little less, or a great deal, of finish, it would have been a re-

markable production. It is the best subject we have ever seen under the hands of this painter.

No. 197. 'Declining Day—View in Argyleshire,' A. P. NEWTON. A large drawing, and, we believe, by one of the most recently admitted associate exhibitors—perhaps the work which secured his election. The scene is on one of the many lochs which exist in the romantic country named in the title. The view is traversed and closed by a chain of lofty mountains, which announce from their summits that the sun is setting in an atmosphere of surpassing splendour; the lake, and the lower passages of the view being kept in reduced and broken middle tones. It is an admirable work—broad, powerful, and true.

No. 207. 'The Beehive,' W. GOODALL. A group of two children, who are seated near a beehive, the too curious tenants of which cause much alarm to the younger of the two. The figures are brought forward with much sweetness.

No. 211. 'St. Lorenzo, Genoa,' SAMUEL READ. A large upright drawing, in which the high altar is shown during the performance of mass. The proportions are grand and imposing, and the expression of elevation is successful without suggesting any feeling of exaggeration. The colour of the decorations of the ceiling, supported and repeated by the curtains lower down, has an effect of richness which is not often obtained where truth compels the use of so much of one colour, which is here red.

No. 228. 'The Ferry,' G. DODGSON. A drawing of exquisite tenderness, equalled in its manner and taste by No. 287, 'A Summer Night,' of which the scene is very much like the terrace at Haddon. There are ancient, gnarled, and spreading trees, beneath, and around, which figures are standing and walking, the whole being lighted by the moon. The economy of the light is beyond all praise, and the poetry and romance of the thing are captivating.

No. 231. 'Both Sides of the Question,' Jos. J. JENKINS. Truly, Mr. Jenkins is a great match-maker! We have here another Breton, and another Bretonne, considering the momentous question; but it is a settled thing—we shall see this pair again, bearing happily life's burthens together.

No. 232. 'Fruit,' W. HUNT. Plums, grapes, and that spadeful of mossy turf which we have seen so often. No. 224, 'Fungi,' by the same painter, is a singular subject; it seems that he believes in his powers to make a picture of anything within the fruit and still-life category, from a pomegranate to a pipkin: we believe so too!

No. 275. 'Interior—Evening,' G. DODGSON. This interior is like a crypt, or a low series of vaulting, like that of St. Stephen's, at Vienna; it is, however, doubtless a composition. It is admirable in effect.

No. 293. 'The Riva dei Schiavoni,' E. A. GOODALL. We look here down towards the Grand Canal, past the library, the palace, and the prison; and the left distance is closed by the Saluto and the Dogana: a most minute and accurate view of this part of Venice.

No. 294. 'Speed reading Launce's Love Letter,' JOHN GILBERT. The two figures are resting on a parapet, a third personage in the group being Launce's dog, which listens as gravely to the letter as if it were addressed to himself. The buildings here in the background come somewhat too forward. The drawing is powerful in colour, and original in everything.

No. 296. 'Innsbruck,' JAMES HOLLAND, and No. 325, 'Fountain, Innsbruck,' are two small drawings, broad and real in their emphatic expression of light.

Upon the screens, whereon hang these last mentioned works, there is an assemblage of excellence to which we cannot do justice. We observe No. 276, 'Highland Sport,' F. TAYLER; No. 280, 'Pastoral Landscape,' F. O. FINCH; No. 284, 'View on the Tiber,' ARTHUR GLENRIE; No. 286, 'A Summer Noon,' G. DODGSON; No. 288, 'Roman Arch, Spalatro,' CARL HAAG; No. 291, 'Field Flowers,' MARIA HARRISON; No. 298, 'Wild Flowers,' W. HUNT; No. 301, 'The Young Ramblers,' Jos. J. JENKINS; No. 311, 'Loch Tummel,' SAM EVANS; No. 313, 'Near King's House, Argyleshire,' T. M. RICHARDSON; No. 322, 'The Sailors' Battery during the heavy Bombardment of Sebastopol, April, 1855,' E. A. GOODALL; and others of equal merit.

## THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

THE exhibition of this society was opened to private view on Saturday, the 17th of April, and to the public on Monday, the 19th, with a collection of 333 drawings, of which a very great proportion are small works. The figure compositions are not of such high class as we have lately seen here. Haghe exhibits five drawings, but they are not equal in quality to others which have preceded them. Warren has a large and very full composition from the verse of Moore; and Corbould exhibits a drawing, which, in eccentricity of subject, surpasses everything that has gone before it. There are also, by Tidey, a picnic in the last century, a work of some pretension in that direction; some admirably executed studies of French peasantry, by Lee, and others of domestic interest by Mole, &c. In local, marine, and sylvan subjects, Bennett, Whympier, Fahey, McKewan, Cook, Vacher, Philp, &c., have contributed largely; and many of their works—especially the minor productions—are highly meritorious.

No. 6. 'Les Poissons Rouges—Marly en 1760,' E. MORIN. This is a picture of the fashionable tone prevalent among our neighbours a hundred years ago. The figures are numerous, and distributed on that very excellent basis of composition, the steps of a garden terrace. The manner, style, and relative dispositions of the figures, pronounce their conversation refined and witty. The drawing is French in taste; the nearer figures would, with advantage, have borne colour more positive, with little disturbance to the remoter groups.

No. 10. 'Glengarriffe, Ireland,' W. BENNETT. The finish of this drawing is the very antipodes of pretty smoothness. From an elevated point of view—abounding in that kind of foreground wealth which lies like precious ore in the nearer sections of such subjects—we look down on a lake that lies in a basin formed among hills, the summits of which, in distance, mingle with the clouds. It is an effective drawing—and it looks as if painted with little labour, and at once.

No. 11. 'The Sty Head Pass, Wastdale, Cumberland,' JAMES FAHEY. The subject is perhaps not very attractive, but the drawing has the valuable quality of the veritable portraiture of rock and fell. There is a naturalism sufficiently circumstantial to detail to us even the geology of the place.

No. 14. 'Blowing Fresh, Fowey Harbour, Cornwall,' S. COOK. The breeze we feel to be fresh, according to the title; the entire surface of the picture speaks of wind, which, as the tide, from its fall on the sand, seems to be retiring, may have been a gale before high water. The artist has dwelt upon the point of his description with the utmost felicity.

No. 18. 'The Home of the Sea-fowl—the Bass Rock, Early Summer's Morning,' J. W. WHYMPIER. It is a daring essay to plant the Bass thus in the middle of a picture without any other compensating quantities; but really, in the way in which it is treated, we could not wish it otherwise. The sea is perfectly calm, the rock is partially veiled by the mists of the morning, and there are already on the wing hundreds of sea-mews, gulls, and kittiwakes, wheeling and screaming their exultation round their nests and nestlings. It is one of the best and boldest pictures of the Bass we have ever seen.

No. 22. 'Example,' W. LEE. A very natural incident, which we have seen—if the painter has not—in a French church. A mother, a peasant of the coast, has placed her child before her on the *prie-dieu*, at mass. The sweetness of the drawing consists in its pure simplicity. The principal figure is round, accurately drawn, very characteristic, and shows altogether a marked advance in feeling and execution on antecedent works.

No. 32. 'The Road by the Mill-stream,' E. WARREN. This scene, which is closed by trees, and contains a brook, a rude bridge, and a variety of supplementary material, is one of that class irresistible to tree painters; it is finished with great exactitude, but the use of white is somewhat too apparent.

No. 37. 'Corn-field, Kent,' H. BENNETT. This grey, broad, and low-toned drawing looks as if it had been made on the spot, and no contributive item had been forgotten.

No. 42. 'Leipzig,' THOMAS S. BOYS. This sub-



ject seems principally to be the Rathhaus in the market-place; it is a small picture, agreeable in colour and conscientiously finished.

No. 50. 'Tantallon Castle,' J. W. WHYMPER. It is low tide, and the ruin is viewed from a direction seaward, whereby is obtained an expanse of foreground, covered with blocks of stone, that play an important part in the drawing, as subduing the importance of the castle, which ought to be the principal object; this foreground has engrossed the artist's attention, inasmuch that it becomes the interesting passage of the drawing.

No. 54. \* \* \* \* W. LEE.

"In mother's love there hides a spell  
Maternal hearts alone can see,  
Transcending all that tears may tell,  
Or man could be."

The subject is a mother earnestly contemplating, and uttering a silent prayer for, her sleeping child. We seldom see this natural relation described with more fervent feeling than in this drawing, which is throughout most natural and unaffected.

No. 64. 'The Drinking Song,' L. HAGHE. The song to which we listen here is that in the second act of Othello:—

"And let me the canikin clink, clink,  
And let me the canikin clink.  
A soldier's a man,  
And life's but a span,  
Why then let a soldier drink."

But the quotation had been better omitted, because the figures present are costumed as of the seventeenth century—the period, as to dress, most commonly chosen by Mr. Haghe. The subject in reality is one of those guard-room scenes which the artist paints with such truth and devotion; but it is not so minutely finished as others which have preceded it.

No. 73. 'Good News,' J. H. MOLE. This incident takes place before the door of a Highland cottage, where is assembled a group interested in the news from far away. A stalwart Highland farmer is the principal figure, and he reads aloud a letter which the postman, or boy, rather, has placed in his hands. It is a large drawing, finished throughout with the most careful elaboration.

No. 81. 'Langley Castle,' W. BENNETT. A drawing remarkable for a description of space set forth without any minute and refined manipulation. We look over the ruin and across a valley, beyond which the ground rises to considerable elevation, and retires to a distant horizon.

No. 85. 'The Spy—a Scene in the Archbishop's room, in the Castle of Salzburg,' L. HAGHE. This room is admirably drawn. The archbishop himself is seated in a large recess, with certain of his officers apparently auditing his accounts. The recess is lighted by a large ancient window, glazed with small round plaques of glass, and opposed to this is the dark figure of his commandant, whose sergeants bring in "the spy." The effect produced by the relief of the dominant figure against the window is very striking, and the rest of the work is of the masterly character found in the pictures of this painter.

No. 87. 'Blowing Hard—Luggers running for Calais,' T. S. ROBINS. Showing principally a French fishing-boat reeling under her foresail in a rising sea. The sky is extremely suggestive.

No. 91. 'A Shady Nook,' J. W. WHYMPER. A study of a large and spreading tree; the gnarled and broken bole is a successful imitation of nature.

No. 97. 'The Apse of the Church of St. Pierre, at Caen,' T. S. BOYS. This part of the church, which is remarkably beautiful, is sketched by every architectural draughtsman who visits Caen. It stands on the brink of the river Orne, and the contrast between this portion of the cathedral and the meaner edifices by which it is surrounded, constitutes the picture.

No. 107. 'Cathedral, &c., Dijon,' W. N. HARDWICK. This cathedral is not, from any point, a picturesque subject, but from the view which we have of it here, it shows only a façade of buttresses.

No. 114. 'The Bay of Naples,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The view leads the eye round the shores of the bay to the extreme right, where it is terminated by Vesuvius. The place declares itself at once; the drawing is careful and smooth—too much so.

No. 117. 'View from the Punta di Tragara, Capri, Gulf of Naples; showing Monte Salaro, the

Castello, the Town of Capri, and the Certosa,' C. VACHER. Few artists visit Capri, and the points of this portion of the island are not sufficiently tempting to offer an inducement to those who may see it here. The drawing is most carefully worked out, but it presents an appearance so arid and barren as to seem incapable of sustaining animal life,—where can the animals whose name it bears, have picked even the scantiest nutriment?

No. 122. \* \* \* \* G. HOWSE. A small drawing—a representation, as it were, of a guard-room of the seventeenth century, with numerous figures.

No. 129. 'View from Munstead Heath,' W. MAPLESTONE. The point whence this view is taken is a rough piece of foreground, beyond which a landscape stretches to distance under a twilight sky. We have seen evening effects of great beauty, which have been exhibited by the painter; this work, however, falls short of our remembrances of preceding productions.

No. 130. 'Cetara, on the Gulf of Salerno,' T. L. ROWBOTHAM. The buildings generally in the works of this artist look all neat, new, and shining—he must sometimes meet with elderly edifices. There is, perhaps, here less parade of colour than usual; still there might, with advantage, be more of effect.

No. 135. 'A Field Day in the last Century,' H. TIDEY. Without having seen this drawing, the title would have led to the conception of a stiff military array in the days of pipe-clay, powder, and pig-tails; but no, it is a pleasant illustration of what a picnic might have been about the beginning of the reign of George III. The figures have distributed themselves on a grassy slope, and the incidents are those common to such assemblages. The work has cost the artist much anxious study: the observance of the etiquettes of art is stringent to timidity; the drawing, breadth, and harmonies, are unexceptionable.

No. 147. 'The Lizard Light-houses,' JAMES G. PHILIP. The light-houses are of no import here, as the drawing is professedly a study of rocks; those of the cliff on which the light-houses stand. The subject is drawn with firmness and coloured with truth—qualities which distinguish also No. 144, 'Looking towards Kynance from Trevillian Beach, Lizard.'

No. 155. 'She Stoops to Conquer,' C. H. WEIGALL. This is the scene in which Marlow is discovered on his knees before Miss Hardcastle. The cast of the scene refers at once to the drama of the last century,—from which to paint, in those, our undramatic times, some hardihood is necessary.

No. 162. 'Hurstmonceux Castle, Sussex,' J. CHASE. This beautiful ruin is the remnant of one of the earliest brick-built mansions in England. The portion here given is the façade, seen from near the gate over the dry fosse; it is, therefore, little else than a picture of a handsome brick front, more roughened into picturesque quality than the original,—but we recognise the ruin at once.

No. 168. 'Ancient Oaks,' H. C. PIDGEON. The trunks, leafage, relief, and entire circumstance of the subject, could only be obtained from nature; the dispositions are such as cannot be improvised.

No. 239. 'The Valley of the Thames,' by the same artist, presents us with a glimpse of such scenery as we see about Marlow, Henley, and Maidenhead; having also that stamp of veracity derivable only from converse with nature.

No. 169. 'At Prague,' J. S. PROUT. The subject is very modestly brought forward as a small drawing; less effective material is constantly worked into very dull pictures. Of No. 326, 'Italian River Scene,' the same may be said; the subject is interesting and richly coloured.

No. 170. 'The Pleasure Party,' E. G. WARREN. This reunion seems to be a water picnic, held in a boat lying at the brink of a stream, in the shade of a hawthorn-tree—on the drawing of which much care has been bestowed, as it is the principal object in the composition.

No. 178. 'Balmoral Castle, Aberdeenshire, the Highland residence of Her Majesty.' In the distance is Loch-na-Gar,' D. H. MCKEWAN. The loch must be content to be supposed, for even with the aid of a good glass we cannot make it out. But every combination is romantic: the castle is on the right, and beyond it rise the deer-forests and mountains that characterise the country, and which, by the clouds that rest on the shoulders of

the hills, the artist means to describe, as—in the language of an ancient grumbler—a "ryght humorous regione."

No. 182. 'The Song of the Georgian Maiden,' H. WARREN. With all anxiety to do justice to the glowing and voluptuous descriptions of Moore, the artist has surcharged his composition, and unnecessarily augmented his labour. The subject is from 'The Light of the Harem,' being the feast given by Selim; and the immediate incident is the Georgian rapturously singing to the accompaniment of her syrinda. The work is large, abounding in the most brilliant hues, and marvellously minute in the realization of textures of all kinds.

No. 195. 'Transcript of the Church of St. Mark, Venice,' L. HAGHE. In Flemish interiors, and in the society of municipal celebrities, burgher guardsmen of the days of doublet and hose, Mr. Haghe stands alone; but this St. Mark's of Venice, with the Doge, and all the state of the amphibious republic, does not come so kindly home to us as those brewers and leather-sellers of Antwerp, whose very presence is an invitation to a feast. This represents the triumphal restoration to the Doge of the flag of the republic, by the General Carmaniole, after the victory of Macalo, in 1428. The church is thronged with figures, all attesting to a military triumph. It is an effort, and a laborious one, but we had rather have fallen into the fellowship of some of the good citizens of Bruges or Ghent.

No. 212. 'The Vicar of Wakefield—Family picture,' W. H. KEARNEY. We mention this work only to express some surprise that it has not been painted before, read and re-read as has been Goldsmith's popular novel. The composition has many figures, but they are without character, and the whole wants finish.

No. 218. 'Noah, a miracle play, performed in the streets of Hull, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries,' E. H. CORBOULD. This is going far in search of a subject—it is scarcely to be credited that such a theme could be treated otherwise than as a commission. Mr. Corbould, however, communicates a certain dramatic interest to everything he does: this drawing, crowded with figures, and partaking much of the grotesque pageants of the middle ages, is not devoid of that kind of merit which distinguishes the works of the artist; but we think that Hull, even in the fourteenth century, might supply material preferable to this.

No. 227. 'Fruit and Flowers,' Mrs. MARGETTS. A rich and brilliant composition, consisting of a vase, grapes, peaches, &c.

No. 231. 'The Summer bed of a Mountain Stream, at the foot of the Sty Head Pass, Wastdale, Cumberland; with Great Gable, Great End, and part of Scawfell,' JAMES FAHEY. A topographical study, worked out in a manner to carry conviction to the observer of its representing very faithfully the place which it professes to picture. The foreground is a wilderness of boulders, as if all the stones cast behind them by Deucalion and Pyrrha had lodged here, but had not become animated. It is something to paint with the solidity we find in this drawing.

No. 266. 'His Own Trumpeter,' EMILY FARMER. A child with a toy trumpet: generally clear in colour, but the eyes want more shade.

No. 267. 'Polish Fowls,' CHARLES H. WEIGALL. These birds are extremely well drawn; they are animated, and are marked by a peculiar character which we must accept as the "Polish." Other groups of Hamburg and Dorking fowls, Mr. Weigall sets forth with equal felicity.

No. 267. 'The Christmas Carol,' HARRISON WEIR. It is sung by a redbreast, seated on a spray in a snowy landscape: an interesting drawing.

No. 290. 'Hollyhocks,' FANNY HARRIS. Very natural and very bright in hue; studied as if from the growing flowers, and consequently less formal than in any bouquet arrangement.

No. 309. 'The Serpentine Rocks, Kynance Cove, Cornwall,' S. COOK. This is one of the best drawings Mr. Cook has ever executed; to say nothing of the sky and atmospheric distance, the foreground patch of sand is most simply, most charmingly, dealt with.

There are many other admirable works which we regret we cannot even enumerate, in consequence of the pressure on our columns.



# THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH PICTURES.

THE French pictures are exhibited, as usual, at the gallery in Pall Mall, to which a more commodious entrance has been pierced through the house No. 120. The collection consists of 172 works, to some of which attach the names of certain of the most celebrated *genristes* of the French school,—that respectable middle class in whom resides the strength of the French commonwealth of painting. Meissonnier, Plassan, Michel, Edouard Frere, Schlesinger, Troyer, and others of the same category, are ably represented here, and they are not so political as to aspire to history, nor so facetious as to condescend to caricature. By the way, we are happy in not finding Biard in the catalogue—his line of extravaganzas constitutes a profound limit below which no other humorous essayist has yet descended. As this exhibition is formed of pictures all possessing such a degree of merit as may cause them to be regarded with some public interest, they must be considered as a very favourable representation of French Art. They are not the contributions of a body of privileged artists, of many degrees of eminence, but of which five-sixths of those degrees are bad; they have all been signalized in the *salons* of recent years. There is nothing by Delaroche, nor Vernet, nor even by many of the followers of Ingres, nor any of the canvases of any of the state painters—these are generally commissions; were they not so, their chances of sale among us would be small. The French do not paint from their literature, though they could do it with such striking effect. We do not consider the galleries of Versailles as at all illustrative of French nature in Art, although in a great degree indicative of French nature in war. As the early Madonnas and Crucifixions were painted to whet a religious faith which reposed on tradition, so are these works proposed as illustrating articles of a political faith which long ago, like the typical beast of Scripture, has swallowed up the other faith. Our neighbours, we say, do not avail themselves of their literature—long have we looked, but with little relief, for Molière, Corneille, Le Sage, or that especial exquisite, Rabelais. We hear occasionally the bleating and the purring of some of La Fontaine's happy family; but the pomps of Racine, and the honied sentiment of Fénelon, which prompted dreams that the school of David despaired of embodying, are definitely laid aside. We are, at home, saturated with the "Vicar of Wakefield," and have even consumed the author in every palatable form; and while, in the highest strain of epic art, the painters of the first French revolution were celebrating Brutus, the Horatii, and Scævola, Reynolds, Fuseli, and others, down to the nebular luminaries of our system, were painting Shakspeare, Milton, Defoe, and John Bunyan. Since, however, the French produce such exquisite *genre* pictures, we cannot complain of the misapplication of the national genius. We see in these small works qualities which are not attainable in their larger productions; for, as it is even now in Pall Mall, so it always has been—that is, that in playful incident their narrative is in every way superior to their recital of grave history. Properly speaking, these works, which contribute so much to the character of the French school, are not subject-pictures,—they are simply figures to which names are given, like so many of the minor productions of our own school; but they are enriched with the most captivating qualities of Art. They display elegance in composition, refinement in tone, and epicurism in colour. They are all interior scenes: all *our* single figures are treated with open scenery.

But to refer particularly to those under notice:—There are two pictures by Ary Scheffer, from his favourite source of inspiration: one is 'Margaret at the Well;' but there are three figures, the other two being the gossips, and standing apart. The purpose of the painter has been to express, personally and morally, her fallen estate. In her features is written—

"Meine Ruh' ist hin,  
Mein Herz ist schwer;"

and we see otherwise embodied the allusion—

"Sie füttert zwei, wenn sie iszt und trinkt."

There is in the face, perhaps, scarcely the beauty with which Faust was so infatuated; but nothing can

be more physically true than the impersonation. The hands and arms are somewhat heavy: the features are youthful, though beginning to be matured in sorrow. The figure is of the size of life. The second is 'Faust with the Poison Cup.' He is seated; he grasps the cup in his right hand, and turns the head, looking upwards. M. Scheffer is undoubtedly a master of expression: in this figure we see, as in the words of Mephistopheles, that—

"Ihn sättigt keine Lust, ihm g'nügt kein Glück,  
So bühlet er fort nach wechselnden Gestalten."

The difference between the cast of feature in this figure and in that of Margaret is very marked,—the artist adheres professedly in the former to an ordinary type of beauty, which he supersedes by the enunciation of the deep sentiment of Göthe's conceptions.

By Comte there are four pictures, of which the best is 'The Trial of Lady Jane Grey.' The scene is a room in the Tower, and the bishops and other dignitaries express fully the dark fanaticism of the time. Lady Jane does not realise the historical character: this, however, is the most earnest of M. Comte's works, of which the others are—'Benvenuto Cellini receiving the Visit of Francis I.,' 'Jeanne D'Albret buying from Jean Paré, the court mercer, the gloves poisoned by order of Catherine de Medici,' and 'The Sorceress.' Cellini receives Francis in his workshop, where we see in a recess his Cyclopes at work. The king appears in that parade of costume of which he was so fond, followed by a train of court attendants. And in the third picture we find Jeanne D'Albret, seated before the counter of Paré. At the back of her chair, and leaning on it, stands one of the gallants of the court, bedecked in all the bravery of the time. These two are costume pictures, and the dresses are correctly and well painted; but the composition is so full as to reduce the importance of the figures, and Cellini is a *suggestio falsi*, being, as we see him here, a handsome man, whereas we know full well that he was exceedingly plain. The limbs of the king the painter might have safely improved; but his nose, being an historical fact, immitigable and absolute, must be conscientiously dealt with.

'The Italian Shepherd,' by Couture, shows us a figure standing devoutly before a cross, repeating his evening prayer. We are invited here to consider the expression, which is eminently successful: the execution otherwise is ostentatiously free. 'The Disconsolate' is a life-sized quasi-nude figure, apparently an academical study, painted of the size of life, with perfect truth of colour.

'Reading the Scriptures,' by Müller, we have some remembrance of having seen at Manchester; it would have been much more effective as a small picture; while 'Calvin refusing the Sacrament to the Scoffers,' by Lugardon, a semi-sacred subject, with great scope for severe expression, would have been more worthily treated as a large picture.

By Meissonnier there are two pictures—both are gems; and we must do full and entire justice to the constancy and truth of M. Meissonnier, for the noble manner in which he endures the trials of prosperity. His adoration of his art is manifest in his works. These pictures are, of course, minute. One he calls 'The Study,' the other 'A Courtier;' the former is a man in black, seated reading at a window; the latter is an erect figure in the costume of the last century, very much like a man in livery, but we must take M. Meissonnier's word for his being a courtier. His coat is a yellowish drab, his waistcoat is red, with nether continuations, including the stockings, of the same colour. We suspect M. Meissonnier of photography, but we know nobody who paints so well from solar pictures. We know that coat, and have a slight acquaintance with the waistcoat; we have traced them for years in association with that famous three-cornered hat, which is *not* in this picture. But enough of these two works,—we commend them to the notice of the Microscopic Society.

'Barbaro, a favourite sporting Dog,' is by Rosa Bonheur: an extraordinary looking animal, in which everything is consecrated to nature, and nothing to sentiment. 'The Plough,' also by this lady, shows a peasant ploughing with a yoke of two cows (?), which are admirably drawn—the force of their muscular action is nature itself. We confess we do not understand the projection of the shadows in this picture, but we will not dispute the accuracy of Madlle. Bonheur. In neither of these pictures is

there any parade of execution—everything bespeaks a humble adoration of the phenomena of nature.

The works of Plassan are—'The Return from Nurse,' 'The Music Lesson,' 'The Nurse,' 'The Tailor,'—all of which are worked out with a tenderness that, in many cases, refines the picture beyond the merits of the subject.

Again, Schlesinger, in the same class of incident, has sent the 'The First-born,' 'The Foot-bath,' 'The Toilet,' 'The Parlour-maid,' and a larger work entitled, 'The Family are out,'—in all of which the figures are well painted, but the composition is generally surcharged.

The contributions of Edward Frere are, 'Children shelling Peas,' 'The Cradle,' 'The Milkmaid,' 'The Gleaner Boy,' and 'The Little Epicure,'—all small pictures, worked out with a sweetness which not only commands admiration of the works, but inspires us with an interest beyond the pictures: we would know where he picks up as models such ragged, dirty, sweet, picturesque little urchins—or can the amiability be all his own? Fichel continues this fascinating *genre* in 'The Wedding Repast,' 'The Musician,' 'The Duet,' 'The Pipe.'

Troyer has sent a remarkable work, entitled, 'A Market-day in Brittany,' full of rustic figures, most faithful in character, and brought together with great skill: he has also 'The Convalescent,' and 'Needle Girls.'

'Turkeys,' by Juliette Bonheur, consists of a valuable flock of these birds; and another, 'Fowls,' evinces study and earnestness in the drawing.

Brochart, so famous for his crayon studies, has four heads quite as careful as any we have ever seen by him; they are entitled, 'Coquetry,' 'Simplicity,' 'Intrigue,' and 'Candour.' This artist has carried crayon painting to its utmost excellence. He is perhaps less mellow than some of the *pastellistes* of the last century; but he has brought the material to a triumphant *finesse*.

W. Wyld, an Englishman, but a French artist, exhibits a large work, 'The Grand Canal, at Venice,' painted with unimpeachable truth and uncompromising firmness: and by Ziem there is 'The Evening Prayer at Constantinople,' a large and glowing work reminding us of Claude and Turner, as to its effect. We know not what the evening light may be at Constantinople, but it is, in this picture, more of an orange hue than we see it in our climate.

'The Zingari,' by Decamps, is a small picture, in which the forms are studiously indefinite—something in feeling like water-colour; but it is genial and harmonious in its tints.

Le Poittevin exhibits this year only one picture, 'Sailors at Rest,' a sea-side scene,—not so careful as others of his productions which have been exhibited in this room.

The portrait of the Marquis of Styleman le Strange, and that of the Marchioness of Styleman le Strange, are by Edward Dubufe: the latter, especially, is a work of infinite sweetness, combining breadth with the most fastidious finish.

By Isabey there is but one work, 'Sailors drawing a Boat up on the Beach;' and in the same class there are subjects by Hoguet, a 'Coast Scene,' and 'Unloading Boats.'

Kiorboe, an animal painter of reputation, exhibits 'A Shetland Pony;' and, in the same department, Palizzi, also favourably known to us, has 'Goats and Donkey,' 'Boy opening the Gateway,' 'Geese, Boy, and Donkey.'

By Van Leben, 'Too Late for School,' shows the pedagogic expelling the loiterers from the door. The façade of the schoolhouse, by the way, here constitutes the picture. This name attaches also to 'The Birdcatcher,' and 'Return from Labour.'

There are in the collection no pre-Raffaellite tendencies. There is more of the uniformity of a school than among ourselves. Absolutism has extended to painting; and from what we see and know, it is much to be doubted if any of the leaders of our purist movement would rise to the coveted glories of the Legion of Honour. That uniformity of feeling extends to the most ordinary surfaces, and even to the manner of dealing with shades on the face: yet, withal, there is a charm in these little works we would gladly see imported into our own pictures of the corresponding class.

The exhibition cannot fail to be very useful to our school.



## THE PRE-TITIANITES,

INCLUDING GIORGIONE.\*

ON the Canareggio, one of the broadest cauals, branching from the Canal Grande towards Mestre, is the Palazzo Manfrini, which contains the best collection of pictures in Venice after that of the Academy; its peculiar interest being chiefly derived from its specimens of Giorgione, a master whose works, rare everywhere, are so rare in Venice especially, that, except the four or five here, and two in the Academy, I have neither met with, nor heard of any others, unless we may also except two or three flakes of bright "orange-tawny" hue on the mouldering façade overhanging the Rialto. They are all that the salt south winds have left of those naked allegorical figures painted by him there in fresco, the meaning and purpose of which puzzled Vasari so much.

The Manfrini palace, it may be observed on entering it, has a considerable garden, here a rarity. When I was at Venice before, it was in a condition of melancholy neglect, very pathetically overrun with weeds, amongst which the superannuated paths were quite forgetting themselves. Some old fallen sculptures were half buried; and one or two quaint summer-houses, apparently as ancient, at the end of divers little walks or avenues of round-headed acacias, looked very forlorn and tumble-down. Flowers, to be sure, there were but few or none. Yet, however deserted this garden now, I feel thoroughly, convinced that in former times it has witnessed some very fine passages of cavalier-courtship. Perhaps in yonder summer-house, beyond these little bright green acacias, Giorgione may have limed the lovely lady for his picture still up stairs, ever and anon throwing down his pencil and taking up the lute, (for the mastery of which it seems he was almost equally admired and sought in his own day,) to educe her finest expressions; by the power of some old simple air, some plain old country madrigal, calling up her whole soul into her eyes, and bidding them discourse eloquently with the boughs and the floating clouds above.

One approaches this gallery, too, with something of a melancholy apprehension that it may be for the last time, since, according to common report, the Count Manfrini has recently been more than once negotiating for the disposal of it in the lump, or, at all events, in large divisions. One expects to read, all at once, some fine morning in the *Times* newspaper, that the whole has been transported to the Imperial Hermitage near Petersburg, for frigid generals to turn up their huge moustachios at the pictures, or diplomatists to be further corrupted by them with cold patronizing diletantism—the conventional cant of criticism; or perhaps the Shah of Persia, who we hear is now spending a great deal of money in pictures to illustrate Ferdousi, may manage to secure them, to ornament his harem, for the lively astonishment and criticism of his ladies, who, no doubt, will be much disgusted with their dirt-like shadows, violences of perspective, and general loose coarseness of execution. It would be charming, indeed, to see the best of them in our Gallery; but probably some transient qualm of economy, or momentary languishment of the budget, occurring at the critical moment, may deprive us of that satisfaction, much as it is to be coveted, for the sake of those unique master-pieces to which we are about to draw attention, the peerless Giorgione especially.

How interesting are the works of this liberator of Venetian art from the exclusive captivity of the cloister! how delightful his pictures, taken in a fresh and original spirit from

the nature and life around him! which, beyond their religious aspect, he was the first artist of this part of Italy to appreciate in their true healthiness, energy, and beauty, elevating them with a noble, a sweet, and sometimes a melancholy, fervent, romantic feeling, in which he stands unrivalled; not chilling them with the antique influences extending elsewhere, not deserting them for vague ideality. Noble are his heads of the ardent youths and cavaliers of his day, and very lovely one or two damsels he has left us, of the full-grown, sunny Venetian kind, who make us almost begin to fancy that Cytherea herself is masked in a fair Venetian's attire. Handmaids are they, not of the morning, but of the *evening*, touching the soul like some rich, soft, pensive sunset. They are the very beings one dreams of on laying down some impassioned, deep-toned, elegant romance. Sometimes Giorgione brings these cavaliers and damsels together in the *sala*, and at the concert, enjoying the music which he loved so well. Sometimes he places them under the green-wood shades, filling up the pauses of the lute and plaintive flageolet with the still melodies of softened hearts and tender gazings; and sometimes he surrounds them with strange, quaint allegorical allusions, which, you must needs take it for granted, are of some deep and tender import, though by no means easily intelligible. His colouring, in the instances most characteristic, has an intense swarthy glow, and his manner a peculiarly grand, manly breadth and firmness; but the sweetness, mellow ripeness, and softness of both, on due occasion, are uowise inferior. His pencil strikes firmly, like a warrior's lance, but also it melts in its softer touches, as the lips of his own ladies would obviously do; in each case adopting, in a word, the style best suited to the subject. And he himself must have been like a hero of romance, and well qualified for a part in such scenes as he loved to portray, if the remaining accounts of him are true. His name was characteristic of the tallness and dignity of his person, as well as of the exaltation of his mind. His portrait in the Munich Gallery, as Kugler says, is "full of impassioned feeling, with a peculiar melancholy in the dark, glowing eyes." Ladies, ladies, what a picture for you that is! Though of the humblest origin, he was, it is related, remarkable for the charm of his manners, as well as for the constant rectitude and goodness of his conduct; and on the lute, and in singing, as already said, he excelled so well that his company was much sought for because of those accomplishments. He and Titian were born in the same year, and these twin roses of Venetian art—twin brothers in mind and genius—instead of loving one another in gratitude for intellectual obligations beyond value mutually received, from friends, became, before long, jealous and bitter rivals. One cannot wonder, certainly, that Giorgione should be a little vexed and nettled, when told by a couple of gossiping gentlemen, whom he met in the street, that in the paintings of the *river* façade of the Fondaco de Tedeschi he had surpassed himself; the frescoes on that side being, in fact, by Titian, who divided the external decorations of the building with him equally, taking the street side, and leaving the canal façade to his rival.\* Ever after the period of

\* Giorgione most probably first set the example of decorating the façades of the Venetian palaces with frescoes. He painted the outside of his own house in that manner, as a specimen and advertisement of his talents, and was afterwards much employed in such work. All the other great painters of Venice followed in the same course; and the Byzantine colonnades and marble incrustations, and graceful Gothic traceries of the sea-city, were then accompanied by a mode of ornamentation so intellectually precious that the boasted magnificence of the East must have seemed something senseless and poor in comparison. But now nothing of this kind by the greater men remains, except a few touches already alluded to by Giorgione, and scarcely so many by Veronese, in the Campo S. Maurizio. Giorgione also occupied much time in painting panels for

this disgusting intimation, there was an estrangement between Giorgione and his prudent competitor for fame, who, it seems *not unlikely* from what we know of his cautious, jealous character in after life, may not have been quite so prompt to acknowledge the obligations he derived from the altogether new manner originated by Giorgione, as the other might very naturally think he should have been. However this may be, Giorgione continued to display a romantic poetry of conception and a technical power, which left him no whit behind his competitor, till he was unhappily cut off in his thirty-fourth year. The accounts of his death are various. One relates that he caught the plague from a lady to whom he was devotedly attached, and who loved him with reciprocal fervour. He continued, it is said, to visit and tend her, without being aware of the dangerous, infectious character of her ailment, and, taking it, succumbed to its virulence. This is Vasari's version, but Ridolfi, whose *Venetian* account is more likely to be accurate, says he died of grief because of the faithlessness of his mistress, who eloped from his house with Zarotto, or Morto da Feltro, one of his assistants. It may be added that Morto (whom Vasari describes as a man of much eccentricity in his mode of life, as well as of thinking) eventually renounced the Arts, and, adopting the soldier's life, was killed valiantly fighting before Zara. Romance will, of course, insist that he was driven to this desperate course by the stings of conscience, which, incessantly reminding him of his base ingratitude to Giorgione, rendered life insupportable.

Now here, in this Manfrini Gallery, are side by side, (and may they never be parted), two exquisite pictures, a Giorgione, and a somewhat early Titian, which prove, more perhaps than any others, how close an intellectual sympathy existed between these zealous rivals, whose differences were as if two twin stars placed together by the Divine Hand, that they might minister sweet interchange of varied light and beauty, were to sever themselves into malign and angry opposition. The Giorgione is the celebrated conversation piece of the Cavalier, the Lady, and the Page, painted in that soft, rich, mellow manner which is now usually styled emphatically the Titianesque; and the Titian is a sentimental Pastoral with allegorical allusions, conceived with Giorgione's more fervent and melancholy feeling, and characterised by his tawny glow of colour, and force almost verging on hardness. It is not easy, at first, to think of this picture as other than the work of Titian's early inspirer in the emancipation of Art from monkish mediæval trammels.

But first of the Giorgione. It represents, half-length, some noble cavalier and a lady attended by a young page; and the beautiful female figure is said to be a portrait of Titian's favourite, La Violante, Palma Vecchio's daughter. If the pretty lady who played Giorgione false was like her, one need not wonder at his flat despair; she must have been so utterly bewitching, so rare and dear a creature. This is, I think, one of the very sweetest, and quite the most intelligently pensive of all the Venetian Beauties, whom Art has, up to the present moment, made me acquainted with. She has very much the same face as Titian's Flora in the Uffizii of Florence, who has passed also for Palma's daughter; indeed, I really believe these visages are identical. But here her toilet is completed; she has donned a

those wonderfully ornate articles of furniture so characteristic of the Renaissance period, selecting his subjects chiefly from Ovid; and two or three of them, removed from their original settings, exist. But, on the whole, fate has borne hardly on the works of Giorgione, as well as on his life; and his reputation is furthermore wronged by the frequent attribution of feeble works, in which he manifestly had no hand.

\* Concluded from p. 131.



pretty velvet hat for a row in a gondola; and her face is animated with a very lively and intellectual expression. The cavalier too, who, with hand laid on hers, is looking back at her devoutly, would, I believe, quite satisfy the most romantic young lady's tender aspirations. A boy-page in a feathered bonnet, with a plenitude of melancholy sentiment in his parted lips and upturned eye, completes the group in this most fascinating picture; the colour of which is wholly made up of warm soft brownish flesh tints, and deep rich brownish dark hues and shadowings, in ripest blending—only a note or two of colour, it is true, but composing a full and tender harmony. The picture, it struck me, even whilst looking at it, would do passing well for Bassanio expatiating on the caskets, and the bright and intellectual Portia standing beside him, gazing on them with a sweet pensive air, wrapped in the enjoyment of his eloquence.

So much for the Giorgione. Now for the Titian Pastoral, which certainly must have been painted in earnest and congenial emulation of some of Giorgione's best and most distinctive qualities. The colour, as I have said, has his tawny glow; and the painting tends to that peculiar force and firmness which are so characteristic of him; and far more than these, there is all his fine melancholy tenderness of sentiment. A nude tawny youth, seated on the grass, is gazing with a deep and serious fondness on a girl, who reclines before him resting her arms on his knees, and looking up to him, holding in her hands the tibia or double pipe, on which, no doubt, she has just been playing some touching air. Two lovely children lie asleep before them at some little distance, and a third has newly awakened. And apart in the background an old man meditates on a skull, amidst a lonely, contemplative, intensely-rural landscape, which, wrapped in the solemn shades of evening, extends beyond a group of rude shepherds' cots, towards the calm, earth-limiting, and boundless sea. The "Three Ages," the picture is called; and here we certainly see, rendered significantly enough, Infancy asleep and just awakening, the tenderness of Youth, the contemplativeness of Age. The three groups take no notice of each other whatsoever. Each age, it cannot but be remarked, is wrapped up in itself, and in its own pursuits, with no attention or sympathy to bestow on the others.\* Meditative subjects of this kind, in which the pencil vies with the sweetest and deepest tones of the bucolic reed, and in which quaint little allegories, such as Gian Bellini sometimes amused himself with, are expressed with consummate art, were equally common to Giorgione and Titian; but here the feeling and mode of treatment are much derived from Giorgione, though wrought out by Titian's hand.

To contemplate a work closely akin to this, and ascribed to Giorgione, and if his, tending still further to couple in their intellects these rival spirits together, we cannot now resist taking a long stretch for a few moments to the Louvre, and seating ourselves on that luxurious and highly hospitable public ottoman in the Salon Carré, which is beyond comparison the most delightful resting-place in Paris. The picture there before us seems highly characteristic of Giorgione's tender romantic feeling. A cavalier seated amidst an evening woodland landscape is playing pensively on a guitar, with another listening; and two nude damsels, one filling a glass jug at a cistern, and the other holding a shepherd's pipe, are bearing them company. The incident is strange and unaccountable enough, certainly. Why these un-

robed damsels should be so quietly and unservedly attending upon these two doubled young cavaliers, one is rather puzzled to make out. But what a deliciously calm and pensive piece of *musical listening* it is; what an expression of the soothing pause that follows, when harmonious sounds die away from the ear, to live more fully in the heart for awhile! It is to the eye just what the cavalier's lay would be to the ear. The colour and the tone, inclining to a golden brown, are beautiful; and the execution is soft and round, considering the antecedents of Art, admirably so. In these respects the fine Correggio of the Marriage of St. Catherine, which hangs next it, is rivalled, and indeed, by the bye, much resembled. Dr. Waagen, it seems, ascribes this picture to Palma, I suppose from its less powerful manner. I am not aware, myself, of any grounds sufficient for disturbing the usual opinion on the subject; but if not Giorgione's, the picture is, at any rate, a *very near successor* of certain of his works, and one of the most delightful things of its class,—enough of itself to prove that there was a tender vein of pure pastoral poetry in Palma's mind, not manifested in any other work of his with which I am acquainted.

The other Giorgiones in the Manfrini Palace are very inferior to his "Bassanio considering the Caskets." One of them, called "the Astrologer," is an early work, in his obscure allegorical style of conception, hard and not interesting; neither will the two or three portraits in this collection ascribed to him extend his fame; "the Lady with the Lute" being the best of them. And these are actually his only productions now remaining in Venice, that we could hear of, except two in the Academy; one of them little remarkable, but the other a large and celebrated work, of the three Saints allaying the sea-storm with which certain infernal powers once on a time threatened utterly to destroy Venice. In 1341, that is to say, in the reign of Bartolomeo Gradenigo, Niccolò Vecchio (as we should term the devil, were we to translate our vernacular into Italian literally) had a mind to submerge the city entirely; and to all appearance he would have accomplished his purpose, had not St. Mark personally interposed to prevent him. The waves were already running high, and the inundation seemed most imminent, when, during the stormy night, the Evangelist appeared *incognito* to a poor fisherman, whose barque was tossing at the quay, and induced him to put forth in his company, most hazardously as it seemed, first to San Giorgio, and secondly further out still, to San Niccolò di Lido. The object in this was to take on board two other personages, mysterious personages likewise at first, but presently shown to be nothing less than the local tutelary saints themselves. Then, no doubt, almost winged by its sacred lading, the boat made right for a certain dark ship, manned obviously by fiends, which was flying between the black waves and clouds towards Venice, with a most ominous swiftness and facility. But on the Saints rebuking it, and signing the cross, it immediately faded away into an unruffled calm. The moment before the accomplishment of this famous miracle has been chosen by Giorgione for his wild and vigorously conceived picture. Chiefly admirable is it for the solemn grandeur of two naked figures rowing in a boat in the foreground, and leaning back as they do so, with a somewhat mournful air, to eye the satanic felucca behind them, bannered with flames, and astir with mysterious strange figures, who seem already confounded by the anticipation of the failure and punishment which await them. A demoniacal dolphin in the trough of the sea is really a very fierce and fearful fish; and so is another, though now most portentously dolorous, as well he may

be, being thrashed lustily by another naked figure, who has laid hold of him. These sea-monsters are conceived and realized with an impressive vigour; but the rest of the picture is very black and heavy, and somewhat poorly carried out; boldly intended, no doubt; but the notions in Art of raging seas and driving clouds are here evidently yet in their infancy. The solemn boatmen, nevertheless, are truly grand in attitude, design, and feeling, most remarkable for what has been happily called Giorgione's stern glow of colour, and admirably drawn, with something of a Michael Angelesque force and elevation of manner, such as, so far as I know, is unique in Venetian art, and perhaps justifies the higher anticipations of what Giorgione might have been, more than anything else now left us.

With regard to the miracle itself, the rest of the story is well known. After its accomplishment, San Niccolò and San Giorgio were quietly landed at their respective fanes; and, finally, St. Mark himself was disembarked in front of the Piazzetta. He was walking away very coolly, sweeping the pavement with his long white robe, and casting a friendly eye, as he went, up to the lion on the column, which certainly wagged his tail at the moment, when the fisherman called after him: "Halloo, sir!" cried he, thinking of certain private needs which remained, much more than of the public calamity just averted, "you've forgotten your fare; a golden ducat at least, after the work we had to get out."—"Dear me," replied St. Mark, turning round very graciously, "I quite forgot it. The labourer certainly is well worthy of his hire; indeed, few are so much so. But this happens rather awkwardly, for 'tis long since I carried about any money with me. However, take this ring, and present it to the Doge and Senate with my kind love, or rather my respectful compliments, telling them what their guardians have, by divine appointment, done for the city; and they—I feel certain, will reward you handsomely. For the present, I see with pleasure that you have enough in your cupboard for a comfortable supper. *Felicissima notte amico mio.*" And so saying he paced away, and as he neared his church, a glory broadly kindled round his head, its silvery scintillations vying with those of the full moon, now rolling with liberated brilliancy and serene thankfulness in the clear blue heavens above them. The fisherman watched him till those beams contracted and withdrew themselves within the porch of the basilica, even as if the moon herself were setting there; and then every window shone out in succession, with a light incomparably more pure and brilliant than is seen there even on the night of the Virgin's chief festival; and a choir was faintly heard for a few moments, rising off into the air, as if on seraphs' wings. But soon it died away, and then no light remained, save those calm, snow-like domes of the church, shining to the moon like whitest crests of Alps, when the last cow-bell has long ceased to tinkle, and every chalet is fast asleep below.

Of course the fisherman did as he had been bid, and his story, doubted at first, was considered quite authenticated by the production of the ring, which was indeed St. Mark's—an article belonging to his treasury, and found on inquiry there to be actually missing. The miracle, therefore, was acknowledged with pious gratitude; and the humbler of the instruments employed in it was immediately rewarded with an adequate pension, which appeased his hungry children and querulous wife, and made him comfortable for the rest of his days. An admirable climax this to the close of a miraculous story.

\* There is an altogether inferior repetition of this picture, with many variations, in the Bridgewater Gallery, a much damaged and apparently unfinished, ugly, disagreeable work.



## COLOURING STATUES.\*

ON the two last occasions I have attempted to illustrate what I conceive an important consideration in viewing this subject as regards the practice of Greek Art, viz., that a distinction existed between those statues which were immediately to subserve the worship of the time, and those which were created to gratify its pure and natural taste. In practice, no doubt, the two styles ran into each other, and a precise line of demarcation is impossible; but as phases of Art, they, in my view, arose from the difference of the two influences. The statues in one material, especially those in marble, were among the purest emanations of the exquisite taste of that wonderful people; while the polychrome treatment of those which were coloured I conceive to have arisen all more or less from idol worship, and particularly in respect to the colossi in ivory and gold. With retributive justice the latter have wholly perished, while many of the former have, in a more or less perfect state, been preserved to our days.

It was in accordance with this view that I treated the first part of the subject, that is, whether the Greeks coloured their statues, and if so, to what degree? And the same consideration will also illustrate the second part of the question, namely, if they did so, should we? It may be said, however, that on this head it is prejudged, inasmuch as *we are not idolaters*; but in truth it is not exactly so, for even granting that the full, or nearly full colouring of statues among the Greeks, was introduced to deceive the people in a mode analogous to the illusions of the cave of Trophonius, or the oracles of Delphi and Dodona, and was not in accordance with the best aspirations of the artists themselves,—as evidenced in the desire of Phidias to execute the great Minerva of the Parthenon in marble, instead of the ivory and gold he was eventually obliged to employ,—yet this does not involve in the same category a degree of *subtinting* that might or might not have been more in harmony with the tastes of the best judges of the time; and which, be it remarked, is the phase of the polychrome treatment of statues that has lately risen into public view, through being advocated for present practice by some opinions well worthy of respect. Thus I conceive that the question of subtinting, as applied to statues, is not by necessity involved in that of the more fully imitative practice of statue painting, although the subtinting of the less important sculptures of the Greek temples may have been first introduced for the purpose of carrying out and shading off, as it were, gradually the fuller treatment of the idol of the divinity within. And this will be the more readily accepted by the advocates of sculpture-colouring at the present time, inasmuch as few even of the most ultra of the polychromists are hardy enough to suggest that sculptures of high character should be *fully* coloured.

Thus, although the distinction between Idols and Art-statues may afford a valuable illustration of the various treatment of statues among the ancients, the question also demands consideration on its own merits aesthetically and practically on what have been called "the eternal principles of Art" common to all time.

Let us, therefore, view firstly, whether the addition of colouring to statues is to be held as really an advance or a retrogression. The polychromist will, no doubt, consider that it is evidently the former, while the monochromist will allege it, on the other hand, to be a *confusion* of those arts which good taste has gradually separated in the lapse of ages into distinct languages of human expression. The polychromist will claim honour for the uniting of the charms of colour with those of form as the evidence of progress and improvement; while the monochromist will point back with a significant finger to the earliest efforts of Art, when we have every reason to believe that imitative form and colour were almost, without exception, used together.

This arose, indeed, from the very imperfection of either art, just as you may notice now in some of our most inferior specimens of pottery, as in the little images of children, dogs, and parrots, you

meet with in cottages, where the form is so incomplete, that without colour it is a chance if one would know what they were meant to be. In the same way, in the earliest efforts of imitation, the artists, uneducated and inexperienced, were obliged to *club their means* to produce anything tantamount to the representation of a human form. The first thing that Art attempted was probably in the way of hero-worship, and, Prometheus-like, to make a human being. This was either the resemblance of an ancestor or of some great tyrant, or perhaps of both in one; which image soon came to be looked on as a household god, and be propitiated and consulted before the commencement of an undertaking, and to be thanked and decorated with spoils after success in war or the chase. The more living these resemblances could be made to look, the more direct and likely would appear, to those who looked up to them, the support which they might hope to receive from them; and hence arose what has usurped so large a portion in the worship of all ages, and played so large and sad a part in the history of man, namely, the Idol. All barbarians and idolaters, as a general rule, have been, and are, polychromists as regards the art of sculpture—they all colour their statues.

Are we then to suppose that the extremes meet, and that the earliest efforts of Art, as regards this practice, are to be paralleled by its most experienced effects, and that the uncoloured statues of the Venus of Knidos, and of the Moses and Night and Morning of Michael Angelo, are but incomplete steps (half-way, as it were, and as having lost the true track of combination of the arts) between the first barbarian attempts, in which statues were painted, and a more advanced and perfect period of human art, when the same principles are to be again accepted and practised?

The Dramatic art is the only one in which the complete imitation of human nature, as it lives and moves, is attempted to be placed before the perceptions. Here the poet's art invents the plot, and fills it up with the actions, thoughts, and words of the *dramatis personæ*; and the musician adds the charm of rhythm and the song. The painter arranges the scenes and the costumes, and all, with the sculptor's art combined, is united by the actor in his own person and form; while each and all, with the architect's art, present the living, moving groups complete in all phases as an imitation of reality. This, therefore, is the only complete art in idea; and yet no art requires greater allowances to be made for it in execution and in fact. It is complete in its attempt, not in its accomplishment. It attempts to "hold a mirror up to nature," and to add voice, and to be in all respects a reflection of reality. But to compress a life or a series of great actions within the compass of five acts, and three hours, calls most largely on the imagination of the spectator to complete the picture.

But it is necessary for the histrionic art to attempt all this, for its expression is made not so much by the perfection of any one phase of the imitation of nature, but by a combination of them all—all more or less incomplete; by a *tout ensemble* of short-comings, rather than by one perfection, and which must so remain short-comings until we may have beings answering to the poet's idea in form and stature, and gifted with voice and bearing equal to the sentiments they have to deliver. The dramatist, within a contracted area, attempts a complete representation of nature in all its phases; and he has to paint it with the colours the state of the stage affords him: the actor has to follow them out with his own powers and the resources he has within his grasp. The drama thus depends for impression and success on *many* instruments and means all directed to one point, and not on the perfection of any one of them. On the other hand, the other arts, I conceive, of direct human expression considered separately—as painting, music, and sculpture—depend rather on the thorough working out of *one* means than on any combination of them, viz., on that means which belongs to each respectively, and especially, as in music, the harmony and perfection of sound; in painting, all that can charm in the arrangement, definition, and perfection of lines and tints on a flat surface; and in sculpture, on character, beauty, and perfection of form. I would force no definition, nor make use of any distinction that does not

naturally arise; but it appears to me that a reference to the means by which the drama produces its effects, may throw some light by contrast on the very different principles on which the other arts, especially those of painting and sculpture, are gifted to effect theirs; and that while the one art produces its impression by the combination of many means which, from the nature of things, must be all, or very nearly all, highly incomplete, the other simple arts, while they attempt less, have a greater duty laid on them, to strive to approach nearer, each in its separate province, to perfection.

Poetry, architecture, music, painting, sculpture, have all, in this view, but one phase of expression proper to each. They may be combined in effect, but each art remains single. The Greeks made many Muses, and did not combine all the arts in one individual. True, they were all sisters, and all of one family, and lived in harmony, but they had each their speciality. Pure Reason, with her distinct and definite demarcations, perhaps cannot always reach the mode in which the exercise of the departments may be combined without injury to each; and Taste, with her more subtle shadings, must needs be called in to assist with her delicate touch. I mean to say that canons on these points can be more easily suggested than justified; but still, on some points, mere reasoning will point out pretty clearly where confusion should be avoided, and wherein it needs but little illustration to show when and how the individual path of each art should be adhered to.

Now the question of Colouring Statues appears to me one of these. If we once depart in Sculpture from its own proper means of expression, and from the simplicity of its natural monochrome surface, where are we to stop? We will imagine, however, for the sake of argument, that all the difficulties, which, indeed, I conceive are insurmountable, are got over in the first step, namely, the truthful and complete colouring of a statue like life. We will suppose this done in perfection. The work is like a human being; it looks as if it could move—then it *should* move! It looks as if it could speak—then it *should* speak! But then to speak it must think; but where is the intellect? We have no Prometheus now to bring fire from heaven. The statue, within its original province, was a complete thing in its phase; but no sooner do you give it colour than it looks incomplete—it then wants movement. Then, to follow out the fancy, it is but dumb, and is still more incomplete: and then it wants intellect, or it were the most incomplete thing of all—an idiot, and the whole fabric tumbles into ruins together! I own this is following out the idea rather *ad absurdum*; but I trust this will be excused, inasmuch as I only, as it were, extend the lines of these undue additions to illustrate the more the extent of their divergence from true Art. We are not creators, we are only artists, and each art is respectively a phase of nature: to unite them all in perfection does not belong to us.

Sculpture is an art within small compass, but will be allowed perhaps, from that very concentration to be the more effective within her own confines. No work of Art is more complete in itself than a nude, highly-finished female statue in pure marble—the triumph of living form worked out humbly in Nature's most beautiful inanimate material. The creature's Art-worship of the Creator's most beautiful work! There it is—Form concentrated down to its essence! In itself, in its pure monochrome veil of tint, it is complete; add anything to it, and you make it incomplete.

But to stop short of this—(which, as I have said, is so difficult, because, when you have added colour, you then want movement, then voice, then intellect, and inasmuch as there is no true resting-place between the one exercised art and that "wonderful piece of work—man")—but to stop short of this, I conceive that, add a single touch of tint to the pure Parian surface, and you begin to *unfinish* what was before *finished*: and to illustrate this, we will now, without pressing the consequences any further, by your leave, contract our consideration strictly within the confines of colour and its application to statues. There before you is the marble statue in its complete and native purity, and now, if you please, we will begin to colour it. Mix up your tints and let us begin.

JOHN BELL.

\* Continued from page 70.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE FAMILY OF CHARLES I.

Van Dyck, Painter. H. Bourne, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 5 ft. 4½ in. by 6 ft. 6 in.

OUR task of selecting from the numerous pictures by Van Dyck, in Windsor Castle, those which would best illustrate the style and manner of this distinguished portrait-painter, was not an easy one: there are so many which may be considered of equal excellence that we found it almost impossible to give one a preference over the others: we felt *embarrassés des richesses*. Of the portraits of the Stuart family, we have already engraved two in this series,—that of the Queen of Charles, and the picture representing three of their children: we have chosen another, because, first, it has a world-wide reputation, as it deserves to have, and, secondly, because it was an especial favourite with the unfortunate monarch, in whose breakfast-room at Whitehall it hung. The work was painted in 1637. In the centre of the group stands Prince Charles, then about seven years of age, afterwards Charles II.; his hand rests on the head of a fine mastiff dog: to the right are the Princess Anne, who died young, and Prince James, afterwards James II.; on the left the Princess Elizabeth, who died a prisoner in Carisbrook Castle, and to whose memory our gracious Sovereign has recently caused a beautiful monument to be erected in Newport Church, where the remains of the royal captive lie; and the Princess Mary, an infant, afterwards the wife of William, Prince of Orange: below these is a spaniel. "This family picture," says Hazlitt, "is certainly admirably painted and managed. The large mastiff dog is inimitably fine and true to nature, and seems as if he was made to be pulled about by a parcel of royal infants from generation to generation. In general, it may be objected to Van Dyck's *dressed* children, that they look like little old men and women. His grown-up people had too much stiffness and formality, and the same thing must overlay the playfulness of infancy."

Painters themselves, and all who have studied the principles of Art, can alone determine how far costume contributes to, or detracts from, the beauty of a portrait as a picture. It is idle to affirm, as some people do, that, so long as the painting is good, it matters little how the figure is habited. We have only to look, for example, at the female fashions of half a century back to see the absurdity of such reasoning: what do we behold at that time but every grace of outline in the human form either utterly lost or wretchedly distorted? the dress falling in a long straight line from the waist,—no, not the waist, but from a point immediately under the arms; and the upper part of the gown fitting so closely to the person as to give the outline of the figure almost grotesquely, when viewed in relation to the other parts. We cannot express admiration of the unbounded limits to which female costume in the present day is carried; but most unquestionably it is far more *picturesquely becoming* than the scanty, tightened garments worn by our mothers in their young days. The fashion of wearing the hair is another matter with which artists oftentimes find much difficulty in contending; and this, too, whether the portrait be of man, woman, or child. The fullness and natural cast of the hair in Van Dyck's time, enabled him to dispose and arrange it to the best advantage in setting off the features, so that his portraits have become models of study to all succeeding painters, for the elegance with which the hair unites and composes with the several portions of the face. Addison, in remarking upon the style in which the ladies of his time wore their hair, says:—"I would desire the fair sex to consider how impossible it is for them to add anything that can be ornamental to what is already the masterpiece of nature; the head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. . . . She seems to have designed the head as the cupola to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from real and great beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace."

A copy of the picture here engraved is in the Museum at Berlin. The original, as we have intimated, is at Windsor Castle.

HAMLET AND LOUIS THE ELEVENTH,  
AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

WE took occasion to remark, in our notice of one of that remarkable series of revivals wherein Mr. Kean has brought the illustration of all the Arts to the service of the Shakspeare muse,—in a manner unprecedented as regards either the luxury or the taste of the illustration, and claiming for the series in question a separate chapter in the history of our modern stage, whenever that shall come to be written,—that amongst his accumulated tribute at the shrine at which he worships, has been the offering up of a certain portion of his own personality. No other manager has apprehended in the same high sense as Mr. Kean, how the descriptive element that informs so large a majority of Shakspeare's plays may be seized on for the expression of his meanings and the manifestation of his spiritualities; but amongst his contributions to that end, this partial sacrifice of himself has been the rarest and most votive of all. That earnestness of purpose which, while it submits his own acting to the highest tests by the perfection of every accessory that accompanies it, withdraws at the same time from prominent assertion the large amount of contribution which that acting makes to the great general effect, is a form of homage to which the English playgoer has been little accustomed, in cases wherein the two characters of manager and actor have met in one. No sacrifice of any kind has seemed too great to Mr. Kean which might help him to win back the wandering public to the Shakspeare faith.—The result has been, a complete triumph for his cause and for himself. There is now, once more, a temple for high drama to which the people flock in crowds,—and, in doing so, they have learnt at last what, in every way, they owe to Mr. Kean. They now know that, if he hung around the shrine before which he bows all the outer lights that Art can supply, it was with the view of luring them back to the perception of the everlasting light that burns within:—if he sought to attract his audiences by every argument to which for the moment they were most accessible, he shows them, in the hour of his success, that he had in reserve a far higher argument of his own.

Amid the rich scenic illustration which, in Mr. Kean's revival of "King Richard II.," gave such marvellous presentment to the visible poetry of Shakspeare's page, and showed, in its appropriate setting of the feudal time and the stormy barony of England, the melancholy figure and elegiac passion of the fallen king, it was quite possible to overlook the justice due to Mr. Kean for the part which he himself yielded as an actor to the whole result. From that full Shakspeare harmony it was difficult, *because* of the fullness, to single out the leading chord,—from the sum of the influences employed towards the great dramatic expression, it might occur to few to separate the master influence conveyed in Mr. Kean's fine rendering of the text. But Mr. Kean, with his audience at length at command, has now produced that one of the plays of Shakspeare, to take which out of the domain of the closet, and introduce it on to the stage, has always seemed to us the boldest of histrionic adventures, mainly because the actor who would present the part which is its life must lean nearly altogether on himself. The interest of the play is so essentially psychological, that it can receive little aid or illustration from without,—the text so transcendental, that he who can read it in such way as to command its clear apprehension on the part of a mixed audience, should be one of the finest stage commentators in the world. We have coupled this revival, for a few remarks,—and for reasons which we shall proceed to explain,—with another of Mr. Kean's recent reproductions,—the part of Louis the Eleventh, as adapted for the English stage from Casimir Delavigne's fine, full, and striking historical play of "Louis XI." In right of these two great performances, not only does Mr. Kean stand now without a rival in his profession,—but they who have long mourned over the dead masters of his art are somewhat startled to find, that the great traditions of the stage, by them so affectionately remembered, and of which others have heard so much, are once more alive by means of these presentments.

It would be difficult, from the whole range of drama, of the high class, to select a couple of parts so entirely dissimilar, in all respects, as are these two,—and, therefore, implying so wide a range of dramatic apprehension and histrionic art in the successful impersonator of both. If Mr. Kean had desired to put formally in evidence the variety and versatility of his powers, he could scarcely have adopted a means more expressive for the purpose than the alternation of these two performances. From the one night to the other, we pass, as it were, between the opposite poles of dramatic character. In Louis, we have an idiosyncrasy strongly marked,—hard, grotesque, and angular:—in Hamlet, a nature made by its own speculative tendencies, and by the perplexing circumstances in which he is involved, vague, vacillating, and uncertain. Louis is cold, sordid, and self-engrossed;—Hamlet, generous, impassioned, and dreamy. The saliences that in Louis are the habitual expressions of character, are seen constantly in strong lights:—Hamlet, as regards both mind and fortune, moves, as it were, under the shadow of a cloud. Louis is self-centred:—Hamlet, self-lost, in the constant effort to grasp at something beyond himself. Louis's thoughts translate themselves habitually into action:—what *should* he acts with Hamlet, entangle themselves in the intricacies of perplexed thought. What the first resolves, all the necessary instruments are employed at once to carry out;—in the other, the native hue of resolution

"Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,  
And enterprises of great pitch and moment,  
With this regard, their currents turn awry,  
And lose the name of action."

Both are philosophers, after their several kinds:—but the philosophy of the one expatiates nobly in the high field of thought, exploring the oracles of elemental truth and justice; the philosophy of the other founds politically on the civil nature of man, and gambles with his passions. The one has a nature that would creep to its end, even where it might fly:—the other, has a tendency to soar away from the end to which it should walk direct, on the wing of speculation.—It is, itself, a mental effort of no common mark, that steps from the one to the other of these opposite creations, for the purpose of dramatic impersonation, in the interval of a night.

Towards the character of Louis the Eleventh, as presented by M. Casimir Delavigne, few readings from any previous type of character can furnish help. His, is a strong individuality,—and nearly all generalizations fail of aid in the attempt to make up a portrait so intensely peculiar. Some of the more prominent of his mental angularities are, in reality, to a certain extent softened down by that sufficient knowledge of history which enables us to rekindle the extinguished lamps of the past, and see them in the lights of his own time; but amid the motives of *our* day, we have scarcely a clue to an organization made up of such strange opposites. With a craft that is beyond the craft of his age, Louis has a credulity that is in excess of it, too. Sceptical of all things, and distrusting every one around him, he is yet the slave of a superstition that lays him literally at the feet of any one who chooses to work upon it. His cruelty, which in its principle is really a policy, policy has sharpened by practice till it looks like an instinct. Absolute as regards his acts,—he is the abject bondsman of the fears that follow them. He is hunted through the world, and to the verge of the grave, by the deeds that were the servants of his own despot power. He has practised deceit on others, till he ends by juggling with his own conscience, and gambles for his own soul. He has lent himself to the instruments of treaty and intrigue, till he would make a politic contract with heaven. His passionate love of life, which exalts his fear of death into an agony, is made up of his actual enjoyment of power, and his dread of that avenger for its misuse which he expects to meet in the shadows of the grave. Every one of these feelings and qualities—many of which would seem to neutralise one another—is genuine in itself, and intense in its expression.—Now, it is evident, that by a combination of characteristics like these, very striking moral aspects are to be obtained;—and it should be observed, as somewhat in derogation of M. Casimir Delavigne's remarkable play, that the assemblage therein of incongruities of the kind separated from the historical ground which under-











lies, and in a sense reconciles or explains, them, leaves the part open to the charge of, at the very least, exaggeration. The abstraction, for the author's purposes, of facts testifying to the really great political action of this crafty king,—and by their testimony giving a sort of false dignity to even his crimes,—carries the dramatic assemblage of merely personal peculiarities like those of Louis close on to the confines of caricature. Moral prominences so opposite as are his, can be defined only by strong marking; and again and again, Mr. Kean, in realising his conception of the part, is brought into the near neighbourhood of farce,—and redeemed from it, at dangerous moments, by a consummate art of his own. The character is, as it were, morally *wrinkled* all over,—and Mr. Kean's aim is, to show the wrinkles in the portrait, without degenerating from the high-Art class with which he himself deals, and to which the work essentially belongs. In the way of a reality, elaborated by the most finished art, out of materials seemingly improbable,—an art which, with a daring peculiar to itself, takes hold at times of even the grotesque, and lifts it into the sublime,—our modern stage has nothing to show that can match with a performance like this.

One word about the death scene in this remarkable performance:—which, as it is the crisis of the piece, so, also, is it the critical and culminating point of the Art that presents it. Our readers are doubtless aware, that objections have often been taken to that minute analysis of human pain, or weakness, which, the pain and the failure being physical, is held to be beneath the aims and purposes of high Art. It is contended, on principles which it would not be easy to refute, that the dramatic power, itself, which makes the imitation perfect, is in such instance employed not on its proper ground. In whatever way the question may be finally decided, however, it can have no application to the case before us. Here, the contradictions that have been in issue throughout the piece have followed to the grave-side, and the physical pang is in this instance moral, as the moral becomes physical. The same dark spirits that have haunted Louis through life, and whom it was the constant business of his casuistry to exorcise, are assembled at this point, where the casuist has dropped behind, to do their final battle for his soul. The hounds of the dark huntsman, whose distant baying has troubled him all his days, are on him now,—and he stands, himself, at bay on the very brink of the tomb. All the dramatic motives of the piece are the express agents in this last agony. All that was at any time grotesque in the aspect of their conflict, has passed away,—and the action of the meanest of them, in the sepulchral light around, has grown sublime. In this point of view, Mr. Kean's death-fight is not more powerful in the delineation than it is great in the conception. Imitation, here, in the minuteness of its elaboration, rises to the high æsthetic. We confess, we have rarely been more touched by a sense of sublimity, than by such elements brought together, as Mr. Kean has brought them, to such solemn issues. The mood in which we witnessed the monarch's re-awakening for a moment from the death which was supposed to have completed its conquest, to see the crown already in his son's hands—his look, as it were, out of the grave to which he had descended, to behold the scutcheon rent and the trophy broken over his coffin, and his kingly bearings paling away in the revelation of the funeral tapers, (the first part of his appropriate punishment to such a prince,)—was a mood of the actor's creating. The moral of a life so meanly haunted as was that of Louis, Mr. Kean made complete, by showing the spectres themselves assembled at the death.

Of Mr. Kean's performance of Hamlet we have less to say. The part itself is too universally known, and has been the subject of analysis and discussion too frequent and too minute, to bear a repetition of either here. What we have to remark on Mr. Kean's relation to it, must be said in generals rather than in particulars. Of all others, the part of Hamlet is that one which, as we have hinted, we have preferred reserving for the closet;—because the mind there works out, from the somewhat perplexed elements that compose the character, a complete ideal of its own, which is nearly always disappointed on the stage. It is all the praise that need be given, to say, that by Mr. Kean this great part is clearly read out. Hamlet,—the noble

gentleman and accomplished scholar,—with spirits light, and mind speculative,—struck down suddenly by a home sorrow, which he learns, through a supernatural revelation, to know also as crime,—summoned by a voice from the grave, to a conflict of feelings and duties which his highly-sensitive nature is ill-fitted to sustain,—struggling under a sense of destiny which partakes of the old Greek tragic element, till his reason at times partially gives way,—tottering on the verge of an insanity, which, even in its moments of half conquest over him, takes a reasoning form, and which he can himself at no time see, because of the method that is in it,—alternating between the moods in which his mind, true to its original constitution, "discourses most eloquent music," and those in which, oppressed by the burthen laid on it, it rings falsely, "like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh,"—driving helplessly, before the storm of the passion that has been awakened within him, to no direct haven of issue,—and finally going down himself amid the crisis of retribution which comes casually at last:—all this was given out by Mr. Kean with a sequence and connexion which there was no difficulty in following,—which made the author's meanings clear, and marked emphatically the nature and extent of the morbid psychology and the defective action.

We might illustrate by particular instances the manner in which this general effect is wrought out; but let a single reference of the kind suffice. We allude to the scene wherein Hamlet's mind, trembling on its balance at the time, is painfully startled, by Ophelia's offer to return the pledges of their love in its unclouded time, into a passion of momentary unreason,—in which he treats the suffering girl with a seeming cruelty, that the puzzled commentators have insisted on rescuing him from by the plea that he is mad altogether. The exceeding tenderness which, in Mr. Kean's reading of this riddle, pushed aside at intervals the dark cloud from his heart, and let through glimpses of the old love, while it lighted up the text and made it beautiful, reminded us forcibly of his father, and of those passionate recurrences of fondness in Othello, which they who saw will never forget.—All these things, and the part generally, belong to the highest transcendentalisms of the art; and as a Shakspeare reading of the most refined and intellectual class, it is in this performance, as we think, that Mr. Kean has marked his highest point of histrionic attainment.

### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The collection of pictures by Durand Brager, illustrative of many of the important events that occurred during the Crimean war, has been purchased for the Gallery of Versailles, by order of the Emperor.—The recent exhibition of Delaroche's works produced the sum of nearly £2000, which will be appropriated for the benefit of the Society of Artists.—M. Abel de Poujol is engaged upon the decorations of the ceiling above the principal staircase of the Louvre, which was destroyed by the late alterations in the building.—It is reported that Leutze, the distinguished German painter, is about to take up his residence here, in consequence of some dissatisfaction he feels with the connoisseurs of Düsseldorf, on their reception of a recent work.

ROME.—A foreign correspondent of our contemporary, the *Critic*, writes from Rome that the monument in honour of Washington, left unfinished by the late American sculptor, Crawford, has been assigned by the government of Virginia, to Mr. Rogers, who is also an American sculptor, residing in Rome. Mr. Rogers will have to execute several figures and *relievi* "entirely from the sources of his own imagination, unaided by designs from his predecessor." From the same authority we learn that Platz, a German painter located in Rome, and whose "genius is many respects kindred to Overbeck's," is engaged on a large picture for a church at Crosby, near Liverpool, a commission from Mr. Bloundell.

DUSSELDORF.—A number of drawings, about forty or fifty, it is stated, have mysteriously disappeared from the studio of Lessing. They consist chiefly of studies, in chalk, pencil, and Indian ink, of figures, heads, and draperies, made for his large pictures of "Huss at the Stake," "Luther burning the Papal Bull," and "The Defence of a Narrow Pass." As there is no appearance of the studio having been forcibly entered, it is presumed that the drawings have been gradually carried off during the occasional absence of the artist.

### MONUMENTAL COMMEMORATIONS.

LONG ere the Crimean chapter of that edition of English history which keeps its records in marble and in brass, and calls in Art for the writer, is complete, another chapter has been opened, with the East also for the scene of its monumental narration, and the righteous triumphs of the sword for its story. Many a mournful page will this narrative present, to sadden its one great moral of victory;—tales in which the old chivalries are far out-done by far more than the old sacrifices. The annals of the sword have no episode at once so sad and so noble as that of the great Indian mutiny. Never before was the flag of England carried safe through such a sea,—never did the star of her glory look clear and unsullied out of so dark a cloud. The terrible chapter, though stamped deeply with the seal of the national greatness, and richly emblazoned with the Imperial crown, is heavy with the burthen of broken hearts, and blotted over with a people's tears. But it offers to Art, for the crowns which she dispenses when the fight is done, such an array of figures as have rarely stood out from the horrors of a battle field,—true gentlemen of the sword, and true soldiers of the cross. The Art that records such men and such deeds, takes of the immortality that it helps to give.

The monuments which are hereafter to arise throughout the land in commemoration of the great Indian mutiny will be, of course, divisible into two classes,—public and private:—yet more difficult of such division than any other group of monuments that we remember. There is scarcely a soldier wept by the fireside, among those who have fallen in this terrible strife, for whom, when his name is spoken, the national heart does not mourn as though he were a chief;—and not a leader who gave his life as the seal of his devotion, the news of whose death did not carry to every generous spirit in the land a pang akin to that which it suffers at the death of a friend.—First on the roll of heroes comes—

GENERAL HAVELOCK; the man to whose soul the rescue of those helpless women and children in Lucknow became a passion:—whose great heart, realizing the fine allegories of old Romance, set itself that work to do, as a thing that *must* be done whatever monsters beset the path,—did it,—and died. We do not believe there was a happy hearth in all this land that was not made less happy the day on which the news of his death came to it. Somehow, in all homes, he had come to be looked on as a protector of the women and the babes. There was something like a sense of orphanage conveyed in the tidings that Havelock was dead. There was not a particle of sentimentality in this:—the feeling had grown naturally out of our watching the generous soldier through that long struggle into Lucknow,—and towards the trembling women who awaited the issue there, with the children at their knees on whom they scarcely dared to look. Accordingly, his is the first name, amongst this noble soldier-band, that is committed to the keeping of Art; and a site for a national monument to his memory, as our readers will have seen, has been found, with the consent of government, in Trafalgar Square, in that space to the east of the Nelson column, which would correspond with the site of the Napier statue on the west. Towards the subscription for this monument, the co-operation of the chief provincial towns has been invited,—the amount of individual contribution being left unlimited, for the purpose of affording to all classes the opportunity of uniting in this demonstration of the national heart. The sum, we should think, if it takes that measure, is likely to be very large; but whatever its amount, the Art result is intended to be, a full-length statue of the general, standing on a base of sufficient capacity to carry the names of the officers who followed his path of fire towards Cawnpore and Lucknow, and give a full account of the several regiments which took their gallant part in that noble struggle.—The City of London, on the motion of Alderman Hale, is about to place the name of the same great soldier on the list of those whom it delights to honour, by the erection of his bust in its Guildhall:—and already we see, that some of the provincial towns, apparently not satisfied with a course which would merge their individual expression of sentiment in a metropolitan monument, have commenced a local



and independent action in the same matter. Subscriptions have been set on foot, and are said to be coming in freely, for a monument to be erected in the public park of General Havelock's native town, Sunderland;—and a meeting has been held at Birmingham, with a like object in view,—but with what result we have yet to learn.

Both in this country and in India, preparations are making to perpetuate by Art the memory of another of this eastern band of heroes,—the late

**BRIGADIER-GENERAL NEILL.**—At Madras, a committee has been formed, to promote the collection of subscriptions to a monumental scheme which embraces the general himself, "and the officers and men of the gallant Madras Fusiliers," who fell in this disastrous war;—and this committee appeals to England to join in the subscription.—In Scotland, a meeting of the Commissioners of Supply for the County of Ayr has been held in the county town, with the view of initiating subscriptions for a monument to General Neill, to be placed in Wellington Square:—the decision as to the character of the monument to await the final amount of the subscriptions.

Although the memorial to another of the great men whom this crisis in India has produced takes a form different from that of the Art-monumental, our history of this subject could not be made complete without some mention of the posthumous honour proposed to be offered to the memory of the late—

**SIR HENRY LAWRENCE.**—It is not improbable, that Art may ultimately have its share in this commemoration, too; but, for the present, the character of the man, and certain records of itself which it has left behind it, have suggested a form of testimonial which, by reinforcing the latter, is considered as conveying an appropriate tribute to the former. Among his multiplied titles to honour, the parties promoting the commemoration in question have singled out this:—that Sir Henry Lawrence, in his life-time, founded, and so long afterwards as he lived most liberally maintained, in India, schools for the support and education of the children of British soldiers. To an institution of the kind, established by him in 1846, on the slopes of the Himalaya, between Umballah and Simla, for the reception of four hundred boys and three hundred girls, and bearing his name, Sir Henry is said to have contributed not less than £1000 a-year;—and to a similar school for the army in Rajpootana and Western India, founded by him at Mount Aboo, when he was chief commissioner in that district, in 1856, he contributed an annual sum of £200. It is proposed, that the subscriptions to be raised in honour of this generous founder shall go to the permanent endowment of the schools in question; and an appeal is made to "the army in England," "in token of their admiration of the gallant exploits of their comrades in India, to take part in maintaining, through these institutions, the orphans of so many who have fallen since the mutiny."

Before this Indian chapter of our monumental history shall be complete, it will doubtless have swept into its page many names which are even now employed in what will, in the issue, amount to little less than a reconstruction of our Indian empire; and this will, almost as a matter of necessity, bring back to its place in the monumental series the name of the original founder of that empire—

**LORD CLIVE,**—a name so strangely re-consigned to a temporary oblivion, at the very moment when it had been rescued, for this form of recognition, from a century's neglect. It would be strange, indeed, if the fruit gathered from Delhi could cause the harvest reaped from Plassey to be overlooked. But of this there is no danger. We have a new measure of our eastern empire supplied to us by recent events; and the far-back figure of Lord Clive looms even larger through the additional foreground recently obtained than of old it did.

While on these military chapters of our Art-record, it is an easy act of transition to re-open the volume for a moment at that other page on which we have already made many memoranda.—The monument to commemorate the deeds of the officers and men composing—

**THE 55TH, OR WESTMORELAND REGIMENT** of the line, in the Russian war, which it was some time ago decided to erect in the parish church of Kendal, has, we should mention, been recently placed over the north-west door of that edifice. The colours carried

by the corps throughout the war are to be planted at the base of the memorial. The erection of a—

**MONUMENT IN MEMORY OF THE 23RD WELSH FUSILIERS** who fell during the same war, is proceeding at Carmarthen. This monument, which will be reared at the cost of the surviving officers and the friends of the gallant regiment, is to stand in the Guildhall Square of the town in question. It will be thirty feet in height, with a base twelve feet square,—the whole being formed of Portland stone; and on the shaft and pedestal will be inscribed the names of every officer, non-commissioned officer, and private who died in that struggle, whether in the field or by disease.

From this record of the commemorations won by the sword, we turn to more peaceful themes;—and here we find the City of London doing honour to one of its own dignitaries, on grounds which bear some resemblance to the title put forward for Sir Henry Lawrence.

**ALDERMAN SALOMONS** having recently communicated to the Common Council of the Corporation his desire to illustrate his year of mayoralty by the foundation at the City of London School of a scholarship, of £30 annual value,—and this being in addition to a former scholarship, of £50 a-year value, founded at the same institution by the same donor, it has been determined by the Corporation, in return, that a bust of the alderman shall be executed at their expense, and placed in some part of the school in question, "as a permanent memorial of him as one of its chief benefactors."

A considerable sum of money,—amounting, we believe, to about £1800,—has been raised among the friends and tenants of

**THE LATE LORD ELLESMERE,** for the erection of a memorial to the memory of that accomplished nobleman. The features of the site assigned to this intended monument are peculiar; and the committee who manage the undertaking have, very wisely, in their invitations to competitors for the execution of the work, dwelt on those features as needful directions towards the suggestion of a successful design. The monument is to stand on a hill near Worsley,—"a gently rising ridge,"—seen afar off on every side,—to a great extent isolated by its elevation, and having but few prominent objects to come into composition with it. Of these objects, as well as of the general neighbourhood, the material and moral characters are given. "The site of the proposed monument," say the committee, "is in a manufacturing and mining district; and engine chimneys form a feature in the landscape, although there are none in the immediate vicinity. The climate is humid, and the atmosphere is sometimes contaminated slightly with smoke." Worsley Church is stated to be situated about half a mile to the east of the proposed site;—Worsley Hall lying between, and equidistant from each. "The architecture of the hall is Elizabethan, with a large square tower; and that of the church is early English, of the later or transition style, with a beautiful spire. Both of these edifices are situated on the ridge selected for the monument, though on a little lower level." It is added, that, the monument will be a conspicuous object from the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, from which it will be distant a mile and a half to the northward:—the surface of the site being at an elevation of one hundred and thirty feet above the level of the line. "It will not be in a part of the country very much traversed by road; but a vista will be cut in the belt of wood that lies immediately to the north of the site, so as to enable the structure to be seen from the higher land beyond."—All this is in the true Art-architectonic spirit:—and such instructions for a monument to this deceased patron of the Arts form, as it were, a sort of Art-testimonial to the patron himself. Nothing is prescribed to the artist as to the character of his design, beyond a statement of the accidents to which it will have of necessity to conform;—and no design *can* be good, even as Art, which fails to take due account of the air-lines in which it is to be seen, and the objects that are to group with it.

It seems strange, perhaps, to place

**THE WALLACE MONUMENT** in the group of peaceful commemorations; yet, seen through the long vista of centuries, and by the light thrown back upon it from the present, the figure of the Scottish chief takes almost a civic aspect. Certainly, the monument comes late;—when the very

series to which it belongs is dead, and a new series is substituted in which its characters are a sort of misreading. Such a work bequeathed to us from the past to which it belongs, would have been a most appropriate illustration of Scottish history:—such a work contributed to the past by the nationality of to-day, wants moral atmosphere. The life which it would have brought from its own past to the present, be that present what it might,—the present in which it is actually born cannot carry back to the past such as that past was. By the period of its advent, it is separated from its own most characteristic inspirations. It is a terribly long-after thought—this Wallace Monument. Unquestionably, Scotch enthusiasm must be a slow-moving force. It has "bided its time" till it has gone some way towards missing it. Be this as it may, the subscriptions towards the memorial,—which is to be erected on the Abbey Craig of Stirling,—have reached a sum exceeding £4000. They include contributions from New York, Boston, Cincinnati, Berberce, Demerara, Bermuda, California, Valparaiso, Geelong, Victoria, and no less a sum than £500 from Melbourne:—intimating, that geographical distance is no more in the way than chronological, when the Scotch have once made up their minds—somewhat late, as we have said,—that the object is a national one.—It has been determined, that a special meeting of the committee shall be held on the 24th of this present month of June, for the purpose of issuing advertisements for designs for the monument.—The Scotch have taken, also, to illustrating—and on the same site—another chapter of their history; but, in this case, the subject of commemoration is one which has bequeathed to the age of the proposed memorial a portion of the vital influences amid which they live, and it is to be born. According to a correspondent of the *Times*, a series of

**MONUMENTS TO THE SCOTTISH COVENANTERS AND REFORMERS** who wrought in the cause of civil and religious liberty has been commenced in Scotland.—"In a spacious and beautiful cemetery lately constructed on the Castle-hill of Stirling," he says, "a monumental statue of James Guthrie, the first martyr for the Covenant, has just been erected. A similar monument, in honour of the Rev. Ebenezer Erskine, is in the studio of the sculptor. A liberal gentleman of the place, Mr. William Drummond, of Rockdale Lodge, has offered to rear at his own expense monumental statues of John Knox, Andrew Melville, Alexander Henderson, James Renwick, and Margaret Wilson, the female martyr. Other public-spirited persons are expected to rear on Stirling Castle-hill monuments in honour of some others of the national patriots."

In our own metropolis, we are at length, and far too tardily, taking monumental account of one of those conquests which *should* have their material records, that the moral record may never be forgotten—the conquest over human suffering and human sorrow in one of their most calamitous forms. Upwards of two generations of men have been born since the world has had the benefit of Jenner's great discovery; and it is only now, that the

**STATUE OF DR. JENNER** has found a pedestal in Trafalgar Square. In Europe and in America alone, there have been upwards of five hundred millions of births in the interval between those two facts; and of these five hundred millions, it is calculated, on the terrible figures of the previous time, that more than ten per cent.—that is, more than fifty millions—would have been swept away by the pest for which he found a cure, and countless others would have been incurably disfigured. The monster that the happy genius of Jenner exorcised, was one of the foulest that ever made mankind its prey,—a monster that mangled and deformed those whom it failed to devour. To Jenner, Art herself owes no mean debt:—for by him the human face was rescued from one of its deadliest foes, to an extent emphatically written, as we have said, in our statistical records. But statistics are not popular reading,—and, save by men of science, are apt to be overlooked; and so, we say again, it was more than time that Jenner should have his popular recognition in the form which the world commonly assigns to its great men. How many of those who stand on the world's marble pedestals can show a title like this? At the period when we write, the statue is covered,—so that we cannot pronounce upon its merits as a work of Art:—but we see, that objections have been taken,



in the House of Commons and elsewhere, to its place in Trafalgar Square. In these objections we are, we confess, quite unable to sympathise. We do not recognise any principle on which our finest metropolitan site should be reserved for the illustration of military heroism alone. If this open space is to receive a species of decoration which shall make it, at the same time, a place of honour for our deceased worthies, we beg to suggest to Lord Arthur Vane Tempest, that England is so fortunate as to have them of more kinds than one,—and to assure Lord Elcho, that Sir Charles Napier was not so great a man that his friends need think his dignity wounded by the monumental neighbourhood of Dr. Jenner.

### THE ART-UNION OF LONDON. DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES.

THE annual meeting of this society was held at the Haymarket Theatre on the 27th of April, Lord Montague in the chair. The Report was read by Mr. George Godwin, Hon. Sec. The subscription for the year 1857-8 amounts to £11,658: as large a sum as was expected, for the gradual decline experienced since 1855 was not likely to be arrested during the past year, while "the money market" was in a "ferment." The "money prizes" distributed were in value £5309—considerably less than half the amount obtained: as usual, they fell into the hands of persons of whom nobody ever heard—or ever will hear; the three principal prizes going to Cirencester, Paisley, and Halifax, where, perhaps, the society may possess some twenty subscribers: and it is not a little singular that in the long list of about 120 prize-gainers, there is not a single name with which any division of the public is acquainted. This is, however, a misfortune for which the society is in no degree responsible; although it certainly serves to show the class of which a very large proportion of the "members" is composed.

The society has been twenty-two years in existence: as it was in 1837, it is now,—there has been no move to keep pace with the on-march of knowledge. It distributes prints; authorises a selection of pictures from public exhibitions, which it pays for; circulates annually a pretty little almanac; augments by degrees its stores of second class prizes—bronzes, statuettes, and medals; has a public meeting once a year, and once a year there is a vote of thanks to the council and the officers;—in a word, just what it did in 1837 it does in 1858. It is now a venerable institution, destined to "go on" to the end of the chapter, without perceiving a necessity for doing, in 1858, something more than its limited knowledge and restricted means enabled it to do in 1838.

We shall deplore as a very serious evil the downfall of a society to which we owe much: but that downfall is inevitable if it make no move in advance—if it be content to remain in the precise position it occupied nearly a quarter of a century ago.

It is true, the engravings of late years have been better than those the council issued in the earlier time of their career; but this advantage is an accident—obtained by an enormous deduction from the funds of the society. For example, the print to be issued in 1858, cost the society, it is said, £4000—that sum having been obtained for it from the council by Messrs. Lloyd, the publishers, who thus made a profit, between what they paid for it and what they obtained for it, of £2500. It is needless to say that the council could have procured the picture of "The Ramsgate Sands," and have engraved it, on terms as advantageous as those made by Messrs. Lloyd with the painter and the engraver, if the council had been as active and as enterprising as the publishers. We believe all the later issues of engravings are circumstanced like this of the "Ramsgate Sands;" having been purchased at a large augmentation of price from parties whose taste, judgment, and experience made the selections: and for which taste, judgment, and experience the society has liberally recompensed the possessors of these qualities—qualities we are to assume the council are either without or do not bring into action.

But with regard to the prize pictures annually selected, the case is not even so advantageous. Judging from the exhibition of 1857, in the Gallery at Suffolk Street, and hence forming a pretty accu-

rate opinion of what it will be in 1858, we are bound to say that the collection of exhibited prizes twenty years ago was infinitely more meritorious and more encouraging to British Art than it was in 1857. The older exhibitions contained many excellent works: in later exhibitions it has been almost impossible to select half a dozen—hardly one—of real value; while certainly nine out of ten of the picture-prizes were utterly worthless—giving sure evidence that painters were working down to the calibre of the persons who were likely to obtain prizes, and would be compelled, by the rules of the society, to take what they could get.

It is painful to take this desponding view of a society that has done much and means well; but an earnest and anxious looker-on will fail in his duty if he do not warn the council that to stand still is ruin—that a time has come when a remodelling of the society is absolutely necessary to sustain it in existence. For, of a surety, some society that will do what the Art-Union of London will not do, must be formed to meet the public requirements, on a better basis, with plans more rational, and more in accordance with the advancing spirit of the age. That such a project may be prosperous has been proved already by the success of the Glasgow Art-Union—a provincial society, conducted by parties of whom little is known, and in whom there is consequently little confidence; yet which, with many manifest disadvantages, has obtained a large amount of public favour and support. It is understood that one society, at least, is in course of formation in London, to do what the Art-Union of London will not do; and it requires but a small amount of prophetic spirit to foretell that "the guineas" will go where they will be best and most rightly expended.

These remarks would be worse than useless if they could lead to no practical results; but it is in the power of the council of the Art-Union to do much for Art, to render the society really and truly a public benefit, and to teach as well as amuse their eleven thousand subscribers. It can only be by introducing into its constitution such changes as time has not only rendered prudent, but necessary: its power for good is immense—to permit that power to continue idle is little less than criminal. If they do not bestir themselves, the council will assuredly find ere long that other societies will do what they will not do; and that their "reserve fund" will be the only reminder that the society has existed.

We complain—as we have a right to do—of the Art-Union of London, because it is content to exist without movement; because in this age of progress, it makes none: originating nothing, and following what is good only when it is too late to be of value. It was thus with photography: it issues a volume of photographs, when every print-shop is inundated with specimens; it will publish a coloured lithograph when that art is sufficiently common, but not fill them; any new idea, any novelty, any *lead* in Art, seems apart from the notions of the council. They cannot, therefore, be surprised, neither can they complain, if greater energy and activity give birth to a society before which theirs will fall,—presuming, that is to say, they resolve to pursue the old jog-trot gait, upon the old beaten track that leads to—nothing. And this will be undoubtedly an evil; for the council of the Art-Union are gentlemen of unimpeachable honour, many of them high in position, and all of them with an inert desire to be useful in their generation. They have sacrificed much time and labour, with the wish, at least, to benefit the public; and the honorary secretaries have done more than men are expected to do, "without fee or reward." We may not forget the past while we are alarmed for the present, and are more than apprehensive of the future. The council and the honorary secretaries have abundant means and appliances, and can do—if they will do—that which no new society can do as well.

Even the Royal Academy has made *some* move; nay, the Society of Antiquaries has progressed a little; while the Society of Arts affords conclusive proof of the wisdom of awakening from sleep when the world is busy everywhere and all about us.

With all due respect, therefore, we repeat the warning we have given heretofore—that, if the council do not move soon, and wisely,—if they persevere in nursing mediocrity, and prospering incapacity,—the result is inevitable.

### THE REJECTION OF THE SOULAGES COLLECTION BY THE GOVERNMENT.

THE days of the Soulages Collection, as a collection, are numbered. Repudiated by Manchester, it has at length been finally rejected by the Government; the Christie alternative, consequently, alone remains. Having, from the first appearance of this collection in London, entertained and expressed the opinion, that it would not be desirable it should be purchased for the national Art-museum, we now with satisfaction record the judicious decision which, refusing to be influenced by no ordinary external pressure, has been based solely upon the real merits of the case. The Government has declined to purchase the Soulages Collection for the nation, not because of any indifference to the collection itself, but simply because it was not needed in the national Art-museum.

We have on more than one occasion both described the various groups of Renaissance productions that compose the Soulages Collection, and in connection with the proposed purchase of them have adverted to the principles which ought to determine the formation of a national Art-museum. It appears at the present time to be desirable, very briefly, again to glance through the entire subject; not indeed with the view of justifying the decision of the Government, but in order to furnish some answer to the numerous applications which have recently been addressed to the Government in favour of this purchase by persons interested in the advancement of Art-manufacture amongst us.

Two distinct objects ought, in our opinion, to influence those to whom is entrusted the responsible duty of forming a national Museum of Art. They must, that is to say, seek to acquire such specimens as will combine to form an illustrated history of Art, in its different departments, and under its various forms of expression; and, in the second place, it will be their duty to illustrate each particular department and period of Art with works that possess peculiar merit in themselves. It will not, however, be necessary, or even desirable, that any particular department should acquire every obtainable worthy example in its own class of Art, unless indeed it is intended that such examples should be actually reproduced. It is quite possible that a department in an Art-museum should be thoroughly illustrated, and yet that certain specimens of acknowledged excellence should not find a place in its cabinets. Then, on the other hand, to neglect certain periods in the history of Art, and certain classes of Art-productions, in order to accumulate examples in some one class and of some particular age, must be pronounced inconsistent with the discharge of those duties upon which we are writing. These observations, in themselves but little removed from truisms, bear directly upon the question respecting the purchase of the Soulages Collection by and for the nation. The national Museum of Art that we have recently established, and which has so rapidly attained to a condition calculated to act powerfully for good, is already rich in precisely the objects which constitute the more valuable portions of the Soulages Collection—the Majolica and Palissy wares, the glass and the works in metal. And there are also, in both collections, works of the same class, executed at the same period. The plain and simple fact accordingly is, that the greater part of the Soulages Collection is not needed at South Kensington, because South Kensington possesses specimens of its own which convey the same identical teaching. But South Kensington can be said to be rich only in productions of this Renaissance period; in the earlier periods it is altogether deficient. The great object must be, therefore, to carry out the purposes of the museum by expending the public money in purchasing for it what it has not, rather than in adding what are little better than duplicates of its existing contents. It is most true that from the Soulages Collection many specimens may be selected, which we shall be glad to regard as national property: but this differs altogether from purchasing the whole collection, and thus becoming possessed of a dozen objects to which we are, or ought to be, indifferent, for the sake of acquiring a single one



that we rightly desire. Then, again, the purchase of the Soulaiges Collection in its entirety, implies more than the act of obtaining for the national museum many things that the national museum does not require. It implies the purchase of a numerous series of objects that are far worse than merely useless. In this collection, with much that is admirable, there is associated more that is worthless, while not a very small portion of the whole could teach only in the capacity of warnings to us to avoid the errors and perversities which they exemplify. A warning here and there may be very desirable as well in a Fine-Art museum as elsewhere; yet we cannot, therefore, admit the necessity for buying such admonitory specimens, either in considerable numbers or at high prices. Possibly there may exist Renaissance enthusiasts who consider that it is a positive duty to accumulate in a national museum an unlimited number of Soulaiges collections, and who are prepared to maintain that every object in every such collection is equally valuable as an authoritative teacher. If this be the case, it becomes the more important that such persons should not exercise any control on an occasion like the present; the national Art-museum is not designed to encourage any particular taste, much less to indulge any fanciful caprice. Its mission is a high and comprehensive one, that can be fulfilled only by dealing with Art in its widest range and under its noblest forms.

We observe in the copy of the "Correspondence with the Treasury, and of the Memorials addressed to the Treasury respecting the Purchase of the Soulaiges Collection by the Government," lately printed by order of the House of Commons, that the ground upon which the various memorials on this subject are based, is the alleged fact that it is highly important for the country to possess such examples of true Art-manufactures as may conduce to the cultivation of a sound taste in the public, while they enable our own manufacturers to attain to higher positions in their several departments. Nothing can be more true than such an allegation; we do want objects that equally affect for good both the public and the producers of manufactures. But it does not follow that this general maxim should be applicable to the purchase of the Soulaiges Collection. However gratifying the evident desire on the part of manufacturers to be able to refer to a really complete national museum of Art, we have already replied to these gentlemen by reminding them of the fact that nearly all that is excellent in this French collection has its counterpart at South Kensington. And this reply receives strength from the circumstance of there being so much dross with the fine ore of the Soulaiges Collection. We congratulate the various memorialists who have addressed the Government on the subject of this purchase, that they should both entertain and be ready to express the views set forth in their memorials: we assure them that the country has already obtained noble specimens of such works as they recommend for purchase; and we proceed to remind them that the same sum of money which would, if expended on this purchase, fail to extend the historical range of the national Art-museum, might, if more judiciously applied, be made to fill up some of the existing deficiencies that are so much to be lamented. We might add, that we are unable to sympathise with these gentlemen in their admiration for the Art which is exemplified in the Soulaiges Collection. That there is there seen much of that Art-feeling which we are so anxious to witness amongst our own manufacturers, we readily admit: still the same Art-feeling is equally apparent, and it conveys its lessons with equal impressiveness, in the national collections which have lately been classified and arranged with such care and judgment at South Kensington. We do not want our manufacturers to produce fac-similes of any form of Venetian glass, or of either Italian or French fictile fayence: it is the same with the furniture, the carvings, and the metal and jewel-work of the period. Let the Art-feeling be studied, and, if possible, let a kindred impulse be kindled within the hearts of our Art-students; this can be done without an infinite number of specimens of the same class being accumulated in our museum: and, as we do not want to copy these specimens, we may well be content with a moderate number of them. In point of fact, the very circumstance of the

Soulaiges Collection having been again exhibited at South Kensington was conclusive against the purchase; the proof was close at hand and palpable, that it was not needed. We are constrained to add that the imperfections of the collection never appeared to us in such a strong light until we found ourselves carefully studying it in its present temporary resting-place. What motives may have induced the council of the Institute of British Architects, and still more the committee of the Architectural Museum, to put themselves forward as advocates for the proposed purchase, we do not care to investigate; we content ourselves with observing that the arguments of these gentlemen fail really to touch the question of purchasing the Soulaiges Collection. They describe that collection, they take a decidedly exaggerated view of its importance, and they proceed to argue that being such as they describe it, it ought to belong to the nation. This might be a just inference if we had not anything of the same kind in our national museum, and also if the eulogium on the Soulaiges Collection were really altogether consistent with the facts of the case. But even the council of the Institute absolutely fail to show more than a general want, which we show to be no want whatsoever, because it has already been satisfied. We repeat that we desire to see a few, a very few, of the Soulaiges specimens permanently established at South Kensington. The manner in which the rest are disposed of is a matter of indifference to us, except so far as concerns the "warnings" of the collection, which we trust will find homes where they will be unable to accomplish more than the least possible amount of mischief.

To some persons it may appear a very trifling matter whether a sum not exceeding £20,000 should or should not be expended by the nation on the purchase of a collection which, if it can accomplish nothing else, certainly has succeeded in attracting public attention, and has also secured for itself a distinct individuality. We cannot accept any such views. We believe it to be highly important that no public money should be thrown away, but that every pound should be expended judiciously in making purchases for the national museum. We do not forget the system upon which the nation buys, or at least pays for pictures: this system, however, is not necessarily permanent. Nor does it follow, if works of Art of one class are bought without proper discrimination, and at prices which appear excessive, that the same rule should obtain in all other public purchases of a similar kind; on the contrary, we hence have a special inducement to the exercise of a sound and becoming economy.

In common, doubtless, with many who, like ourselves, have had occasion to watch the career of the Soulaiges Collection since it became English (though not national) property, we shall observe with more than a little interest the selections the authorities may make for the nation when the collection is dispersed, and the sums that may then be paid for them. Mr. Cole is generally a judicious purchaser, and also a careful one. He will have the public voice with him if he shall be found to buy at a fair rate, a very few very choice objects at the Soulaiges sale: indeed, he may rest content, even if the sums he expends be somewhat large, provided the objects be really worthy of his interest in their behalf. The only thing that will not be tolerated will be the purchase of what we have already designated the "warnings" of the collection. There are already by far too many objects of this description to be found in the national collections that have been bought and paid for; more are not needed, and must not be added to the existing series. It is a very easy matter to select the group to be secured, and still easier to set aside the various objects which are altogether at liberty to depart. We believe that Mr. Cole has made up his mind with reference to what he purposes to have: let him be equally determined in resolving not to include in his contemplated purchase a single object, that will not prove to possess distinct as well as powerful claims for declining to accompany its former associates when they take their final departure from the national museum at South Kensington.

To this topic—in which so many classes now take a deep interest—it will be our duty to return ere long.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE curiosity which had been excited by the knowledge that many rare Italian pictures from the Lombardi collection, at Florence, had been added to the National Gallery, was gratified on Monday the 26th of April. The works are hung in the small room on the right, at the top of the stairs. They are principally pictures of the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, valuable as contributive to the history of Art, but for the most part useless to the student. And when we make this observation, it becomes necessary to explain that such selections are made in accordance with a recommendation of a committee of the House of Commons, by whom, in 1853, a consideration of the best interests of the National Collection was entertained. It is but fitting that our public gallery of Art should not only equal, but surpass, every other in Europe—not only historically, but also as worthily exemplifying the best period of painting. And this hope is by no means extravagant. For ourselves, we return with pride and pleasure to our own collection, small though it be, from the contemplation of many of the boasted continental galleries, which contain so many works, not only questionable, but well known to be falsely attributed. The formation of a national collection of works of Art among ourselves, at a time when public attention has been awakened to the importance of the subject, is a responsibility which we doubt not will be justly discharged, as the gravity of the charge is duly felt. The earliest of these works are of the 13th century, being a colossal Madonna, by Cimabue; a triptych, by Duccio da Siena; and a Crucifix, by Segna di Buonaventura, a pupil of Duccio. Of the 14th century, there is by Taddeo Gaddi, an altar-piece, and another by Jacopo di Casentino; also a "Coronation of the Virgin," attributed to one of the Giottoeschi, and an altar-piece; the same subject, by Andrea Orcagna, and a subject by Spinello Aretino. The examples of the 15th century are more numerous, being—a curious picture, by Paolo Uccello, representing the "Capture of Carlo Malatesta, and his Nephew," by Braccio di Montone, in 1416. An "Adoration of the Kings," by Fra Angelico; a "Madonna and Child," by Filippo Lippi; an "Adoration of the Kings," by Filippino Lippi; "Isotta da Rimini," by Piero della Francesca; a "Rape of Helen," by Benozzo Gozzoli; a Madonna and Child, by Lorenzo di Credi; and an example of Cosimo Tura; also a Byzantine picture of the 16th century, and a charming picture by Quintin Matsys.

Having said that these works are added to the National Gallery—that is, all the early Italian works—with a view to the perfection of chronological series, we do not feel it necessary to describe them in detail, for generally they bear no relation to the healthier Art of the present time. As examples of painting, the Cimabue and the two or three other productions near his time, are valueless; but as instances of the practice of that period, and in association with the names they bear, they are indispensable to our gallery. The curiosity of the series is Uccello's battle picture—nothing can exceed the ponderosity of this composition, but it is not without its uses; and another remarkable work is Gozzoli's "Rape of Helen,"—a daring essay at a time when every painter was called upon to glorify the Church; the portrait also by Piero della Francesca is marvellously minute in finish. They are in excellent preservation, even the earliest of them, considering the number of centuries that have elapsed since they were executed. All the Italian works formed a portion of the collection of Messrs. Lombardi and Baldi, in Florence; and some years ago a negotiation was opened with a view to their acquisition, which was broken off because the proprietors wished to dispose of their collection in its complete state; but in its entirety it was undesirable, as containing works which did not assist the object in view.

The cost of these pictures has been, we believe, seven thousand pounds; there are yet many others wanted to perfect a compendious history of Art; for having pursued the object thus far, the design must be diligently worked out. And we rejoice that there is such a purpose guiding the selections of the authorities, though we confess that we should be glad now to see a few of the gems of the Low Country schools gathered in aid of the proposed history.

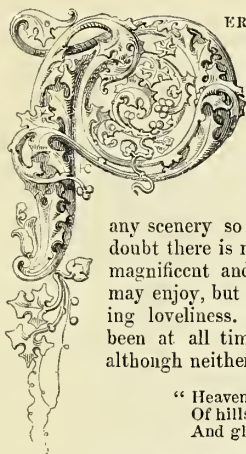


## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XVIII.



PERHAPS in England there is no single view so beautiful as that obtained from the summit of Richmond Hill; nay, it is scarcely too much to say there is nothing more charming in the world. Such is the opinion of many foreigners who have beheld the landscape attractions of all lands, and such is surely that of those who, having travelled long and far, return to their own country with a confirmed conviction that Englishmen find nowhere any scenery so delicious as that they possess "at home." No doubt there is much that is wider, and broader, and grander—more magnificent and more comprehensive—which voyagers elsewhere may enjoy, but none within the same limits so gifted with surpassing loveliness. The scene from Richmond Hill has, therefore, been at all times a fertile theme of the poet and the painter, although neither Art nor language can render it sufficient justice.

"Heavens! what a goodly prospect spreads around  
Of hills and dales, and woods and lawns, and spires,  
And glittering towns, and gilded streams!"

Such was the exclamation of one of the many poets who have offered homage to "the Hill;" we may quote another:—

"Where Thames along the daisy'd meads  
His wave in lucid mazes leads—  
Silent, slow, serenely flowing,  
Wealth on either side bestowing."

But in fact, there are few whom the Muse has not stirred into life when gazing from either of the adjacent heights upon a scene so entirely beautiful—at once so gentle and so grand, so graceful and so rich.



VIEW FROM RICHMOND HILL.

As we approach Richmond from Twickenham, and pass a slight projection at Ham, we come in sight of "the Hill." From the river the rise appears very slight: on the summit are several good and "tall" houses, the most conspicuous of which is the far-famed "Star and Garter" inn; and here all visitors will linger, entering either its prettily arranged grounds or its stately chambers for refreshment, and gazing from one of its windows over the thick and apparently dense foliage that seems to cover the whole valley underneath, through which the all-glorious father meanders "silent, slow," the source of that green fertility which makes the landscape "beautiful exceedingly." \* "The eye, descending from the hill," marks the tortuous course of the river, above and below, glances among "the palace homes of England," and watches the gay boats, of "all sorts and sizes," that float upon the surface, issue from tiny creeks, or continue moored beside lawn-slopes: gaze where we will, there is ever something to stir the heart, and justify that love and pride of country which rivals or foes attribute to Englishmen as a vice!

The distant views from any of the heights are as fair and beautiful as those immediately around and underneath. Looking over Richmond Park we behold stately Windsor; further off, the hills of Buckinghamshire—the historic Chilterns; and nearer, those over Runnymede and Chertsey. Turning eastward, we

\* So close are the trees, and so little can be seen of the intervening meadows and gardens, that a story is told of an American from the Far West, whose eye, having been accustomed to endless and trackless forests, saw the beauty as a blemish, and declared it to be his opinion that "the valley wanted clearing."

look on many of the steeples that, rising above the Lower Thames, fling their shadows on the sails of a hundred nations, thronging that part of the great



RICHMOND HILL.

highway of the world which lies between the Nore and London Bridge. Surely the tourist may exclaim, and justly,—

"Earth hath not anything to show more fair,"

challenging the wide world to produce a scene which so happily combines the grand and the beautiful—

"In wondrous perspective displayed,  
A landscape more august than happiest skill  
Of pencil ever clothed with light and shade:  
An intermingled pomp of vale and hill,  
City and naval stream, suburban grove,  
And stately forest where the wild deer rove;  
Nor wanted lurking hamlet, dusky towns,  
And scattered rural farms of aspect bright."

A gate on the summit of the hill leads into Richmond Park. The public enjoy a right of entrance, and it is pleasant to know that the right is rarely or never abused. The park was first enclosed by Charles I.; but there were certain neighbouring owners who "could not be prevailed upon to alienate their property upon any terms." His majesty, however, seems to have convinced those "village Hampdens," notwithstanding that the affair "made a great clamour, and the outcry was that he was about to take away his subjects' estates at his own pleasure." Jerome, Earl of Portland, was made the first ranger, in the year 1638. In 1649 the park was given "to the City of London, and to their successors for ever." At the Restoration it found its way back to the crown, of which it is now a mere appanage of comparatively little value, although Her Majesty has sought to make it practically useful by presenting some of its residences to men who are, or have been, benefactors of their country.

At that end of the park where a gate leads to Mortlake, and near a cottage in which resides one of the most estimable gentlemen of the age—Professor Owen—there still lives and flourishes a tree that has been famous for many ages: it is the Shrew-ash. It is interesting to note how little odds and



THE SHREW-ASH.

ends of superstitions are rooted, like wild primroses, in out of the way wilds—the nooks and corners of our intellectual country. It is so difficult to define where faith ends, and superstition begins, that sometimes we lose sight of



irrationality, in sympathy with the sentiment that is blended with the superstition. The shrew-ash is only a few yards beyond the pond which almost skirts the Professor's lawn—where herds of dappled deer come fearlessly from the high ground of the park to drink at early morning, and again, while the sky is yet glowing with the tints of the setting sun. This venerable and celebrated tree stands on rising ground.

White, in his "Natural History of Selbourne," describes a "shrew-ash" as "an ash whose twigs or branches, when gently applied to the limbs of cattle, will immediately relieve the pains which a beast suffers from the running of a shrew-mouse over the part affected—for it is supposed that a shrew-mouse is of so baneful and deleterious a nature that wherever it creeps over a beast, be it horse, cow, or sheep, the suffering animal is afflicted with cruel anguish, and threatened with the loss of the use of the limb. Against this evil, to which they were continually liable, our provident forefathers always kept a shrew-ash at hand, which when once medicated would maintain its virtues for ever. A SHREW-ASH was made thus: into the body of the tree a deep hole was bored with an augur, and a poor devoted shrew-mouse was thrust in alive, and plugged in, no doubt, with several quaint incantations long since forgotten. As the ceremonies necessary for such a consecration are no longer understood, all succession is at an end." The shrew-ash in Richmond Park is, therefore, amongst the few legacies of the kind bequeathed to their country by the wisdom of our ancestors. We once knew a queer, spiteful, old Kentish gardener, who suggested, in open defiance of legendary lore, that it would be far wiser to bury a shrew *wife* under an ash, than stop up a poor innocent shrew-mouse in it. He laughed to scorn all superstitions; and many of his old neighbours believed he would live and die a "cast away," he was so fond of holding everything connected with "good old times" in utter contempt.

Our readers will perceive that across the hollow of the tree near the top there is a little bar of wood: the legend runs that were this bar removed every night, it would be replaced in the same spot every morning! How? Who can tell how? The legend calls the fact "established," and so we are bound to believe it. The superstition now is, that if a child, afflicted with what the people in the neighbourhood call "decline," or whooping-cough, or any infantine disease, is passed nine times up the hollow of that tree, and over the bar, while the sun is rising, it will recover. If the charm fail to produce the desired effect, the old women believe the sun was too far up, or not up enough, or the "verse" (for we have been told there is a spoken charm) not properly repeated. If the child recovers, of course, the fame of the tree is whispered about—for the oldest crone would hardly dilate on such a subject in her usual voice at mid-day; there is an Irish saying that "every whisper has four wings," and thus the tale spreads. There is a sort of shrew mother to every shrew-ash—the veriest ancient in the parish; withered and bent, with lean arms and long fingers, that clutch her staff, her picturesque scarlet cloak giving that life to the landscape, of which painters never tire: she acts as guide and teacher to any young mother, who has an afflicted child and faith in the charm; and the two may be seen in the grey light of morning—the little creeping crone, and the tall girl enveloped in a cloak or large shawl, beneath whose folds is cherished her precious burthen. She follows through the long dewy grass, and heeds nor deer nor cattle; but she fears the chill air will make her darling worse, though she dare not say so, for she must not anger the aged crone even if she handle the child roughly, as she thrusts it up and passes it over, under and over, until the accomplishment of the mystic nine. The child wails, of course, but that is not heeded by the sybil: it is speedily pressed to the warm bosom of its mother, and they creep away stealthily, half ashamed or afraid to be seen by their neighbours.

The shrew-ash in Richmond Park is still used and still firmly believed in, the superstition having by no means entirely lost its force. The friend who communicates this fact to us, has more than once seen at daybreak a young mother, with her sick babe, resorting to the ash for cure, and eagerly watching under its withered branches the first streak of sunlight in the east.\*

We must descend the hill and enter the ancient village—the now populous town of Richmond. We cannot long delay, although it is full of associations, any one of which might demand a chapter instead of a line. It is, however, essential that we visit the church, and then stroll to the green, in order that we may stand on the site of the ancient palace, "to which the former kings of this land, being wearied of the citie, used customarily to resorte, as to a place of pleasure, and serving highly for recreation."

At Richmond resided Nicholas Brady, and here he translated and versified the Psalms; here lived, and in the church is buried, James Thomson:† here he "Sung the seasons and their change;"

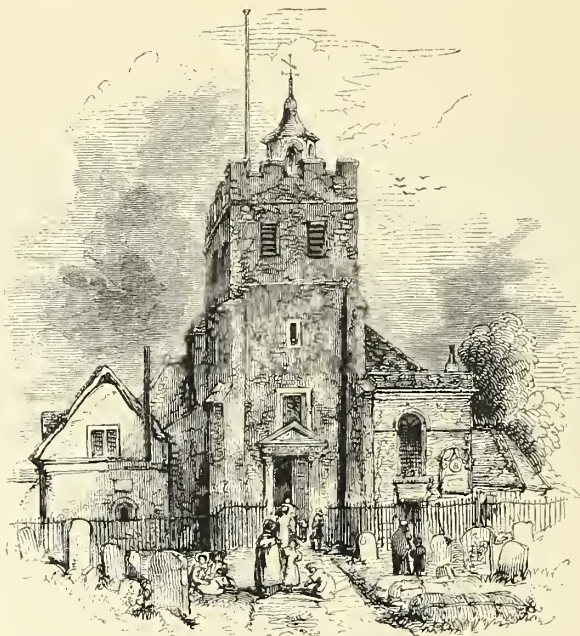
and many memories of him are preserved in the house where he resided, "in unaffected cheerfulness, and general, though simple elegance." There are few who walk through the fair town, or row along the waters that lave its banks, who will not recall the graceful tribute of a brother poet—

"Remembrance oft shall haunt this shore,  
When Thames in summer wreaths is drest,  
And oft suspend the dashing oar,  
To bid thy gentle spirit rest!"

\* Superstitions regarding trees have been rife in every age and country; and may be referred to the "sacred groves" of the ancient idolaters, or the custom of consecrating trees to particular divinities; tinged with the prevailing superstition of the more modern nations of the north, and tinged with a darker belief in mysticism. Hence the witch-hazel is believed to be as efficacious as the horseshoe, in preventing the incursions of a witch for evil purposes, if a branch be fastened over a door. But for charms in disease, no tree has been so much used as the ash, which, in addition to the power it is supposed to possess, as narrated above, was also believed to cure other diseases. If the wound made in the tree was bound with packthread: the child recovered as the tree recovered, but the life of the patient depended so entirely on that of the tree, that if it was wilfully destroyed the disease returned and terminated in death.

† Thomson lived in a small cottage in Kew Lane. It has been enlarged and altered since his time. There was no monument to his memory in the church, until the Earl of Buchan placed, in 1792, a brass plate in the north aisle to denote the spot where he was buried, June 29, 1748, "for the satisfaction of his admirers," as the inscription states, "unwilling that so good a man and sweet a poet should be without a memorial."

Richmond Church has few old features, and the most remarkable monuments are on the exterior. At the south-west angle is a marble tablet, executed by E. W. Wyon, to the memory of Barbara Hoffman, authoress of "The Son of a



RICHMOND CHURCH.

Genius," &c. She was born at Sheffield, in 1770, and died at Richmond, November 9, 1844. "She endeavoured," says the inscription, "with Christian humility, to recommend, by her valuable example, the lessons inculcated in her writings." We knew her long and well, and to know her was a privilege. After a life of active and useful labour, and the calm and patient endurance of many trials, she rests amid the scenery she loved so well, and near the places she cherished most in her warm and tender heart. The world owes her much; she was one of its best teachers. Her works will endure longer even than the monument that records her name, for they are the experience of her own naturally devout mind, her generous sympathies, and her womanly wisdom. Here, in later times, died and was buried the great actor, Edmund Kean; to his memory a simple monument has been erected by his accomplished son,\* who, inheriting much of the father's genius, has avoided the "perilous pleasures" that led to death at the comparatively early age of forty-eight. There is no gentleman more thoroughly respected, or more entirely entitled to respect, than the younger Kean. If the stage owed a large debt to the acting of the father, it has contracted a larger to the son, for his judicious and liberal "management," and especially for having made its "means and appliances" sources of instruction as well as of delight. Many other great men and women have left their names as perpetual memories in this neighbourhood: it is full of associations, and these, added to the charms of beautiful scenery, must ever keep for Richmond a fame unsurpassed by that of any other locality in the kingdom.



REMAINS OF RICHMOND PALACE.

On Richmond Green is all that now remains of the Old Palace of Sheen, consisting of a stone gateway, and a smaller postern gate beside it: above the large gate is sculptured the arms of England, supported by the dragon and greyhound, indicating its erection in the time of Henry VII. Beside it may

\* It consists of a medallion portrait, surrounded by drapery, and was erected by his son, in 1839. Kean died in the house adjoining Richmond Theatre, in May, 1833. This theatre was built under the superintendence of Garrick, and was frequently patronised by George III., when living at Kew. Many great actors have played there; it was here the accomplished actress and excellent lady, Helen Faucit, made her *débüt*.



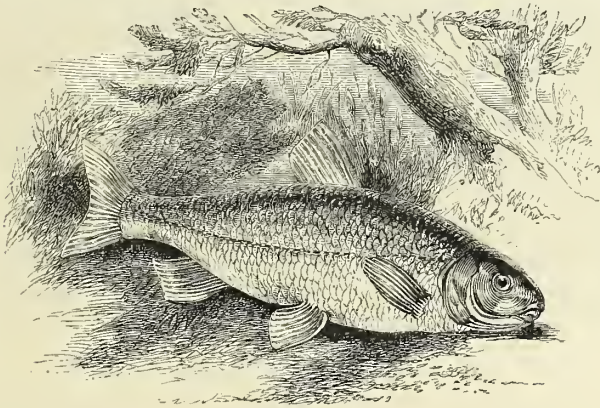
be traced a few portions of the old brickwork of the palatial buildings, with the characteristic reticulated pattern which gave diversity to the walls. It is believed to have been the entrance to the wardrobe court.\*

The ancient name of Richmond was Sheen, signifying *beautiful* (from the German word which still bears the meaning); it was considered as part of the Manor of Kingston, in the Domesday survey, when it was crown property. Edward III. died in the mansion of Shene, at which time it was a pleasant retirement for the English sovereigns. Henry V. rebuilt the palace, with "curious and costly workmanship," which was destroyed by fire in 1498. Henry VII. immediately gave orders for the rebuilding of the palace, and ordained that it should be named *Richmond*, after his own title, before he had achieved the sovereignty of England on Bosworth field.† King Henry VII., and his son, Henry VIII., took much pleasure in the palace here, and frequently held tournaments and festivals at Richmond. Henry VII. died in the palace; Katherine, the first queen of the eighth Harry, was confined here of a son, and the Emperor Charles V. lodged here on his visit to England in 1552. The manor was afterwards granted to Anne of Cleves, on her voluntary divorce from Henry VIII.; and Queen Mary and her husband, Philip of Spain, frequently resided in the palace, which was also a favourite with her successor, Elizabeth, who entertained the King of Sweden within its walls, when he visited England to make her a proposal of marriage. She died here on March 24, 1603. The sons of James I., Henry and Charles, both held the manor, and here the latter laid the foundations of his important Art-collections; in 1627 the manor was settled on his queen, Henrietta Maria. After the execution of Charles, the parliament sold the manor. Hollar has published a view of it as it appeared in the reign of Charles I. It was a picturesque edifice, abounding with towers and pinnacles. On the Restoration the king restored it to the queen-mother; and it was leased to Sir Edward Villiers. It was much dilapidated, and was soon afterwards pulled down.

The many attractions of Richmond, and its proximity to the metropolis—from which it is distant eight miles—have always made the neighbourhood a favourite of the high-born and the wealthy; a long list might be given of "great people" who have had their dwellings on the hill or on the river banks; Buccleuch Lodge is among the most conspicuous and the most beautiful as we reach its slope, just after passing the bridge, voyaging westward.

There yet remain some of the fish of the Thames to which attention should be directed; and as we are approaching that part of the river where the sport of the angler terminates, we may describe two—although neither of them are found in abundance so low down. Richmond, however, has been always in favour with professors of the rod and line, and it is rarely we pass the banks of Buccleuch Lodge without encountering half a dozen punts; for during autumn the roach is numerous here, and of small barbel there is usually a plenty.

The Chub is a shy fish, and although sometimes taken with the worm or gentle when bottom-fishing, it is more frequently caught on the surface with a mince fly or cockchafer; and then under overhanging trees, where skill is



THE CHUB.

requisite. They often grow to a large size in our river; we have more than once hooked a fish weighing five pounds. In its general aspect the chub resembles the dace, but is somewhat more taper; it is of little value as food, the flesh being poor and "waterish;" nevertheless old Isaac gives an elaborate recipe for "dressing him"—for drying up his "fluid watery humour"—and for giving him such a sauce as may "recompense the labour."

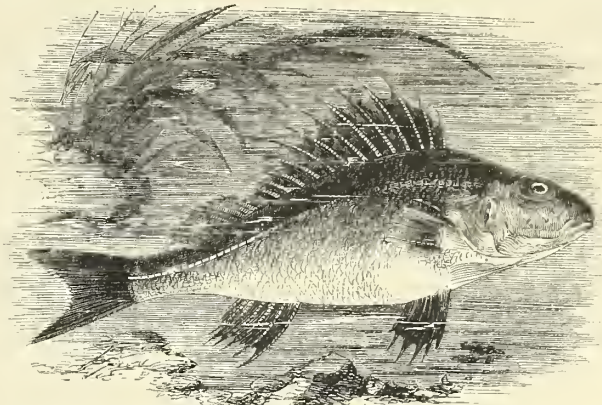
The Pope, or "ruffe," is found in great abundance in many parts of the river; it bites greedily, and it is a common practice to take ladies to a "pope pitch," inasmuch as there is sure to be plenty of sport, the pope biting like

\* "It is well known that this place received its present name by royal command in the reign of Henry VII., who was Earl of Richmond in Yorkshire. In Domesday it is not mentioned; a record of nearly the same antiquity calls it Syenes: the name was afterwards spelt Schenes, Schene, and Sheen. Some writers, founding their conjectures upon the latter word, which signifies bright or splendid, have supposed it to be expressive of the magnificence of the ancient palace."—*Lycens*.

† The arms over the great gate, though much decayed, are still clearly to be distinguished as those of King Henry VII., who was Earl of Richmond before he achieved the sovereignty of England on Bosworth Field. The supporters of the royal arms of Henry are unlike those of any other English monarch: the shield is supported by the red dragon of the House of Cadwallader, the last king of the Britons, from whom Henry claimed his descent; and the white greyhound of the House of York, as represented in our cut. Henry VIII. retained the dragon, but adopted the lion of England, instead of the greyhound, for his other supporter.



the perch, and with a certainty of being hooked by a very small effort of skill. It resembles the perch, too, in other particulars, the fins being sharp and somewhat perilous to delicate fingers. It is small in size, seldom exceeding in length five or six inches. An idea prevails that the pope is a fish between the perch and gudgeon, but there is no foundation for it, other than its general likeness to the one, and its habitat being the gravelly bottoms frequented by the other.



THE POPE.

We cannot part from this branch of our subject—the pleasures supplied to anglers by the all-bountiful river—without a word or two of comment on "the Thames Angling Preservation Society"—a society by which much has been done to preserve the river from illegal nets and to punish the poacher. Its formal meetings are held once a year at Richmond—in July. Its report is published annually: the excellent secretary, Henry Farnell, Esq., is indefatigable in his efforts to advance its purposes; every angler is bound to support a society which does so much to enable him to enjoy a day's ample sport in any of "the deeps," which it materially aids to preserve and to "furnish."



RICHMOND BRIDGE.

We resume our voyage, setting out from Richmond Bridge, first turning with pleasure to the pretty and well-known ait, and looking back every now and then for a charming view of the town and the surrounding scenery.

As, however, we shall not again have occasion to step on shore and examine the treasures of the river Flora, we may delay the reader awhile in order to present to him another bouquet of the wild flowers that grow so luxuriantly, and at the same time submit to his scrutiny a few of the insects concerning which his curiosity will be continually excited as he rows or wanders along its banks.

On the leaves of the Willow-herb we found feeding a grotesque-looking creature, which at first sight appeared to be staring malignantly at us from his perch: but, on a nearer examination, these sinister eyes, as they appeared to be, proved to be mere painted resemblances of those organs; and, to carry out the illusion, these spots are situated on an enlarged portion of the body representing a head, from which proceeds an apparent proboscis somewhat like an elephant's trunk, whence the creature has been named the Elephant Hawk-moth (*Cherocampa Elpenor*), of which this is the caterpillar state. It is of a dusky colour, and on the sides are several of the curious eye-like spots; but when seen from the front, with only the two larger spots visible, the appearance of the thing is really somewhat startling: the true head and eyes



THE HAWK-MOTH.



are comparatively minute, and situated at the end of the proboscis-like portion of the body. The moth into which this "creature" is eventually transformed, presents a decided contrast to the weird aspect of the caterpillar form it bore in its earlier existence, being a soft, elegant creature, beautifully painted with rose-colour and olive-brown: it may be not unfrequently met with in the same situations as its caterpillar, either flying rapidly in the twilight, or at morning reposing inactive in some shaded and retired spot.



CHINA-MARK MOTHS.

The botany of the river-side, as we have intimated, becomes far more scanty



MEADOW CRANES-BILL.

as we approach the more populous districts lying on either side, almost uninterrupted until we reach London: and we cannot without regret take leave of the fair Flora that has afforded us such unfailling pleasure and interest, from the very cradle of the infant stream in Gloucestershire, through its whole course down to our present position, whence, for a time, objects of more immediately human interest must occupy our attention. We may notice one more favourite, which we have hitherto omitted to mention, but which forms a very striking and beautiful feature in most of those flowery groups that ornament the old locks, and conduce so much to their picturesque effect. We allude to the Meadow Cranes-bill (*Geranium pratense*), a plant with elegantly cut foliage, and clusters of large bright purple flowers.



THE REED.

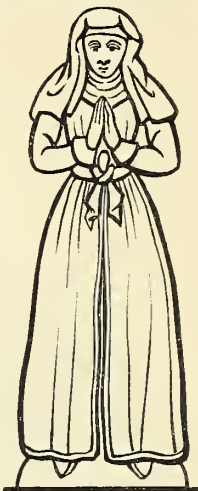
The Reed (*Arundo Phragmites*) must be familiar to every voyager on the Thames, whose banks are almost constantly edged with deep beds of this common though graceful plant. The presence of these reed-beds is a powerful aid in the picturesque effect of the "bits" for which this river is so famous; witness the good service they render in the foreground of pictures by Boddington and other painters, to whom the Thames scenery is so dear: though, after all, in the best painted picture, we must still lose the peculiar charm of the reed—its graceful motion as it rocks and waves its feathery crest in the wind. But besides playing its ornamental part so well, the reed is not without some pretensions to the useful, both in its natural position, where it serves to protect embankments and dykes for preventing the encroachment of the sea; and also, when cut, for thatching, and various purposes of building and gardening. Then the flower-heads will dye wool green, and the roots are said to be useful as a medicine in bilious complaints; but for the accuracy of this crowning recommendation we cannot vouch from our own experience, for the tourist amid these charming scenes will have little need of a remedy "against the bile," and so we contented ourselves with admiring the "effect"

of our friends, the reeds, *in situ*. We have more than once directed the attention of the ornamental designer to the lessons he may receive from Nature on the banks of the river Thames.

Passing under the railway bridge, which crosses the Thames at the eastern boundary of Kew Gardens, we have them on our right hand for more than two miles. The left bank affords more diversity, and to that we direct special attention. The first object which attracts the eye is a palatial building, now appropriated to the Female Naval Orphan Asylum. It was commenced by Lord Kilmurry as a residence; but has been greatly enlarged, and is now devoted to a high purpose—as one of those noble institutions which do honour to England, rendering memorable over the world the words—"Supported by Voluntary Contributions." A short half mile brings us to Isleworth Church, with its ancient ivy-covered tower. The body of the church is of red brick, and was constructed in 1705. It contains a few of the monumental brasses

which were in the older edifice; one of them represents a knight in armour of the fifteenth century; but the most curious is affixed withinside the Duke of Northumberland's pew, and is here copied: it preserves the figure of one of the last of the English nuns, being to the memory of "Margaret Dely, a syster professed in Syon, who decessed the vii of October, Anno, 1561,"—during the short while the nunnery was restored to the old faith by Queen Mary. The village of Isleworth is chiefly devoted to garden-ground, and from thence London is constantly supplied. Though never occupying a position in history, it is always noted in our most ancient surveys. Simon de Montfort encamped here with the refractory barons, in 1263; and Fairfax fixed his head-quarters here in 1647. It is a straggling, unpicturesque village, not offering inducements to delay the tourist.

Sion House, which occupies the site of the ancient religious foundation, is close beside the church; it was originally granted to a convent of Bridgetine nuns, by Henry V., in the year 1414: they seem to have led a quiet life of much prosperity; upon its dissolution, in the reign of Henry VIII., the revenues of the Convent of Sion was valued at the very large sum of £1731 8s. 4½d. per annum. The king retained the desecrated buildings, and here imprisoned his unfortunate queen, Katherine Howard, while arranging her judicial murder. The body of the same king rested here on the road to his mausoleum at Windsor. Edward VI., in the first year of his reign, gave the building and site to the Protector Seymour, Duke of Somerset. On his attainder it was granted to the Duke of Northumberland, in whose family it has since remained, except during the short period when it reverted to the crown during the reign of Mary—the forfeiture being occasioned by the ambition of the duke, whose son married the Lady



WATER PAVILION AT SION HOUSE.

Jane Grey: it was in Sion House she accepted the crown, having been conducted thence as queen to the Tower of London, so soon afterwards to die on a scaffold within its walls.

Queen Mary was induced to restore the nunnery at Sion, and endow it with the manor and demesnes of Isleworth; it was dissolved by Elizabeth, who, however, retained the lands until 1604, when they were again given to the Dukes of Northumberland. The present house was constructed soon afterwards, and has some rich interior details; the exterior is singularly plain, a mere quadrangle of heavy stonework. It contains some fine pictures. One of the prettiest and pleasantest points on the river, is the graceful pavilion we have here introduced.

Brentford commences at the end of the walls of the park at Sion; but the greater part of the town is happily hidden by a long island thickly covered with trees. It is one of the most unpicturesque towns on the river, abounding in gas-works, factories, and distilleries; its streets presenting an appearance of dirt and neglect, heightened by alleys, the abodes of squalid poverty. A large part of the population are employed in the extensive market-gardens which abound here, and chiefly supply London with vegetables. The town takes its name from the small river Brent, which here flows into the Thames, rising in the adjoining county of Hertfordshire, and pursuing a tortuous course through the centre of Middlesex. It is a small stream, but its junction with the Thames at an important locality led to the foundation, in very early times, of a village here, the establishment of a large nunnery on the opposite side of the ford materially aiding its growth.

And so we arrive in sight of Kew Bridge, but before we row under it, we must step ashore to visit some of the attractions of this ancient and renowned village.



## PRIVATE EXHIBITIONS OF PICTURES.

HERR CARL WERNER'S  
WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

THE collection now to be seen at No. 49, Pall Mall, is the fourth that the artist has exhibited, and it consists of twenty-five pictures, all of them executed in genuine and pure water colours. Body colour has no place in these works, yet they yield to none in effectiveness and power of expression. In the faculty of rendering texture with exact fidelity, this artist knows no inferior; at the same time, his dextrous rendering of texture never induces him to forget the nobler qualities that leave their impress upon every truly great picture. Herr Werner's drawings this year appear to us even to surpass those that we have studied with so much delight on former occasions, in their depth of tone, their richness of colouring, and in the exquisite skill with which they convey their varied teaching. The subjects, as usual, comprise both figures and landscape scenery and buildings. Ever attractive, Venice has again engaged the artist's attention, but without engrossing it, for he takes us with him to Montenegro, Spalatro, Florence, Barcelona, and, above all, to that most picturesque of towns, Lübeck, once the chief seat of the Hanseatic League. Every picture has its own characteristic tale to tell, which it tells with the most impressive emphasis. The "Hall of War," and the "Lumber-chamber" adjoining the Town Hall, Lübeck, are amongst the most striking pictures of their class: the wine cellars, with their capacious butts, not only furnish subjects for most excellent drawings, but they significantly declare that the old Lübeck commercial spirit still lingers amongst the descendants and representatives of its mediæval warrior-merchants. The "Hall of War" is remarkably fine, both as a composition and a picture. In all its details, it is most exactly truthful, even to the representing the long disused ballot-urns, as they now stand neglected in a corner. The colouring of this drawing is very rich and effective; and the historical group of figures is most happily introduced. The mice that cover the floor of the "Lumber-room," and are so evidently at home there amongst forgotten folios and illuminated MSS., declare how great is the contrast between the fortunes of the Lübeck of to-day and those of the same city in earlier times. This drawing is remarkable for its characteristic representation of two very large figures carved in wood on either side of the entrance doorway, which may claim to be reckoned amongst the finest known productions of that class. No. 20, "The Bravi of Venice assembled round the column of St. Theodore," is indeed Venice and her Bravos, as both the grand city and her dangerous sons still linger on the scene of their past importance. No. 23, "The Cloister-garden at Barcelona," is another of the gems of the collection. Exquisitely peaceful, this arched walk of noble architecture encloses a fair garden full of luxuriant flowers, from the midst of which cool fountains are languidly playing in the hot air. Another most striking drawing is No. 1, "The Remains of an old Church on the Coast of Sicily." The Liparian Islands appear in the distance through the storm-clouds that settle heavily on both themselves and the sea. The ruin stands amidst what has become a swamp, the water now partly covering the pavement, and staining with a green hue the displaced monuments. A single pier of rich Byzantine architecture is still standing, and attached to it is the pulpit, with its inlaid mosaics. The rest is composed of but the *disjecta membra* of a noble edifice. Notwithstanding the marshy condition of this locality, it still retains so much of its ancient fertility that it produces abundant crops of olives. When they are gathered, for a single week in each year the ruins are thronged with human occupants, and the pulpit resumes its proper uses. That week past, all again relapses into the habitual solitude and desolation, which leave the ruined church to the storks and other birds, while the squirrels may range undisturbed amongst the olive-trees. Our space will not admit of our particularizing more of these pictures; and, indeed, to do full justice to the collection would require a separate notice of each work: for, though it would be too much to assert that all are equally excellent, it is most certain that every drawing possesses merits of its own which we recognise with the

utmost pleasure. Our readers are aware that Herr Werner receives visitors daily at two o'clock, and that he devotes the earlier hours of each day to giving lessons in the practice of his beautiful art. Those persons who may call at Herr Werner's studio will not fail to be grateful to us for having directed their attention to it: and we are convinced that this sentiment will be greatly strengthened should any of our readers be induced to attend Herr Werner's classes, as students of painting in Water Colours under his directions.

M. PROTAIS' PICTURES  
OF THE BATTLE OF INKERMAN.

It has become an established and recognised custom that, in addition to the regular picture exhibitions, there should, during the present season, be a series of small collections of pictures in London to which public attention is invited. We always feel a peculiar satisfaction in being able favourably to notice any of these collections; and, accordingly, it is with the utmost pleasure that we now record the high qualities of a few very remarkable pictures that may be seen at 22 A, Mortimer Street, Cavendish Square, in the studio of the French artist, resident in London, M. Guerin. The two great pictures, that ought to be at once established in our National Gallery (and which would be sure to find appropriate resting-places there, if it really were a *national gallery*), are representations of the Battle of Inkerman, from sketches painted on the spot while this fierce contest was raging, by M. Protais, an artist attached to the staff of General Bosquet. The larger of the two pictures (and both are of considerable size) exhibits the long range of mist-enveloped hills, with the apparently endless columns of the Russians that poured forth from them on that dark November morning: the moving masses sweep down towards the front of the composition, where the Muscovite torrent is held in check by an English infantry regiment of the line; to the right of the picture, and in the rear of the English, the division of General Bosquet is advancing at speed to deliver their famous charge; the Zouaves are seen rushing onwards to support the struggling but immovable British, and to take their part in the furious *mêlée*. There is a total absence of all dramatic sentiment, coupled with such depth and earnestness of real feeling in this entire work, that it is impossible not to be convinced that here is a battle painted as battles are fought. Not a single incident of peculiar power or pre-eminent importance distinguishes any part of the canvas, or heightens the general effect; and yet the whole picture is an endless series of powerful and important incidents, all of them combining to produce the impression of a mortal strife—the strife of Inkerman! The second picture exhibits the Russians in retreat; and its representations of the peculiar scenery of the Inkerman valley and rocks are singularly interesting. From this picture we learn how to form some idea of the close of such a battle as that of the 5th of November. Both pictures are very ably painted, and possess high qualities as works of Art. M. Protais relates an anecdote which is so characteristic of that peculiar phase of artist-life, painting battle-studies "under fire," that we cannot refrain from associating it with our notice of his admirable and truly historical pictures. While actively engaged in noting down some graphic incident very early in the year that followed Inkerman, the artist observed at no great distance from his position the first snow-drop that he had seen lifting its head above the chill desolation of Crimean winter scenery. Knowing well the passionate admiration for flowers entertained by General Bosquet, he determined to gather this welcome snowdrop as soon as his sketches were completed. On second thoughts, however, the artist decided to secure his little prize at once, lest some one of the many soldiers near him should anticipate him, and so frustrate his intention. He rose accordingly; and while in the act of gathering the flower, a round-shot from a Russian battery struck his sketching apparatus and his seat, dashing them to atoms, and scattering in every direction the torn contents of his portfolio.—M. Guerin shows his visitors a very clever drawing in water-colours, executed by himself, after the celebrated "Storming of the Malakoff," painted for the Emperor Napoleon III., by Yvon. In his studio also are, in addition to various other interesting works of Art,

three pictures of fruit and flowers, by a young French artist, M. Maisial, which might be studied with advantage even by Hunt, Lance, and Miss Mutrie. We shall be truly glad to hear that this gentleman has found that encouragement which real merit rarely fails to command amongst us, and that his beautiful pictures have found purchasers. We may add that M. Guerin has a courteous reception for all visitors who call at his studio.

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. Lines, who since the foundation of the Birmingham Society of Artists, has effectively filled the joint post of Treasurer and Curator of the Institution, has recently retired from it. The members have unanimously passed a resolution expressing, "in the most unqualified manner, their deep sense of the obligation they are under to him for the valuable services he has rendered to the society during the long period of its existence; and they herewith record their high sense of his strict integrity in the performance of the onerous duties devolving upon him." In further acknowledgment of Mr. Lines's personal worth, it was also resolved, "That he be elected an honorary member of this society."

EXETER.—About a year ago a number of gentlemen residing in Exeter and its vicinity, established a society entitled the "Devon and Exeter Photographic Society," of which Dr. Scott was president, Mr. J. Gendall, treasurer, and Mr. J. W. Harris, honorary secretary. The success of the institution induced the general body of members to sanction the extension of its scope and objects, and for this purpose the co-operation of artists, photographers, and amateurs was invited to aid in carrying out such extension. On the 3rd of last month, the new society, which has assumed the name of the "Devon and Exeter Graphic Society," held its first conversation, in the Assembly Room of the Royal Clarence Hotel, in which were exhibited a large variety of works of Art, and of *virtu*,—paintings, drawings, coins, medals, vases, sculptures, cameras, photographs, microscopes, and optical apparatus. During the evening, Dr. Scott delivered an address to the company on the advantages that may be, and are, derived from such exhibitions and *réunions* as the one at which the visitors were then assembled. Exeter, though the chief town of a county noted as the birthplace of distinguished artists, has hitherto done little in the way of promoting the progress of Art: we hope that the dawn of a new and brighter day has at length risen upon her.

MANCHESTER.—The executive committee of the "Art-Treasures Palace," being unable to find a purchaser for the same as a whole, have been compelled to dispose of it "in lots," by auction:—*sic transit gloria Mancunii*.

NORWICH.—The local papers state that during the recent removal of some buildings which form a portion of the episcopal palace of Norwich, a private chapel, of very small dimensions, has been discovered. The ceiling is in fan tracery, with a boss hanging as a pendant in the centre, on which are the arms of Bishop Lyhart: the remains of a piscina are on the south side.

TAUNTON.—Mr. Wilde, government inspector of Schools of Art, visited the Taunton School on May the 3rd, and, after examining the works of the pupils, awarded honorary medals to twenty-five students, being fifteen more than were given at the preceding examination. This school has only been in existence about two years; but, under the management of Mr. Williamson, it is making good progress. A balance of £60 yet remains unpaid for expenses incurred on its formation: to assist in liquidating this debt two concerts have been given in the town.

YORK.—The annual meeting of the York School of Art was held, last month, at the rooms of the institution in Minster Yard, Lord Lonsborough presiding. The Report shows an increase in the number of pupils, during the last sessional year, of twenty-three. The debt on the school is now reduced to £24; and the chairman expressed a hope that the recent improvements effected by Mr. Swallow, the head master, would lead to an increase in the funds of the school, so as to admit of the entire discharge of the debt.

TORQUAY.—The late Mr. Herbert Minton was, for some time previously to his death, a resident in this town: it is proposed, as a tribute to his memory, to add a spire to the new church of St. Mark's, Mr. Minton having liberally contributed, while at Torquay, to the embellishment of the sacred edifice.



## WILLIAM WILBERFORCE.

FROM THE STATUE BY S. JOSEPH.

AMONG the multitude of illustrious dead who have found their last resting-place within the hallowed precincts of Westminster Abbey, or whose names and deeds the sculptured tablet on its walls commemorates, there is not one more worthy of a nation's reverence and admiration than William Wilberforce, the political patriot, who spent forty-six years of public life in the noble cause of religion and philanthropy, leaving behind him a name that will for ever be associated in the annals of the world's history with the emancipation of the slave. Such a man requires no patent of nobility, no jewelled coronet and ermined robe, to give him a place among the great; though it does seem strange that while titles and stars have been distributed without adequate desert on the part of the recipients, the successive governments under whom Wilberforce lived, and for whom he often laboured assiduously, could award no insignia of honour and approbation to him who, as a writer in the *Edinburgh Review* remarked, soon after the passing of the bill prohibiting slavery, in 1807, "has begun and led through this glorious struggle; who has devoted to its success all his days, and all his talents; who has retired from all recompense for his labours, save the satisfaction of doing good to his fellow-creatures; who, giving up to mankind what others have sacrificed to party, has preferred the glory of living in the recollection of a grateful world, to the shining rewards of a limited ambition."

There are few, very few, instances of a statesman attaining great popularity at so early an age as did Wilberforce: he was born at Hull in 1759, entered St. John's College, Cambridge, at the age of seventeen, and had only just passed his twenty-first year, when he was elected, by a large majority, member of parliament for his native town, in which his father had acquired considerable property as a merchant. By the death of his grandfather he also came into possession of a large fortune. Both of these relatives died while he was keeping his terms at college, where he became acquainted with Pitt: the intimacy thus early formed ripened into a friendship that was broken only by the death of the latter, to whose political opinions Wilberforce, with a single exception, always adhered; the exception being, Pitt's determination to enter upon a war with revolutionary France: this measure he resolutely opposed. On the dissolution of parliament in 1784, he had made himself so popular in his native county, that the freeholders elected him one of the members, his opponents, though backed by what was considered the overwhelming power of the Whig nobility, not even daring to go to the poll: this was before he reached his twenty-fifth year.

The universal extinction of slavery was the one grand idea of Wilberforce's life. Even after he felt himself compelled, from unremitting exertion and increasing delicacy of constitution, to resign his seat for Yorkshire, he accepted the representation of a nomination borough, in order to employ his parliamentary influence in furthering the great object of his existence; while he embraced every opportunity of urging the various European powers to follow the example of the English nation. In 1825, he retired from parliament, leaving to the late Sir Fowell Buxton the management of the cause so dear to his heart. His death occurred in July, 1833, only three days after the bill for the total abolition of slavery throughout the British dominions passed the second reading in the House of Commons: when he was informed of its success, he exclaimed, "Thank God that I should have lived to witness a day in which England is willing to give twenty millions sterling for the abolition of slavery." Truly has the poet said—

"Man is immortal till his work is done."

Wilberforce was buried in Westminster Abbey, with all the honours of a public funeral; and the statue which is here engraved was placed there, in 1840, at the expense of the nation. As a life-like representation of a great and good man, it commands universal attention: pretensions to a work of Art beyond this it has none; the attitude is singularly unartistic, and seems constrained; but it is that which the living statesman usually adopted.

## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE DINNER OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY was, as usual, attended by her Majesty's ministers, and many personages of distinction: the proceedings were fully reported in the *Times*,—the council having thus relaxed the unwholesome rule by which they were long governed; now permitting reporters from the public press to share their annual banquet. The report consequently fills some four columns of the newspaper. So far, this is good—a wise concession: although no allusion, either direct or indirect, was made by the President to any benefit which British Art in any one of its many ramifications receives from "the Press." The President, however, did not lose the chance of pressing the claims of the Royal Academy—not on the public, but on the Government: the hint was too palpable to be avoided by the Prime-minister: accordingly, when Sir Charles, with "bated breath," intimated the wish of the Royal Academy for more accommodation, and expressed a hope that if "their domain was not to be enlarged, it was at least reasonable to expect they would not be unfairly molested where they were,"—the Earl of Derby made these impressive remarks:—

"There was, however, one consolation which I promised myself in attending this banquet. I thought that I should have been free for two hours at least from the importunity of those requests which, sometimes in a milder, sometimes in a more pressing tone, are urged upon the attention of the members of a government. (Laughter.) In Downing Street I expect, of course, three or four times a day at all events, to receive applications from clergymen for livings that are not yet vacant, from barristers for appointments which nobody dreamt of making, from numberless individuals for no end of commissionships (laughter); but I had fondly hoped when I came to the tranquil and classic regions of Trafalgar Square to have had no such solicitations made to me. (Laughter.) I have been disappointed (renewed laughter). You, sir, in the most persuasive tones and with most flattering allusions to what took place on former occasions, have hinted your confidence that the government would not be deaf to the claims of Art; you have intimated that, great as are the services which the Royal Academy has rendered to the country, and which I cheerfully acknowledge, they might be greater still if you enjoyed greater accommodation.—

"O si angulus ille,

"Proximus accedat."

(Laughter.) If there was another room, or another house, or a better house, it would incalculably increase the advantages which the public derive from your labours.

There followed no inconsiderate or extorted promise of any kind, such as Sir Charles Eastlake looked for, while the minister was influenced by his eloquence and hospitality. No doubt the first lord of the Treasury thinks, as do the public, that any pledge of additional accommodation must be accompanied by such "material guarantees" as shall be securities for additional services to the nation. We dealt, last month, so fully with this subject, that we need not recur to it now: we may rejoice, however, that Lord Derby was not found, as he might have been, taking an after-dinner nap in the east room, to be cajoled, during momentary oblivion, into a disastrous pledge that might have been ruinous to the best interests of British Art. We may, however, well question the taste of the President, and easily account for the "laughter" which followed his "persuasive tones" and "flattering allusions."

THE ARTISTS' BENEVOLENT FUND.—The Anniversary Festival was held on the 8th of May, when Charles Dickens, Esq., presided, and very eloquently advocated the claims of the society. Several artists attended, and the chairman was thus satisfactorily supported; we regretted, however, to find there was no man of letters present—at least, we observed none at the upper table, "above the salt." The cause is not that of the artist only; the author owes so much to Art, and Art is so often indebted to the author, that it would have been more than pleasant to see "the sisters" adequately represented, when the high seat in the assembly was filled, and worthily filled, by the most popular of the existing race of writers.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS gave an "evening" on May 8th, in the galleries at South Kensington, receiving, we understand, nearly two thousand guests. It was a very brilliant as well as interesting "affair," and honourable as well as creditable to the council. The society is thus continually moving in its efforts to meet the increasing wants of the age; after a sleep of twenty years it was roused into activity, and now in very many ways it is meriting the large amount of public favour it obtains. As an example as well as an encouragement, it might act advantageously

on other societies, which continue to muse when they should think, and to dream when they should act.

ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' CONVERSAZIONE.—This society closed its meetings for the season, on the 6th of last month, with one of the most brilliant artistic *réunions* we ever remember; there could scarcely have been fewer than 400 persons, members and visitors, present during the evening; indeed, the large room at Willis's, and the adjoining apartment, were almost inconveniently crowded; and it seems quite evident that, if the society continues to advance as it has done during the last two seasons, it must hereafter "enlarge its borders." Numerous, however, as was the company, there was more than enough of Art-works to occupy its attention; oil-pictures and water-colour drawings, in frames and out of frames; portfolios of sketches everywhere; photographs, and engravings: we especially noticed some drawings, two of them very large, by D. Cox, painted a few years since; a very clever and beautiful seapiece by E. Duncan; a small marine view, by Creswick, an early work, but most truthful and luminous; several studies of Italian heads, by F. Goodall; large drawings by Copley Fielding; a portfolio of admirable sketches by the late W. Muller; another by W. Bennett; two or three gems by Etty, contributed by Alderman Spiers, of Oxford; the large picture by T. J. Soper, a "Scene near Godingham," exhibited last year at the Royal Academy, where it was hung so disadvantageously as to conceal, rather than show, its excellences, which are by no means few: it is by far the best picture Mr. Soper has produced.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—The space beneath the Sheepshanks' Picture Gallery has been fitted up for the reception of the Bernal Collection, and of the various additions of similar objects that are continually being acquired by the department by purchase. The whole have been carefully and judiciously arranged, and look well. Even these collections, however, which form the *élite* of the museum, impress strongly upon the intelligent visitor the necessity that exists for a searching examination of the contents of the entire museum, with the view to the removal of whatsoever has no real claim for a position there. We were painfully impressed, on the occasion of a recent visit, with the conviction that a very large proportion of the entire national collections are comparatively worthless, and ought never to have been purchased. This is a subject that will require from us the most attentive consideration. Her Majesty the Queen, with her customary thoughtful kindness, has placed in the museum the group of specimens of modern oriental Art-manufacture that have recently been received as presents from the King of Siam. The principal objects consist of a chair of state, and a small elaborately enriched state bedstead, with canopy and hangings. The utmost splendour that gilding and rich fabrics will produce, without the aid of any taste or discrimination, may be observed in these objects. There is no little manipulative skill evinced in the execution of the whole; and throughout there is also apparent the action of that substitute for true taste, which teaches the oriental to mix together brilliant hues and gorgeous materials in a manner calculated to produce the most telling dramatic effects. Our manufacturers may derive some useful hints and valuable suggestions from these productions, in their use of decorative materials. The textile fabrics used for the curtains, and in the production of various robes and hangings which accompany the chair and bedstead, are fine specimens of the versatile power of the eastern loom. There are also a number of vessels of various sizes, and intended for different uses, all of which are elaborately chased, while some are inlaid with enamels of brilliant colours. Some of these vessels are very beautiful, though all are distinguished by peculiarities, as well in treatment as of form and outline. The South Kensington Museum also contains, for the present, two remarkable works of modern European Art, that have recently been placed there for public exhibition, by their no less liberal than spirited possessor, Mr. M. Uzielli. The first of these is Gibson's life-size marble statue of Venus, which we reserve for future consideration; the second being a picture by Henry Leys, of Antwerp, representing Mary of Burgundy giving alms to the widows and orphans of the burghesses of Bruges. This picture, perhaps





WILBERFORCE

ENGRAVED BY J. BROWN FROM A STATUE BY F. CHIPPENDALE







the finest production of the modern Flemish school, has secured for the artist a very high reputation amongst his countrymen, and it can scarcely fail to elicit as warm and cordial approbation from all who are qualified to form an opinion on such a subject amongst ourselves. The artist has avowedly aimed at combining the peculiarities of the early Flemish masters with the refinement, the power of expression, and the richness of colouring, that he may claim as qualities essentially his own. The result proves to be a picture, evidently a recent work, yet no less impressively characteristic of the period to which it refers. In this admirable picture the true fifteenth century breathes again in the midst of the nineteenth. It is a great and noble historical work, and an equally excellent achievement of Art, which we may rejoice to regard as having found its first home in our metropolis.

**THE NEW ROYAL OPERA HOUSE, COVENT GARDEN.**—With such energy and perseverance have the works been pushed forward, that this new theatre was actually opened with a performance of the "Huguenots," on the evening of Saturday, May the 15th. Much yet remains to be accomplished in order to complete the building in many of its accessories; and we presume that abundant occupation also still awaits the many busy hands that are employed so assiduously in preparing the scenery, and in working out all the subordinate details in such an undertaking. The decorations, as well as the arrangements of the interior, appear to be satisfactory, though there is nothing about them that is either very novel or very superior: the exterior of the building is as good as an immense mass of brick construction may be expected to be, when it has been covered with stucco, with certain columns and carvings in genuine stone associated with it.

**ROSA BONHEUR AND HER PICTURES.**—The last production of Rosa Bonheur's pencil is one of moderate size, and it recalls vividly to our remembrance the first of her pictures that were exhibited in this country. The subject is a family of "Landais Peasants going to Market;" the woman riding in their rude vehicle, beside which her husband is walking on his stilts; a flock of sheep follow them, under the charge of another peasant. This simple subject the artist has painted with her full power, and, as one gazes fixedly upon the canvas, the greatness of that power becomes clearly apparent. Evidently at the first glance a work by Rosa Bonheur, this picture gradually discloses the profound study which this accomplished lady continues to bestow upon her art. She is evidently far from being impressed with the idea that there remains in Art nothing more for her to learn: her great success is rather leading her to aspire to still nobler achievements. The earnest thoughtfulness which pervades this unpretending picture is peculiarly gratifying, since it shows that the artist is altogether worthy of her eminent position. In all the varied qualities that ought to combine for the production of a great picture, the "Landais Peasants" is unsurpassed. Perhaps the sheep may be pronounced superior to any representation of these animals that ever was before put upon canvas. The foreground also, with the distant scenery, are absolutely perfect. Would Mr. Ruskin ever desire, or could he consider it possible, that furze, with its golden blossom, could be rendered at once with more exquisite fidelity or more consummate artistic skill? The group of Scottish cattle in a genuine Scottish scene, and with heather which is as true heather as the Landais furze is true furze, known as the "Morning in the Highlands," accompanies the "Landais Peasants;" and between the two hangs Edouard Dubufe's admirable portrait of Rosa Bonheur. The three pictures are at the German Gallery, 168, New Bond Street, where they are exhibited by Messrs. Gambart. The "Morning in the Highlands," after the habit of Rosa Bonheur's pictures, not only claims a cordial welcome when, for the second time, making its appearance, but it at once rises to even a higher position in the visitor's estimation than it before enjoyed. The same remark will also apply to the portrait, of which we gave a detailed notice in the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1857, page 197. We strongly recommend our readers to avail themselves of the present opportunity for studying at their leisure, and without any of the glare, and glitter, and confusion of a crowded exhibition, the three pictures which now form so striking a group.

**MESSRS. OGLE AND EDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHIC VIEWS FOR THE STEREOSCOPE.**—Our attention has been directed to a series of photographic views, the productions of these gentlemen, who are locally resident at Preston, in Lancashire, and whose works may be inspected at the establishment of Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, in Cornhill. They consist exclusively of views in England and Wales, comprising subjects of universal interest, being extremely beautiful in their scientific development, charmingly picturesque and artistic in selection and effect, and showing in nearly all instances a refined discernment of objects, historically and pictorially, of rare value. In this series we have lake, mountain, and river, with views of some of the most striking and important among the many remains of feudal and monastic grandeur—pictures of the abbeys of Furness and Tintern, the castles of Conway and Carnarvon; while views of Greta Hall and Rydal Mount, the homes of the laureates Southey and Wordsworth, and Nab Cottage, the lowly winter residence of the simple-minded Hartley Coleridge, are by no means among the least valuable of the collection, as well from their associations with the great men

"Who penned and uttered wisdom,"

as from their scenic beauties among the ever-living charms of the English lakes. Moreover, we are here introduced to places which the "lake poets" have made familiar as household words: the ancient mill at Ambleuse; scenes on the Brathay and the Rothay, with their bridges and villas; Borrowdale and Rydal Mere, Grasmere and Ulswater; the falls at Lowdore, Gowbarrow, and Rydal, and other points made renowned in immortal verse. We regard this series as a boon of no common magnitude, peculiarly acceptable at this moment, when "travel" is likely to be in England, rather than on the Continent, where so many impediments to pleasure now exist. How many there are who have journeyed over Switzerland and through "the South"—nay, who know more of Sweden and Norway than they do of England, to whom these views may be suggestions and inducements, exhibiting, as they do, so many attractions of delicious scenery, of hallowed associations, and of structures rendered sacred by time and use. Artists who supply us with subjects such as these are patriots as well as benefactors—they add to our pride and love of country, making us more than content with "home," and inculcating not alone a duty to be fulfilled, but a happiness to be enjoyed by visits to the scenes which nature and genius have made "holy."

**THE COMMITTEE OF THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND,** have again engaged the gallery of Mr. Walesby, in Waterloo Place, for the exhibition of the pictures, &c., intended for distribution among the subscribers of the current year. The exhibition will continue open till the middle of the present month.

**MR. FOLEY'S** noble equestrian statue of the late Viscount Hardinge now stands uncovered, and open to the public, in the quadrangle of Burlington House; for the first time we see it to advantage; the fine proportions of the group, and the spirit of the general design, were half lost within the comparatively confined limits of the sculptor's studio, where we had hitherto examined it. The opinion will be universal, that it is one of the most perfect works of the age.

**THE PAINTER, TURNER.**—After the free-and-easy manner in which the testamentary intentions of this great artist have been carried out, we were not a little startled to find Lord St. Leonards declaring, at the recent dinner of the Royal Academy, that the executors might have executed their trust, and the courts have given effect to the painter's own dispositions of the property which he had earned so laboriously, and bequeathed so nobly. "He," Lord St. Leonards, "had laboured long to construe Turner's will, but his labour had not been in vain. He had satisfied himself as a lawyer and a man, and he would state it boldly anywhere, that, obscure as that instrument was, it was capable of being carried into execution according to its legal import, and according to the testator's own intentions." It is too late now, of course, to turn this declaration to substantial use; but the cheers with which it was received, in the heart of the Royal Academy itself, by the guests assembled at the Academicians' board, may, we venture to hope, have suggested to that body a course of action by which they might do

themselves great honour. For the present we do not allude to it more particularly;—but what shall be done to honour the man who, after a long life of toil, bequeathed to the nation its results in a shape "the worth of which," as Lord St. Leonards said, "can hardly be calculated in money," but which, he added, "places this country in the highest rank in Europe for the cultivation of Art?" A suggestion on the subject has reached us, to which we should desire, so far as we can, to give all possible effect. It is observed, that as yet we have no statue of our great artists in the National Gallery, save only that of Wilkie, which stands in the hall of the building in Trafalgar Square. The time will, we hope, come under the larger arrangements which await that institution, when we shall have a national series of the greatest of these; and in that series, to whom should the nation give a first place, if not to him at whose hands it possesses this immortal treasure? In the present exhibition of the Royal Academy, there is a statue of their late great member by the sculptor Baily, full of a graphic Art-power, and which the deceased painter's friends say fulfils all the conditions of the theme. It seems to us that if a subscription were set on foot to secure the execution of this work in marble, for a gift to the nation, the public would freely embrace the opportunity thus offered of recognising the large debt which they owe to this great artist. We should like to see the movement initiated in some influential Art-quarter.

**BARRETT'S CRIMEAN PICTURES.**—Two pictures of the highest interest have, during the last month, been exhibited at the establishment of Messrs. Leggatt and Hayward, in Cornhill. Both are by Mr. Barrett, and both have been placed in the hands of experienced engravers, to be translated by them through the medium of their most valuable art. Considerable advance has already been made with these really national engravings, and they give abundant promise of proving worthy of the subjects which they will represent. The first of these subjects is Florence Nightingale receiving the wounded at the entrance to the great hospital at Scutari: the other is the first visit of Her Majesty the Queen to the sick and wounded in the hospitals at Chatham, on Tuesday, May 3rd, 1855. The materials for both pictures were obtained by the artist on the spot—at Scutari his studio was in the hospital itself; at Chatham he sketched the affecting incident as it took place. Both works are distinguished by artistic qualities of a high order. The grouping is thoroughly effective, without being in the slightest degree strained or dramatic. The colouring is at once brilliant and subdued, in accordance with the subjects represented. The pictures also tell their tale at once with clearness, simplicity, and earnestness. In the one, the wounded heroes are being borne slowly to the western gateway of the hospital, from the vessels that crowd the shores of the blue Bosphorus; there they are received by that noble lady whose "mission of mercy" will be remembered with admiring gratitude as long as the English language is spoken. In the second picture, another lady, noble also in personal character, as well as most illustrious in rank, is gently and kindly inquiring into the condition of others of the same gallant bands, as they lie in their hospital beds in England. Both the Queen and Florence Nightingale are surrounded by such attendants as would be expected on such occasions, and both have been painted by Mr. Barrett in a manner that shows how deeply he felt impressed with the touching pathos of the scenes in which they severally occupied positions so characteristic, and also so remarkable.

**KUGLER'S "HANDBOOK OF PAINTING."**—In our brief notice last month, of the death of Kugler, it was stated that the translation of his "Handbook of Painting" was the work of Sir C. L. Eastlake: we should have said that the book was *edited* by the President of the Academy. The translation was made by a lady, of whom we have a personal knowledge, Mrs. Hutton, of Dublin; but, until now, it so happened that we never heard of her connection with that excellent publication. We have not the work at hand to refer to, but we are told the title-page informs the reader that the translation is "by a Lady."—Mrs. Hutton, not caring to have her name publicly announced, though, it may be supposed, she is not willing that another should have the credit due—and honourably due—to herself alone.



## REVIEWS.

THE SHEPHERD'S PRAYER, engraved after Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., by T. L. ATKINSON.

HIGHLAND NURSES, engraved after Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., by THOMAS LANDSEER, and dedicated to Florence Nightingale.

NONE BUT THE BRAVE DESERVE THE FAIR, engraved after Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., by THOMAS LANDSEER.

TITANIA AND BOTTOM, FAIRIES ATTENDING; A SCENE FROM "THE MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM," engraved after Sir Edwin Landseer, R.A., by SAMUEL COUSINS, R.A.

PORTRAIT OF THE LATE GENERAL SIR HENRY HAVELOCK, K.C.B., engraved after the original picture by Crabbe, in the possession of Lady Havelock, by — SINCLAIR.

THE LILY OF THE FIELD, engraved after Le Jeune, by J. R. JACKSON, the engraving being finished by H. COUSINS.

THE SANCTITY OF CHILDHOOD, engraved after Le Jeune, by JAMES FAED.  
Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

The group of seven admirable engravings which we have enumerated above, with various others scarcely inferior to them in interest and importance, have very recently been completed by Messrs. Henry Graves and Co.; some of them have been published, while others are in a condition that fits them for immediate publication. It is difficult to speak in sufficiently strong terms, when seeking to render a just tribute to the excellence of these fine and characteristic examples of the English school of modern Art. The original pictures, with the exception of the portrait of the lamented Havelock, must be fresh in the remembrance of those of our readers who are in the habit of visiting the metropolitan exhibitions. The engravings are most felicitous translations of those pictures. Perhaps in these engravings Sir Edwin Landseer appears more true to himself than even on his own eloquent canvas; at any rate, we know when he hesitated to touch the proof of the "Titania," the great painter declared that the engraving excelled the picture, and that he could not touch it without injuring, rather than improving, it. This most exquisite work has perhaps never been surpassed, and indeed but rarely has it been equalled, by the *burin* of a British engraver. For four years Mr. Cousins has been assiduously and thoughtfully at work upon it; and the plate, when completed, became his diploma engraving, on his election to the full honours of the Royal Academy. Light and shade cannot well accomplish more to convey, without colour, what a painter expresses through the agency of colour. Here is texture the most varied, yet ever equally truthful; and here is expression at once infinitely diversified and uniformly characteristic. Throughout the work there are everywhere apparent the feeling of a thorough artist and the touch of a master's hand. Both touch and feeling also evince what we must consider to be a deep sympathy with fairyland; witness those white hares that serve as steeds to two of the elfish ministrants on the most strange object of Titania's love. Under a true Shaksperian inspiration Sir Edwin painted his picture; and Mr. Cousins has executed his engraving in the fullness of the same poetic influence.

The three other Landseer engravings, all of them works of the highest class, will range with the best of the numerous translations from the same favourite artist that have already won for themselves established reputations. The two beautiful plates after Le Jeune are distinguished by qualities of another order, but they are not less excellent than the very different works with which we have associated them. They must become popular, because they eminently deserve popularity. The Havelock portrait also claims attention as a fine engraving: it conveys, moreover, a faithful representation of the personal lineaments of the Christian hero whose loss, like that of Nelson, overshadows with sorrowing regret the brilliancy of his exploits. The General Havelock who yet lives has pronounced this portrait to be the "very image" of his brother. This guarantee will satisfy those who desire to possess a genuine portrait. The merit of the engraving speaks conclusively for itself.

AN EXACT DELINEATION OF THE CITIES OF LONDON AND WESTMINSTER, AND THE SUBURBS THEREOF. By WILLIAM FAITHORNE, 1658. Published by E. and A. EVANS, London.

The growth of a great city must be an interesting study to a larger number of persons than we may at first imagine: its claims upon attention are

world-wide when that city is London. It may seem like national partiality when we speak thus; but it is only philosophic reasoning when we remember that no site of equal size and importance exists in the world, or ever did exist. Babylon the great was not so large, and imperial Rome was much smaller in its palmy days; when mistress of the world, it by no means rivaled modern London. Our rapid increase and continual expansion is another marvellous feature: at the commencement of the present century the inhabitants of London numbered about a million; in the half century which brings us to the time present, we number two millions and a half. The necessity for housing this great increase has changed the whole character of the neighbourhood of London.

The present engraving carries us back to the great metropolis of 1658, eight years before the great fire, which for ever destroyed many of its most ancient features. It is the rarest of prints (with the exception of that by Aggas), as only two impressions are known to exist, one in the Bibliothèque Impériale, at Paris, and the other in the possession of the publisher, who discovered it in a country library about three years since, and at once determined to publish it. It has accordingly been excellently engraved, in careful imitation of the original, by Mr. G. Jarman, and the title (wanting in the copy belonging to Messrs. Evans) obtained from the Paris enc, which is perfect in every particular.

The time when the map was delineated seems to be accurately fixed as between the years 1643 and 1647, but the engraving not being completed till 1648, advantage was taken to introduce new buildings erected in that year. It is very questionable if the map was ever published: it appeared in troublous times, and the plates and impressions, if any, may have been destroyed in the fire of London; at any rate, the most ardent research in all public and private collections had failed to discover a copy, nor could the mention of one be found in the catalogues of any collections that have been sold during the last fifty years. It abounds with interest to the London topographer, and is one of the most valuable documents for his use that has been contributed for a very long period. It contains also much interesting detail, which we cannot here dilate upon, but which may be dwelt on for hours with interest. One curious trait of the era of its production is the absence of the prefix "St." to the various churches: the saints of the commonwealth appear to have been jealous of any others, whatever their age or history might be. "A straw thrown up will show which way the wind blows."

THE PARADISE LOST, OF MILTON. With Illustrations by JOHN MARTIN. Part I. Published by WASHBOURNE & Co., London.

Martin's wonderful illustrations of "Paradise Lost," seem to possess remarkable tenacity of life, for when we have thought the plates, as we frequently have, dead and buried, or at least consigned to the custody of some dealer in old metal, they reappear, not certainly as in early youth, but yet in a most vigorous old age. The first part of a re-issue, with the text, has just been published at a very reduced cost, by Messrs. Washbourne: it contains two plates, one of which is in very fair condition, the other but a shadow—and a very faint one, too—of its former self; just sufficient to convey an idea of what the artist intended, yet scarcely more. The original edition of the same size as this, is now a rare and costly work: it is something to be able to procure impressions of these marvellous compositions, even as we see them here, at a cheap rate.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM OF LITERATURE AND ART. No. I. Published by HOULSTON AND WRIGHT, London.

We have not a word to say in favour either of the "literature" or the "Art" shown here: the Art consists of a feeble photographic portrait of the Princess Frederick William of Prussia; and the literature of a biographical notice of her Royal Highness, compiled, as we imagine, from the newspapers published at the time of her marriage. These are not the days when such a publication can be successful.

GOD IN HIS WORKS. By the Rev. R. HEMPHILL, A.M. Published by W. ROBERTSON, Dublin; SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., London.

A little book the object of which is—to quote the words of the author—"to direct the minds of those who love to contemplate the beauties of creation, to the particular lessons to be learned there by the light of Scripture." Mr. Hemphill has employed the imagery of the Bible, as applied to the works

of nature, as the groundwork of his design. He writes simply, unaffectedly, and in a spirit of harmony with the holy nature of his subject: if we fail to discover aught that is new in his remarks, we find much that cannot be too often brought to our consideration, for "beauty and holiness are," as some one has written, "twin-sisters." This is a book admirably calculated for the young especially.

MY FIRST VOYAGE. By W. STONES. Illustrated by E. ROTTE. Published by SIMPKIN, MARSHALL & Co., London.

Whether or not this little book is the actual record of a traveller's "first voyage," we neither know nor care: certain, however, is it, that it contains more varied and instructive information than is usually found in works of this sort. It professes to describe a voyage from London to New Zealand, but the incidents of the journey are so intermingled with other matter as to form but a small contribution to the narrative. The captain of the ship tells his passengers a story about whaling; the first officer delivers a lecture upon sea-signals and flags; the chaplain reads to them an admirable sermon from the text, "This great and wide sea;" the doctor lectures upon the philosophy of a sea-voyage; the second officer upon ships ancient and modern; and a young artist, who is taking a journey for the re-establishment of his health, gives his fellow-passengers an address upon various subjects in connection with the ocean. Then there are descriptions of the countries seen upon the voyage, and especially of that to which they are bound, New Zealand, in its past and present conditions, occupying four chapters of the seventeen contained in this small volume, the plan of which is as original as the contents are varied and interesting. It is long since we have met with a "book for youth"—which this is announced on its title-page to be—more deserving of such a destination as the author intends it to have. It is illustrated with several maps, and a considerable number of well-executed wood-cuts, drawn by Mr. E. Roffe, with whose engravings from sculpture most of our readers must be acquainted.

THE EVENING GUN, HAULBOWLINE. Lithographed from a drawing by R. L. STOPFORD. Published by the Artist, Cork.

Mr. Stopford has made the most of a subject which in itself cannot boast of much picturesque material. The guard-ship, quietly at anchor off Haulbowline, in Cork Harbour, is firing the gun that announces sunset: the drawing of the vessel, and of the various other objects introduced, is very careful, and the artist has succeeded in giving unusual transparency to the tranquil surface of the water. Three or four different tints have been used in painting, so as to produce an effect almost approaching to that we see in a chromo-lithograph, although the work does not come under that class.

SIR COLIN CAMPBELL, G.C.B. Lithographed by BAUGNIET. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

This is a truthful portrait of the gallant commander-in-chief of the British armies in the East: it is strongly expressive of the decision and energy which have always, but more especially in this unhappy Indian war, marked his military career. The print will be an acceptable addition to the portfolios of those who find an interest in collecting portraits of distinguished British warriors.

THE BIRTHDAY. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from the Picture by A. H. DURASTY. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

This engraving belongs to a class of works which the modern school of French painters has introduced among us, and made popular. It is a prettily treated subject: a young mother has just taken her boy from the cot in which he sleeps, and greets him with a "birthday" kiss; on the corner of his bed hangs a "birthday" gift, a drum. It is quite a French version of a domestic incident, yet very naturally expressed. Mr. Baker has engraved it with much delicacy, and with considerable freedom in the ample folds of the drapery, the light and thin texture of which cannot be mistaken.

WILD FLOWERS OF ENGLAND POPULARLY DESCRIBED. By the Rev. R. TYAS. Part I. Published by HOULSTON & WRIGHT, London.

The commencing number of a little work that deserves to be popular: it is well compiled, carefully printed, and has a pretty coloured group of wild flowers as an illustration: poetry and prose are agreeably mingled in the descriptions.



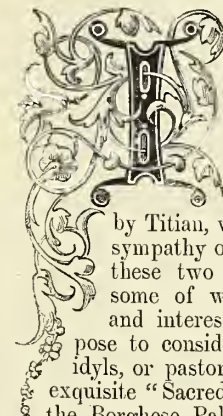
## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JULY 1, 1858.

## TITIAN.

## PART I.

HIS IDYLIC AND MYTHOLOGICAL SUBJECTS,  
AND HIS "BELLAS," OR BEAUTIES.

In describing our impressions of the delightful romantic pictures by Giorgione in the Manfrini Palace at Venice, and in the Louvre, we compared them with a work of a similar class by Titian, which proves what a close sympathy of genius existed between these two jealous rivals. Titian, some of whose most characteristic and interesting works we now purpose to consider, painted several other idyls, or pastoral canzones—such as the exquisite "Sacred and Profane Love," in the Borghese Palace, in which the refined and sweet pensiveness is accompanied by something of an Ovidian warmth and luxuriousness of sentiment. Some little allegory, perhaps, is proposed in them, with some sage significance or other in its depths; and yet, on the whole, we had rather not solve it—partly from a recent nausea of typical trifling, and partly from our enjoying here, in an especial manner, the charm of mystery. Besides, we are already quite sufficiently captivated by the exquisite beauty and harmony of the soft warm twilight glow of colour, the almost solemn simplicity, and the quiet depth of feeling shown in the serene but tender loveliness of character and expression. And these atone for female forms somewhat diffuse and relaxed sometimes, and defective in true beauty of proportion; such being, it must be acknowledged, a frequent fault with Titian. These pictures may be likened to exquisite sonnets, or other short poems, in which some single lovely thought is expressed with perfect fullness, and, at the same time, with a simplicity, which excludes every incident or minor accessory likely to disturb the unity or repose of the feeling to be conveyed. Choicest perfections of harmony are these works, not only of colour, but of subject, light, and mental expression, all contributing with it to one sentiment. Had Giorgione lived, he would, it is highly probable (as one of Venus's chariot-birds keeps pace with the other), have run neck and neck with this same Catullian and Ovidian softness and subdued richness of Titian's; but his impassioned and enthusiastic spirit would have awakened chords of feeling more pathetic and animated—tones having more of the fervid melancholy of native Italian romance, with which his imagination was deeply imbued; in this respect differing from Titian, whose tendencies were evidently rather towards classical fancies and imagery. Thus the productions of these painters might still have been as

beauteous sisters—something alike in general aspect, but, on nearer view, how different, yet having equal claims on our admiration; so that we should scarcely have known whether to linger longest with the more placid and soothing attractions of Vecelli's fair ones, or with the more spirited and soul-lit eyes of Barbarelli's.

But presently the rose-bush of Titian's fancy flowered forth amongst these classical remains more largely and magnificently, yet with no whit less of tender fragrance, when he went to the court of Ferrara; and there, as it has been said, "first appeared as a great painter" in those three mythological subjects which he wrought for the Duke, Lucrezia Borgia's husband; his friend Ariosto, whose portrait he painted at the same time, being perhaps at his elbow, and stimulating his poetic invention with words like April showers and sunbeams, quickening yet more some fertile plot of land. Of these three works our own nation has one, the Bacchus and Ariadne, one of the most poetical of its author's productions, and one of the most mellowly and ripely-gorgeous of them in colouring. Venice retains nothing so truly delightful of its kind. Finely imagined is our lovelorn Ariadne, pacing the Naxian shore: she is, all suddenly, met by Bacchus and his rout, but her modified surprise evinces that they have not yet disturbed her feeling of solemn loneliness—it is too deep to be dispelled so easily. She is evidently disposed to pass on, vouchsafing them little notice. The Wine God, casting himself from his chariot, is, as manifestly, softened and awed by the sudden dart and tender thrill of love—as if one of Ariadne's sighs had at once entered his very heart, and become its inmost air, its vital breath. Whilst flinging himself to the earth, he points away with animation to the distant mountains—as deeply azure are they as those of lapis lazuli, which Vulcan quarried all away for Juno's palace. He is referring, I believe, to the Athenian rock, and telling the daughter of Minos how the gods have avenged the inconstancy of Theseus through the suicide of his father. The forgetful bosom of the lover forgot also, in its clouded darkness (oh, working of divine justice!), to hoist the preconcerted signal of his safety, as he neared his home. And old Egeus, ever on the watch, deservyng the funeral black sails, with which he had hung his son's ship, to picture his grief at parting with him—beholding these, instead of the white canvases which were to have heralded his victorious and safe return, cast himself in rash presumptuous despair from the cliffs. In his conception of the Iacchic revelers who accompany the god, Titian has followed the admirable poem of Catullus closely: the swarthy Sileni, wreathing themselves with snakes, and brandishing the limbs of oxen, are especially from that source. But here the troop which so wildly raved, and yelled "Evoë! Evoë!" tossing their thyrsi aloft, and affrighting Pan himself with the horrible clang and blare of their instruments, seem somewhat tamed and calmed after their fiercely-mirthful wanderings; as if by some spirit of gentleness and beauty, one thinks. It is as if they had at length emerged in some enchanted country, whose stillness, whose moveless placidity, imparts itself to the hushed souls of all who enter it. The very leopards in the god's car seem sharing some such sentiment of the place and hour, they look so docile and innocent, so pretty. One feels confident "my Lady Betty's mouse-ponies" themselves would not draw Ariadne along in her *curriculum* so smoothly and pleasantly as they will by and by. Are they not purring, one asks; for leopards, be it remembered, purr no less than cats. Mark with what essential softness and simplicity Titian has painted them, and also the

very sober and reputable looking ass, which comes in the background, bearing the glowing heap and rotundity of the drunken Father Silenus through the forest shades. But, above all, admire—cordially, heartily admire—that little infant satyr, who, crowned with jasmine, is drawing a calf's head along the ground after him: by his consequential bearing, his jaunty toss of the head, it is evident he thinks himself not inferior in dignity and importance to any one else in the procession. "Look at me, good people," he seems to say, "for this party would by no means have been complete without me. Me, my fair mother, of the gods beloved, feeds with kisses, and more and more of nice new kinds of dainties every day; and now she has crowned me with sweet jasmine, as you see. She is behind me; her, I mean, in the robes of blue and gold, lovely as the sky above and around us at the hour of supper—the hour of kid's flesh well roasted, and sweet bubbling milk fresh drawn by her deft hands. Those smart robes were brought her, you must know, by the god Hermes, who then comes flying low across all the calm sea—who flies low as the lapwing—so low that the pretty bright golden wings at his heels are wont to brush the irises, the columbines, and the roses in the grass at our feet. I asked him to give me those wings, or a pair like them, and he said he would, at which my mother laughed aloud. I do not see why she should though." This little fellow is one of the most deliciously poetical pieces of humour I know of in the compass of Italian art; he does his father, Titian, infinite honour. The antiquely-frolicsome Poussin, utterly delightful as he often is, has left unmatched his perfect, life-like individuality. The fair mother he alludes to is doubtless that sweet nymph with the cymbals, who glows and shines in the shade behind him. She, and her fellow with the tambourine, have enough of the favourite Venetian type in their faces, quite, to make one imagine them brightened and warmed by reminiscences of the lovely ones Titian was wont to meet at Arcetino's supper-table,—La Violante, and "the divine Spadara Angela," whose wit and learning are said to have been worthy of their beauty, but whose grave sweetness, nevertheless, we will enjoy the pleasure of fancying, would sometimes look down their host Pietro's ribaldry, when it was comely and proper to do so.

And, by the by, we have in our country a sister-picture by Titian, almost as valuable as this one. I do not now allude to Lord Ellesmere's Acteon discovering Diana at her Bath, full of fine imagination though it is, with a more Rubens-like lustiness of life glowing in it; I refer to Lord Darnley's Taurine Jupiter flying off through the sea with Europa, one of the most vigorously conceived and spirited of Titian's works; a precious one, indeed, as expressing the liveliest and swiftest action, such as he rarely departed from his senatorial sedateness, or Cytherean pleasant quietude, to depicture,—the more's the pity, as this picture at once clearly convinces us. The princess is being carried off over the brine in a whirl of the most alarming speed; no ordinary Loves can here keep pace with the ardour of the Thunderer. The dolphins gasp and stare angrily in that strenuous pursuit; a Cupid, who still rides one of them, holds on with anxious difficulty; and other Cupids are making long stretches through the sky in the hard endeavour to overtake her. This general impression of rapid flight being the painter's all-prevalent aim, so far as the design is concerned; he has troubled himself but little with refined details of form. Not much of Europa is seen but her arms and legs, which are spread at random most freely. Those dainty little Loves, who were wont to arrange her limbs for her



so elegantly, are now far, far behind indeed! But what colour smiles out of them; what exquisite, soft, warmth-breathing colour! And it mildly flowers forth throughout the picture, here and there, especially in those desperately swift Cupids, who stretch ærially after her through that most rich and delicate azure firmament. For a peculiar refined loveliness of hues, if we would *match* this tolerably, I believe we must go to Paul Veronese's ceilings in the Ducal Hall of the Ambassadors here; and yet the picture is sadly rubbed and injured in various ways.

"I recollect it well," said my intelligent friend, corroborating my reminiscences. "I remember distinctly, that one of the dolphins looks very likely to throw his Cupid; but another of those mysterious semi-divine fish, scudding before alone, has, I suspect, just slipped free from a similar impertinent infant bridle, whose wet wings being too heavy with brine for use, he has perhaps, ere now, been caught by the Nereids, who will make him smart—that audacious little human butterfly—for his intrusion amongst their blue heaving vales. Mind, I give this as a mere conjecture of my own fancy, not as a matter-of-fact interpretation of the picture, for brilliant purposes, after the fashion you have protested against. For the rest, the conception of swiftest flight is admirably maintained throughout. Europa's maids, seen indistinctly, as if through the salt sea haze, cry out after her from the murmuring verge of the waves; and, truly, those very mountains which the painter has dashed in with such rapid streakings of his pencil, seem tottering and leaning forth uneasily, with a deep mysterious sense of Jove's furtive, nymph-stealing visitation. What poetry and power are here! One cannot help wishing that Titian had aroused himself from his senatorial sedateness to give us such things more frequently." But now, that we may advance somewhat with our subject, and entertain our minds with some notion of the magnificent variety of Titian's powers, let us turn from these delicate and brilliant poetical fancies to his representations of the breathing life and mind actually around him—to his portraits, some of which have perhaps a deeper grandeur than anything else he ever accomplished. Who else has given us evident truth of character with such force and life, and, at the same time, such unaffected majesty, such calm yet lively strength of intelligence, expressed, too, with Art the richest, yet the most grandly simple in its effects? All other portraits of the select of the earth seem something inferior either in force or in refinement of expression, and most of the noblest even of them comparatively rather pretentious—too self-asserting. Raphael's portraits alone, perhaps, are of fully equal value; his inferiority in colour being balanced by a fuller and more perfect grace of composition, and a more refined precision in the forms. To those who have been at the Pitti Palace at Florence (for there Titian shows best in portraiture), what recollections arise from time to time of a living memoir of that most astute and refined Italian age, by this cunning yet noble Macchiavelli of the brush—politic cardinals, princes, scholars, beauties, looking forth from the splendid walls tranquilly, grandly, and often in such hues as if sunset itself were bent on doing honour to them.

Amongst Titian's portraits at the Manfrini Palace there is nothing to be compared with these. Here is his so-styled mother, a coarse, ugly, wrinkled hag, with foul complexion, and scanty, dishevelled grey hair. If the subject is rightly named, Titian must have been in a highly unfilial state of mind when he painted it. And here is Caterina Cornaro, by him, in glittering oriental robes, the Cypriote queen,

who must have outfattened her beauty, and perhaps somewhat dulled it too, in her flat, discoloured fortunes, when this was done; or else that other portrait of her, which so fascinated the young prince of Cyprus, her future spouse, must have been politically flattered. And, above all, here is Ariosto, the picture of which Lord Byron says, it "surpasses all my anticipation of the power of painting or human expression: it is the poetry of portrait, and the portrait of poetry." But Lord Byron was, no doubt, here thinking of his own antithesis rather than of the picture, and in his letter, generally, chiefly bent on writing something smart and gentlemanly-unechalant, to be handed round amongst the notabilities in John Murray's parlour, for their admiration: which certainly he often succeeds in, with a smart and delightful humour that almost reconciles one to his undistinguishing flippancy. Surely the portrait here which passes for Ariosto is that of an observant, but hard broad-faced man, decidedly deficient in the signs of sensibility, tenderness, playful fancy, and other poetical faculties, such as we should look for especially in the author of the "Orlando." Lord Byron's letter really should not be retained in the handbook without something of a corrective comment, for the sake of some of the poor dear young ladies, whose tastes even yet may incur some risk of being seriously damaged by it. The writer, in speaking of Titian's very grand and solemn "Entombment" here, proceeds with perhaps the shabbiest and scurviest antithesis that ever was antithesized even by him:—"There is also a famous dead Christ and live apostles, of which I say little and thought less." And then, after a few lively touches of Byronic gallantry and carelessness and blundering, he proceeds to a confession of his ignorance of painting, and his detestation of it. The first, no doubt, may be considered as accounting for the second, in a way the most agreeable to all sensitive lovers of Art. As it has of late been a frequent fashion to disparage Lord Byron's talents unjustly, one should, however, now especially, be careful not to speak of him with unmerited disrespect. The Byronism in morals and manners amongst our weaker youth in former years was doubtless a despicable coxcombry, ruinous to many; nevertheless the travestied author of it was one most highly gifted. He restored passion to poetry, and with Scott, and Wordsworth, and Shelley, was mightily instrumental in emancipating the imaginative powers of man from the load of narrow pedantry and dulness which had so long overlaid and well-nigh stifled them. And though in Byron this freedom was attended with much mischievous and deplorable licence, and a waywardness resulting from a mind in some degree, perhaps, inherently unsound, the larger liberty of feeling and of thought to which his lyrics powerfully tended, remains, purified, in some respects, through the teachings of his sager rivals, to plead in mitigation of the severity with which his memory has been visited. In these days of poetical feebleness, when, in the absence of *inventive* power, our writers rack and strain the *contemplative* as a substitute for it, and dainty imagery (chiefly landscape-painter's imagery), and dainty word-music, and fine-drawn moralisings, take the place of sustained epic and dramatic conceptions, genuine unforced passion, and free, imaginative sympathies, we should really cultivate a meek and studious respect for those Titans of the Regency, whatever their defects and errant wanderings. Nevertheless, after this preamble, we will not hesitate to add how much we think it to be regretted that, instead of flippantly sneering at Art, Lord Byron did not approach her with something of a more kindly and teachable disposition; since, in that case, she might have much improved his human

imagery for him—a certain coarseness, and even a vulgarity in which are frequent blemishes and eyesores in his eloquent, magnificent, and pathetic verses. Might not Titian and the other Venetians, for instance, if really looked at steadily, have happily aided in giving him somewhat juster notions of the true dignity of the human aspect, so as to wean him in some measure from his prevailing gust for the distortions of ruffian pride and insolence? Might they not have lessened his unfortunate predilection for swelling nostrils and veils, and staring eyes, and his aptitude for dignifying the charms of his heroines by a profusion of zoological comparisons, and by those coarse exaggerations of feature which found their pictorial representations for many years in our Annuals and Books of Beauty, down to the very numbers of *La Belle Assemblée*? For lack of something else at the time, perhaps, to sneer at effectively, he often sneered at Art; and, as a natural consequence, the influence on Art of his poetry was but of the most sorry kind—in figure-painting certainly, if not in landscape. Byronism in Art was, in its place, as nauseous as the Byronism in sentiment and manners, which it ensued and illustrated; witness the sentimental ruffians with raven ringlets, the softest odesques with goggle eyes, and the brawnier heroines, fierce, yet of voluptuous appeal, which used to bestare us in every smart book and album on our tables, and in every gallery of new pictures. To a most serious extent did they engross and corrupt the fancies of the rising young ladies and gentlemen of the time, with their false sentiment and nauseous prettiness; turning down young Charles's shirt-collar, and up Miss Augusta's eyes, and leading her to waste her time in the balcony by moonlight, languishing for a pet corsair. Such was the inspiration bequeathed characteristically to Art by him who took it into his head to despise it.

By the time we had ended these reflections, we found ourselves being oared with deliberate and stately gestures (often exceedingly like that of the Fighting Gladiator) down the Grand Canal; for though I am not myself more easily tired in a picture-gallery than in a garden, my companion's eyes and thoughts needed rest and variety. Nevertheless, Titian's portraits were soon again the theme; for the Fondaco de' Turchi, as we passed it, added something fresh to our associations with regard to the painter. That building, before it became an exchange for the Turkish merchants, was a palace belonging to the Dukes of Ferrara; and there consequently one may imagine that a certain lady, probably one of the most beautiful subjects of Titian's pencil, may now and then have shown a glimpse of her shoulder, or of a very unsatisfying angle of her dress, to some unknown admirer beneath, whilst pacing along you upper arcade of the edifice. It is in itself the most interesting ruin we know of in Venice; one of the six or seven remains of Byzantine palaces still existing there, and the finest of them; but now so stripped of its marble facing, and indeed of almost all but the pillars of its two tiers of stilted round arches, as to look, on a cursory glance, very like some mean and ordinary building. A careless observer would most likely pass it by unnoticed, without discovering the long rows of marble pillars, with capitals differing from each other, and some of them singularly superb and beautiful; one in which the foliage poetically turns all one way, as if a breeze swayed it, commencing the series. Mr. Ruskin has drawn some of them admirably, with an unaffected delicacy, which we wish he would endeavour to impart to his writings more frequently. At the ends of the structure, some of the original marble casing remains, studded with minute Byzantine bas-reliefs of birds before trees or fountains, typical, unless we are



mistaken, of the soul partaking of the tree or waters of life; but all the rest of this most rare specimen of the earlier palaces of Venice is denuded brickwork; and against its buoyant upspringing beautiful stilted arches (genuine uncles of Alhambra ones), some mean dwellings have been advanced, even like a party of beggarly squatters, ensconced within the verge of some ruined princely demesne. The pile is sometimes called Lucrezia Borgia's Palace, and we may suppose that this much controverted lady dwelt here, now and then, to enjoy Venetian life, and the society of her husband's friends and allies. Here she may have taken the lead in festivities, having no slight tinge of that quaint sumptuousness which Sanuto describes so minutely in his account of her fourth nuptials. Here, also, she, and the ladies of the houses of Montefeltro and Gonzaga may have arrived in their bucentaurs, to be met by the chiefs of the Forty and "the Sages of the Orders;" and at the dances and comedies, and Moorish ballets which ensued, they may here, as well, have changed their dresses ever so many times, each habit more costly and exquisite than the last one, and the whole well worthy of the invaluable and amusing diarist, who has recorded such things with a knowledge of whatsoever is recondite in millinery, and a minuteness, which in these degenerate days finds no parallel except in the reports of the *Morning Post*, the day after one of our gracious Queen's drawing-rooms. This was, of course, in Lucrezia's maturer days, when she had reformed so well, as to render it not simply ludicrous for Ariosto to exalt her above the antique Lucretia, for modesty as well as beauty, and when scandal itself ventured on nothing more than to give an unfavourable significance to her literary flirtation and sentimental correspondence with one cardinal, and her family intimacy with another—to wit, Bembo, and her brother-in-law of Este.

Whilst pausing with these reflections before the ruins of the Turkish exchange, we were soon quite full of Cinquecento romanceishness. "Halt a little, Gondolier—have the goodness to do so; there is surely company within. The most illustrious Marchioness of Mantua is there, and the Lady Lucrezia Bentivoglio, with many other noble dames; the first in her bodice or '*camora*, embroidered with musical notes,' and the second in a most rich dress, in the French mode, of course—for Paris was almost as much the moon of fashion then as now; but both ladies alike with strings of large pearls on their necks, and jewelled bandlets on their fair foreheads. The Duchess of Ferrara herself, having (as Sanuto says on another occasion) been occupied all the morning with 'washing her head,'\* and keeping up her literary and political correspondence, did not appear till rather late; but when she came at last, she made ample amends for her tardiness, by mingling in the dance most graciously and gracefully, especially performing *busia* (whatever that may be) in the French style with one of her maids very admirably, and very much to the delight of the company assembled. The dancing lasted till sunset, when all adjourned to a play, by Messer Lodovico Ariosto (who was himself present), with two Moorish interludes between. One of these last was musical, in the wild Mantuan manner, and the other a ballet spectacle, in which the actors, garbed like antique soldiers, assailed and battered each other violently, till Monsignore Cupid comes in, shooting and spouting

versicles by Messer Ereole Strozzi, the court poet,—an interruption which inspires them very suddenly with more rational and pleasing dispositions. The Love-god duly informs the audience that from his having poisoned—no, we beg pardon, we rather mean honeyed—the barb of his arrows at the ladies' lips, and with the bloom of their cheeks, the fever of the wound has witty inspirations in it, which will express themselves in very discriminative yet playful compliments to the fair ones present, if they will have but the courteousness to listen to such boorish speakers. Next, some very good music was performed by viols, one of them played by the Duke himself. Finally, a fire-cater appears, who acquits himself very successfully. And then they pair off to supper, during which the Duchess, seated between the two cardinals, talks very much after the fashion of Seneca and Epictetus—in a style, in short, which would certainly make those slanderous Neapolitan poets ashamed of themselves, could they but hear her."\*

And this other balcony, in want of a lovely heroine—this *other* balcony, with crazy shutters, which has known far better days, is certainly mouldering away in this melancholy manner, because it has not been lately comforted by the presence of a Venetian beauty of the kind we have already been dwelling upon. Yet this seems the very place where one might even now, if anywhere, expect to meet with such a damsel. "Halt a little, Gondolier! stay awhile: cease for a little those deliberate and stately gestures with which you seem perpetually advancing upon us. Is it possible, think you, in these degenerate days, to get up a stanza of Tasso; or have you a mandolin anywhere at hand, on which to thrum a few notes in a low, alluring tone? And then perhaps (for who knows) she may come forth, and tend busily for a few fleeting moments her bird, whose cage hangs on the window frame. Ah no, ah no! we will come again at night, when mamma and nurse (the old woman who always says '*Felicissima notte*') are fast asleep; and she has made herself thoroughly sentimental by looking so long at the full round moon risen above San Giorgio. We will bring musicians for a serenade; and who knows what then may betide."

The lady whom I have in my head all this while—the lady who has supplied me, whether accurately or not, with my fullest and completest notion of a Venetian beauty—the lady whose nearest similitude I would, while here, fain try to discover and steal half-a-dozen worshipful glances at, is Titian's "Bella," in the Louvre—Titian's Bella, formerly so called, but at present conjectured, though still on doubtful grounds, to represent the fair Laura de' Dianti, mistress of the very Duke of Ferrara we have been speaking of; and afterwards, on Lucrezia Borgia's death, his wife and legitimate duchess. He styled her Eustochia, *dextrous in aiming*;

and it appears from Vasari, that he employed Titian to paint her twice, first during the period of her slippery tie with Alfonso, as undraped, and again, after her marriage, with an appropriate significance (or as we should in these consciously intellectual days say, *typically*) as elad. This is the splendid beauty, with the hair of umbery gold, which, crimped as by the Loves themselves, flows rippling down her magnificent shoulder, like some stream, bathed in the intensest glow of sunset, scattering itself down beautifully-shaped heights of alabaster; or like the tresses of some leafy parasite, enriched by the power of autumn, drooping from their prop and waving luxuriantly abroad in some bower of tenderly-blowing roses and full lilies. Her toilet not being completed, she holds a little bottle of oil, with which she is about (very superfluously, one cannot help thinking) to anoint her locks; whilst her respectfully-attendant cavalier, whoever he may be, holds up a dark-gleaming mirror behind her. Her form is full: her superbly arched brows are serene, yet replete with sweet pensive womanly thought and feeling. I do not know whether it can be ascertained that she is actually a Venetian; may be she is not: nevertheless, she has manifestly a close resemblance to the other prime favourites of the Venetian painters of the Giorgione and Titian period, with just their type of features, the same warm and mellow clearness of complexion, the same dark brown eyes, and golden auburn silky hair. In short, to abbreviate a matter which I fear is running apace into desultory tediousness, she is the very plenitude of luxurious beauty, health, and pleasant vitality; yet with a sweet, serious, intelligent air, which the more you look at her, the more it counteracts what certain individuals in the world might perhaps otherwise think somewhat too Cytherean in her fine form, and its tastefully, elegantly composed *deshabille*. By such a sweet, thoughtful, half melancholy look, may the fair Laura de' Dianti have mutely pleaded with her lord Alfonso marriage, when his first wife, Lucrezia Borgia, was no more. Yes; that fair sisterhood of Venetian beauties must have been of the splendid order of loveliness; and each class of observers will find in them what they seek most; the coarse-minded merely rich personal beauty, and the austere sentimentalist a theme to denounce in harsh and severe sentences—sentences severe, though perhaps, it may be, made up of unctuous epithets—betraying, it is pleasant to surmise, some under gleaming of a better, sounder, manlier taste within. But the liberal mind will look more delicately, and will linger rather on those graces of meditative feeling which seem to want only the training and example of a more moral age (or the guidance of some high-minded cavalier) to enrich them with principles which would effectually remove all that sound maudlin moralists object to,—and 'twere pity, infinite pity, they should do more.

Here my friend said, interrupting me, "In this last passage you resemble Mr. Rnskin too much; I mean in a point in which you yourself have thought it not unseasonable to find fault; namely, the suffering the glow and enthusiasm of a warm fancy to elope with you altogether."—"I beg your pardon," I replied, rather impatiently, "what I have here said is quite true, moderate, and matter-of-fact. The addition of the feelings and sentiments one has actually experienced is of course quite right, provided they are appropriate, and within bounds, as I humbly conceive mine were in this case; and smiles and fancies, generally, are surely allowable too, if stated plainly as such, and not as facts, and if also quite apposite and close, harmonizing in tone and colour with the object discoursed of, which I often take much pains to make mine. My object here is to awaken a livelier and nearer interest in the real beauty of

\* Perhaps she then cut off that delicate lock of hair for Bembo which is now preserved at Milan, and which interested Lord Byron more than anything else there. It seems very nearly to have caught his imagination. He ponders on it more than once in his letters: very near was he, I do believe, making it the mother of some grand, impassioned, rhetorical, epigrammatic tragedy, or eloquent epistle of Confessions.

\* Bellial had reeked her eradle. The devilish nurture and training of the Borgias, no doubt, deeply tainted her youth. But even in that darkness there were glimpses of better dispositions in her. The Venetian envoy even then writes to his masters that she is "*savia e liberal*;" and we have one distinct view of her tenderly keeping watch over her third husband, the Duke of Bisceglia, and preparing his food with her own hands, in the endeavour to frustrate her brother's poisonous attempts. As soon as she was freed from the control of her relations, it is certain that her "discreetness and liberality" flourished and bloomed apace; and there is no specific evidence that the charges brought against her from that time were other than scandal, strengthened, very naturally, no doubt, by the remembrance of her former ill life. Unless she was the most consummate of hypocrites, in a way which the extreme laxity of the age assuredly did not call for, or unless the choicest spirits then living, who warmly indulged her, could descend to the most despicable flattery, the reformation of Lucrezia Borgia must have been one of the most remarkable on record. Her husband often committed to her the affairs of his dukedom; and the patronage of literature, for which the court of Ferrara was so famous, is far more attributable to her than to him. The notions in the text of a grand *soirée* in Italy, in the Cinquecento period, arise principally from a perusal of Sanuto's account of her fourth nuptials; I do not believe I have added anything calculated to shock an antiquary.



the things described, not to show forth any supposed beauty in my own free fancies. In such a task—in endeavouring to appreciate the merits of others—let our fancy be as a busy and joyfully active bee, whose honey is sweet with a strong prevailing flavour of the flower it has fed on, and not as a butterfly from foreign parts, chiefly intent on showing its own fine and brilliant wings, which leave the flower quite in the shade, overpowered with hues little harmonizing perhaps with its more modest and delicate tincture." But to return for a few moments to our Venetian windows. The Louvre "Bella" is perhaps the finest of her particular class. Titian's "Flora," at Florence, from her similar style of features, might be her sister, but is supposed to be a portrait of La Violante, Palma Il Vecchio, the painter's daughter; and truly, she so closely resembles Giorgione's lovely "Portia at the Caskets," also said to have been inspired by the same lady, that one is much tempted to believe in their identity. Flora, at a far earlier stage of her toilet, has not yet shaken down her sunny hair from behind her rosy ears; and still its golden lines are wandering over the ample ivory below, in search of our admiration. In her eyes Titian has painted a couple of very sweet and pensive sonnets. Then there is the haughty, but hardly less splendid Beauty by the same hand, in the Sciarra Palace, at Rome, who is evidently putting the last touches to her festal adornment, before she flows forth proudly to conquer and subjugate. But here, I fear me, there is an imperious determined frailty indicated in her dark-glowing eyes, a something of the Bianca Capello, or Victoria Corombona look, an inkling of the more tragical Italian romances, a gleam (though I almost fear to say it) of *aqua Tophana* light! It is true I may altogether wrong her,—expression is often so utterly mysterious and deceptive; but I cannot help suspecting, at the least, that danger, no less than delight, waits on her favourable regard.

"Proceed, Gondolier; proceed, blue-eyed child of the Lagoon; proceed, oh man with a large family, but piteously limited emoluments, and let movement awaken us from reveries too dilatory."—Away and away; and we glide into broader space, where the clear green tremulous waters play more distantly with the bright reflections of the marble palaces, that descend, flash downwards, in long glittering shafts of light, crossed swiftly by the skimming black gondolas. These hurry along lightly as lapwings; their wakes bright as the eyes of Galatea's dolphins, when they sparkled roguishly with the consciousness of the pretty girl they were drawing across the briny fields of ocean; or rather (if this simile should be considered somewhat too excursive and flighty) bright as the lovelier eyes that at the last regatta here followed the barque of the Signor Pisani to the winning-post.—"Where is Belmont, Gondolier, the seat of the illustrious Lady Portia and her lord Bassanio? Is it on the Brenta, within a morning's gliding? for we have high letters of introduction to them; and now we feel as if the dignity and beauty of Venice had raised us, by dint of our fancy, to such a cavalier-like capability of manners and deportment that we should by no means discredit our credentials. And there perhaps we might meet with one of the originals of Titian's and Palma's beauties. Yet at present we have seen nothing living like them. Good-looking women one is frequently passing, but they are commonly dark, and somewhat high and coarse-featured, not of this blonde, peculiarly and emphatically old Venetian type. At any rate a remarkably fair breed of damsels has been commonly said to have existed here; though many must have been partly counterfeits, since the golden hair-dye had an immense sale. I suppose this old race, in which the warm spirit of the south

clothed itself in the delicacy of the north, has died away."

"Nonsense," said my lively young friend, a painter, who had more experience of Venice than myself; "its beauty is sufficient security against that: nature is too well pleased with it. You might as well think of some particular kind of flower dying out, or becoming obsolete. Come to my lodgings; and I will show you the signorina, my landlady's daughter, who is quite of the old Titian breed, and I think as handsome as anything in the pictures; indeed, I shrewdly suspect handsomer." Such an invitation was of course not to be slighted; so the very next evening we went in search of his quarters, in a certain open and airy situation near one end of the city, which I will not denote particularly. There he ushered us into his room, which, in its naked plainness and humbleness, was most suitable, certainly, for the nobly independent state of mind characteristic of a painter, whose fancy is so rich in picturesque and beautiful imagery, that he cares not a straw what appearance his room makes. Here, accordingly, though his various *ideal* palaces and gardens were, it may be, in very creditable order, nay, quite subtly and fastidiously laid out and furnished, his *material* goods and chattels were shuffled together in a litter, in most admired disorder. Articles of the toilet were mingled together on the only table of any kind, with drawing materials, all of a heap; whilst in the absence of every other accommodation for them, sketches and folios, and one or two fanciful articles of costume, which he had purchased to paint from, lay scattered on the floor. If we add bare white-washed walls, a bare floor, a truckle bed, and a couple of chairs, we shall, I flatter myself, have a tolerably complete picture of this abode of the Arts, which its present tenant was evidently most serenely and buoyantly satisfied with; so utterly was his elevated artistic mind raised above all commonplace, vulgar consideration of upholstery, fittings-up, and nicknack ornaments, such as many of us, and especially those with mean, unfurnished, squalid *fancies*, can with difficulty dispense with cheerfully. The crone of the premises, a thin, needy, sharp-eyed old woman—the rough soil from which our lily sprang, the ragged cave from which that silver fountain slipped into the world—having duly conducted us up stairs, she immediately went for the signorina, on the plea of introducing her to the signora Inglese; and, accordingly, the signorina soon made her appearance, with the full consciousness, no doubt, that she came to be merely admired and looked at. Nevertheless, was she nothing abashed, being probably not wholly unaccustomed to this flattering, though perhaps rather unceremonious, kind of homage; and as we stood freely criticising and praising her to one another in English, a language not one syllable of which she understood, she gazed first at one, and then at the other, with a prying simplicity, a deliberate frankness, and perfect composure, which were certainly not a little amusing. There could be no doubt, it was at once abundantly manifest, that our friend's praise was well merited; and what made her especially interesting to us at the present moment, was her being, as he had said, decidedly of the right old fair Venetian kind, and resembling the favourites of the painters far more than any one else we ever met with. Her hair, which one wholly without an eye for colour would be apt to profane by the epithet "caroty," was, I am quite confident, of a hue too pale and delicate to merit that ignominious appellation; and it was, moreover, that kind of hair which you cannot get to lie down. It *will* wave up, and ripple, and feather out rebelliously: it was,

in short, wavy, soft, and dimpling, like all the rest of her. Her figure was indeed beautiful to behold, graceful in all its lines to a rare degree. Exquisite, too, was her complexion, of a warm and mellow fairness and purity; and no less than her hair, it was exceedingly well set off by her pretty pale blue earrings. Her features were altogether excellently well formed, and very delicately, it must be caudally admitted; the arch of the brows, especially, being superb, with a wide serene space between them—a great point always. The eyes themselves were large, yet by no means either round or prominent (always a great point, likewise), and of that rich dark brow which harmonizes so exquisitely and delightfully with the rich warm light hair. So far, all was of the most refined and unquestionably Titianesque beauty; and very gallantly I wish I could stop here; but, alas, my conscientiousness as a voracious memoirist imperatively impels me forward; and I must needs add that there was a sad want of moral and intellectual cultivation shown in the vacant set, or rather falling off, of those most finely-shaped lips, and in that undisciplined stare, in which ignorance seemed animated chiefly, I lament exceedingly to say, by something of foolish cunning or slyness.

"She is so uncultivated and ignorant, and consequently says such really dull, such stupid things," said the young painter in downright English, yet regarding her at the same time with a decidedly complimentary look, and delivering himself with a very bland, and one may say, laudatory *tone of voice*. "She talks such wretched stuff. You would be infinitely amused at her coolness, though. You know that we young artists, having early in our career to battle it with little means against the world,—or rather, I beg the dear world's pardon, against cliques, and critics, and picture-dealers or middlemen,—cultivate with zeal and assiduity the art of economical catering; bargaining, and contriving, and cooking, with a spirit and ingenuity, which not only provide us with fare wonderfully good for the money, but also with no little entertainment into the bargain. To improve these accomplishments as far as possible, I am, most days, off the first thing in the morning to the fish market by the Rialto, to cheapen some of those John Dorys, or red mullets, or other fish we don't know in England, which are so silvery-grey, or "rubious-argent," as Keats would call them, and so well flavoured, that one is never tired of eating and longing to paint them. And there are ever so many other local dainties which I have discovered, and suddenly find myself cooking down stairs—here's my roasting fork," pointing to an old-fashioned rapier. "But whenever these good things are in the wind, the signorina sniffs them out. Invariably she invites herself, yes, and helps herself too, with perfect freedom; and, moreover, eats so excessively fast, that my own jaws are obliged to work more rapidly than is pleasant, in order to realize a tolerably fair share or moiety. Ah, signorina, fair play is a jewel, I am fain to obtest; but the truth is"—he continued, delicately lowering his voice—"the family are evidently as poor as rats; so that, after all, it is a real consolation to see her eat; and it would be positively delightful, if she would only have the sense of equity to eat a little more slowly. I am painting her portrait, by way of study: perhaps you may see it in the next year's Academy. But my heart has not been touched in the slightest degree; and, indeed, never could be, no, of that I feel perfectly convinced: she is so unintellectual; and it is quite out of the question for me to fall in love with a girl who is unintellectual.—And yet she has something of a natural instinctive aptitude, too, for









C. STANFIELD, R.A. PINXIT

# ISCHIA.

FROM THE COAST IN THE BAY OF NAPLES.

1840.

R. BRANDARI SCULPT.



making verses in the improvisatorial style. Having, as I told you, made free with these dainties, which I elaborate for my own peculiar benefit, off she suddenly whisks, without even staying to thank me. Indeed, the other day I was tempted, almost before I was aware of it, to inflict a trivial penalty for a more than usual amount of sauciness, when I had the misfortune to upset the inkstand over her gown, which involuntary damage, I felt myself called upon to make good with those earrings. The old mother here (just turn round *quietly*, and note what a sharp, needy, rapacious eye she has, glancing first at one and then at the other—quite a study for a Bathsheba's or Susanna's duenna, isn't she?) the old beldam, wanted to make out that the damage to the dress was something very serious, and to convince me that I ought to make it good with a handsome new *gros de Naples*. But on holding a court of inquiry on the former petticoat, we found far too many traces of the washing-tub and darning-needle about it for that: old birds, &c. &c. Indeed, I grievously fear this fine young creature is not in the best hands, with this needy unprincipled old woman of a mother. Sometimes we happen to hear, at different times, the haughty clang of military spurs about the house, and catch a hasty gleam of a cadaverous Austrian uniform, or just the tip of a long rope's end of a moustache round a corner; and now and then we hear the most hideous familiar roarings of thoroughly German laughter, such as by no possibility could proceed from any but Teutonic lungs. Poor signorina! What is the sweet gift of beauty, wanting the maternal stay without, or the innate moral strength within, which should protect it. It is often but as the mere hectic flush and brightness that portend speedy corruption and decay. Alas, poor signorina!

It was thus he went on, closing with a slight touch of more serious feeling, however commonplace its expression; the mother meanwhile sharply and eagerly, and the daughter composedly and vacantly, looking first at one of their visitors, and then at another, till we took our leave, and departed. As we descended the stairs, the signorina, folding her arms and leaning over the banisters, continued to the last moment to study us with the same deliberate and unreserved attention, entertaining, I cannot help thinking, some strange speculations at our expense.

"A splendid maid!" I exclaimed, as we re-entered our gondola, "and certainly wonderfully Titianesque. Why this is a great discovery. A picture by some delightful old painter whose works are so rare as to be almost obsolete—a delicious Giorgione, or a Carotto, such as those in Santa Euphemia, at Verona, found in some obscurest nook, were a parallel something inferior." What a simple foolish wish I breathed at parting! It was that I could fix and frame the signorina, and intellectually varnish her, so as to bring out the fine tones within, and hang her in some fair and happy place, where she would be safe from moral chill, damp, and decay. For as we glided away, I heard further reasons for believing that she was girt, from more sources than one, by destructive influences. It is to be feared (and how piteous it is to think of it!) that this beautiful creature will prove but an emblem of her own Venice, not only in its features, but in its fate, so far as that was accelerated by moral perversion and decline. Night was meanwhile stealing over the calm expanse of the Lagoon, as we proceeded on our backward course. An exquisite warm hue yet lingered high in the heavens, like the glow on the brow of that Madonna of Titian's in the Vienna Belvidere—pensive yet tender, as she looks down upon her offspring, with love

divine: and before St. Mark's, bright lamps were being lighted along the distance, and dropping, one by one, long trembling chains of golden brilliancy into the water, whose surrounding expanse elsewhere, though it had still a mellow gleam delaying in its smooth mirror, soon receded into pale chilly mists and twilight obscurity. Let us arouse ourselves even from this, and hasten to Aretino's to supper. Titian and Sansovino have, no doubt, started already in a gondola together, and called for Palma and his lovely daughter on the way; and unless we make speed, we shall be too late for the first course, consisting chiefly of those dainties received by Pietro yesterday as a present from his assiduous admirer and courtier the Duchess of Ferrara, the tasteful appreciation of which by palates attuned to the most delicate emotions, was, according to Aretino's lively letters of invitation, to be the initiatory enjoyment of the evening. We only trust that the "Breath of Marbles," as Pietro calls the venerable sculptor Sansovino, having doctored himself in that independent way to which Vasari alludes, by taking to his bed in a darkened room, into which no nostrum was allowed to enter, will be restored to those powers of appetite and digestion, which may, without exaggeration, be styled prodigious in an octogenarian; since "in the very extremity of his age he would often dispatch three cucumbers and half a lemon at a sitting." These powers being in active and placid order, we may hope not only to see him well, with his most venerable aspect and beautiful white beard, but to hear him discourse with that wonderful memory, fine sentiment, grace, and spirit, which made him still the delight of the fair sex even to his ninety-third year. Titian perhaps will talk less; but what he says quietly and somewhat cautiously, will, no doubt, be exceedingly judicious, and to the point, whether on worldly matters, or literature, or art, whether philosophical, humorous, or poetically fanciful. In these respects what a contrast will be found in the rattling volubility, and audacious satire, the monstrous vanity, and boisterous laughter of his host! peculiarities, however, considerably palliated in the eyes of the guests by the extraordinary delicacy of the entertainment, and by his boundless liberality shown even to the poor, the sick, and the halt—his much redeeming merit. Nevertheless, put him down, fair Laura de' Dianti; give him no rest, "Divine Violante;" that we may learn to appreciate your intelligence, and sentiment, and wit, as well as your beauty. And this must be the palace. Halt, Gondolier!

## OBITUARY.

MR. E. S. BARTHOLOMEW.

We have heard, with sincere regret, of the death of this sculptor, at Naples, shortly after his arrival there from Rome, in search of health. An attack of bronchitis, acting on a constitution naturally delicate, terminated his life at the early age of thirty-six.

In the *Art-Journal* for April, 1856, there appeared an engraving from his clever bas-relief of "Hagar and Ishmael;" and we have it in contemplation to engrave one or two of his other works; especially his "Gauymede carried off by the Eagle," of which an excellent drawing is in our possession. Mr. Bartholomew was in London a few months since, and submitted to us several drawings of his various sculptured works, which enabled us to form a most favourable opinion of his talents; had his life been spared there is no doubt he would have done honour to the country of his birth, America; he was born in Connecticut.

Our contemporary, the *Critic*, says—"his studio had long been among those most attractive to visitors of taste, and during late years had been filled by works on subjects very various, but all displaying ability of treatment."

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

ISCHIA.

C. Stanfield, R.A., Painter. R. Brandard, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 1½ in. by 9 ft. ¾ in.

RISE out of the blue waters of the Bay of Naples, Ischia, the largest of its islands, appears on one side an abrupt, precipitous, barren, rocky expanse, the home of the sea-fowl only, and the dread of the mariner whose bark may chance to be driving helplessly towards it. But though, when looked at from one point of view, it assumes such a character, and has often been the scene of volcanic action,—so much so as in former times to have been characterised as "the safety-valve of Southern Italy,"—on the other side, that of which Mr. Stanfield's picture forms a portion, the island slopes down to the sea, whose shores are dotted with elegant villas, many of them standing in gardens luxuriant with the beautiful vegetation of the south of Europe. The population exceeds 25,000 persons, scattered through the various towns and villages, of which Ischia, the capital, Foria, Casamicciola, Moropano, and Pansa, are the chief. Bishop Berkeley, in a letter to Pope, written in 1717, describes the island as "an epitome of the whole earth, containing within the compass of eighteen miles"—its actual circumference is rather more than twenty—"a wonderful variety of hills, vales, rugged rocks, fruitful plains, and barren mountains, all thrown together in most romantic confusion. . . . But that which crowns the scene is a large mountain rising out of the middle of the island, once a terrible volcano, called by the ancients *Mons Epomeus*. Its lower parts are adorned with vines and other fruits: the middle affords pasture to flocks of goats and sheep; and the top is a sandy pointed rock, from which you have the finest prospect in the world—surveying at one view, besides several pleasant islands at your feet, a tract of Italy about 300 miles in length, from the promontory of Antium to the Cape of Palinurus; the greater part of which hath been sung by Homer and Virgil as making a considerable part of the travels and adventures of their two heroes."

The view taken by Mr. Stanfield in the picture here engraved is from the upper portion of the town of Ischia, which, as we learn from Murray's "Hand-book of Southern Italy," contains "a population of about 5500 souls, and is the seat of a bishopric: but it has never recovered its prosperity since the old town was destroyed by the eruption of 1302. The principal object of interest which it contains is the Castle, built by Alonzo I., of Aragon, on a lofty, isolated rock of lava, which, in ancient times, flowed from the crater of Campagnano. It rises out of the sea opposite the island of Vivara, and is connected with the mainland by a mole constructed on a narrow isthmus. The town stretches along the coast from this mole as far as the Punta Molina. The castle, which now serves as the garrison for the troops, has been the scene of many remarkable events in the history of Naples. Its picturesque beauty requires no eulogy from an English author, since Mr. Stanfield has made it familiar to his countrymen by one of the most characteristic productions of his matchless pencil." This alludes to the picture engraved for the "Art-Union of London," a few years since.

It is a very rare circumstance to find a picture by this artist in which water, or rather the sea, is not a principal feature: it is the element in which he most delights; and hence, whenever he ventures on shore to sketch an inland view, he generally contrives to keep the sea or some broad lake in sight, as if unwilling to separate himself from that element on which so many of his Art-triumphs have been won. And very charming is the union of these natural materials, land and water; especially when, as in this view of Ischia, the painter is enabled to associate with them picturesque "bits" of architecture to enrich and enliven what, in their absence, would be a comparatively uninteresting solitude. The point from which the sketch was made brings these edifices into the composition most effectively; in the foreground he has introduced some ornamental fragments of those ancient Roman buildings whose remains are still found in many parts of the island. The picture is painted with a strong sun-light effect.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

MR. RUSKIN AND CONSTABLE.

SIR,—Although the fourth volume of Mr. Ruskin's "Modern Painters" has been published now more than two years, it is only within this month past that some very unjust and illiberal strictures on the art of Constable, in that and the preceding volume, have, for the first time, come under my notice. I read the first two volumes, but finding that I derived more annoyance and irritation than instruction from the perusal, I mentally resolved to read no more. To this resolution I might have adhered, had I not the other day, in looking over the plates in these volumes, accidentally cast my eye on a very slight sketch of a tree, or branch of a tree, with the novel title "Constablesque" appended to it. This induced me, being an old friend and warm admirer of Constable, to search deeper; I thus became acquainted with these criticisms, if such they may be called, which, I am afraid, a less amiable feeling than a wish to do justice to Constable impels me to exhibit in their true colours. I venture on this, fully aware that Mr. Ruskin has publicly given notice that the friend of any artist who may incur his censure cannot more effectually injure such artist than by attempting his vindication. Indeed, he avows that it is in accordance with this principle he now attacks Constable. "I had," he says, "as will be seen in various passages of the first volume, considerable respect for the feeling with which he worked, but I was compelled to do harsh justice upon him now, because Mr. Leslie has suffered his personal regard for Constable so far to prevail over his judgment as to bring him forward as a great artist, comparable in some kind with Turner. As Constable's reputation was, even before this, most mischievous, in giving countenance to the blotting and blundering of modernism, I saw myself obliged, though unwillingly, to carry the suggested comparison thoroughly out." Mr. Leslie had commenced his remarks on Constable, which are here alluded to, by saying that the place he filled in Art was unoccupied by Turner; but it takes little to suggest a comparison with that artist to Mr. Ruskin. The result, in this instance, is thus summed up:—"Constable perceives in a landscape that the grass is wet, the meadows flat, and the boughs shady; that is to say, about as much as, I suppose, might in general be apprehended between them by an intelligent fawn and a skylark. Turner perceives at a glance the whole sum of visible truth open to human intelligence." This is not criticism, but low, unmeaning abuse, and as such would appear beneath notice; and, in truth, it is not under any apprehension for Constable that I take up the pen, but under a strong feeling of indignation; indignation at seeing a man of high feeling and intelligence, whom I knew well, thus senselessly caricatured; indignation at the cool way in which everything is ignored that my friend, Mr. Leslie, has written of his life and art. I mention Mr. Leslie's name here, not with the remotest intention of further noticing the supercilious, self-sufficient contempt with which Mr. Ruskin treats the opinions of one of the most accomplished artists of the day, but in self-justification—to show that, if, in what I have to say, I speak otherwise than courteously, it is not without provocation. Setting aside for the present the above gross insinuation that Constable had only a mere animal apprehension of nature, Mr. Ruskin's strictures, so far as I have ascertained (for I have only very desultorily looked through the volumes), are confined to tree-drawing; the imputation being reiterated, that he had no love for, or even knew, what he was painting. In representing trees he had only arrived at the point of "total worthlessness" and barbarism. We will go through his remarks in the order in which they appear; but I must first observe that, had there been a real wish to do even "harsh justice" to Constable's skill in drawing, reference might have been made to some of his larger and more finished pictures, or the engravings from them, rather than to these very slight but impressive studies, almost all hastily painted out of doors, to catch the fleeting, ever-varying aspects of English landscape. In the mezzotints there is even less of detail than in the original studies, Constable frequently, when he thought Mr. Lucas had got the

effect, not allowing him to go further, lest he should spoil it. Yet mere scraps from these are selected, on which to found a charge of laziness, ignorance, defective drawing, and finish; whilst in the engravings from his larger pictures might be found as careful finish, the character of the trees as distinctly marked, and even (on which Mr. R. lays so much stress) the plants and grasses in the foreground as much made out as in the works of any painter of his time. We will now take the first case of "a critic who sincerely desires to be just," in which Constable is the patient; the *modus operandi* is of course to compare him with Turner. "Fig 1 is the contour of one of the distant tree-stems in the drawing of 'Bolton Abbey.' In order to show its perfectness the better by contrast with bad work, I will take a bit of Constable. Fig. 2 is the principal tree out of the engraving of the 'Lock on the Stour' (Leslie's 'Life of Constable'). It differs from the Claude outlines merely in being the kind of work which is produced by an uninventive person dashing about idly, with a brush, instead of drawing determinately wrong with a pen: on the one hand worse than Claude's, as being lazier; on the other a little better, in being more free, but, as representative of tree-form, still wholly barbarous. It is worth while to turn back to the description of an uninventive painter at work on a tree (vol. ii., chapter on Imaginative Association, § 11), for this trunk of Constable's is curiously illustrative of it. One can almost see him, first bending it to the right, then, having gone long enough to the right, turning to the left; then, having gone long enough to the left, away to the right again; then dividing it; and because there is another tree in the picture with two long branches (in this case there really is), he knows that this ought to have three or four, which must undulate, or go backwards and forwards." How far this tree may be curiously illustrative of any former remarks of Mr. Ruskin's I have no curiosity to inquire, but the above passage is very illustrative of the force and value of his universal process of criticism. Could he ever look at a picture so as to get the general effect, instead of beginning at once to pull it to pieces, he would have seen that every object in this plate that is susceptible of motion, from the clouds down to the single spray of foliage which he gives, is agitated by a brisk wind. Keeping this in view, I doubt whether a greater compliment could be paid to an old willow branch than the remarks made on this. As for "seeing the uninventive painter at work," &c., the idea, whence-soever derived, will receive no support from the plates in Constable's "English Landscapes," almost every incident and scrap of which were painted from nature. Mr. Ruskin, anticipating an objection to something in one of his own drawings, thinks it sufficient to say, "It was there;" he never dreams that this can ever apply to anything it may be his pleasure to ridicule. I will say no more of this specimen of his skill, except to point out the absurdity of comparing the branch of an old willow, torn by the wind, with the stem of (apparently) a young ash, of which he thus commences a laudation,—"Note first its quietness." Let us take the next. "I place a bit of trunk, by Constable, from another plate of Leslie's life of him (a dell in Helmingham Park, Suffolk), for the sake of the same comparison in shade that we have above in contour. You see Constable does not know whether he is drawing moss or shadow: those dark touches in the middle are confused in his mind between the dark stains and its dark side; there is no anatomy, no cast shadow, nothing but idle sweeps of the brush, vaguely circular. The thing is much darker than Turner's, but it is not, therefore, finished; it is only blackened. And, 'to blacken,' is indeed the proper word for all attempts at finish without knowledge." It is the proper word for attempts at some other things without knowledge; but this by the by. We are now getting on; "you see,"—actually see: in the former case "one almost sees," and I have no doubt Mr. Ruskin is fully persuaded in his own mind that such are his powers of intuition, that he sees all that Constable saw, but could not paint: saw, but could not tell what it was, far more distinctly—and that after the lapse of nearly half a century—than Constable ever saw it, or any one who might have been looking over his shoulder. What purpose, then, would it serve to point out

that Mr. Leslie has recorded of him, that even whilst on a visit at Lord Egremont's, "his dressing-table was covered with flowers, feathers of birds, and pieces of bark with lichens and mosses adhering to them, which he had brought home for the sake of their beautiful tints?" or that I have myself heard him point out in an elaborate study (the one from which was painted the pollard oak in the picture of "The Cornfield") the marks by which you might tell a living from a dead branch by the bark, and other minutiae that would have escaped any one but the most accurate observer? Mr. Ruskin sees, and that is enough! I will fall back upon a quiet reply to Archdeacon Fisher, who had been telling him of some equally wise criticisms of his skies: "You do not want to be told that I know very well what I am about." As for "the bit of trunk" which is placed before us, it is a paltry caricature. It is cut out of a mass of deep shadow, and placed on a white ground; it is placed alongside a much magnified trunk of Turner's, so as to look like a portion of a thin branch, instead of what Mr. Ruskin himself describes it, "a trunk comparatively large and distant." The character is still further destroyed by its being made to taper rapidly upwards, instead of swelling larger, as it does in the engraving, as it ascends towards the branches. Whether in this distant trunk the dark stains and the dark side are, or ought to be, distinguishable, I will not pause to discuss: I only know that there is very little likeness to the engraving in the libel here given, on which I feel already ashamed to have wasted so much time. We now come to foliage; to illustrate which, or rather to exalt Turner in which, he proposes to take examples, not of our trees of a strong and marked character, but of the aspen, or trembling poplar, a tree of unfrequent occurrence in English landscape, possessing little character, except that it generally appears as a patch of white, its tremulous motion showing the white underside of the leaves. He selects four specimens, including the "Constablesque," which he calls aspens, though he only speaks confidently of one, and another to represent mere conventionalism, in order to compare them with a bit of Turner, which appears to me equally conventional and commonplace. He is, however, perfectly welcome to call the rest what he likes; I only know that the one after Constable is part of a young ash. I anticipate the retort that I am placing him in the lowest type of modernism, which Mr. Ruskin says he had not quite reached, as he could see what it was meant for; but if he could see no difference in character between the tree in the engraving and the bit he has given, I don't set much by his recognition of it. Moreover, there are different ways of seeing a likeness; a shepherd knows his sheep by the general expression, not by their limbs or the texture of their wool: and it would be as fair to ask a man to recognise one by a leg of mutton, as to know the tree by this mutilated fragment. Mr. Ruskin thus describes "an aspen of Constable's":—"Here we have arrived at the point of total worthlessness, the tree being as flat as the old purist one, but, besides, wholly false in ramification, idle, and undefined in every respect; it being, however, just possible still to discern what the tree is meant for, and therefore the type of the worst modernism not being completely established." Saying that the tree is an ash (and I think I can show that I am as likely to know as Mr. Ruskin) there is not much in this that requires any comment. If it is flat, I say again it is so, not because Constable did not know what he was about: before the critic's hand could wield a pen, I have seen the painter hold up his, bringing the thumb and little finger near together, and say, "that is the way the branches of a tree grow; not as you frequently see them drawn, thus," holding the fingers at full span. The fragment here given, is, I admit, flat enough, all the stems meeting in one, like a flat head of asparagus, which it a good deal resembles. But it is really difficult to say which of two young ash-trees in the engraving it is intended to caricature. It has nothing of the character of either. They have each both light and dark branches or stems; the light are here altogether omitted, or ignorantly represented as streaks of light seen through the dark branches. The foliage has the same defect, and is heavier with an attempt at leafing, of which there is none in the study, and which could not be seen at the distance,



and in the light in which these trees are placed. On such misrepresentation are these vilifying comparisons founded. That the trees are ashes I have not the slightest doubt. I have, indeed, compared the study with the spot, and found it very exact; but it was so long ago that I do not rest much on that, but on their general character. I much doubt whether Constable ever painted the aspen; I have known him introduce the large white poplar or albe, but never the aspen, that I can recollect. I have now done with these attempts at blackening Constable, with the vain and very unnecessary purpose of thereby enhancing the brilliancy of Turner: there is however, an example of the same process in which another eminent English landscape painter is the object for comparison, to which I must be allowed to devote a little attention. It forcibly illustrates the tenour of Mr. Ruskin's criticism. The subject is one which, though no reference is made to Constable, is yet intimately connected with him and his art—the Picturesque of Windmills. Mr. Ruskin's attention is first directed to a windmill of Stanfield's, in which he sees much to admire; but applying his usual test, a windmill of Turner's, of course he comes to the conclusion that the latter is a windmill proper, the former all wrong. The essential difference is very dogmatically pointed out. The first character of a windmill is lightness; Turner's is light and serviceable; Stanfield's is heavy and the reverse. He then explains, for the edification of cockneys, that the mill's sails must turn round to whichever point the wind comes from; but he omits to add that this is effected in two ways,—either by making the whole mill of wood to turn on a pivot or central pillar, as Turner's; or by placing a wooden top to turn on a tower of solid masonry, as the other: so that, because the character of a movable wooden mill is lightness, an immovable stone one should be light also. As Mr. Ruskin has asserted, once for all, in his preface that an illogical deduction is with him a thing impossible,\* I am at a loss to characterise this

\* On the other hand, he is always regarding himself as doomed to be a martyr to the bad logic of others, not that logic would help them without sense. "Marvellous are the logical errors into which our best writers are continually falling, owing to the notion that laws of logic will help them better than common sense; whereas any man who can do it at all does it instinctively." Still he has "long entertained views which the reader will find glanced at in their proper place, respecting a more practically logical education for our youth." The extreme case which suggests this necessity being, that he is accused "to-day of being narrow and exclusive, to-morrow of admiring schools whose characters cannot be reconciled; one critic says that he is always contradicting himself, another is vexed at his ten years' obstinacies in error." The logical deduction to be derived from this reasoning "on instinct" is plain enough; as Mr. Ruskin cannot be inconsistent, the critics must. The proper place for glancing, as here threatened, he finds in the appendix, in which he looks with an evil eye on another old friend of mine, with whom, however, I had but a slight acquaintance, and that so long ago that I had almost forgotten him—Aristotle. He is at the bottom of all this bad logic that Mr. Ruskin has to contend against. It is rather a nervous business to try to lift such a lame dog over a stile; one might get bitten. And, again, there is a simile in the preface, comparing the attempt to follow instinctive reasoners to gouty old gentlemen attempting to catch chamois hunters, which is not calculated to increase one's confidence; especially when it chances to be rather personal. Still, unless these highflyers are to have it all their own way, the old ones must try to trip them up. His first bold position is, that it would more conduce to morality to make a gambler's book of legerdemain, or cheating at cards, a class-book at our universities than Aristotle's Rhetoric. It is impossible seriously to argue this point. I will only say that if Christian advocates strained their consciences no further than the heathen moralist allowed, they might incur less censure than they do. The second is, that "the Ethics of Aristotle, although containing some shrewd talk, interesting for an old reader, are yet so absurdly illogical and sophistical, that if a young man has once read them with any faith, it must take years before he recovers from the induced confusions of thought and false habits of argument." And again,—"The Aristotelian quibbles are so shallow, that I look upon the retention of the book as a confession by our universities that they consider practice in shallow quibblings one of the essential disciplines of youth." He follows up this sweeping diatribe by urging, first, that if such things must be taught, the ingenious youth should be cautioned at the outset by his tutor—what does the reader suppose?—that Aristotle's ethics will not teach him the love of God! Really, the youth who, approaching manhood, requires this caution (as Cowper says), "must have a most uncommon skull." Again, it must be explained to him that, inasmuch as the Christian is taught to fight against sin, and to do whatsoever his hand findeth to do with all his might, therefore Christian virtue cannot be a mean between two vices. If the youth or the reader see the logical deduction, it is more than I do. Does Mr. Ruskin think that we are commanded to do wrong with all our might? or that Christian virtues cannot be pushed so far as to become wrong? The expression, "habits of choice in moderation," is his own, or only Aristotle's as

process of reasoning. He then proceeds to give a lecture on the beauty of Turner's study, more amusing than edifying; in which attention is invited, with a persistence for which I think Turner would scarcely have thanked him, solely to the drawing. This appears to me by no means faultless even in the points for which he bespeaks our admiration. I am not, however, going to adopt the process of dissection which I am censuring, but to call attention to the style of criticism, from which it would appear that nothing is to be represented as it is, but as it ought to be, according to one universal type. Now, if so,—if the light "spider-like" character of a mill must be always kept in view, Turner has, in his, fallen short of it by enclosing the central post or pivot in a wooden case, whereas he might have found plenty of examples in which it is left bare, strengthened only by straddling legs or props. If drawing or design is to be made a process of such eclectic optimism, there would be no end to the exquisite refinements or absurdities which might not be extracted from the most simple incidents. Mr. Ruskin, who sees much further into a millstone than other people, sees a profundity of meaning in those, which, he says, Turner, "because he could not get his mill dissected, and show us *the real heart* and centre of the whole, has put *lying outside*, at the bottom of it. There—the *first cause and motive of all the fabric*, laid at its foundation; and beside them the cart which is to *fulfil the end of the fabric's being*, and take home the sack of flour." We live to learn: one would have thought the fabric was more the motive of the stones than they of the fabric; but let that pass. Of millstones thus placed he might have found instances enough and to spare; there is one in an engraved windmill of Constable's not introduced under the pressure of any such perplexity as Turner's, but simply because such things are to be seen more frequently at the foot of a mill than most other objects. And then the cart. How many hapless artists have put a cart by a mill, thus pregnant with meaning, which has hitherto been lost to the world, "*carent quia vate sacro*," one, that is, with Mr. Ruskin's obstetric skill. In the last plate of Finden's "Ports and Harbours of Great Britain," there is an old windmill at Rye, with just such spider-like legs as I have described; a millstone lying in the grass; the miller's cart close by, with the miller himself sitting on the shafts—carrying on "the end of the fabric's being" to a still more remote conclusion—

the garbled fragment of a definition. He next comes to quibbling. I think the reader must already suspect that it is not all on the side of Aristotle. But to proceed: Aristotle may have made some confusion as to the relative positions of envy, indignation, and malevolence, but Mr. Ruskin only makes it worse confounded: it is not worth while, however, to attempt to make it clearer, as this is not what is complained of. Had he merely stated that the antithesis was not strictly correct, the criticism might not have been disputed; indeed, Aristotle throws out what he says more as a suggestion than anything else, saying he should return to the subject; but he accuses him of tricks, of wilfully suppressing parts of his position, and catching at the mere verbal opposition of other parts in order to establish a theory. This I cannot believe; I cannot think it possible that Aristotle, the avowed opponent of the Sophists, could hope to throw dust in the eyes of the then frequenters of the schools of Athens by "quibbling sophistry," which is thus ignominiously exposed in this nineteenth century of the Christian era. His last mare's nest not all the quibbling in the whole world could, he says, for one moment hide from a practised eye. Aristotle says there are moral habits which have no name, amongst which is the opposite of intemperance. Temperance is the mean, intemperance is the one extreme; the other would be an insensibility to pleasures; but there is no name for it, because, in fact, there are no such persons; we will, he says, call them the insensate. The reader may see with Mr. Ruskin that the whole system here breaks down. It may be so, these chamois-hunting jumps over gulfs leave me far behind. We might now call the extreme asceticism, and Christian temperance might very properly be called a mean between it and intemperance: but if Aristotle had heard of such a thing, he probably would not have considered it what he wanted, holding, as he did, that morals had to do with habits to be desired, or otherwise, simply on their own account, without reference to any higher principle. This is the substance of the grand eureka; this, at least, is all that Mr. Ruskin brings forward to show the infatuation of our universities (of one of which all the world knows he is a graduate), still keeping as a class-book the works of a shallow, quibbling driveller, who could not, or would not, write plain Greek. Whence the lamentable dearth of logical education, and of sense to use what little there is,—which are the grand obstacles to the apprehension and appreciation of his, Mr. Ruskin's, works. I am so late in the field, that, very possibly, much of what I have been here saying, has been better said before. My excuse must be that I have for some years been living a very retired life in the country, not troubling myself about what Mr. Ruskin has been saying, or what has been said of him.

cutting his loaf, for the noontide meal. If, in sooth, the picturesque of windmills consists in their light, spindle form, and telling a long story, Turner was but a novice at it. Indeed I am not sure but that both he and his eulogist would have done well had they taken warning by Don Quixote, and let them alone. The fact is, this elaborate essay is all a mistake from beginning to end. The effect of Turner's study depends upon the chiaroscuro, and that not his own, but derived from Rembrandt. It is so like, in design and treatment,—though the mill is brought nearer,—to the well known Rembrandt's mill, that you may almost cut it out of the centre of that picture. He even brings forward Rembrandt's most striking passages—"the mill dark against the sky, yet proud, and on the hill-top," on which to moralise in Jaques's vein, "an hour by his dial," on the pathos of Turner, and by contrast, the vulgarity of Stanfield in making the sun shine on his old mill, because it is not as fresh as paint could make it. It is, I repeat, a study from Rembrandt; and Turner shows his want of knowledge whenever he attempts to alter it. His mill is much more in profile than Rembrandt's, and yet the inclination of the sails from the perpendicular, in order to catch the wind is even less, instead of which it ought to be much greater: so that in spite of what Mr. Ruskin says of "the exact swifthy sway of the sail," the arms seem to me to hang idly down; and I have no doubt an experienced eye, such as Mr. Abram Constable's (see Leslie's "Life," &c.) would decide at once that they never could go round. Mr. Ruskin would have given us much more practical information, if, instead of reminding us of the sad lessons in political economy to be got out of this mill, including the exact state of the miller's finances, and "a dim type of all melancholy human labour," he had explained why it was called "The Lock." For myself, until better informed, I shall always think that the sole reason for introducing the slight indications of flood-gates and figures, in the foreground, and thence naming it, is as a blind. A title derived from the real subject might have assisted in bringing up recollections of the prototype.

I have found nothing else in these volumes that directly bears upon Constable and his art. I must, however, be allowed to say a few words more on the general character of Mr. Ruskin's criticisms, and his competency to pass judgment upon them. In so doing it will be impossible to avoid bringing the painter a little in contact with the critic. I have no wish to impugn the latter's knowledge of Art—a point on which he shows himself somewhat sensitive. He says he has served a ten years' apprenticeship; the other devoted a life to it: and I recollect more than once in delivering his lectures—all of which were given within a few years of his death—he said he should not have presumed to speak so much *ex cathedra* at an earlier period of his career. I think it no presumption to affirm my belief that in all matters relating to Art accessible to a man who never left England, his knowledge was infinitely the more correct. The reader, however, need not regard my opinion; I would rather he read carefully his lectures, letters, and sayings on Art, as preserved by Mr. Leslie, and judge for himself. "Knowledge puffeth up, but charity edifieth."

Constable's knowledge delighted to edify or build up, to search out Art wherever he could find it impressed with the touch of nature. He rejected nothing for shortcoming or imperfection; his only distinction was between the genuine and true—that derived from the fountain head and the spurious or second-hand. "Mind," he says in a letter to Mr. Leslie, speaking of a Gainsborough, "I use no comparisons; nothing injures one's mind more than such modes of reasoning. No fine things will bear or want comparison; every fine thing is unique." The tendency of Mr. Ruskin's mind, on the other hand, seems to be towards the discovery of imperfection, and by a process of analysis, of sifting, and balancing this against that, to obtain a residuum of high Art. In some respects there was an affinity of sentiment between them, both strongly insistent upon the natural and real as the only source of the true and beautiful in Art. There is nothing which Mr. Ruskin has urged in this direction the substance of which the reader will not find given, if not as eloquently, quite as forcibly, in the recorded opinions of Constable. How is it, then, that, possessing great power of intuition, which no one will deny him, Mr. Ruskin has



so mean an opinion of Constable and his art, and of much Art that Constable loved? If I must give an opinion, I should say it is that the charm of this art is its poetic feeling, and that the turn of Mr. Ruskin's mind is essentially *unpoetic*. I don't know whether or not he may take this as a compliment. He says that "poets, and men of very strong feeling in general, are apt to be amongst the very worst judges of painting." This, perhaps, is not much to the point, and I feel bound to give my reasons for coming to this conclusion. I, of course, do not mean that he is incapable of appreciating poetic Art—all good Art is poetic; to use the forcible language of a modern divine, "poetry is the soul of painting, and without it painting is fit only to be bound apprentice to a surveyor" (Eruvin). Mr. Ruskin is an acute observer, and has a correct eye; what he selects as good is generally good, but it is selected, I suspect, for other qualities than poetic feeling. This, in itself, seems to have no charm for him. I form this opinion, first, from seeing that he regards Art so much through the spectacles of science. He says, "it is as ridiculous for a person to speak hesitatingly about laws of painting who has conscientiously given his time to their attainment as for Mr. Faraday to announce in a dubious manner that iron had an affinity for oxygen." And again: "A critic of Art has to take some note of many physical sciences, of optics, geometry, geology, botany, and anatomy." Wordsworth says "the contradistinction between poetry and matter-of-fact or science is more philosophical than between poetry and prose." And the natural philosopher,—

"One all eyes—  
One that would peep and botanize  
Upon his mother's grave,"—

is one of the few whom he so earnestly entreats not to approach too near the grave of the poet. I acknowledge that the contradiction between these statements appears greater than it really is. I am quite aware that the truths of science may, nay, must be brought to the aid of both Poetry and Art. Still, they are essentially distinct from it; both the sisters being pretty equally untrammelled by rules: and when Mr. Ruskin says the laws of painting are as fixed as those of science, I only wish he had specified some of them. Rules of grammar are as necessary for the poet as rules of perspective for the painter; but both these are still rules of science. Mr. Buruet has given us some laws of painting, but I think there are not many which he has made to appear as fixed and certain as the laws of chemical affinities. Mr. Ruskin certainly allows that there are many things in Art which cannot be brought under rules; but he seems to imply that these are the exceptions. Science analyses, poetry generalises; science addresses itself to the reason, poetry to the feelings; they haven't much in common. One of the most delightful effects of the poetic in Art is that quality in a landscape which is often familiarly described as *taking you out of doors*. This quality Mr. Ruskin allows that Claude and Constable's pictures possess more than Turner's. But it is a quality he thinks meanly of. "If," he says, "you want to feel as if you were walking in the fields, cannot you go and walk in them without help?" and then goes on to compare the relative value of a picture and a view from a window, making it entirely to depend upon what the view is, and what the picture; so utterly confounding nature and art, imitation and the thing to be imitated, that it can excite little surprise, that one who could so misunderstand the nature of all imitative art, should have but an obtuse sense of the poetic. There is another quality of painting, without which, the effect above alluded to—and as far as I can see, poetic effect generally—could not be produced, of which Mr. Ruskin thus speaks in a note:—"Though my pictures should have nothing else, they shall have chiaroscuro." (Constable, in Leslie's Life of him). It is singular to reflect what that fatal chiaroscuro has done to Art in the full extent of its influence. It has not only given shadow, but the shadow of death; passing over the face of the ancient Art, as death itself might over a fair human countenance; whispering, as it reduced it to the white projections and lightless orbits of the skull, 'thy face shall have nothing else, but it shall have chiaroscuro.' If by "it is singular to reflect," he means that it is a singular reflection, I quite assent, whatever there may be in it. I cannot, however, resist pointing out the *logical deduction* from Constable's words:

because he says that his pictures shall want anything or everything rather than chiaroscuro, therefore, he says, they shall have nothing else. His simile would imply that chiaroscuro had only to do with shadow; but Constable says in one of his lectures—"Chiaroscuro is by no means confined to dark pictures; the works of Cuyp, though generally light, are full of it. It may be defined as that power which creates space." I always thought Turner a great master of it: but I cannot go further into the subject; if the reader does not feel in his heart that Mr. Ruskin is wrong, I will not try to drive it into his head. I have felt vexed all along at being drawn on to say so much more than I had intended; and the more so that I felt I had a great deal to say on the poetry of much Art besides Constable's, which Mr. Ruskin treats with contempt; but I believe that I shall now pass this over with a very few observations. To what purpose would it be to reiterate what others have said before, only to call forth the same flippancy? Mr. Ruskin dismisses the art of the Poussins with the epithet "mere Pastoral." Say, for a moment, that it is mere Pastoral, which it is not, but grant it: Virgil is at least as great in the Pastoral as in the Epic. Cuyp gives us truths, but only "truths of the ditch and the dairy." Jacob Ruysdael is not even mentioned; though he might have been amongst "the teachers of Turner." I well remember Constable's exclamation of surprise at seeing a bright breezy pastiche of Turner's on the walls of Somerset House, with the description "Port Ruysdael" boldly appended to it in the catalogue; and Mr. Rogers, I have been told on good authority, considered him one of the most poetical, if not the most poetical, of landscape and marine painters. The whole school is denounced as *vulgar*, though Mr. Leslie, in his Handbook, which is here treated with contempt, has pointed out with much felicity that the masters of the Dutch schools, though they may be sometimes coarse, are never vulgar. Vulgar art is bad art. Burns is often coarse, never vulgar. But the most monstrous and extravagant assertion of all is, that none of these masters ever painted anything "in love of it." They painted "for the picture's sake, never because they loved the scene." Consequently, "from the last landscape of Tintoret, if we look for *life*, we must pass at once to the first of Turner."

Adulation like this is always more damaging to the idol than to any one else. It provokes comparison. It leads one to ask, Whether the man who could so enter into the very *genius loci* as to make a picture of a Dutch canal or an English lane *affecting*, or the one whose genius ranged over the world, sometimes to paint scenes which he never saw, had most love for what he painted. If this is false of any school, it is of the Dutch: the great charm of the works of which is, that they least suggest the idea of a picture; that they don't appear as if made to be looked at. The truth is, that which has so long blinded Mr. Ruskin to the poetic beauty of this class of Art has been his own unbounded self-confidence. If, instead of either deeming their opinions altogether unworthy of notice, or applying to them such epithets as "unfortunate," or "ill advised," the possibility had ever occurred to him that men of refined minds, and established reputations for practical skill, like Constable and Leslie, might see something more in this art than he did himself, he might, ere this, have learnt to appreciate much beauty to which he now shows himself totally insensible. In the little poem already quoted, there is another character described, whose communion with the poet is quite as earnestly deprecated as that of the mere naturalist:—

"A reasoning, self-sufficing thing,  
An intellectual All in All!"

And a very little farther on, there is a seeming paradox in the description of a poet, which I would earnestly commend to the attention of Mr. Ruskin:—

"You must love him, ere to you  
He will seem worthy of your love."

This is especially true of Constable, it is so of Turner, and of almost all men of original genius. Should he regard slightly the dictum of a poet, he may find the same sentiment frequently expressed in the works of a writer whose opinions he quotes with respect. Mr. Carlyle says of knowledge generally—

"To know a thing—what we call knowing, a man must first *love* the thing, sympathise with it—that is, be virtuously related to it. If he have not the justice to put down his own selfishness at every turn, the courage to stand by the dangerous—true at every turn, how shall he know?" ("Heroes and Hero-worship.") Until Mr. Ruskin can so far come out of himself as to believe it possible that "there are more things in heaven and earth than are yet dreamt of in his philosophy," he will never *know*, much less feel, the full power of the *poetic*. I must be allowed, in conclusion, a few words on the poetry of Constable. In some remarks which I casually made whilst on a visit to the scenes which Constable painted, in company with Mr. Leslie, and to which he gave an undue importance by inserting them in his memoir, I alluded to certain qualities in Constable's art, and quoted a trite maxim to show that a distinguishing characteristic, their oneness, had ever been held essential to poetry. I am not going to repeat them. Two short passages from his letters to Archdeacon Fisher will give the reader a much clearer insight into his mind and art. His friend had been tempting him by describing some of his own congenial subjects, which he had seen in Hampshire: "mills, roaring backwaters, withy beds, &c." His first exclamation in reply is, "How I wish I had been with you!" but he presently adds, "still, I should paint *my own places* best; painting is with me but another word for feeling, and I associate 'my careless boyhood' with all that lies on the banks of the Stour; these scenes made me a painter, and I am grateful." This is the man who had no feeling for what he painted. Again, the archdeacon had been suggesting his varying his subjects a little. He says, in answer, "I imagine myself driving a nail; I have driven it some way, and by persisting I may drive it home; by quitting it to attack others, though I may amuse myself, I do not advance beyond the first, while that particular nail stands still. No man who can do one thing well will be able to do any other thing equally well." This will, doubtless, appear a narrow and contemptible scope for Art to Mr. Ruskin. He prefers general mediocrity to particular excellence. "Had Claude," he says, "been a great man, he would not have been so steadfastly set on painting effects of sun; he would have looked at all nature, and all Art, and would have painted sun effects somewhat worse, and nature universally much better." I will appeal against this dogma to one whose name will carry much more weight with it in all that regards poetry, and whose remarks appear to me to bear with even greater force on painting. The very year after the life of Constable appeared, a course of lectures on the healing power of poetry was published at Oxford by the professor of poetry, Mr. Keble, and I confess that I reverted with much satisfaction and pleasure to many such passages as those I have just transcribed, when I read in Mr. Keble's concluding summary the following, given as the characteristics or qualifications for a great poet:—"Neque enim rates unquam erit egregius, qui non assidue versabitur in omni hac celi ac terrarum pulchritudine, ea mente, ut omnia et singula ad eam partem convertat, quo tendat ipse semper amore et studio."—"Deinde in ea provincia, quam non invita Minerva semel sibi delegerit aliquis, fortis volo sit atque constans; neve huc illuc volitando vires ingenii profundat, amittat fructum."—"Hoc age: sit aliquid unum atque simplex, quod in oculis atque in animo omni tempore teneatis."

I have now done—done, I trust, what I undertook to do, that is, proved these strictures on Constable and his art to be illiberal and unjust. In performing my task, I should not have so much assumed the privilege of years had I seen more respect paid to years and experience by their author. I am, as I said at the outset, under no apprehension for Constable's fame. It is not for the pen to effect that much now, one way or the other. Whether wisdom die with Mr. Ruskin, or whether his mantle descend on successors worthy hereafter to fill his office of guardian of the public taste, good art, the art of Raffaele and Claude, of Cuyp and Constable, will live as long as there are true hearts to see and feel in nature what they saw, and felt, and painted.

June, 1858.

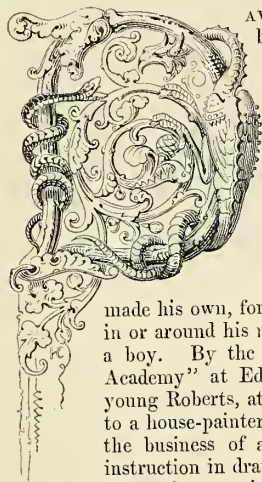
WILLIAM PURTON.



## BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXVI.—DAVID ROBERTS, R.A.



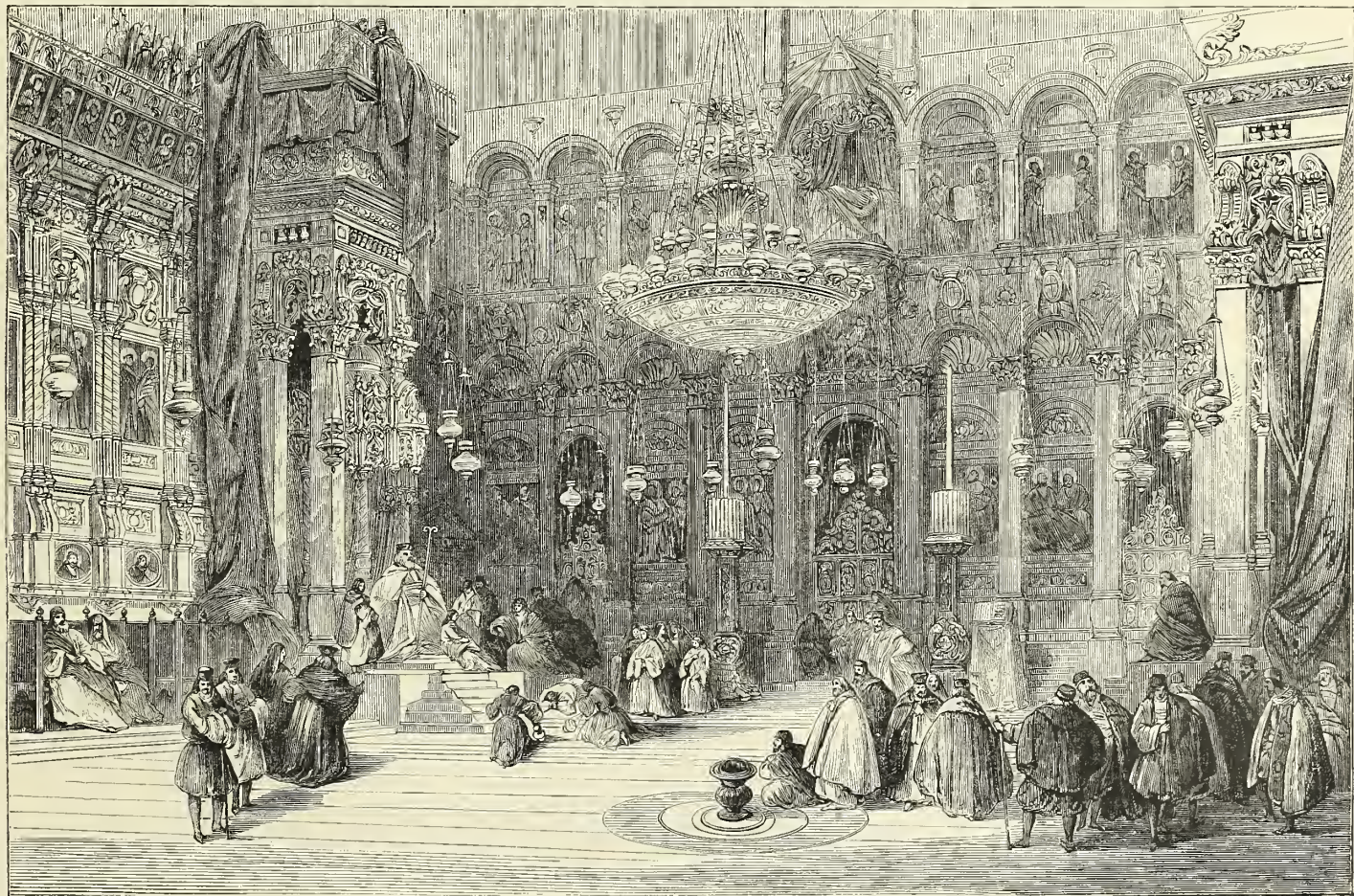
AVID ROBERTS was born at Stockbridge, near Edinburgh, October 24th, 1796: his early love of Art may in some measure be traced to a mother, to whom he was devotedly attached. She was a native of the ancient episcopal town of St. Andrew's, and often spoke to him of the magnificent remains of the cathedral and monastic edifices of this once celebrated seat of learning. These conversations, together with the legends connected with the locality, made a strong impression upon his boyish mind, and no doubt influenced his taste for Art towards that particular department which he may be said to have made his own, for there was scarcely an old castle or ruined chapel in or around his native town that he did not visit and sketch when a boy. By the advice of Graham, director of the "Trustees' Academy" at Edinburgh, and the master of Wilkie and Allan, young Roberts, at the early age of about ten years, was apprenticed to a house-painter named Gavin Beugo, who, having once followed the business of a herald-painter, probably gave the lad some little instruction in drawing: beyond this, we believe, he has never been indebted to a single individual for helping him onwards in the art he has practised with so great honour to himself, and so instructively and delightfully for others. His own perseverance and unwearied industry have enabled him to overcome difficulties which, even with the aid of the best instruction, are but rarely mastered.

No man of a rightly-constituted mind, who has risen to eminence from comparative obscurity, ever feels ashamed to speak of his humble origin, or of

the trials and difficulties he has had to encounter during his progress through life; nor need he. The world—or at least that portion of it whose good opinion is alone worth having—values a man for what he is, and not for what his progenitors may chance to have been. David Roberts is one of those who, when the occasion demands any admission of the kind, makes no secret of his early occupations and engagements. Having served a long and wearisome apprenticeship of seven years to Beugo, a harsh and overbearing master, we hear of him, in 1818, as assistant scene-painter at the Pantheon, a second-rate theatre in Edinburgh, under one Dearlove, of whom nothing is known. In the following year he became principal painter at the Theatre Royal, Glasgow, and in 1820 and 1821, at the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. Before the latter year expired, his fame had reached the ears of the then lessee of Drury Lane, the celebrated Ellistoun, who offered him an engagement for three years, in conjunction with his friend Clarkson Stanfield: it is a singular circumstance that these two fellow-labourers should have lived each to become the most distinguished artist in his respective department, and both to attain the highest academical honours. The remarks we made in the biography of Stanfield touching his great merits as a scene-painter, apply with equal justice to his friend Roberts.

From this point of time the history of Roberts as a painter in oils really commences, his first picture being exhibited at the British Institution in 1824. It was about this period that the Society of British Artists was instituted; both Stanfield and Roberts were among its original members: here, as well as at the British Institution and the Royal Academy, both were constant exhibitors. But all who remember the beautiful series of pictures, for they could scarcely be called scenes, which the two artists produced at Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, till 1830, must have felt how greatly these pictorial works influenced public taste in what was beautiful in scenic art, compared with what had previously existed.

The first picture exhibited at the Academy by Roberts was a "View of Rouen Cathedral;" this was in 1826. Notwithstanding the incessant demands upon his time during the early period of his career, he found frequent opportunities for visiting the continent, for many of his exhibited pictures were subjects sketched in France, Germany, and Belgium, while his own native land was not forgotten: every successive year, during the life-time of his parents, did he visit them, and on these occasions he was accustomed to make excursions



Engraved by]

INTERIOR OF THE GREEK CHURCH, CONSTANTINOPLE.

[Butterworth and Heath.

sions through various parts of Scotland containing remarkable ancient edifices, of which he made drawings. One of the results arising from these home-travels was a series of etchings on copper, by his own hand, of the antiquities of Scotland, which were carried to a considerable extent; but from circumstances over which he had unfortunately little control, they were abandoned and never again resumed.

As soon as he found himself firmly established in the estimation of the public in a line of Art almost entirely his own, and enjoying the support and friendship of some of the greatest patrons of Art, among whom Lord Northwick claims especial mention, Roberts gradually relinquished painting for the

theatres, and restricted his labours within the limits of the studio. With the view of opening up what to him was new ground for operations, he proposed to visit Italy; but his friend Wilkie advised him to relinquish this plan, and explore Spain instead, as a country less known, and one offering a richer field for his pencil: this was in 1832. The same year, and before quitting England, he completed, and superintended the engraving of, a series of drawings for Sir E. Bulwer Lytton's "Pilgrims of the Rhine," a work created, so to speak, by those elegant serials, the "Annuals." It is not, we believe, generally known that the drawings alluded to were intended originally to come out as an "Annual," and the book was actually written for the drawings, instead of the

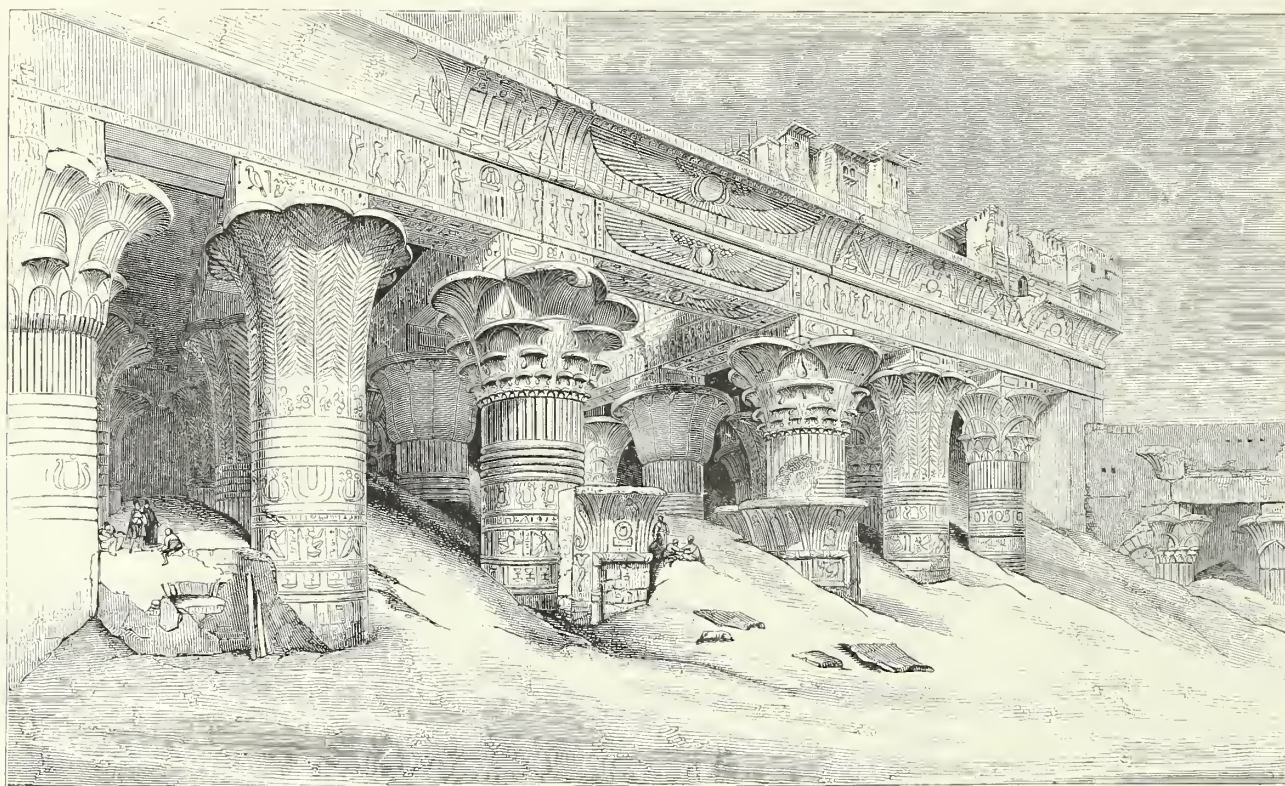


drawings being made to suit the text, as one would naturally suppose in a work of this character.

Roberts devoted a portion of 1832, and the greater part of the following year, to his Spanish tour; and after visiting Burgos, Madrid, Toledo, Segovia, Cordova, Granada, Malaga, Gibraltar, Cadiz, and Seville, settled down for a time in the last-named city, where, acting upon the suggestion of another artist-friend, the late Sir William Allan, he painted several pictures in oil, two of the principal of which are the property of Mr. Lewis Lloyd, and were among the Art-treasures recently collected at Manchester; these two are "The Interior of the Cathedral of Seville during the ceremony of the Corpus Christi," and "The Tower at Seville, called 'the Gáldá.'" On his return from Spain in the latter part of 1833, he followed the series of beautiful annuals commenced by Prout, and continued by Harding, which were published by Jennings under the title of "The Landscap Annual." Roberts's contributions to this work extended over four consecutive years, and with the exception of John Lewis's "Sketches in Spain," they are almost the sole pictorial records we have of that romantic and picturesque country: they have been copied, or rather pirated, again and again. A large folio volume executed in lithography, many of them by Roberts himself, was another of the results of his journey into Spain. One of the best pictures that have come from his easel is a Spanish subject, "The Chapel of Ferdinand and Isabella, at Granada;" it was exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1836, and was purchased by the late celebrated connoisseur, Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey. This work, in all probability, was indirectly, if not directly, the means of his secession from the Society of British Artists,—of which, by the way, he was for some time vice-president,—and ultimately of his placing himself on the list of candidates for

admission into the ranks of the Royal Academy. It was necessary to withdraw from his old colleagues in Suffolk Street to render himself eligible for election into the academical body, for by one of the standing rules of the Academy—and the sooner it is expunged from the statute-book the better, it is a paltry, illiberal law—no member of any other Art-institution in London is allowed to become a candidate for the Academy. Stanfield having led the way already in this move, his friend Roberts qualified himself for following in the same steps by paying the fine provided by the laws of the Society of British Artists in the event of secession by one of its members, amounting to one hundred pounds, and a similar sum for his share of its liabilities. It is not for us to question how far these two pillars of that institution were right in their withdrawal, but certain it is that the interests of the society were materially effected by their absence from its annual exhibitions, no less than from its councils. So long, however, as honours are attainable, most men will strive to reach them: moreover, there were, we believe, other causes which operated to induce Roberts and his friend to act as they did in this matter. The former was elected associate of the Academy in 1838, four years after Stanfield had received his diploma of Academician.

But before the election of Roberts as a junior member of the Academy, he was making preparations for the most important event of his life, namely, a journey to Palestine, Egypt, &c.: this was an undertaking he had long contemplated, and it seems to have been entered upon solely from a love of artistic adventure: for although, as we have just remarked, he had not yet been admitted into the ranks of the Academy, his fame was not only well established, but he was on the most friendly terms with the leading men in it at that time, Wilkie, Turner, Callcott, Landseer, &c.; and among the most liberal patrons



Engraved by]

PORTICO OF THE TEMPLE, EDFOU, UPPER EGYPT.

[O. Jewitt.

of Art, his works had found place in the collections of Lord Northwick, the Duke of Bedford, the Earl of Essex, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the late Sir Robert Peel, General Phipps, the late Mr. Vernon, Mr. Sheepshanks, &c. &c.

Supplied with letters of introduction from the Foreign-office to Colonel, now General Campbell, Consul-general for Egypt, Roberts started from England on his great and hazardous expedition in August, 1838, taking the route by Paris and Marseilles. He arrived in Egypt at the period of the year that is termed "high Nile," when the Delta is under water—a time when that most remarkable country is seen to the greatest advantage, and when each village, mosque, and temple seems to float upon the surface of the water. On reaching Cairo the traveller found the consul ready to afford him every assistance in the prosecution of his object; indeed, both with respect to this journey and that into Spain, Roberts received the most flattering marks of attention from the British authorities; some of those to whose friendly aid he was indebted have been gathered to their fathers,—as Mr. Mark, Consul at Malaga, Sir John Brakenbury, Consul at Cadiz, Mr. Drummond Hay, Consul at Tangiers, in Barbary,—but he often speaks with gratitude and esteem of the great kindness these gentlemen showed him on all occasions.

Roberts ascended the Nile in a boat fully equipped, provided for him by Colonel Campbell, and accompanied in a second boat by Colonel Nelley, of the 99th regiment, and a friend of the latter officer, Mr. Vanderhorst, a British West Indian. By the time they reached the second cataract the two latter gentlemen had become blind from ophthalmia; the artist, though exposed to a burning sun, and constantly sketching, most providentially escaped the calamity: we have heard him remark that he never enjoyed better health than during the period he passed on the Nile. It was not till his return to Cairo, in the month of

December, that he heard of his election, during his absence, into the Academy as Associate; the intelligence reached him at an opportune moment, for he had been left so much by himself and to his own meditations that, as he once told us, he had "begun to take an unfavourable view of most things."

In February, 1839, he left Cairo in the company of two friends, Mr. J. Pell and Mr. J. W. Kinnear, the latter of whom wrote an account of the journey,\* to cross the desert by way of Suez, Mount Sinai, and Petra, with a caravan of twenty-one camels; and, including themselves, their servants, dragoman, and Arabs, as many men. Such a muster seems more like an expedition of a predatory nature than a company whose primary object was to search out for the picturesque—certainly an artist has rarely gone forth to his labours with so imposing a cavalcade. Roberts parted from Kinnear at Gaza, and reached Jerusalem at Easter, when pilgrims assemble in the sacred city to witness the *descent of the holy fire*—a monstrous imposition, and to bathe in the river Jordan. Having visited the most remarkable places from "Dan to Beersheba" illustrative of Biblical history, he returned to England in the latter part of 1839, after an absence of about sixteen months.

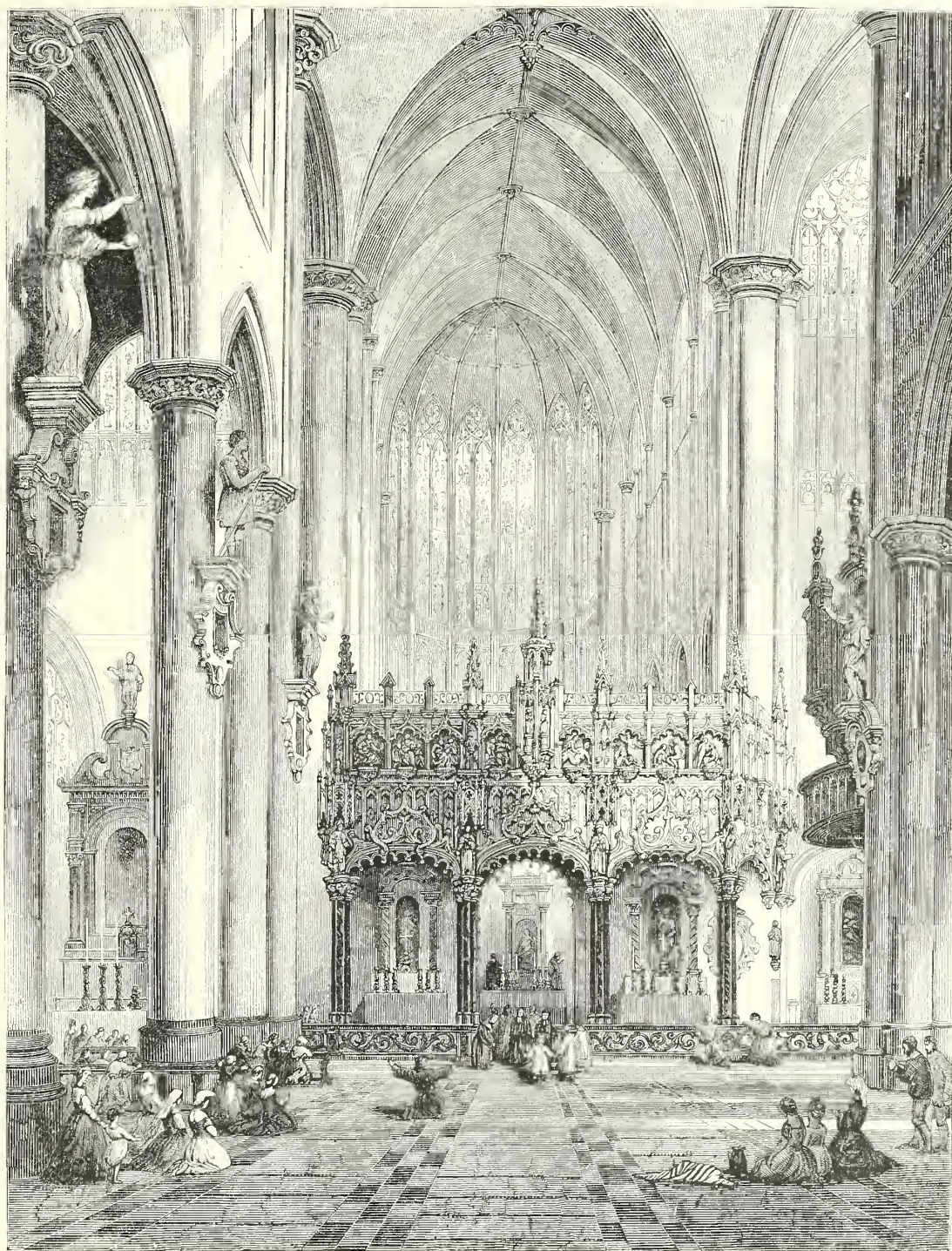
The fruits of this expedition are too well known to require pointing out—"Roberts's Holy Land" has a world-wide reputation; nothing of a similar character has ever been produced that can bear comparison with it. On the artist's return, he submitted his drawings to that "most enterprising and prince of all publishers," Alderman Sir F. G. Moon, who arranged with him to bring out a work illustrative of Scripture history, and to give him the sum of £3000 for the copyright of the sketches, and for superintending their reproduction in

\* "Cairo, Petra, and Damascus," by J. W. Kinnear. Published by J. Murray, London.



lithography, a task intrusted to Mr. Louis Haghe. Now this sum of £3000 seems at first sight a very large amount to receive, but when we consider the toil and the dangers experienced by the artist in collecting his materials, and that he and Haghe were occupied nearly eight years in preparing them for publication, the sum dwindles into a very insignificant amount. If Roberts acquired a large increase of fame by his labours, the publisher found the speculation—scarcely a speculation, however, it was a sure success—most profitable; and, as for substantial honours, those awarded to the latter far exceeded any bestowed on the painter, diamond decorations from emperors and kings are the rewards given to commercial enterprise, not to the men who labour with pen or pencil, night and day, in the quietude of their study; and they were the

offerings made to the worthy alderman, while the painter was decorated with the crown of bay-leaves, and, a year after his return, was elected full member of the Royal Academy. If we have been rightly informed, neither Roberts nor his able coadjutor, Louis Haghe, has derived the least pecuniary advantage from the sale of this work, notwithstanding its large and profitable circulation, beyond the original sum paid for the copyright and superintendence of production. Perhaps the painter never expected anything more than what he was justly entitled to, and if so, he has not been disappointed; but he certainly did not expect to find his work pirated and published *without his name even being attached to it*, which a publisher of Brussels has had the effrontery to do, and has received honours from most of the crowned heads of Europe as if



Engraved by]

CHURCH OF ST. GOMER, BRUSSELS.

[O. Jevitt.

for an original work, while his holiness the pope has conferred a sacred order of merit upon this very unscrupulous Belgian, who unquestionably must feel proud of an honour so lightly and *worthily* won.

To attempt to give any analytical description of the pictures of this artist must be considered a superfluous task. His subjects are selected from the finest examples of ancient architecture which Europe possesses, whether ecclesiastical, civic, or domestic: his drawing is truthful, his colouring rich and brilliant, while the interest of the subjects is greatly augmented by the picturesque groups of figures, vividly and characteristically introduced. In some of the Venetian views, especially, lately exhibited, we felt some apprehension he was quitting the style of painting which had gained him so high a reputation for one more

sketchy, unfinished, and colourless; it seemed as if he adopted the plan of outlining the details of his subjects, both figures and architecture, with a pencil dipped in lamp-black, or dark neutral tint, before colouring them—a process that gives to the work a hard, formal character: but in the pictures exhibited this year, and the last, he has, in a great degree, reverted to his old practice, to the unqualified satisfaction of his numerous admirers.

Roberts has painted but few imaginary pictures; his two great works of this class are—"The Departure of the Israelites from Egypt," engraved many years ago by Quilley, in mezzotint; and "The Destruction of Jerusalem by the Romans," reproduced in chromo-lithography by Louis Haghe; they are both grand compositions—*épics*, they may be called, on canvas.



## TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 6.—SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, P.R.A.

ART in England owes much to "Sir Joshua;" he was ever consistent in enforcing its claims to due distinction; and when, with earnest labour, he had won for it an honourably recognised position, he, by his example, upheld the character of the artist, and in thought, word, and deed, was "a gentleman." Plympton may boast of his birth, but London has more reason to be proud of his residence.

The patient self-culture of the Devonshire lad in his somewhat dull home must be read in the pages of his biographers, and he has had many. The history shows, as usual, "that the child is father to the man," and how little comprehension parents sometimes have of their children's soul-struggles. His continuous sketching, and neglect of dull school-routine work, were considered as waste time by his father, when he wrote on the back of one of his drawings, "Done by Joshua, out of pure idleness." How frequently such earnest training has been thus stigmatised by parents who, not understanding the phrase, "As the twig is bent the tree inclines," imagine that they are to bend it as they will! Joshua was "fated" to be a painter—it was no evil fate for him; but it was no act of good fortune that gave him Hudson, the portrait manufacturer, for his master—a complete tradesman in Art, without enthusiasm or fancy; the young painter possessed both, and Hudson could not endure the success his heterodox disregard of mechanical rule evinced, so they parted, little pleased with each other. Reynolds went to Plymouth, practised there for some years, and at the age of twenty-three returned to London, and resided for a time in St. Martin's Lane. Cunningham thus speaks of his position:—"His growing fame and skill acquired and secured friends, and his graceful and unassuming manners were likely to forward his success; he was polite without meanness, and independent without arrogance."

Foreign travel expanded Reynolds's mind soon after this, and his remarks on the great continental galleries evince the judgment of a sound critic, combined with that knowledge of the practical part of Art which few who write on Art possess. He returned in October, 1752, and again established himself in St. Martin's Lane. J. T. Smith describes him as having once lived in the large house behind No. 104, in the lane: Sir James Thornhill, Hogarth's father-in-law, had previously resided in it, and painted the staircase with allegorical subjects; Van Nost, the sculptor, then inhabited it, and afterwards Francis Hayman, the great book-plate designer, and companion of Hogarth. Malone describes its situation "nearly opposite to May's Buildings." At this period the locality was a favourite one for artists, and in a court at the lower part of the lane was the first "joint-stock" Academy supported by English artists for their own use, and which led to the foundation of the Royal Academy on the 10th of December, 1768, with Reynolds as its president, knighted on the occasion.

Long before this event he had left St. Martin's Lane, to reside in the house, now No. 5, on the north side of Great Newport Street, from whence he removed, in 1761, to Leicester Square, inhabiting the house now used for the Western Literary Institution (No. 47, on the west side): here he kept "open house" for the best literary society—Johnson, Goldsmith, Burke, Garriek—all who made the era famous were welcome to his house. At that time the square was "aristocratic"—nay, pastoral, for it occasionally rejoiced in the name of "Leicester Fields," and was as much in the outskirts of London as Bayswater is in the present day. The square itself was a pleasant garden, and our sketch of the house was taken thirty years ago, when trees flourished there, and a statue of George II., in the centre, was opposite his windows, as if to remind the President of "the Royal" Academy that Art had triumphed over a sovereign who hated poets and painters.

His studio is described by Cunningham as "octagonal, some 20 feet long, 16 broad, and about 15 feet high. The window was small and square, and the sill 9 feet from the floor. His sitters' chair moved on castors, and stood above the floor a foot and a half; he held his palettes by a handle, and the sticks of his brushes were 18 inches long.

He wrought standing, and with great celerity. He rose early, breakfasted at nine, entered his study at ten, examined designs, or touched unfinished portraits, till eleven brought a sitter; painted till four, then dressed, and gave the evening to company." Then came "the rough abundance" of his dinners, and the noisy hilarity of his guests; "for," says Northcote, "as Sir Joshua's companions were chiefly men of genius, they were often disputatious and vehement in argument." But age came, and death

thinned the numbers of the talented friends who were once his frequent companions. Cunningham has a melancholy story of his last days, when a little bird he had tamed, and talked with as a friend, flew from an open window, and Reynolds roamed for hours about Leicester Square in a vain search for the feathered favourite, rendered doubly dear to the old man by his loneliness.

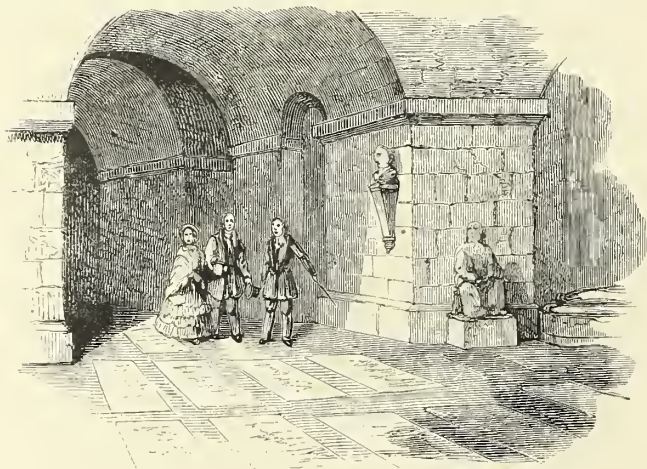
He died on the 23rd of February, 1792, and a long procession of ninety-two carriages followed the



REYNOLDS'S HOUSE, LEICESTER SQUARE.

hearse that conveyed his body from the house he had so long inhabited to the crypt of St. Paul's. There, among other great names in Art, the last resting-place of Reynolds may be noted. Our cut shows the grave-stones as they lie thickly in this spot. What names are upon them to call up pleasant memories of men who have made English Art famous! Lawrence, West, Dance, are on the upper stones; Turner, Barry, Reynolds, on the lower; Fuseli, Dawe, and Opie, beside them. It is sacred

ground, and no spot of "mother earth" can show an equal number of names, all noted in a great and ennobling profession, "at rest from their labours." Reynolds's tomb is the third from the spectators left in the front row of slabs. There is a solemn influence over the whole scene—the stronger perhaps for the solitude and gloom which the visitor experiences immediately after the turmoil of the busiest of London thoroughfares, which he has just left to descend into these vaults.



CRYPT OF ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

We bid adieu to the grave of our great countryman, remembering the noble epitome of his character pronounced by his eloquent friend, Edmund Burke—"In full influence of foreign and domestic fame, admired by the expert in Art, and by the learned in Science, courted by the great, caressed by sovereign powers, and celebrated by distinguished poets, his native humility, modesty, and candour, never forsok him, even on surprise or provocation; nor was the least degree of arrogance or assumption visible to the most scrutinizing eye in any part of his conduct or discourse."

A statue, by Flaxman, is placed in the corridor beneath the dome of St. Paul's. It represents Reynolds in his robes as president, with the volume of his lectures in his hand. He is the only artist so honoured there, and the simple propriety of the figure casts into shade the allegories, "and such branches of learning," which disfigure many other memorials in the sacred edifice. It is a honest statue of an Englishman, by a true artist, who, poetic in the highest sense, could also feel the beauty of simple truth where truth is chiefly valuable.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



## ARTISTIC COPYRIGHT.

"Not very long ago, an artist of established repute, whose pictures bear high prices, was visited by a dealer; and the following brief conversation took place between them:—

"*The dealer.*—'I have about a dozen paintings in your style; and, if you will give about half an hour's touching on each of them, and sign them with your name, I will give you £500.'

"*The artist.*—'Sir, you mean to tempt me to commit an infamous fraud. I request, you will instantly leave my house.'

"There is little doubt, however, that the dealer did without the artist; and it is not improbable that an unscrupulous 'brother' was found to do the touching, and to sign the name, at much less cost to the dealer."

This paragraph we copy from the number of the *Art-Journal* for December last;—and in the article in that number wherein it is introduced as a note, we stated broadly as follows:—"We can tell where Stanfields, Turners, Wards, and Creswicks, as well as Linnells, are hanging in glory upon walls, in magnificently furnished drawing-rooms, or in spacious galleries, which these artists never saw, each of which is worth 'about six pounds,' but for which their unenlightened owners have paid hundreds."

The paragraphs in question point to one of the more direct and obvious of the many evils that have arisen out of the unsettled law of copyright in works of Art; but we have copied them here because they show the evil in that precise point of view which should enable the artist, if he be clear-sighted, to see it on two sides. Of course, it is apparent enough, on the one side, how much the artist is exposed to suffer, in pocket and in reputation, by such a state of things as these paragraphs disclose; but he may, we think, at the same time, be startled by them into inquiring how far the practices indicated reflect, from the other side, certain loose and questionable practices of his own. An anecdote like the above might suggest the policy of examining whether the immoralities which invade his interests have to any extent derived their sanctions, or their opportunities, from irregularities in his methods of dealing. It is important, that the principles which the artist seeks to establish as the law of security to himself, shall not be capable of being referred to as sustaining an impeachment of his assumed relations to others. If it be hoped to obtain such a law of copyright as will give perfect protection to the artist as against the pirate, care must be taken that the law shall be so framed as to define reasonably, and recognise clearly, the rights of others as against the artist himself.

We shall have occasion to show more clearly what we mean by these hints, in the course of that examination which we propose to institute into the various questions seeking for solution by means of the movement now making for a summary revision of the law that affects the property in works of Art. For the purpose of raising the discussion on the several points, it will be convenient that we should go into something like a statement of the present position of the general question.

Our readers know, that the sense of wrong under which the artists of this country have long suffered, arising out of the insufficient amount of property which they have in the productions of their own genius,—and their indignation at the frauds perpetrated against them, under shelter of the defective arrangements by which even that insufficient amount is secured,—have found, at last, what they have wanted so long—an authoritative exponent, in the person of the Society of Arts. For a people singularly quick, as we English are, at the apprehension of a grievance, we are a people

curiously slow in our progress towards a remedy. In the history of a large proportion of our national redresses, there is always a period during which the parties complaining have been content, apparently, with the complaint itself, and have accepted the right of that complaint as to some extent, and for a time, a satisfaction of their demands. Most of our great social causes have had their many victims, ere they found their one efficient apostle. There comes a time, at length, however, when the widely spread feeling of an injustice suffered, begins to gather towards a practical issue; and, in the present case, the Society of Arts has offered itself as a conductor to the floating discontent, and constituted itself the centre of that combined movement which is the only agency that can command a cure. The office is a responsible one,—but one which it befits the character and position of this body to assume. The important matter is, that, *having* assumed it, the society shall not overlook the responsibility which it involves. They who undertake to collect a scattered body of moral forces, with a view to phenomenal action, must be held to some extent answerable for the character of the phenomena produced. Just because it is probable that the artists would not have been able, for the present, to move towards their end without the help of the Society of Arts,—it behoves the Society of Arts, which has set them in motion, to see that their end is truly attained. The Society of Arts would scarcely, we presume, offer itself as the conductor of opinions which it might not to some reasonable extent control; and from its corporate chair it has a clear view over the whole field of the inquiry. With its generality of range and vision, it should see a peril, where the artist, with his personal views, may not. We believe we can show this body, that certain tendencies in the nature of the legislation now sought, involve a danger to the artist whom it seeks to serve,—the danger, that his interests may be sacrificed in the name of his claims,—and that, in the desire to secure to him the right of way over too large a privilege, the way chosen may be that which leads him out of his market.

To proceed with our narrative.—The first step taken by the Society of Arts, for the purpose of carrying out the objects which they had taken in hand, was, the appointment, as our readers already know, of a committee, embracing a large amount of the necessary conditions, to conduct the investigations. This committee, after wasting some time in doing little or nothing, as is the manner of committees, arrived at two measures of movement. It called on its elected reporter, Mr. D. Robertson Blaine, a barrister, to furnish it with a Report explaining the existing common and statute laws relating to the subject of artistic copyright:—and it addressed to the body of artists generally a series of questions, the object of which was, to obtain from them the statement of any instances of infringement of the rights derived under such laws,—so far as there might be any to infringe,—that may have come under the notice of each of them as individuals. The artists were also, and at the same time, invited to state their individual views as to the best means of applying a remedy to the existing imperfections in the copyright law, and a check to the fraudulent practices which find impunity under it. As was expected, the answers of the artists disclosed such a state of things as furnishes an imperative argument for the summary interference of the legislator. In the uncertain twilight of copyright privilege, a host of light-fingered gentlemen are abroad who demand the immediate action of the parliamentary policeman. By favour of an undefined law, a set of predatory practices have sprung up, which defy at once the producers and the purchasers of works of Art.

In addition to the material wrong which these practices inflict on the artist in common with the Art collector, they have this further, and yet more unhappy, effect for the artist in particular,—that they tempt him—and too successfully—on to the debateable ground whereon such practitioners find their prey. Of course, we know the qualification that will be demanded of us here. By the very conditions of the proposition, *of course* it is the "less reputable" portion of the artist body who lend themselves to the forgery of copies,—and to all that vile machinery of spurious manufacture, in virtue of which no eminent artist is secure against larceny at once on his fame and on his profits, and no careless or incompetent collector safe against the degradation of his collection. But, besides the fact, that the young or the needy artist is painfully exposed, as we have said, to the temptation of being seduced into the class of the "less reputable" by the opportunities thus afforded,—it rarely happens, that a relaxation of the moral code comes to be legally tolerated in *any* branch of any profession,—to be recognised as a familiar incident, for which there is no remedy,—without the taint sapping upwards, and exhibiting itself, at times, in places where it should be least expected. The pitch that society permits itself habitually to touch, will, on the very highest authority, defile what it touches,—and what it touches of course stands near and dangerous neighbour to something just above itself. The theory of contagious dissemination is sound doctrine at least in morals.—Wherever the law has neglected to draw its strong border lines, the merely theoretic ones that embrace an unsettled practice are disputable at will and removable at convenience. The story of our own modern Art and artists is not without its painful illustration of these truths. Our readers will scarcely have forgotten a very distressing case which took place not many years ago, wherein the revelation of professional malpractice fell in the very highest Art-quarter. The wrong charged belonged essentially to that same family of offences the known existence of which led the dealer, who has furnished us with the dramatic opening of our article, to the door of an artist who had himself sufficient scorn of all such immoralities to order his summary expulsion. Notwithstanding, however, the extreme peril which the dealer incurred of being kicked in this particular quarter, his application was only a fair corollary from a state of things known to himself,—and of which the example we are now alluding to furnished the general public with an unexpected proof. The delinquent in the painful instance in question was a member of the Royal Academy, in the first degree; and although the public exposure in his case necessarily marked him out for a victim, yet there was only too much reason to apprehend that his delinquency not very unfairly represented a set of practices which had been looked upon with, at least, indulgence, until exhibited in the strong light of this exposure. It was not quite confidently felt, that there was all the distance between his offence, and the average doings of some unimpeached branches of the profession, that was expressed in the large amount of virtuous indignation which was formulated for the occasion. At any rate, the best actual security for right, in this very busy world of ours, will be, to have the right defined; and we are satisfied, that the high-minded majority in the artist body desire the settlement of all questions relating to the property in works of Art, as much on the moral grounds as on any other.

In any case, the Society of Arts, we repeat, received, it is said, in answer to the questions which they circulated amongst artists, a very large body of instances showing that the pirate is rampant in the field of Art, and establishing



the pressing importance, on many grounds, of setting the law in force against him. That the committee of this society have refrained from giving publicity to all or any of these instances, is a matter which we greatly regret, and by no means understand. The reason assigned by themselves, in their Report to the Council, for this abstinence, in regard to transactions which they characterize as "wrongful and fraudulent acts," is, that "the communications having been received confidentially," they "are prevented from publishing them." Now, really, this tenderness towards the dealers in fraud, whether on the part of the artist making, or on that of the society receiving, the communication, is a refinement on the code of honour which, we repeat, passes our apprehension. We have heard, certainly, of "honour amongst thieves,"—but, "honour towards thieves," is a new reading. In the duel of the swindler with society, it is something very like giving the swindler the choice of weapons. Why is there to be anything *confidential* in an artist's statement that some man has picked his pocket? In our opinion, the Society of Arts would have done its work better if it had published every one of the cases. The exposure, rather than the concealment, of such instances, seems to us to be expressly an element of the task which they have undertaken. Such exposure *we* have, at any rate, considered a portion of the business of this Journal for many years;—and we have acted on it with great success. We have not felt, that the interests of any class demanded a delicate forbearance on our part towards the robber class. As a consequence, we can flatter ourselves with the consciousness that we have disturbed, or broken up, more than one manufactory of "ancient masters,"—and by keeping prominently before the public the delinquencies of the dealers in "modern artists," have contributed, as became us, our part towards that growing indignation on the subject which has issued, now, in this movement for redress. However, since the Society of Arts is cautious of bringing the weight of its own denunciation to bear against the pirate,—let us see, by reference to the Report of Mr. Blaine, what means there are for his suppression under the law as it at present stands.

The aggregate of productions that may reasonably claim protection under any general law of copyright relating to works of Art, is divisible into three classes. The first and highest class is composed of all those works which include—whatever the technical Art-language that they speak—the spiritual element of design;—the works, in fact, which are the expression of the artist's individual thought, and include in themselves their own intellectual germ. The second class comprises those works which translate a thought not their own into another Art-tongue which they use,—but by means that still are Art proper:—such, for instance, as the drawing which renders in the flat an original statue, or presents the perspective lines of an architectural mass arranged into true picture. The third class,—such as engraving, in its various kinds,—translates too, but performs its translation by mechanical means,—and so provides for the wide diffusion of an original thought, and of its expressive forms, as printing does in the case of written mind. Unlike literary type, however, the great difference which there is between one man's engraving and another's, as a medium of translation, shows that in this class, also, there is an Art element, which may properly be made the subject of Art copyright. Now, referring, for the present, to the first of these classes only,—it might really be supposed, that if there be any one thing more personal to a man than most others,—anything most intimately and absolutely his own,—anything of which the beneficial usufruct to him and his, as against all others, might find its

justification in the nature of the property itself,—it should be, this product of his own heart,—these fruits sprung from the soil that God gave to himself for an undisputed possession, and ripened by the suns of his individual soul. The only way, however, by which, as it would appear, a man can retain a property in his own thoughts, in this land which is so jealous of the rights of property in general, is, by shutting them up in his own breast. The common law gives him no right in his own intellectual creations beyond the boundaries of the home in which they grew. His Art promissions, like other forms of mental expression, once abroad,—and they belong to the *sparsæ voces* which are held to be irreclaimable in all senses, because they are so in one. The common law deals with these things because of their transcendental nature, as it deals with things that are *fera natura*,—all men may run them down, and feed on them. According to Mr. Blaine,—who, as we have stated, has gone into the whole law of the subject,—by the common law of England, no copyright protection exists in favour of works of Art, beyond that which forbids their piratical publication by another so long as the author shall not himself have published them. Now, a slight matter constitutes publication, in the legal definition,—exhibition, for instance, on any walls to which the public have access.—At common law, everybody, we repeat, is free to steal a work of Art the moment it comes abroad;—which, of course, is pretty nearly equivalent, so far as common law is concerned, to shutting up the Arts of the country. What, then, has the statute law done for the artist, in correction of the common law? Why, if Mr. Blaine's law be good, simply nothing:—or, at all events, the very next thing to it.

The only protection given to painters by the legislature, is, that which they derive under the act known to lawyers as Hogarth's Act, and to the public by the plate which he engraved in commemoration of that act,—and under the several acts passed to amend it. Hogarth, however, was an engraver as well as a painter. "It was his *engravings* that were pirated; and his act was, therefore, framed to meet the requirements of his own case, and those of other artists similarly placed." The legislation which we owe to him gives no protection to pictures or drawings, *as such*;—but defends them against piracy only for the purposes of engraving from them.

By virtue of certain Acts passed in the reign of George III., the sculptor has a fourteen years' term of copyright in new works of sculpture, on certain conditions to be by him fulfilled,—and a further term of fourteen years, in case he shall be living at the expiration of the first term, and shall not have parted with his copyright in the meantime. The *conditions* which must be strictly fulfilled by him, on pain of the forfeiture of his copyright, are,—that he shall cause his name to be put on his work before the same shall be published,—and also the date of such first publication. Now, with regard to the insufficiency of this *certain* term of only fourteen years,—and it is all in which the sculptor's *family* take any interest, unless he himself shall outlive it; whereas forty-two years are given to books, and twenty-eight to pictures under the Engravings Acts already mentioned,—in regard, we say, to its insufficiency in the sculptor's case most particularly, Mr. Blaine states a strong argument, drawn from the peculiar nature of the sculptor's practice. "It frequently happens,"—he says, most truly,—"that a sketch is made of a statue which is not commissioned for many years afterwards. Now, to insure his copyright in such sketch, or first model, it seems, that the artist must place his name and date upon it when he first publishes or exhibits it. The first four-

teen years' copyright runs from that day,—and may, therefore, expire before the work has been executed on an enlarged scale, and consequently when, so executed, it would be entitled to no copyright."—It may be added, that the works of sculptors are very generally pirated by a class of persons against whom the existing laws, such as they are, afford but a useless remedy, such as it is. The wandering Italian who parades his piracies through all the public streets, and robs the sculptor of a portion of his profits by means of a distortion of his art, is admirable as a test of the latter's patience,—but scarcely tempts the summons for penalties or the action for damages. "How defective the present Sculpture Copyright Acts are in this respect," says Mr. Blaine, "may be judged of by the fact, that only *one* reported case arising under these acts is to be found. The instances of piracy are constant; but sculptors have wisely submitted to the invasion of their rights, rather than embark in litigation with men of straw."

This, then, with the exception of some very slight and nearly profitless relief offered under the Useful and Ornamental Designs Acts, is all that legislation has done in correction of the common law, with a view to enlarging the estate of artists in their own productions. The existing protection, now that it comes to be looked into, appears to be even less than was believed. In such a state of the law, there is no property which can with any certainty be made the subject of an action. Without the further aid of the legislature, there is, we repeat, no remedy, for either producer or purchaser, against the pirate:—as was most strikingly demonstrated by the final failure of justice in the recent case of *The Queen v. Cross*.

The bill now prepared on the artists' behalf, proposes to sweep away in a body the whole of the subsisting legislation—at once insufficient and inoperative—in the matter of copyright in Art,—and to replace the variety of acts thus repealed by one uniform and comprehensive enactment.—The subjects of the proposed new Copyright Law are described as being, "all drawings and pictures, models and works of sculpture, and carving, architectural plans, sections and elevations, etchings, engravings, woodcuts, lithographs, photographs, and all other works of the Fine Arts, made by any means or process, either separate or combined, now known, or which hereafter may be invented:—and to the author of every such work and his assigns, with an exception, to be hereafter referred to, is given a copyright therein for the term of the author's natural life, and for thirty years after his death.

It is explained by the bill, that, "in cases where any work of Fine Art shall have been first designed by the author thereof, the copyright in every such work shall mean and include the exclusive right of *copying*, reproducing and multiplying the same, or the *design thereof*, by any means, of any size, or for any purpose whatsoever; and, where any work of Fine Art shall *not* have been first designed by the author thereof, the copyright therein shall mean and include only the exclusive right of copying, reproducing, or multiplying the same work of any size."—The first part of the enactment embodied in this explanatory form is a very stringent one indeed,—and will hit a great number of practitioners whose practices can by no stress of fair interpretation be stigmatized as piracies, and attack a variety of interests which have no desire to sustain themselves by dishonourable means. If we understand it rightly, no person would be legally able, under its interdiction, to make any drawing or engraving, "for any purpose" of public information or public gratification, of such a public edifice, for instance, as Sir Charles Barry's new Houses of Parliament, or of any portion thereof, with-



out Sir Charles's consent (in writing, as by a subsequent enactment is required), previously obtained.—Another effect of this clause, if we read it rightly, will be, to throw us back upon the willow-pattern which mingled so wierdly in the dreams of our youth,—and has been receding more and more from our memories of that time, as new views of ceramic illustration usurped its place. The whole field of Art manufacture, which has had such rapid development amongst us of late, will be thrown out of cultivation by the enactments of this bill. The bill, if it shall grow into an act, will set up its snares all over that field; and the Art manufacturer, not knowing where he is safe on its high grounds, will retire, as we have said, upon his old wild walk among the willows.—However, there is retribution in this matter. As the Art manufacturer may not copy a statue, nor a landscape, nor an edifice, nor an Art device of any kind, on a vase or on a porcelain dish,—so, the artist will lose one obvious instrument for the circulation of his fame, as well as a means whereby, without injury to any interests of his own, he may be (as the true artist should desire to be) ministerial to the Art-education and Art-enjoyment of the people.

It is in the right spirit, however, that the bill proceeds to extend the copyright privilege, whatever it may be, to all places, in or out of the British dominions, and to all artists, whether British subjects or aliens:—and then, it declares, that “upon any sale, exchange, gift or bequest, of any work of Art, in which there shall be a subsisting copyright, by the proprietor of such copyright, such right shall not pass with the possession of such work, unless his intention to sell or otherwise dispose of such copyright be expressly declared in writing for that purpose.” To certain considerations connected with the policy of this enactment we shall have, at a later period of this article, to call the attention of our readers.—Infringement of copyright, in whomsoever vested, is by the bill—as we hope it will be by the new act—made a misdemeanour,—punishable, at the discretion of the Court, by imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for a term which is not to exceed two years—in addition to penalties and forfeitures of other kinds.—The forging, or altering, of the name, initials, monogram, or other signature, on a work of Art,—or the uttering of any such work, knowing it to have been so fraudently dealt with,—the offence for which, it seems, under the existing law, the Courts could not reach Mr. Closs,—is by the proposed new act made felony, and visited with transportation for life as its maximum penalty, or a range of alternative penalties left to the discretion of the Court, but the lowest of which is to be an imprisonment of two years.—In reference to this enactment, it is necessary to state, that Section VI. of the proposed act renders the affixing, “legibly and permanently,” of the author's “name, initials, or monogram,” on the face, or some other conspicuous part, of a work of Art, necessary to his acquisition of any copyright therein; and, in the case of etchings, engravings, lithographs, photographs, or works made by any other process whereby prints or copies may be mechanically or chemically multiplied indefinitely, the copyright in the work is to be forfeited unless the name, initials, or monogram, be impressed on each individual print or copy.

Before the publication of any impression from an incised plate, the bill requires, that public notice shall be given, by printed prospectus or advertisement, of the number of proofs or other first impressions intended to be taken from such plate,—and in default of such notice, not more than fifty are to be taken. All such proofs and other first impressions are to be numbered from One upwards consecu-

tively, and the number is to be legibly and permanently stamped on every such proof or first impression.—Any person wrongfully numbering, or altering the number on, any such proof or impression, or uttering such proof or impression with a knowledge that it has been so dealt with, is to be deemed guilty of a misdemeanour, and punished by imprisonment, with or without hard labour, for a term not exceeding two years, besides incurring a penalty of not less than ten pounds. This clause in the bill we reserve also for a few remarks,—together with that which immediately follows it, in case we rightly understand its intended effect.—“Where the author of an engraving, (the italics are ours,) or any other work of Fine Art, \* \* \* shall have sold or otherwise parted with the possession of such work, if any material alteration shall afterwards be made thereof, by repair, addition, or otherwise, no person shall be at liberty, during the life of the author of such work, without his consent, to make or knowingly to sell or publish for sale any copies of such work so altered as aforesaid, or of any part thereof.”—The language here is vague and enigmatical; but finding it in the connection that we do, we are led to conjecture that its intention is, that of helping to give effect to certain one of the objects avowedly put forward by the Society of Arts as bases of the legislation which they seek:—“To guard the public against \* \* \* the passing off, fraudulently, retouched engravings as first proofs, &c.,—or, as the works of the original engraver, though retouched by other hands.” As we have said, we shall have to return to the matters here involved,—for the purpose of endeavouring to call to them the very serious consideration of the artist body, ere the fatal blow to their interests thereby threatened be struck. Better no legislation at all, than legislation in a spirit like this. Better that the artist should resignedly accept his present condition, with all its uncertainties and drawbacks, than escape from the one and the other by commercial suicide.

Here, then, is a bill which, however it may err in some respects, will, at least, should it take the shape of an act of Parliament, and be so worded as to carry out its own objects, give to the artist and his family a reasonable amount of property in the work of his head and of his hands, and an effectual weapon against the fraudulent invader of that property. To every work of Fine Art there will, for the future, attach as its incident an exclusive proprietary right, originating, of course, in the author, and which he can assert for himself and assign to others.—It is at this point of assignment, however, and of the artist's relations to others which it affects, that certain questions arise which we think, as we have said, the former will do well very carefully to consider ere he commits himself to final legislation on the subject.

In that uncertainty which has existed as to an artist's own right in his works, it cannot be surprising that uncertainty should have prevailed as to what he passed to others,—and that a loose and unsettled state of things should have begotten a loose and unsettled practice. In this laxity of practice, however, it will not, we think, be difficult, in the end, to show, that the pirate has found, as we began this article by remarking, at once his opportunities, and such amount of merely logical justification as suits the morality of a pirate. By some it has been held, that the artist who sold a work of Art, sold it, as he would any other chattel—a house, or a horse,—with all its material incidents attaching; by others the works so sold have been dealt with after a fashion which reduces what the purchaser bought to little more than the right to hang them on his walls. A set of proprietary rights have been assumed to be reserved by the painter over a picture

for which a collector had paid a large price, that would assuredly have diminished the price by so much (*supposing the sale to have taken place at all*), in case the collector had known how limited a portion of the property in the picture it was which he was expected to receive in exchange. However spiritual a possession a work of Art may be, it is by its material incidents alone, that the law can deal with it as property; and to attempt to deal with these on conditions different from such as the law applies to other properties, will be found difficult in practice, and, as we believe, highly injurious in its consequences.—Now, we can imagine a man desiring to sell a horse, and reserve to himself the right to run it at all the public races, and the property in the stakes which it shall win,—but we cannot imagine his very easily finding a purchaser on such terms. Just such, however, has been the effect of the interpretation put by artists on a bargain in which the buyer believed he was a buyer of the whole.—Nay, so far is the illustration from being too highly coloured, that it is not highly coloured enough. The artist has claimed, as will be seen presently, even more than this: he has claimed the right to breed from the horse—or picture—too!

We have never doubted, for ourselves, that, according to all the analogies and moralities of the case, in every contract between an artist and his customer for the sale and purchase of a work of Art, the work passes with every property inherent in it,—subject to such express reservation of any such property or properties as may be agreed on at the time between the parties contracting. The purchaser's property in the thing bought and delivered is to be lessened, not enlarged, by any speciality in the terms. That, in the absence of a general declaration by law, or a particular declaration in the contract, seems to us the *reason* of the transaction.—Works of high Art, like all the works of mind, after the law has clothed them—as it *should*—with a property which may be made the subject of bargain and sale, have still this resulting gain to their authors over property of all other kinds:—there is a portion of them—and that the best—which cannot be sold. Whatever facilities legislation may create for enabling the artist to deal as chattel with the productions of his thought, there is yet that about them which legislative omnipotence cannot make into chattel. Alienate all you may of a great author's works,—and the author is still rich by virtue of them. Pass all you can,—and the artist yet retains a possession in his work that no bargain and sale can reach. The fame that belongs to a work of genius, the conveyancer is not subtle enough to transfer:—the consciousness that belongs to it, he must quit his desk to understand. It is just because of this transcendental character of a work of Art, that it has seemed difficult to clothe it with the tangibilities of property. This, however, the law does in its own way. Unable to deal with the property in the thought, it deals as a chattel with the form in which the thought is embodied; and in clothing it with the rights of property, subjects the work also to its liabilities. He who buys it, like him who buys anything else, buys whatever can be legally done with it,—unless at the time of the purchase he agrees to buy something less. The Society of Arts seem to us to have recognised the true principle in the exception at which we before hinted, as made by them in their general rule with regard to copyright. That exception relates to the case of portraits.—“The Copyright in all portraits of persons which shall hereafter be made or taken \* \* \* for pecuniary reward to the maker or taker thereof, \* \* \* shall, upon payment of such reward, and, in the absence of any express contract to the contrary, become the property of the person by whom such payment



shall have been made." We have been informed, indeed,—we know not how truly,—that even this exception has been struck out of an amended draft of the artists' bill. This, if it be fact, illustrates curiously enough the inconvenience of fighting against a principle. The framers of the bill would seem to have perceived, that to let the enemy get a lodgment at this point, was to give up to him the whole of the defenses. The entire question was probably, on further examination, felt to be surrendered by the admission which the exception made. Rather, therefore, than carry out to its consequences the principle let in by that exception, they surrender the exception itself;—though this absurdity, which it is clear they had not originally overlooked, is the result:—The man who orders an art copy of himself for the use of his family, and pays its price, acquires, at law, no further right in the transmission of his own face, foolish or otherwise, than the right to hang the individual copy in his house. The right to do whatever else can be done with the Art-creation which came of this desire for family commemoration, remains with the artist employed to realize the desire,—as against the family! The unobtrusive sitter, whose appeal to Art went no further than for such help as it can give towards keeping alive the fading memories in the home that he must one day leave, may find, that by means of his pious aspiration he has incurred the immortality of the print shops, whether he will or no. To a certain extent, and for certain purposes, he has created rights over his own person, adverse to himself!—The framers of the bill have contrived to apply the *reductio ad absurdum* to the principle involved, by the admission first and rejection afterwards of this exception.

For, as we have seen,—generally,—the artists have chosen—as, of course, they may—to shift the assumption from the ground on which we lay it. By the new act which they demand, the sale of a work of Art is to pass nothing more than can be *carried bodily away*,—all else remaining with the author. Whatever the purchaser obtains by his purchase more than the mere *thing*—picture, or statue—which he can so easily carry off, must be gained by terms of *enlargement* at the time of the contract,—instead of the reservation of any of the inherent properties of a bargained and sold chattel being by him surrendered only by terms of diminution. "Upon any sale, exchange, gift, or bequest of any work of Art, in which there shall be a subsisting copyright, by the proprietor of such copyright, such right shall not pass with the possession of such work, unless his intention to sell or otherwise dispose of such copyright be expressly declared in writing for that purpose."

Now, so far as the mere principle of the thing is concerned, it signifies little which way the matter be taken, so that it be thoroughly understood. When the law comes in to define, it may make its definition where it will, so that the definition be clear and notorious. As all parties will know what they are doing, there will be no wrong done in one view of the case more than in the other. The only difference will be, that he who *buys at all* will know that he buys less,—and so, will pay less.—But, we, who have very anxiously at heart the interests of artists, entertain them seriously to consider how far that difference will affect their relations to the patrons of Art. The artist will readily agree with us, of course, in such general propositions as, that he would profit little by the assertion of a privilege which should greatly narrow his market,—that nothing is gained by maintaining the right to a watercourse, if it be maintained by damming up the stream. We are intimately persuaded, both by the reasoning on the case and by facts within our own knowledge, that the sale of works of Art will be very materially diminished by the manner in which this bill

proposes to deal with the copyright that is obtained under it. There are whole classes of purchasers whom we verily believe this law would send at once into other markets. The modern artist,—who is not an unwise personage in his generation,—has not overlooked the fact, that a race of picture-buyers have arisen in our great commercial towns, many of whom are impelled into the Art-market by pretty much the same motives that take them into other markets where a commodity is to be bought and sold, and a profit made. They have learnt to look on modern pictures as a good investment,—and, yearly more and more, a ready one. How much the painters of modern pictures have been, and are, benefited by the existence and growth of such a class, they know:—what shall be thought, then, of the wisdom of that legislation which goes to strip a work of Art of its most marketable qualities, and so gives up the class?—Even among the more tasteful and luxurious buyers of pictures,—those who were the more ancient patrons of Art, and will always be the true ones,—how many do the artists think will continue to pay large prices for works of Art when it is known that they are encumbered with such conditions? How many will consent to buy a property over which the seller retains a property nearly as large as their own? How many will hang on their walls that over which some stranger outside has a right concurrent with theirs? Who will put pictures up in his home which the artist may take down to engrave? We know, ourselves, many who will *not*:—who will be no buyers of works of Art with such incidents.—We remarked some little way back, that, under such a view of the law, the buyer of a picture buys little more than the privilege to hang it on his walls; but this was too favourable a statement of the case,—for he does not buy the whole of *that*. The right to engrave reserved by an artist, to be worth anything to himself, must include the right to have the picture away from the walls of him who has paid for it during all the months or years that may be necessary to the completion of the engraving!

There are so many points at which the peril, to artists, of the legislation contemplated may be shown, that this article, already long by the necessities of the subject, would take dimensions which we cannot afford to admit, if we should make any attempt to run over the whole. The matter may be put in twenty ways,—leading all to the same conclusion. Take it, for instance, thus,—and as it affects one particular class. The written history of Art records, and its unwritten annals abound in, instances wherein the artist, committed to that hard battle for bread which has too commonly to be fought on his way to his final success, has owed to the timely sympathy of some generous patron the aid which turned the battle at the time, and made the final success possible. The final success itself gives incidents of value to the work of Art by whose medium the aid came, which it was far from possessing at the time when the aid was given; and then, the artist, by this bill, turns round on the benefactor who befriended his hour of need, and claims to have reserved to himself all the eventualities. He who bought the smaller values which were all the poor artist had to sell, finds the prosperous artist claiming, as against him, the larger values which his seasonable patronage was the means of creating. He who purchased when others stood aloof, sees himself divested of rights growing naturally out of his purchase, the moment they become of value to others.—Can it be believed, that friends of rising Art, such as many whom we could name, will not have these things in mind on some future occasion when a career may be in the balance? Is not the artist, by these enact-

ments, deliberately shutting a door against himself on the path by which he has to struggle forward to his fame? Will the sympathy of generous men with the efforts of a generous profession be proof against this sordid interpretation of the bond between them?—The copyright clauses of this bill really appear as if they might have been framed with an express view to severing that bond for ever.

It seems to us, that the whole difficulty is solved by adopting, under legislative sanction, the other view of the case:—by attaching the copyright to the work as its incident, and making it follow everywhere, unless arrested by express stipulation. Let the buyer, *prima facie*, buy *all*,—and the seller recover as much of that all back by the terms of his contract as he can. In this way, all classes of purchasers are saved. He who will not consent to buy less of a work of Art than all the properties that belong to it, will have the right as he chooses to understand it, by law, and must pay for it accordingly:—and he who is willing to be a party to beneficial reservations in the interest of the seller, will buy so much less as he may choose to contract for, and naturally recover himself by virtue of a less price.

Before leaving this part of our subject, let us devote a few remarks to a certain practice that has arisen out of the unsettled conditions of copyright law,—and which is one of those practices hinted at by us, in the outset of this article, as being in some degree answerable for the far worse practices that in a worse sense imitate it. We allude to the right which the artist has claimed, or at any rate practised, to copy for sale an original work of Art from his own hand, after he had once sold and been paid for it as such. To us this practice,—unless where it was distinctly understood, that the right to do so had been reserved at the time of the purchase, or where permission was given afterwards,—has always seemed entirely indefensible. This is something more than a mere dealing with the materialities of a picture or a statue:—by this practice, one of the essentials is invaded. One element of value in an *original* work of Art, is, its unique quality; and the destruction of that uniqueness by unauthorised repetition, it is difficult to distinguish from piracy. We feel, that the pirate might be likely to quote it in his own defence, if hard pressed. We feel, in any case, that this existence of a variety of copies of a picture from the same hand has helped him, as we have said, to his opportunities as a piratical dealer in copies, and complicated the difficulties of his pursuit and detection. This claim to multiply, for the artist's benefit, out of a property sold to another, is the claim which we have stigmatised as too extravagant for acceptance in the sale of a horse.—We know, ourselves, of cases in which the artist, satisfied that his labour and his art had been already reasonably remunerated by the first price obtained, has accepted from a second purchaser a smaller price, as so much more gained out of the same work of Art, over and above the estimate. In such a case, the early purchaser suffers a double wrong,—first, from the reduction which the new original makes in the value of *his* original, (for under such circumstances, both works are originals, and both are copies),—and secondly, by the excess of price paid by the copy wronged over the copy that wrongs it.—The matter becomes even worse, when we remember, that artists who make these repetitions from their former works, and take the price of a single thought over and over again, often employ another—and inferior—hand than their own to do all the work of the repetition, except only the finishing.—We know, that the practice to which we are objecting has the sanction of honorable names,—the names of men who would not assert a right in which they did not faithfully believe.



But all such questions of right should have their distinct definition under the new copyright law.—Really, if an artist may reserve powers of repetition and reproduction of all kinds over the work of Art which he sells, we do not very well see what it is that the purchaser *does* buy. He might just as well, we think, for the future, content himself with a good proof impression “from an incised plate:”—that is, if there are to be any more proof impressions, or impressions at all, after this bill shall have passed into law.

For, as we have said, the legislation by which this bill aims at tying up the hands of the print publisher, demands, also, the anxious attention of the artist body. It might really seem as if the inconsistent objects of the framers of this bill had been,—first to give to the artist a term of valuable copyright in his works,—and then, to render the copyright valueless:—to secure to him a commodity capable of being carried into open market,—and then, to shut up the market. The artists, having made one mistake by vesting the copyright absolutely in themselves for the purpose of engraving, would appear to think it logical that they should make another by alienating the engraver. The measure before us is framed on the model of Dr. Kitchener’s prescription for dealing with a salad. Careful instructions are given by the eccentric Doctor for the preparation of the compound,—and end by a direction to throw it out of the window!—To imagine that, under the restrictions which this bill proposes to enact, the print publisher will continue to enter liberally into those speculations on the works of modern artists which have yielded to the artist himself so large an addition on his money profits, and so brilliant a form for the extension of his fame, is to overlook the free genius of modern commercial enterprise. Look at the parliamentary fetters which the printseller is expected to wear,—or, to exchange them for two years’ imprisonment, and hard labour,—or, to carry his capital and his labour into a freer market! If the artist, with his knowledge of what a respectable print publisher is, and of the course of respectable print-selling business, will just run over the clauses of this enactment, he will be very likely, we think, to break out into exclamation with old Lear:—“Who put *my* man in the stocks?”

Before the publisher, under the proposed act, may publish a single impression from “an incised plate,” he must give public notice how many such impressions he means to call proofs;—or, if he shall fail to give such notice, it is to be enacted by law, that no more of these impressions shall be proofs than fifty. These fifty, or such larger number as the publisher may claim by previous advertisement, are to be numbered consecutively from one upwards,—and each is to have its number conspicuously marked on its surface. Like hackney cabmen, each proof is to carry a badge, and be compelled to show it.—The great merit of this legislative set of arrangements is, that it carries us back towards the babyhood of principle, “and dallies with the innocence of *Art*-love like the old time.” The effect will be, to give an artificial scale of values, having no reference to the *fact* of value, to the impressions taken; and number twelve will be a better copy than number twenty by act of parliament. Of course, as regards the actual fact, the value of a print consists not in its being either number twelve or number twenty,—but in its being a good impression; and as regards this matter, the free-trade principle would leave the purchaser to take care of himself, and assume his capacity for doing so. But the print clauses of this bill proceed, in the old manner, on the supposition that the public are children, and must be led by the hand. It is assumed, that the purchaser does not know a good impression when he sees

it,—and also, that the publisher has an interest in serving him with a bad impression if he can. Accordingly, a certain number of all impressions taken from an incised plate shall henceforth be “commendable” by label. Fifty shall be good, by law,—and no more. The public are warned against the fifty-first. If the publisher, justified only in its beauty, shall call *that* a proof, he shall expiate his offence by two years’ hard labour, and a fine of ten pounds.—What child’s play is all this!—and what publisher can be expected to pay in future the large sums that have heretofore been given to engravers of first-rate eminence, for a plate that is thus to pass under the old and elsewhere discredited protection law, and have its sale forcibly kept down by legislative enactment?—Were it even true, according to the pleasant fiction of this bill, that an act of parliament could confer a virtue on impressions, the legislation that limits the accredited copies of a work by Cousins, or by Doo, to fifty, is, in its way, a distant imitation of that spirit—called by the more liberal genius of our time, Vandalism—which occasionally strikes off a small number of impressions only from an engraved plate, and then breaks up the steel for the purpose of enhancing their value.—We have a firm conviction, that Parliament will refuse to retrace its steps in the direction by these clauses indicated;—and will leave the trade in prints after works of Art to adjust itself, like the trade in any other commodity.

So, with the enactment which makes it penal to have a plate that needs repair touched on by any other hand than that which originally engraved it. Something like a copyright intention is, of course, discernible under this restriction; but a little consideration may convince the artist body that its principal effect, after all, will be, the difficulty which it will throw in the publisher’s way. If, after a very large price has been paid to such an artist, for instance, as Mr. Cousins, for a first-rate engraving, the publisher may not keep his plate in such working order as shall enable him to take off impressions enough to cover the outlay, and to yield the profit with a view to which the outlay has been ventured on,—then, for the future the outlay will not be incurred. There will be an end of the enterprise which by the engraver’s means brings so many of the best works of modern artists into our homes. If this work of repair can be done only by the original engraver’s means, then the publisher is at the mercy of the original engraver, to whom he had already paid so large a sum for his Art. Suppose such original engraver to be elsewhere engaged, or out of the way, when wanted,—the plate is stopped, and the speculation destroyed.—In this age of minute mechanical certainty, the skilful engraver may work, for repair, on another engraver’s lines, and the work to every reasonable intent remain the original engraver’s, still.—We cannot but believe that Parliament will infer, that the publisher who paid the large price to begin with, has a continued interest in the integrity of the plate, and knows that he will secure his market best by keeping his impression worthy.

Into the question of registration raised by this bill,—on which the Society of Arts and their reporter are at issue,—we have not left ourselves space to enter. The main thing about which we are concerned, is, the principles involved:—a question of means like that of registration may be left to the practical solution which it will receive in a committee of the House of Commons. Certainly, there seem to us all the difficulties in the way of a complete copyright registration of works of Art which the Society perceive,—while, as certainly, we do not see how, without registration, the evidence is to be obtained on which copyright

protection must rest.—As we have said, however, this matter may stand over until questions of more pressing importance shall have been settled.

Let us conclude, by affirming, with great earnestness, that, as the course of our duty has carried us over the whole field of this argument, we have been more and more struck by the extreme peril to which the bill before us is exposing the interests that it assumes to protect. We rise from our task with a very greatly enhanced sense of its importance. If the artists will but reflect on the nature of property, they will perceive beyond the possibility of a doubt that they *must* be narrowing the circle of their purchasers. If, to use the low class of illustration which the spirit of the bill suggests, they will examine, with the knowledge that they unquestionably possess, the machinery by which, as producers, they come practically into relation with the Art-consuming world, they will see, inevitably, that they are putting clogs on all its wheels. In fencing their rights by act of parliament, they are building up the fence so high, that the world on whose commerce with them the value of those rights depends will refuse to come over it. By way of asserting their freedom of sale, they are depreciating the thing they have to sell. The principle of Art Copyright is refined upon by some of the provisions of this bill, till its practical worth nearly disappears in the process.—But, that is not all,—nor the worst. The whole Art-feeling is lowered by the clauses that do most mistaken duty in this most injudicious bill. It was already the taint of Art in this country of ours,—preventing the more frequent attainment of Art’s higher reaches,—that it is too much of a trade, and too little of an inspiration. Men take to it as they do to any other calling,—as a means of livelihood, not as the means of a revelation. The lofty spirit in which alone Art’s masterpiece can have been conceived, is lowered by too much going into the market. The old Greek Muse takes modern apprentices,—and trains them up to the worship of Mammon. “The fine gold” has “become dim,” through too much of the world’s alloy.—In our day and land, we know, something of this *must be*. The wants of life are at war with its spiritualities,—and must have a part conceded, that they may not take all. The higher natures that “live not by bread alone,” yet *do* live by bread. With the immense majority of mankind, even an Art must be a trade,—and the Art that is also a trade, must have its patrons. But, while we admit, and provide for, the trading element of Art, as we expressly propose to do by the wholesome clauses of this bill, we most earnestly denounce the sordid temper of others of its proposed enactments,—a temper which sets up the trading spirit as supreme in the Art temple, and subjects Art to it as its bondsman. And, while we recognise the artist’s need of the patron, we urge strongly the wisdom of not alienating the latter by an onslaught on all the reasonable conditions of his patronage. Our own life is spent in the service of Art,—a willing service, most earnestly paid; and we are *sure*, that, both in its dignity and in its interests, Art will suffer by the clauses of this bill. The growing love of Art which is abroad, the artist will be wise, in all senses, to conciliate by all means in his power,—and mad, in the worldly sense, if he affront.—For his sake, and for the sake of the cause which he represents, we can but hope, that this bill may undergo such revision, before it reaches the House of Commons, or in committee of that House when it gets there, as may secure to the artist that copyright which he most justly seeks, and by means that shall not rob him of the fruits of such copyright when at last he shall have obtained it.



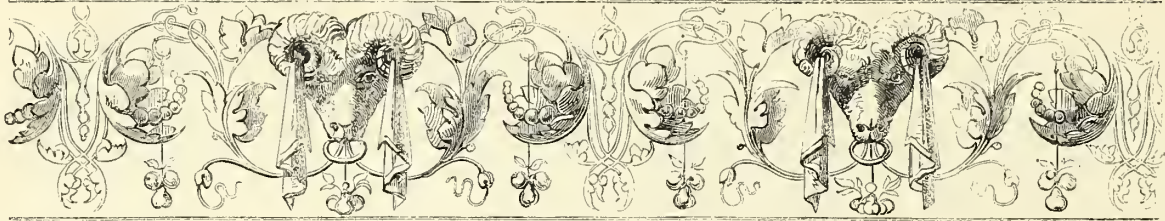
ORIGINAL DESIGNS,  
AS SUGGESTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS, ETC.

THE three designs which occupy this page have been supplied to us by Mr. W. J. MUCKLEY, the master

of the School of Art at Burslem, a chief town of the Staffordshire Potteries. It is of so much importance to have in this locality an artist competent to the task of directing taste and promoting the judicious education of students, that we may earnestly rejoice to find a gentleman presiding over its Art-schools,

who is not only able to give instruction a right direction to a right end, but who is desirous of circulating as widely as possible the knowledge he has acquired.

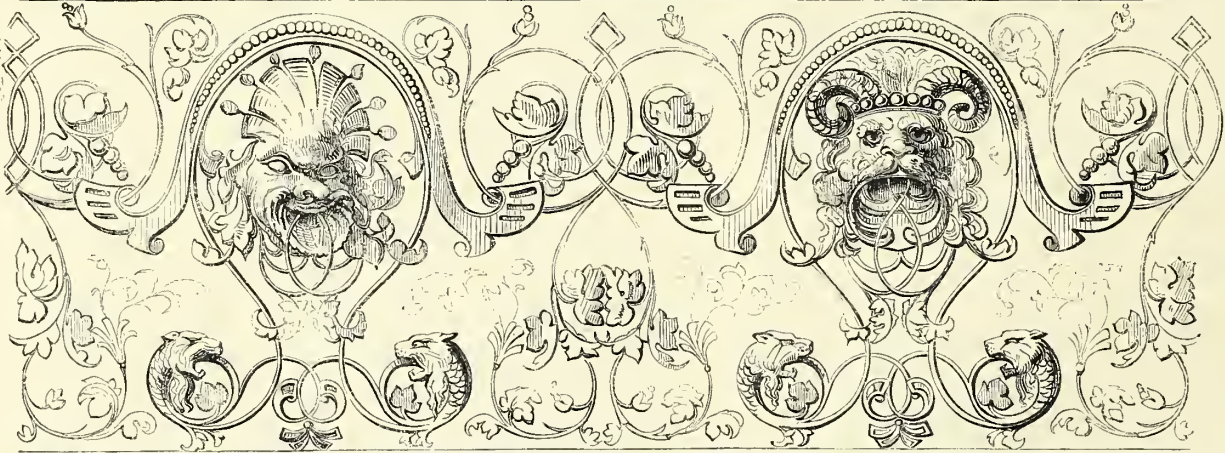
These designs speak for themselves, they are suggestions for many purposes, and may be made avail-



able by many classes of manufacturers. The designer considers them applicable to ornamentation in white

and gold; one of them having especial reference to "imitations of Limoges enamel," and which we may

therefore recommend to Messrs. Ker and Binns, of Worcester, several of whose later productions mani-



fest considerable excellence in that style. Such designs as these are indeed much needed by several

of our manufacturers; for, although "the books" furnish many such, they have been largely drawn

upon, and the introduction of "novelty" more simple and less severe cannot fail to be of advantage—not



only to the producer, but to "the consumer." Mr. Muckley's drawings may be referred to as giving

new ideas to old and established forms; we have no doubt of their being adopted: more than one manu-

facturer will have reason to thank him for suggestions, very effective in character and easy of application.



The three designs on this page are from drawings by Mr. GODFREY SYKES, Mr. RAIMBACH, and Mr.

FITZCOOK; they are suggestions, and may be made available by manufacturers, to whom they are espe-

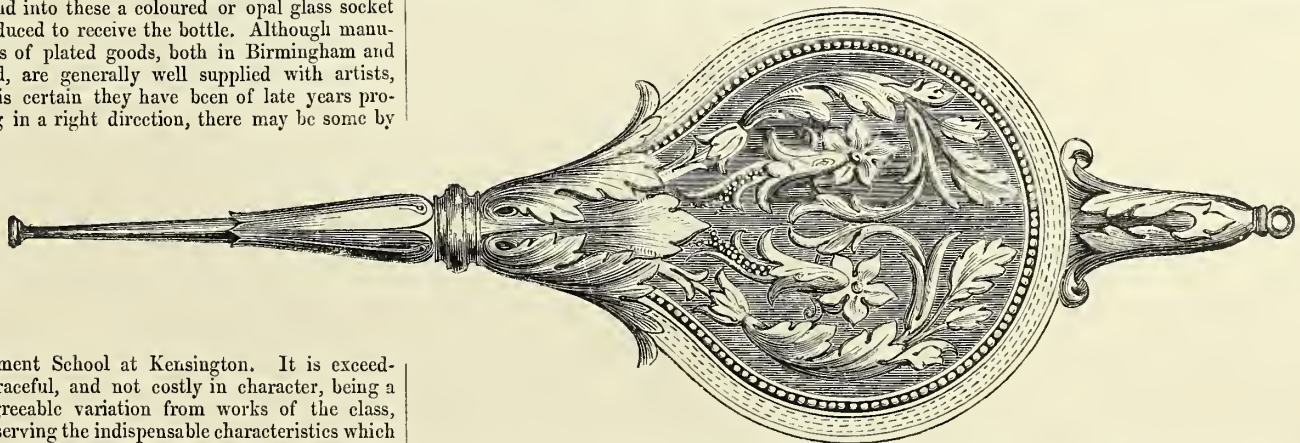
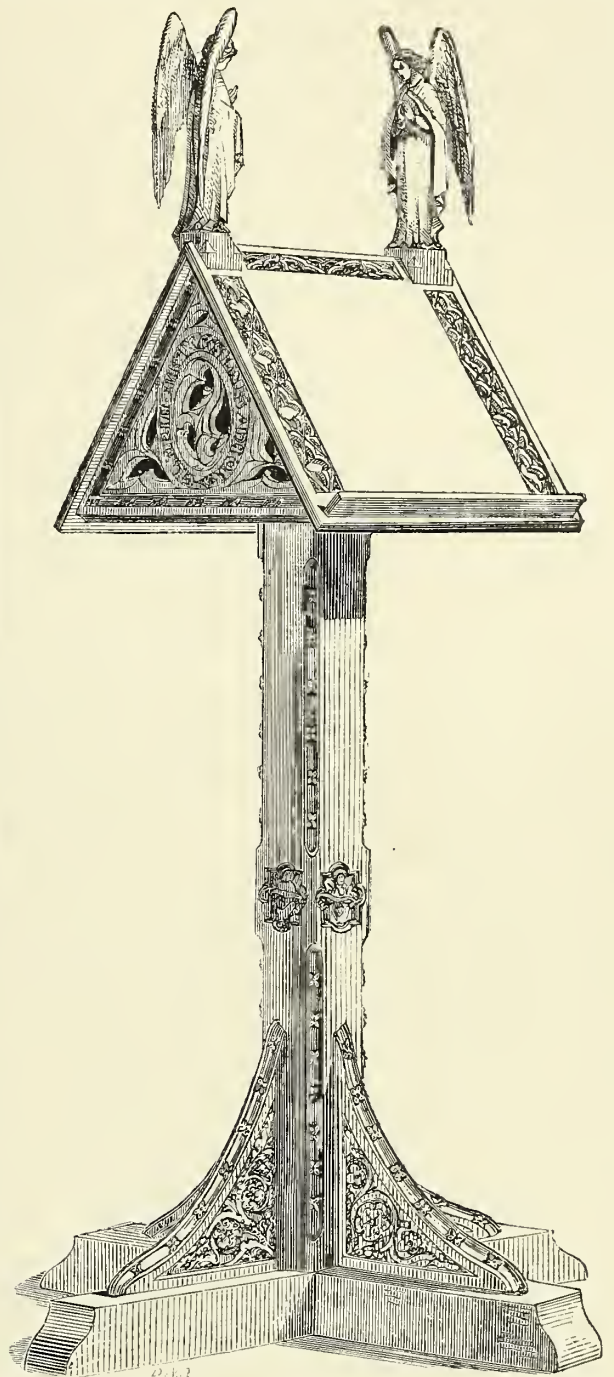
cially addressed. The design for a silver cruet-frame is the production of Mr. H. Fitzcook; it is in "the



Italian arabesque style;" the holders for the bottles being of light open-work, springing from the centre stem, and into these a coloured or opal glass socket is introduced to receive the bottle. Although manufacturers of plated goods, both in Birmingham and Sheffield, are generally well supplied with artists, and it is certain they have been of late years progressing in a right direction, there may be some by

whom suggestions for improvements in this class of article will be valuable. The object is one that

usually presents difficulties not easily overcome. The lectern is designed by Mr. Raimbach, of the



Government School at Kensington. It is exceedingly graceful, and not costly in character, being a very agreeable variation from works of the class, yet preserving the indispensable characteristics which suggest its purpose. The object, it is obvious, is intended for the carver in wood. The bellows, to be carved in wood, is designed by Mr. Godfrey Sykes,

one of the masters of the school at Sheffield; the ornamentation is based on the best models, and may

be borrowed for objects other than that for which it is more particularly intended.



## THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE administration of Mr. Bowley, the new general manager of the Crystal Palace, seems to have commenced auspiciously. His first special attractions have proved themselves to be specially attractive, and there have already appeared indications of a general approval of the system of management now in operation. Mr. Bowley, ably supported by the directors, has won for himself this most valuable, as well as most gratifying encouragement, by promptly striving to impress upon the public the conviction that his aim is to command their interest in the Crystal Palace by rendering it an object worthy of their interest. The great contrast between the past system at Sydenham and that which has been recently adopted consists in the present determination fully to develop what heretofore have been in so great a degree the latent qualities and capabilities of the Crystal Palace. No longer are the various courts and departments to be left without that popular illustration which alone can obtain for them a permanent popularity. It has been our custom in all our exhibitions and museums to rest contented with the mere fact of having first brought together certain objects, and then of having so arranged them as to produce a pleasing and harmonious general effect. Visitors of all classes we have left absolutely to themselves, to discover from high-priced catalogues just that amount of information respecting any exhibition that they might be able to elicit without any other guidance than their own faculties of perception and inquiry. The Crystal Palace, for some considerable time, has been so far an honourable exception to this prevailing custom, that its various courts and their contents have been fully and legibly labelled. But labels are not sufficient to enable the courts of the Crystal Palace either to convey their teaching, or to impress upon the minds of visitors a just idea of their interest and importance. Visitors to the Crystal Palace require to be told; and they also are particularly desirous of being told, what the courts contain, and what instruction they are in so peculiar a manner qualified to convey. We rejoice to be enabled to state that at length arrangements have been completed for the regular delivery of popular lectures, in the Crystal Palace, upon the courts and their various contents. It is also intended to include in the system of lectures the departments of manufactures, the machinery, and, indeed, the entire range of the Palace. We anticipate the happiest results from these lectures, and shall watch their progress with the utmost interest. One thing is most important—that the lectures should really prove what they profess to be; that is, that they should be brief, simple, strictly popular, frequently repeated, and copiously illustrated. Lectures of a higher aim may, indeed, be also given with advantage: but these addresses can have reference only to certain classes, and comparatively speaking they must be prepared with special reference to both the tastes and circumstances of exceptional audiences. It is more than probable, when once the lectures have become a recognised element in the administration of the Crystal Palace, that classes will be formed in some suitable apartment in the building for the more systematic study of the courts. The departments of manufactures may derive more important advantages from these lectures than at first will appear to be probable. Not only may the manufactured objects exhibited thus become better appreciated than is possible without some comment and explanation, but manufacturers themselves may reasonably expect to derive from the same source many most valuable suggestions. Indeed, time alone can show how much latent power the Crystal Palace may bring to bear, in the way of impulse, upon all manufactures, and particularly such as are in any direct manner dependant upon Art. A better classification of the various objects in each department of Art is a matter which will not fail to engage the thoughtful attention of those who are now at work upon the courts. Such a classification, however, as would involve an actual rearrangement, could not be accomplished without great difficulty, and, under all circumstances, it is questionable whether it would be altogether desirable. Amongst the changes not yet effected, but which are in contemplation, with the view to their being speedily taken in hand, is the removal of the pictures to the galleries in the immediate neigh-

bourhood of the new Canadian Court. We have also heard that it is more than probable that a permanent gallery of engravings may be expected to make its appearance, which will both illustrate the history of this great art in the various branches of its practice, and will contain a numerous and ever-increasing series of fine specimens of the engraver's skill. There is one other point that appears to demand from us particular notice at the present time. This is the small newspaper, bearing the title of the *Crystal Palace News*, that is published (and also printed) weekly in the building. The directors have here an agency which they might with the utmost ease render available for effecting the greatest advantages to the Crystal Palace. This paper commands, even in its present singularly unfortunate condition, a widely-extended sale, and there is a peculiar attraction in it inseparable from the fact of its being produced before the eyes of the purchasers. Let the directors take care to have this paper well edited, as an organ of communication between the Crystal Palace and the public, and we venture to predict that another long step in advance will prove to have been taken towards promoting the best interests of the institution. Would it not be possible, without any undue cost, to introduce illustrations into this paper? Such an additional attraction would be found eminently useful.

We regret much that we cannot perceive any marked indications of progress as regards the courts devoted to modern Art-manufacture: we see no reason why each of them should not be a successful rival to the CERAMIC COURT, which is not only a most agreeable adjunct to the Palace, but a powerful teacher to all (and they are many) who study there; while it certainly improves public taste by leading to a just appreciation of excellence. The directors have just issued an announcement that will perhaps go far to furnish these Art-courts: they announce an Art-union, to be called THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION, the special purpose of which is to produce and circulate pure and beautiful examples of British Art-manufacture. The prospectus does not at present say much; but it appears the council is to consist of the directors of the Crystal Palace, and several noblemen and gentlemen, eminent as encouragers and promoters of Art, whose names will be published in due course; that the principal manager is Mr. Thomas Battam, jun., F.S.A.; and that the principle on which the society is to be conducted is that which has been heretofore followed by the Art-Union of London, the Scottish Society for the Promotion of Art, and the Art-manufacture Association of Edinburgh;—or rather a blending of the "methods" of the three associations.

We shall be in a better position to deal with this subject when the project is in a more forward state; but we wish it well, and shall gladly aid it. The Art-Union of London is utterly inefficient for all useful purposes; and the only other societies—excepting two or three minor and insignificant institutions in provincial towns—are those which exist in Scotland,—two of them being for pictures only; the other being exclusively for objects of manufactured Art: these have prospered greatly—finding a large proportion of their subscribers in England.

It is certain that the resources of the Crystal Palace are very powerful to mature such a scheme, and to make it practically useful: there are few men—perhaps there is no man—so well informed as to the capabilities of the British Art-producer, as Mr. Battam; although his special vocation has had reference principally to ceramic art, his intercourse has been considerable as regards every other branch of manufacture: we therefore cannot doubt that under his direction the subscribers will be sure to obtain works of unquestionable excellence, not only in reference to the objects distributed to the subscribers, but to the costlier "prizes" derived from the surplus of the subscriptions.

If the Edinburgh Society has succeeded in obtaining—as we understand it has—nearly ten thousand subscribers, there is no reason why a similar society in London should not obtain a much larger number.

But, as we have intimated, we shall treat this subject at greater length when it is more fully ripe: we may now, however, regard it as one of the proofs that a more intelligent spirit, and a more active energy, are prevailing over the direction of the Crystal Palace; from which the shareholders and the public will derive proportionate benefit.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE INFANT CHRIST.

Carlo Maratti, Painter. Lecomte, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 3 ft. 4½ in. by 2 ft. 5½ in.

CARLO MARATTI, or Maratta, as he is called by Lanzi, is considered as the last great painter of the Roman school—that school of which the "divine Raffaele" was the head, and which gave birth to so many illustrious artists. He was born at Camurano, in the Marquisate of Ancona, in 1625, a period when the art of painting was rapidly passing, in Italy, into a state of decadence. Maratti was one of the few whose genius and talents helped to sustain it some years longer from the comparatively fallen condition which has subsequently overtaken it, for in Art, as in all else, the glory of Italy is engraven on the monuments of her dead: her vineyards and her olive-groves, her valleys and mountains, are as beautiful and as picturesque, her lakes as placid, her skies as blue, as they ever were in the hour of her loftiest pride; but the dwellers in the land are another race than that whom the civilised world delighted to honour; they have become "a poor epitome of former greatness."

At the age of twelve Maratti evinced such taste for the art of design that his parents sent him to Rome, where he entered the school of Andrea Sacchi, under whom he studied several years, and became his most distinguished pupil. "The early part of his life," says Lanzi, "was devoted to copying the works of Raffaele, which always excited his admiration; and his indefatigable industry was employed in restoring the frescoes of the great master in the Vatican and the Farnesina, and preserving them for the eyes of posterity—a task requiring infinite care and judgment." By the constant study of these and other works of Raffaele, of the paintings of the Caracci and of Guido, he formed a style peculiar to himself, and acquired during his life-time the reputation of being one of the first painters in Europe, though his talent is decidedly inferior to that of any one of his great predecessors. His easel pictures consist chiefly of madonnas, saints, and holy families; commissions for works of this kind were so numerous, that the artists who were his contemporaries, and particularly Salvator Rosa, considering him incapable of producing anything of a higher order, sarcastically called him *Carluccio delle Madonne*. His friend and preceptor, Sacchi, in order to afford his pupil the opportunity of refuting the charge thus implied, procured him a commission to paint a picture for the Battisterio of St. John of Lateran; he selected as his subject "Constantine destroying the Heathen Idols," and produced a work which silenced the calumnies of the envious, and was esteemed one of the most able paintings of the period. This work procured him the notice of Pope Alexander IV., under whose auspices, and the patronage of his successors, Maratti became the most popular artist in Rome. His best pictures are those painted in the earlier period of his life, when he followed the style of his master, Sacchi; he afterwards adopted a less dignified manner, but one, nevertheless, that gained many admirers, from its care and correctness.

The most celebrated picture by Maratti is the "Martyrdom of San Biagio," at Genoa: others held in good repute are the "Death of St. Francis Xavier," in the Church of St. Gesù, Rome; it is engraved by J. Frey; the altar-piece in the Church of San Carlo, Rome; the "Baptism of Christ," in the Church of Santa Maria degli Angeli, Rome, copied in mosaic in the basilica of St. Peter's; the "Adoration of the Shepherds," a fresco in the palace of Monte Cavallo, Rome; and a "Virgin and Child with St. John," in the Dresden Gallery. Of his pictures in England, and others on the continent, we shall find occasion to speak hereafter.

The "Infant Christ" is a good example of the artist's style in subjects of this class; the figure is well drawn, pleasingly expressed, and very luminously coloured: it is circumstanced in a blaze of warm, mellow light, and surrounded by a wreath of flowers delicately and truthfully painted, by another hand it is presumed: the depth and richness of their colours stand in powerful contrast to the soft, shadowy presence which the wreath encircles. The picture is in the Collection at Windsor Castle.





C. MARATTI. PINX.

LECOMTE. SCULPT.

THE INFANT CHRIST.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

LONDON JAMES S. VIRTUE.







## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XIX.



EW—"the situation of which near the water-side might induce one to seek for its etymology from the word key or quay"—has been variously written at various times, "Kayhough, Kayhoo, Keyhowe, Keye, Kayo, and Kewe." Lysons, half a century back, describes its greenhouse as famous, being 140 feet in length; and Darwin, about the same period, pictured its garden as "a crowning glory:"—

"So sits enthroned, in vegetable pride,  
Imperial Kew, by Thames's glittering side."

The historian and the poet, could they rise from their graves, would see with wonder and delight the greenhouse and the garden of to-day, filled with the floral beauties of a hundred lands—miles of walks among flowers under glass.

Inasmuch as there is an admirable and cheap guide-book for the use of visitors, compiled by the accomplished Curator, Sir William Hooker, we are relieved from the necessity of details descriptive of these beautiful gardens and conservatories: it will suffice to say that, although still the property of the Crown, and in charge of the Board of Works, the public are freely admitted every day, under a few needful restrictions; that the privilege is enjoyed by very large numbers *daily*; and that the result fully bears out the belief, that where advantages are given to "the people," they are neither lost nor abused by carelessness or cupidity. Cases of impropriety are rare, while it is certain that health, instruction, and gratification, have been derived from the means thus generously placed at the disposal of all.

Between Richmond and Kew there is no bridge; there are, however, three ferries, one of which we have pictured as a very picturesque "bit." It is that which leads to Isleworth, and is called the Rails-head Ferry, a name it obtained



RAILS-HEAD FERRY.

before the introduction of those iron ways which now conduct tourists from London to the far-famed "Hill," and thence to "regal Windsor."

Although we do not delay the voyager by describing the gardens, we ask him to visit the ancient and venerable palace, famous during

"Good King George's reign;"

and interesting now, although it is lonely and without inhabitant—standing as a striking and somewhat gloomy monument to record the liberality of the sovereign and his successors, who gave the adjacent grounds to the people. It was once the property of Sir Hugh Portman, "the rich gentleman who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth at Kew," and was built during the reign of James I., although it retains very little of the style of architecture of that period, being of red brick, but exceedingly plain and without ornament. In 1781 it was purchased by George III.; his queen, Charlotte, died there, and during many years it was the favourite suburban residence of the royal family.

Under the superintendence of her Majesty, the grounds were "ornamented with various picturesque objects and temples, designed by Sir William Chambers; among which is one called the Pagoda, in imitation of a Chinese building, 49 feet in diameter at the base, and 163 feet in height." No doubt this was a marvel at the time of its erection: it is still a conspicuous object from all adjacent parts, and the temples are attractions judiciously distributed.

It is more than delightful to escape at this season from the turmoil of the hot, dusty, London world, to the peculiar serenity and beauty of Kew: the gardens are so full of interest, so varied, so suggestive, and so instructive, that a much larger space than we can devote to the subject would fail to convey

an idea of the treasures they contain; we are willing, therefore, to let fancy go back to the time of Queen Charlotte, whose love of nature laid the foundation of that which now yields—sometimes to thousands in a day—so much of health, pleasure, and information. The square red "palace"—which her Majesty loved sufficiently well to select as a residence, above all others, after the death of her beloved husband—seems lonely and silent in the midst of that fragrant paradise, where trees are bursting into bloom, and birds are pouring forth the rejoicings that specially belong to the "sweet month of May;" but there is no difficulty in peopling it with "the great" of the past, and seeing, by the light of history, the beautiful and brilliant family that once held court

"Beside the Thames at Kew."

In those days the "gardens" were, like the palace, the exclusive property of the Crown: but when the former ceased to be a "royal residence," our Queen, desiring to enlarge the circle commenced by Queen Charlotte, devoted the whole of the estate to the fruits of botanical research; and it was finally determined that the public should be admitted daily. Thus the "gardens at Kew" may be ranked amongst the great teachers, as well as the healthful luxuries, of the people.



KEW PALACE.

It is delightful to see how truly this privilege is enjoyed by the various classes who visit Kew: the humble, but well-dressed artisan and his family are generally "taken" with the beauty of the grounds and the marvels of the "House of Palms;" brilliant ladies, whose dresses rival the flowers in variety of tone and colour, linger in the houses, or enjoy the charming promenades under shadows of lofty trees; the botanical student pores over the "specimens," both in the beds and in the houses—too often, while alive to what is rare or curious, forgetting the *beauty* of the "wonderful works of the Creator." Long after the mere pleasure-seeker has returned to London by the rail or the river, you may observe two classes of persons lingering in Kew Gardens, the mere botanical student, and the artist, sketching for popular botanical publications that add so much to the interest and the information of our drawing-rooms. Foreigners are especially delighted with Kew Gardens; the vegetation, the absolute *green*—so vigorous and fresh with us, is never so bright on the Continent as it is in England; and however rare and wonderful the collections are in foreign lands, there is usually a slovenliness in their display, which no English gardener could endure: our lawns excite the especial admiration of strangers, who are lavish of praise of our "good order" and "arrangement." To thoroughly appreciate "Kew Gardens," they should be repeatedly visited; the changing seasons vary the character of their loveliness; there is always something fresh to admire, something new to learn; and though the "new museum" is so totally devoid of architectural excellence as to be a blot where it might have been a beauty, yet its contents are of the greatest value and interest, and such as lead from the threshold of science by paths which the research and learning of great botanists render comparatively smooth and easy.

"Kew Green" is one of the most "quaint" and peculiar "bits" of scenery within ten miles of the metropolis. The church may be taken as the principal feature—a clean, bright, stately English church, neither new nor old, flanked by noble trees, and a broad and somewhat deep pond, set in the brightest grass, intersected by gravel walks—all looking as if the foot of man had never pressed the one or trodden down the other. This "green" is irregularly "flanked" by houses of all heights and qualities; some bare and stately, others hid away in the bright foliage which climbs their walls; some standing boldly forward, others receding modestly behind trees.

The church stands on the west side of the green; it is not an old building; its grave-yard contains the graves of several remarkable men, among whom may be named Gainsborough and Zoffany. Gainsborough was never a resident here: he resided for many years at Schomburg House, Pall Mall; it was at his own request that he was buried at Kew, beside the grave of his old friend, Kirby: but Zoffany lived in the little hamlet called Strand-on-the-green, which adjoins the bridge on the Middlesex side of the river.

The bridge at Kew is a comparatively modern structure. Looking eastward a pleasant air fortunately takes away from Kew and its river walks the view of "Brentford's tedious town:" hence, in Middlesex, there is little to claim attention until we approach Chiswick, while, on the Surrey side, we pass along by the side of osier beds, with nothing worthy of notice until Mortlake is reached.



"The name of this place has been generally supposed to be derived from *mortuus lacus*, or the dead lake;" in Domesday it is called "Mortlage." Cromwell House, one of its attractions, has been recently pulled down: it is erroneously described as a residence of the Protector; but Mr. Lemon, of the State Paper Office, informs us that in the collection there are several letters



KEW BRIDGE.

dated thence by the Lord Henry Cromwell, of the reign of Henry VIII. The famous Dr. Dee, the astrologer, was born and resided here, and here he once received a visit from Queen Elizabeth;\* here also was the first tapestry manufacture in England; it was established in 1619, by Sir Francis Crane; to this circumstance we are probably indebted for the possession of the famous cartoons of Raphael, purchased as copies for the artizan. Leading from Mortlake are byways to Richmond and to Kew, through low and ill-drained grounds, principally market gardens: here and there, however, we meet some valuable manor-house, seated in solitary and aristocratic grandeur, amid groups of ancient and wide-spreading cedars.



MORTLAKE CHURCH.

Mortlake Church is in part a very ancient edifice, dating so far back as 1348, although the earliest date on the building is 1543:† the outward door of the belfry is, however, said to be the only remaining part of the original structure. It is full of interesting monuments.

That portion of Barnes which is called the Terrace immediately succeeds Mortlake; it is a pretty and pleasant row of houses, chiefly let as lodgings,

\* He records the incident in his very curious diary. The queen, who believed in his powers of judicial astrology, was desirous of seeing for herself the spirits he conjured in his magic crystal; she came from the palace, at Richmond, to Dr. Dee's house, which stood to the west of the church, but the funeral of the astrologer's wife had not been performed two hours before, so her majesty would not enter the house, but alighted from her coach, assisted by the Earl of Leicester, and stood beside the church wall while Dee discoursed to her.

† This date is on a stone over the belfrey door, inscribed "Vivat R. H. 8."

the place being much in favour during the summer months. The village lies further back from the river—a straggling village, with a cluster of houses surrounding a pond. Some parts of the church are said to be as old as the time of Richard I.\* The old "house,"—Barnes-Elms,—in which Queen Elizabeth visited Sir Francis Walsingham, where lived Sir Henry Wyat, and where some time resided the poet Cowley, is one of the famous points of the district.

Until we arrive at Putney, there is nothing to detain the tourist after he leaves Barnes, unless he desire a peep at several "cozy" houses, called the Castellan Villas; we must, therefore, conduct him into Middlesex, and ask him to land at Chiswick, proceeding thence to the hamlet of Hammersmith.

There are few localities in the vicinity of London so interesting as the pretty and pleasant village of Chiswick; its principal attraction is the charming and very beautifully decorated mansion of the Duke of Devonshire, with its delicious grounds and gardens. "The house was designed and erected by Richard Boyle, Earl of Burlington, whose skill in architecture has been proved by his works, and whose encouragement of his favourite science greatly promoted the progress of that taste which has since produced so many fine architectural examples in this country." The model which the architect generally followed is that of the Villa Capra, near Vicenza, the designer of which was the famous Palladio. It is magnificently furnished, and contains a collection of rare and valuable pictures. Here Charles Fox died, on the 13th September, 1806; and here George Canning "put on immortality," on the 8th of August, 1827.

The interest of Chiswick House is, however, surpassed by the church and church-yard of the village. In the former the architect, Kent, the associate of Lord Burlington in the adornment of the house and grounds, reposes in the vault of his patron; and here there is a fitting monument to Charles Whittingham, the printer, whose skill and taste gave to the Chiswick press a fame



HAMMERSMITH BRIDGE.

that "went over the world." The grave-yard contains the ashes of many persons of note: the imperious Duchess of Cleveland here mingles with common clay; here "repose the remains" of Cromwell's daughter Mary; here Holland, the actor, Garrick's friend, exchanged his motley for a winding sheet; here Lord Macartney, the pioneer to China, rests from his labours; here calmly sleeps a man of marvellous genius, the exile Ugo Foscolo; here lies the painter Louthenberg; and here, still speaking from his sculptured tomb, reposes the great artist, William Hogarth. The monument was erected by a subscription among his friends; and contains the epitaph by Garrick:—

"Farewell! great painter of mankind,  
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;  
Whose pictur'd morals charm the mind,  
And through the eye correct the heart.  
If genius fire thee, reader, stay;  
If nature touch thee, drop a tear;  
If neither move thee, turn away,  
For Hogarth's honoured dust lies here."

At Chiswick, Hogarth lived, died, and was buried; and his house—in which his predecessor was Sir James Thornhill, and his successor the excellent and accomplished clergyman, Cary, the translator of Dante—still stands, a place of pilgrimage, as his home, who, "while he faithfully followed Nature through all her varieties, and exposed with inimitable skill the infinite follies and vices of the world, was in himself an example of many virtues."†

\* Mrs. Ann Baynard was buried here on the 10th June, 1697: we read in Lysons that "she was so fond of the study of divinity that she learned Greek to read St. Chrysostom in the original; besides which she had numberless other accomplishments, on which, as she possessed them in common with many young ladies both of that and of the present age, I shall not enlarge." There is not now the least trace of her monument, which was at the east end of the church-yard. The inscription is copied from Aubrey:—

"Here lies that happy maiden who, often said  
That no man is happy until he is dead;  
That the business of life is but playing the fool,  
Which hath no relation to saving the soul;  
For of all the transactions that's under the sun,  
Is doing of nothing—if that be not done,  
All wisdom and knowledge doth lie in this one."

† Vide "Pilgrimages to English Shrines:—the Tomb of Hogarth." By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Also "Tombs of English Artists:—Hogarth," by F. W. Fairholt, *Art-Journal*, April, 1858. As these papers are fully illustrated, we do not give engravings here.



We might linger long, and with advantage, in this the most interesting of the many grave-yards of England, in which repose the ashes of the great; but we must resume our voyage, glancing at "the Water-works," one of the metropolitan supplies of "pure water," and landing at the graceful suspension bridge which crosses the Thames and conducts to Hammersmith.\*

The name of Hammersmith is not found in any record prior to the reign of Elizabeth, yet it is now a populous suburb of the metropolis; for, although distant some five miles from Hyde Park Corner, there is scarcely any interruption to the line of streets that leads to it through Knightsbridge and Kensington. Its



HAMMERSMITH CHURCH.

pretty and picturesque church dates no further back than the reign of Charles I. It was built at the cost of Sir Nicholas Crispe, merchant of London, a loyal adherent of the monarchy during the contest between the Crown and the Parliament. His history is touchingly told in an inscription placed under an effigy of Charles I., at the base of which is a pedestal surmounted by an urn.

"Within this urn is entombed the heart of Sir Nicholas Crispe, Knight and Baronet, a loyal sharer in the sufferings of his late and present Majesty. He first settled the trade of gold from Guinea, and there built the castle of Cormantine. Died the 26th July, 1665, aged 67 years."

In the church-yard are many monuments with foreign names, servants in the household of the Margravine of Anspach, who once inhabited Brandenburgh House—a house which became famous as the residence of Queen Caroline, the wife of George IV. It was razed to the ground very soon after her death.

We resume our voyage, and passing between banks on which are several graceful villas, although generally the land is low and cannot be healthy, we come in sight of the ugly structure—ungainly piles of decaying wood—which, crossing the Thames, unites the villages of Putney and Fulham. Both these villages are famous in history, and we must delay the tourist while we visit them. Let us land at Putney, first noticing that group of houses, in the centre of which is one that is familiar to all the "oarsmen" of the river, the well-



THE STAR AND GARTER, PUTNEY BRIDGE.

known "Star and Garter," the head-quarters of several aquatic clubs. The illustration has been sketched to include one of the most conspicuous, though not the most picturesque, objects in this part of our course—the club-house of the London Rowing Club, the largest association of amateurs that has ever existed on the Thames in connection with this healthful recreation. It has been recently erected at considerable cost; and if the popularity of this club continues to increase as it has done during the last two years, it will, we imagine, soon be found too small for the accommodation of its members.

\* The bridge was constructed in 1828, from the designs, and under the superintendence, of William Tierney Clarke.

"Putney," according to Lysons, "is in Domesday called Putelei; in subsequent records it is spelt Puttenheth, or Pottenheth." The village leads up-hill, through a street of good villa houses, to Wimbledon and Roehampton. It has an old church, and is famous as the birth-place of three remarkable men: West, Bishop of Ely, the son of a baker here; Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, whose father was a blacksmith in the town; and Gibbon, the historian.

The tourist will derive greater interest, however, from a visit to the Middlesex side of the river, and that interest will continue almost unbroken until he reaches London; along its Surrey banks are to be seen only objects that blot the landscape, however much they may add to the solid wealth of the country; for, excepting a group of very ugly and cheerless, though costly, domiciles, that have replaced as many quaint old dwellings of a by-gone time, and which skirt the river immediately after leaving Putney, there is but a succession of factories and small cottage houses, which serve to shelter labourers and artisans; unwholesome-looking swamps divide the space with yards, and quays, and waggon-sheds, auxiliaries to manufactories of gin, soap, starch, silk, paper,



OLD SUMMER-HOUSE AT BATTERSEA.

candles, beer, and vitriol—the first-named and the last being no doubt mutually dependant for aid and assistance. Such is the only picture to be contemplated all the way; it includes long, straggling Wandsworth, and longer and still more straggling Battersea, both with modern and ugly churches, that of Battersea being especially odious, inasmuch as it is thrust forward almost into the current, and it is impossible to avoid looking at an object, in producing which, the architect seems to have studied how far it was in his power to render it repugnant: we, therefore, pass rapidly over the Surrey side of the Thames between the bridges at Putney and Battersea, a distance of perhaps three miles, preserving, however, an old "bit" of the scenery, which may serve to show its peculiar character—a mingling of the antique with the grotesque, relics of old grandeur in combination with squalid poverty—picturesque only in pictures.

We breathe more freely as we cross the bridge and enter the village of Fulham; resting awhile, it may be, at the venerable and still comfortable inn, which was there "beyond the time of legal memory," to enjoy a chat, perhaps, with Phelps, the veteran waterman, who still plies his "trim-built wherry," and is even to-day a good specimen of what his class were long ago, before the application of steam and the omnibus deprived them of their fare rights, and made mockeries of the privileges of—"jolly young watermen." Voyaging down stream, however, there are a few houses upon the banks which may not be passed without a word of comment. The first is Craven Cottage, once the residence of Walsh Porter, and in later times of Sir Bulwer Lytton; we

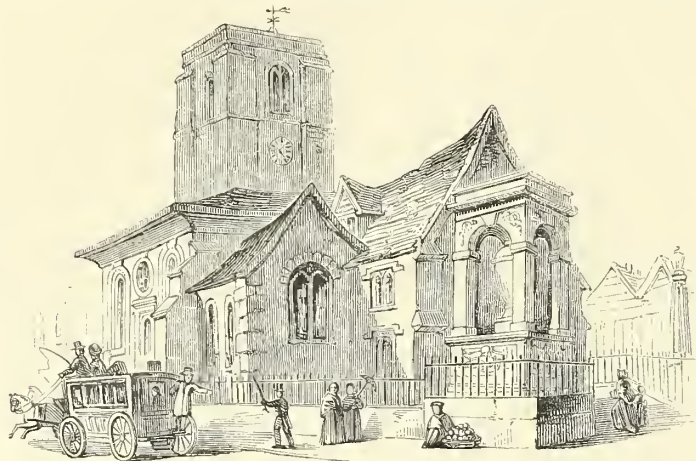


FULHAM CHURCH.

recall the days we have passed there with more than mere pleasure. The Bishop's Palace succeeds—from which one good man has recently been removed to a vault in the neighbouring church, to be succeeded by another who has already made the country his grateful debtor; the house that has "a gothic



look" is Prior's Bank; we know not who dwells there now, but not many years ago it was the residence of "a pair of friends," who made it renowned, not alone for genuine and liberal hospitality, but for refined elegance, and as a new birth-place of the graces, the whims, the amusements, and the "teachings" of that "olden time" of which the mansion externally and internally professed to be a copy. The place is hallowed in the memories of many men of letters, of art, and of wit, who had, and gave, enjoyment there: Prior's Bank will find a place in the biographies of not a few "celebrities" of the nineteenth century. In a little group of small cottage houses close beside, lived Theodore Hook during the greater part of his life; a history of this small dwelling might fill a volume; it has been removed to make way for a hideous bridge (uglier, if possible, than its neighbour), by which a water-company carries supplies to London; while the Yorick of so many "tables" sleeps among a crowd of right reverend prelates, in a retired nook of the church-yard close at hand. The church and church-yard will largely repay a visit; in the latter repose the ashes of forty bishops, so at least says the cicerone of the place; but the series may begin with Irkenwald, that bishop under "Sigibert, king of the West



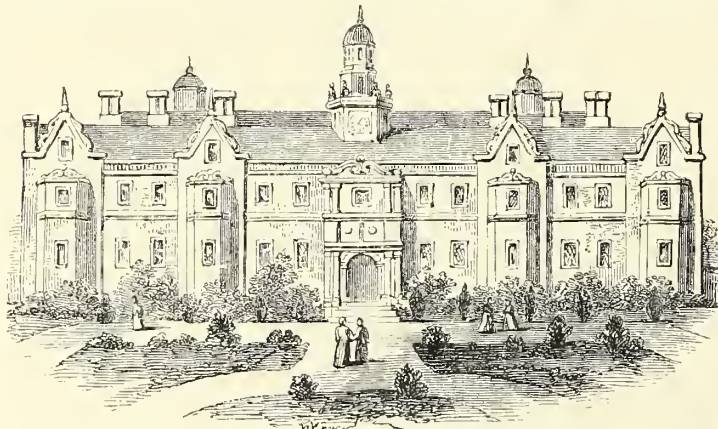
CHELSEA CHURCH.

Saxons, and Conrad, king of the Mercians," to whom Fulham—then called Fullenhanne or Fullenholme, which signifies *volucrum domus*, "the habitacle of birds or the place of fowles"—was originally given. Be they forty, more or less, however, among these pillars of the English church are men of whom the British nation will be for ever proud; men of learning, virtue, and piety; honour to their memories; he must be of a cold heart and of a dead imagination who can stand unmoved in this small area of tombs, where sleep in death Sherlock and Lowth, and many others, "whose works live after them," and to whose graves tens of thousands yet to come will bow in grateful homage.

Between Fulham and Chelsea, to which we now hasten, passing by several graceful villas, we arrive at "Cremorne," a popular place of amusement that has taken the place of old Vauxhall; but an object of far higher interest soon greets the voyager; it is the hospital in which the old and worn soldiers who have served their country, repose after their toils. We have first, however, to row under Battersea Bridge: like that of Putney, it is coarse and unseemly and inconvenient in character; all its defects being brought into strong relief by the beautiful structure which now crosses the river a little lower down.

We must step ashore at Chelsea; for this locality is fertile of useful suggestions and interesting associations.

Lyndsay House is seen on the left, and its old history is full of interest, enhanced by the records of later residents: here the painter, Martin, lived and



SIR THOMAS MORE'S HOUSE.

worked; and near it, the great artist, Turner, died—ungracefully, to say the least. But associations multiply as we pass London-ward. A narrow lane, such as we still see sometimes at port towns, leads to the venerable church. The monument to the memory of Sir Hans Sloane occupies the east corner of the church-yard. The church and many neighbouring localities derive interest from associations with the history of that great and good statesman, Sir Thomas More. At his house, in Chelsea,\* the eighth Harry frequently visited

\* The house stood some distance from the river, at the back of Lyndsay House, where now stands the Moravian burial-ground. The gardens reached to the Thames, and from their water-gate More stepped into the barge that carried him to the Tower.

his "beloved Chancellor,"—"a house neither mean nor subject to envy, yet magnificent and commodious enough," with gardens "wonderfully charming," with "green meadows and woody eminences all around." Here the Abbot of Westminster took him into custody for refusing to "take the king as head of his church;" and for denying the king's supremacy he was beheaded on Tower Hill. He had anticipated his death: and had caused his tomb to be made in the church at Chelsea; whether his body was interred there is doubtful; but the place is full of memories of him of whom it was quaintly said:—

"When MORE some time had chancellor been,  
No MORE suits did remain;  
The same shall never MORE be seen,  
Till MORE be there again."

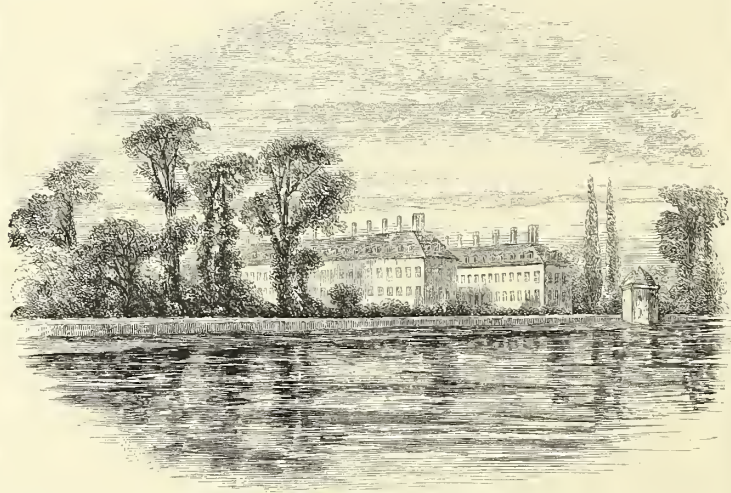
A few yards farther—leaving to the right the pretty pier at which steam-boats



CHEYNE WALK.

ply every ten minutes, and where a few of the old watermen still linger—we reach that famous row of "good houses," known as Cheyne Walk\*—one of the most memorable "bits" that skirt the river-side from its rise to its fall.

A few steps onward, if we are foot passengers, "a row" of a hundred yards if we are voyagers—passing on the left the old "Physic Garden," bequeathed, in the year 1673, by Charles Cheyne, Esq., Lord of the Manor of Chelsea, to the company of Apothecaries for a term of years, and afterwards purchased and presented to them by Sir Hans Sloane—and we reach the long-renowned



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: SIDE VIEW.

Hospital of Chelsea. We picture the side view, as it is seen on ascending or descending the river. Assuredly there are few who cross the Thames to visit either the railway station at Battersea, or Battersea Park, who will not have their attention directed to this deeply interesting monument of an age which is unhappily suggestive less of pride than of humiliation: but of which this home for battle-tried and weather-beaten soldiers is one of the redeeming points; where for two centuries the brave men who receive grateful proofs of a nation's gratitude tell—

"How fields were won."

\* Our view of Cheyne Walk is taken from the centre, looking towards London. The first house on the left, with the old sign-board in front of it, is "Don Saltero's Coffee-house," a place much renowned in the days of Queen Anne, and celebrated by Steele, in his *Tatler*. Himself and other wits of the day patronised its proprietor, James Salter, whom they christened "Don Saltero;" he had been servant to Sir Hans Sloane, and opened this house in 1695, with a collection of curiosities, the refuse of Sir Hans Sloane, calling his house "the Museum Coffee-house." It was greatly added to by continued gifts, and this "eminent barber and antiquary," as Steele styles him, became famous for his "curiosities." The walls were covered with glass cases, stuffed alligators hung from the ceiling, and a "catalogue of the rarities to be seen," published, "price twopenny;" it is a singular specimen of what were popular curiosities a century ago:—"A piece of Solomon's Temple;" "Job's tears which grew on a tree, wherewith they make anodyne necklaces;" "a giant's tooth;" "a young frog in a tobacco-stopper;" and "a flea-trap,"—are among the "curiosities;" with which, however, were mixed really curious things. Pennant mentions having been taken there when a boy, and that his father saw there Richard Cromwell, "a little and very neat old man, with a most placid countenance."



## THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THIS year's commemoration of the "old masters" is as interesting as the celebration of any previous occasion, although among the Dutch pictures we do not find examples so signal as sometimes appear in these selections. "Pre-Raffaellism" is complimented in the number and excellence of the productions of those men who were Pre-Raffaellites because they could not help it—men who lived before, contemporaneously with, and after, the "divine master." On looking at the list of contributors, we find Mr. Barker an exhibitor of not less than sixteen pictures, all painted within a hundred years of each other—that is, within a period beginning about the middle of the fifteenth, and ending about the middle of the sixteenth century; and really among these are some remarkable pictures in singularly fine preservation. We have just hung in our national collection an 'Isotta da Rimini'—that is, a supposed portrait of this lady, by Pietro della Francesca, when, lo! there appears among Mr. Barker's pictures a portrait positively asserted as the veritable study from the face of this lady. Of the two we certainly prefer that in the National Gallery. If Isotta da Rimini sat for two such portraits, she must have died a victim of the art; indeed, she seems here somewhat out of health. Are we to be disappointed of a controversy about these two pictures?—is there nobody that has seen either of them on Francesco's easel, in his painting room just behind the Orsaumichele? By Ortolano there is an admirable altar-piece—'St. Sebastian, St. Demetrius, and St. Rocque.' The nude figure is wonderfully painted, and not less so are the draperies of both the others, and the armour of St. Demetrius. Of the works of Leonardo a feature is made, but the productions attributed to that great master are of very diverse quality. Lord Ashburton's 'Infant Saviour and St. John,' as to the figures of the two children, we never see without much gratification, which would be greatly enhanced had the lamb harmonised with the children, but it is so offensively grey, as to suggest a doubt that Leonardo can have left it thus. There are extant other pictures, bearing the name of this master, which have been painted from the same model that has supplied the Saviour here. 'The Last Supper,' after Da Vinci, copied by his pupil D'Oggione, has been contributed by the Royal Academy; and we rarely see this picture without wishing that some one of the academicians who could draw feet would remodel these too massive nether extremities; but, nevertheless, this copy, as a faithful transcript of what the picture was, is even now more valuable than the original. The 'Head of one of the Apostles,' and 'Head of the Saviour,' apparently fresco studies, are attributed to Leonardo, but both appear to be fragments of compositions which have been destroyed. If they be by Da Vinci, the works of which they formed a part must of course be known. There are, moreover, works by Botticelli (who is flat and dry enough for the wildest enthusiast), Crivelli, Credi, Signorelli, Palmigiani, Bartolomeo, Titian, Maratti, Correggio—in short, examples to which attach names among the most famous in the annals of painting. There is one picture, however, we cannot pass without remark; it is No. 34—'Giorgione, his Mistress, and Pupil,' said to be by Giorgione, and one of those belonging to Mr. Barker. This is the picture of the Manfrini collection, of which Byron so rapturously writes, ending—

"'Tis but a portrait of his son, and wife,  
And self; but such a woman—love in life!"

In Byron's admiration of the lady we do not at all concur; she is the heroine of many essays, but in all there is a vulgarity and a heaviness in the person which must have been caught from the life. She is the same from whom Titian painted his 'Flora,' a picture that hangs "on the line" in the Venetian school in the Palazzo Vecchio, at Florence, the master's most brilliant essay in colour. It is she who dresses her hair in the Venetian school in the Louvre, and who figures as the Virgin in some of Titian's sacred subjects. As Titian and Giorgione were contemporaries, she may have been painted by both; but she is called here the mistress of Giorgione, and in Titian's works she is called the mistress of Titian. As Giorgione died young, she may have been the mistress of each successively. But

this is quite enough to base the question, "Is the picture by Giorgione or Titian?" A portrait of a man, No. 45, the property of the Earl of Warwick, is attributed to Dosso Dossi. There are not many of the productions of this painter existing, but those which we have had opportunities of examining are very different from this, having been, as to the faces, finished with a rich glaze. In the middle room we are surrounded by examples of the Low Country schools, with a slight qualification of everything else in the wide cycle of painting. There are Teniers, Berghem, Ruysdael, Backhuysen, Rembrandt, Van der Neer, Van der Heyden, both the Van der Velde, Wouvermans, Both, Hobbima, &c., and some of the works are of the rarest excellence. There is a small landscape by Ruysdael, with an oak-tree, charmingly pencilled, but dark—dark; and the ground is so obscure, as to be quite invisible in its forms. No. 59, 'Brick-making,' by Teniers, is a curious and a bald subject, which he must have painted to commission. 'Cattle and Figures,' A. Van der Velde, is a work of much sweetness, in the feeling of Berghem. No. 68, 'Landscape and Figures,' Both and Berghem; harmonious in colour, and beautiful in composition. There is more elegant sentiment in Both than in any other of the Dutch masters. A 'Scene on the Ice,' by Cnyp, has but little of the exquisite feeling of the famous picture in the Sutherland collection. No. 70, 'The Dogana, Venice,' Canaletto, is remarkable for local truth; and it is curious that this man, so earnest in verifying his buildings, should satisfy himself on his water surface with a flick of the brush so insufficient to represent a ripple. No. 75, a pleasant river scene, by Van der Capella. No. 79, 'The Interior of St. Peter's,' Pannini, with the exterior, by the same painter, are excellent references for the costume of the period. No. 81, 'A Dutch Town,' Van der Heyden, is a marvellous instance of finish with breadth. No. 85, 'Head of a Man,' by Denner, remarkable for its transparent glaze. No. 91, 'Seashore,' J. Ruysdael, is one of the few coast or sea subjects which Ruysdael painted. So vigorous, however, were they, that Turner has imitated one of them in his picture which he called 'Port Ruysdael.' No. 97, 'Landscape—Moonlight,' Van der Neer: so like all the other compositions of the artist, that when we see one all the others are readily determinable. There are two Rembrandts of admirable quality—Nos. 100 and 102, 'A Goldsmith of Antwerp,' and 'Rembrandt's Mother:' the former is very like one of the recent acquisitions in the National Gallery, but a finer picture; and the latter is a replica of Lord Overstone's old woman with the ruff, but here hands are introduced, which had much better been omitted, so large and coarse are they. The south room is always an *omnium gatherum*, containing specimens of all, with a dash of English Art, and containing as curiosities, landscapes by Rembrandt and Reynolds. There are on the screen two wondrous miniatures in oil—a portrait of a lady, by Isaac Oliver, and Thomas Howard, Duke of Norfolk, by Holbein; a 'Head of a Priest,' said to be by Van Eyck; and by F. Bol, a portrait of a lady, the property of J. H. Mann, Esq., surpassing the utmost refinements of Rubens and Vandyke; No. 132, 'Maria, Duchess of Gloucester,' Sir Joshua Reynolds; 'Landscape and Figures,' Gainsborough: and really when we look at Gainsborough's works, we cannot help thinking that when Reynolds eulogized him as a landscape painter, he meant that he was too good a figure painter. No. 136, 'William Cavendish,' "the Loyal Duke of Newcastle," by Dobson, is quite equal to Vandyke. No. 137, 'Evening,' by R. Wilson, is a charming mellow picture. No. 150, 'A Sleeping Child,' Hilton, is the sweetest of that painter's works we have ever seen; and the next number, a landscape by Nasmyth, is worthy to be accounted among the gems of our school. There is 'Nelly O'Brien,' by Reynolds, 'The Family of King George III.,' by Zoffani, from her Majesty's collection, with other examples of Van der Velde, K. du Jardin, Claude, Reynolds, Morland, Poussin, Teniers, Backhuysen, Canaletto, &c., which we see with much pleasure: indeed, we look forward yearly to the "old masters" as one of the most agreeable opportunities afforded us of making the acquaintance of those we had not before known, and of renewing associations with what have long been familiar to us.

## PICTURE SALES.

MATTERS more immediately pressing on our attention compelled us to omit last month our usual notice of the sales of pictures by auction. The following have taken place since our last report:—

A collection of water-colour drawings, belonging to the late Earl of Harewood, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson, at their rooms in King Street, on May 1st: it realized £1520. The only examples to which we think it necessary to allude are:—'A View of Snowdon,' Girtin, 45 gs.; 'A Cornfield,' Dewint, 103 gs.; 'Windsor Castle and Eton College Chapel,' Sir A. Calleott, 54 gs.; and six beautiful drawings by J. M. W. Turner: 'Harewood Castle,' an early specimen, 50 gs.; 'Kirkstall Abbey,' with the waterfall, also an early drawing, 62 gs.; 'Westminster Abbey Chapel, north of the Choir,' 104 gs.; 'A Castle in Northumberland,' 104 gs.; 'Pembroke Castle,' one of the finest drawings made by the artist, 200 gs.; 'Lake Scene in the north of Italy,' 265 gs. Among a variety of pictures sold afterwards were several excellent specimens of the elder Crome, of Norwich; of which a 'View of Yarmouth Jetty,' realized 55 gs.; 'The Blacksmith's Shop,' 80 gs.; a 'Landscape,' 78 gs.; 'The Willow Tree,' 100 gs.; 'Lane Scene,' 120 gs.; 'Wood Scene,' 135 gs.; and 'The Stone Quarry,' 150 gs.

The sale of the small gallery of ancient pictures, about twenty in number, belonging to the late Mr. W. Hope, of Paris, attracted a large number of connoisseurs to the *Rue Drouot*, on the 11th of May, the character of these paintings being of the highest order as regards several of them: the following is a list of the principal works, and the prices they brought:—'Landscape—Sunset in Autumn,' Claude, bought by Mr. Hope from the Erard collection, £880; 'A Water-Mill,' from the Hérès collection, £1620—it was reported that this fine picture was purchased for England; 'Girl in a Red Bodice,' a celebrated example of Jau Steen's pencil, from the Perigaux gallery, £420; 'Departing from the Hostelry,' Wouvermans, from the Erard collection, £600; 'The Meadow,' Paul Potter, a small, but exquisitely beautiful picture from the collection of the Duchess de Berry, £805; 'A Man in a White Shirt,' Teniers, the younger—a picture well known by this title, though it contains several figures in an alehouse—also from the collection of the Duchess de Berry, £860; a 'Holy Family, with Elizabeth and the Infant John,' ascribed to Rubens, but considered doubtful, £168, from the Erard collection; 'The Music Lesson,' ascribed to Terburg, £80; 'Dutch Interior,' Slingelandt, from the De Berry collection, £160; 'Fête Champêtre,' Diétrich, from the Hérès collection, £60; 'A Young Girl at a Window,' Van Dyck, or assumed to be such, £84, from the Perigaux collection; 'The Angel and Tobit,' Karel du Jardin, £120; 'The Dappled Horse,' Paul Potter, very fine, £280; 'Portrait of a Young Girl,' Greuze, £225; 'A Village on the Sea-Coast,' Gudin, £68.

The following pictures, among some others, were sold by Messrs. Foster, at their rooms in Pall-Mall, in the early part of May; they formed, we believe, a portion of the stock of Messrs. Lloyd:—'The Death-bed of Cardinal Wolsey,' M. Claxton, 180 gs.; a copy, by C. Baxter, of Etty's 'Coral Finders,' 100 gs.; 'Harmony,' J. Sant, 91 gs.; 'Alfred in the Neatherd's Cottage,' Wilkie, 125 gs.; 'The Enquiry—Scenery near Redhill,' J. Linnell, 195 gs.; 'Preparing for the Chase,' E. Isabey, 230 gs.; 'The Sick Boy,' T. Webster, R.A., 220 gs.; 'Coast Scene—Fresh Breeze,' C. Staunfield, R.A., 265 gs.; 'The Tired Reaper,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 200 gs.; 'Naples by Moonlight,' J. M. W. Turner, 340 gs.; 'The Spanish Letter-writer,' F. W. Topham, 185 gs. The entire sale realized upwards of £6200.

A collection of forty-five pictures, principally by the old masters, was sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson on the 15th of May; they were the property of Mr. Sanders, of Taplow House, Berkshire. The most important specimens were—A small cabinet picture by Poelenberg, representing a landscape, in which appears the Holy Family, attended by two angels, 65 gs.; 'The Return of the Holy Family from Egypt,' Karel du Jardin, 63 gs.; 'View in Calabria,' Salvator Rosa, 58 gs.; a grand classical landscape, in which the Temple of Vesta, at Tivoli,



is introduced—beneath are two women, one milking a goat, N. Berghem, 210 gs.; an upright landscape, with cavaliers and ladies near the entrance to a garden, Moucheron and Van der Velde, 87 gs.; 'The Birth of Adonis,' Albano, 81 gs.; an Italian landscape, Both, formerly in the collection of Mr. J. Harman, 110 gs.; 'Villa of Mæcenas, Tivoli,' R. Wilson, 48 gs.; a 'View in Norway,' showing a river falling in a cascade between rocks, a very fine picture by Ruysdael, 215 gs.; a small painting in the best time of the master, A. Van der Velde, 330 gs.: it represents a landscape, with a female peasant bathing her feet in a stream—cows, sheep, and goats are introduced; 'Portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds,' by himself, bought for the National Portrait Gallery for 270 gs. (reference is made to this purchase under our "Minor Topics"); 'Christ healing the Widow's Daughter,' Schiavone, 74 gs.; 'The Magdalen,' Titian, 500 gs.: this picture is one of three described by Ridolfi as having been painted by Titian during his visit to Pope Paul III. at Rome: it was taken from the Farnese Palace when the French occupied Rome in 1800; a 'Landscape,' Ruysdael, 250 gs. The amount realized by the whole of Mr. Sanders's pictures was 3000 gs.

The sale of the above was immediately followed by the dispersion of Colonel Hugh Baillie's gallery, consisting of thirty-seven pictures, many of the highest quality, by Italian, Spanish, Dutch, and English masters. The best examples were—'Head of a Norman Peasant Girl,' G. Newton, R.A., 110 gs.; 'St. Paul,' 'St. James,' 'Archimedes,' and a 'Philosopher,' four portraits by Ribera, 142 gs.; 'Interior of an Apartment'—a cavalier and lady playing at cards, a lady playing with a spaniel, and a cavalier near her, Netscher, 154 gs.; 'Portraits of the Archduchess Jeanne of Austria and Jeanne d'Arche of the House of Egmont,' Sir A. More, 265 gs.: these portraits were formerly at Fonthill; 'Head of Christ,' a small finished study by Rembrandt, 61 gs.; 'Woody Landscape,' a beautiful cabinet picture by Gainsborough, 210 gs.; 'Italian Lake Scene,' R. Wilson, "a cabinet example of the highest quality," as truly described in the catalogue, 365 gs.; 'Don Balthazar, Infanta of Spain,' exhibited at Manchester, Velasquez, 185 gs.; 'Hagar and Ishmael,' also exhibited at Manchester, a fine picture by F. Mola, 200 gs.; 'Queen Marianna of Spain when Young,' Velasquez, 220 gs., exhibited at Manchester; 'A Breeze off Amsterdam,' a very choice example of Backhuysen's sea-pieces, 400 gs., exhibited at Manchester; 'Noli me tangere,' a large gallery picture, finely painted, by Tintoretto, 135 gs.; 'Portrait of Don Diego Ortiz de Zuniga,' the Spanish historian, Murillo, 185 gs.: the portrait is enclosed in a carved stone oval niche, with the arms above, and two Cupids below; 'Landscape,' with a shepherd leaning on a staff, a flock of sheep reposing before him, a church and spire seen in the distance, Cuyp, "a very perfect work of the great master," 560 gs.; 'The Daughter of Herodias with the Head of John the Baptist,' stated in the catalogue to be by Carlo Dolce, but subsequently pronounced to be the work of Francesco Furini, 95 gs.; 'Italian Landscape,' peasants with a waggon, and a woman with cattle at the edge of a pool beneath a rocky height,—a very beautiful example of the pencil of Pynacker, an artist whose works are comparatively rare in England, £445; 'The Duc d'Olivarez,' a noble whole-length portrait, exhibited at Manchester, Velasquez, 570 gs.; 'A Romantic Landscape,' with a stream of water falling in a cascade between rocks, the banks on each side richly wooded, the stem of a birch-tree lying partly in the water, near which a peasant family, with a fishing-net, is introduced by P. Wouvermans, a picture of rare and brilliant quality, by Ruysdael, £1120; 'Job visited by his Friends,' Salvator Rosa, 230 gs.: this noble *chef d'œuvre* was formerly in the Santa Croce Gallery; 'Portrait of Philip IV.,' holding a gun in his hand, in an upright landscape, Velasquez, 145 gs.; 'Portrait of the Cardinal Infanta Don Fernando,' brother of Philip, Velasquez, 455 gs.: these fine life-size portraits formed panels in the Armoury at Madrid; 'Virgin and Child,' Murillo, 1500 gs.: this exquisite work has rarely been equalled by the great master for beauty of expression and brilliancy of colour: it formed an important feature in the celebrated Altamira Gallery. The large prices paid for some of the above pictures show that genuine and good specimens of the old masters are still eagerly sought for by the amateur.

Colonel Baillie's collection realized the large sum of £8256.

On the 18th of May Messrs. Foster disposed of, by auction, a number of water-colour drawings, stated to be the property of "an eminent collector, and including specimens of Stanfield, Roberts, W. Hunt, Topham, Turner, Cattermole, Carl Haag, T. S. Cooper, Poole, J. F. Lewis, Richardson, De Wint, F. Tayler, Linton, &c. &c." Among them it seems only necessary to point out—'The Woodman's Daughter,' W. Hunt, the landscape by J. D. Harding, 51 gs.; 'Exterior of an Irish Cabin,' with a bagpiper and several other figures, F. W. Topham, 110 gs.; 'The Observatory,' 32 gs.; 'Aquatic Sports,' 37 gs.; 'Northumberland Castle,' 30 gs.; three very small drawings by J. M. W. Turner; 'Views in Cashionbury Park,' two larger drawings, painted by Turner for the Earl of Essex, 295 gs.; 'Fonthill Abbey,' also by Turner, and one of his finest works in water-colours, size 40 inches by 27½ inches, 225 gs.; 'The Murder of the Duke of Clarence,' G. Cattermole, 52 gs.; 'The Castle Moat,' G. Cattermole, 30 gs.; 'The Water-carrier, Cerbara,' Carl Haag, 49 gs.; 'Cattle in a Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 45 gs.; 'Interior of an Apartment, with a Lady at Work,' J. F. Lewis, 38 gs.; 'Interior of a Turkish Harem,' J. F. Lewis, exhibited in 1850, 230 gs.; 'Frank Encampment in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, exhibited in 1856, 490 gs.; 'Bolton Abbey,' De Wint, 32 gs.; 'Sophia and Olivia,' the engraved drawing, F. Tayler, 40 gs. This collection realized upwards of £2860.

On the 20th of May, and two following days, the collection of pictures and drawings formed by Mr. John Miller, of Liverpool, was dispersed, with several other similar works, by Messrs. Christie and Manson, at their rooms in King Street, of the drawings we may point out:—'A Hill-side Farm, Isle of Wight,' J. Linnell, 80 gs.; 'The Bass Rock,' J. M. W. Turner, 110 gs.; nine small drawings by the same artist, namely, 'Rokeby,' 37 gs.; 'Hougomont,' 32 gs.; 'Kelso,' 40 gs.; 'Edinburgh,' 51 gs.; 'Cathedral of Milan,' 45 gs.; 'Amphitheatre at Verona,' 44 gs.; 'Bermerside Tower,' 28 gs.; 'Quai de Conti,' 35 gs.; 'Rye,' 70 gs.; 'Deal,' 72 gs.; and the large drawing of 'Plymouth,' engraved in the "Southern Coast," 110 gs.; 'The Valley of Amberley,' J. B. Pyne, 407. 19s.; 'Lewes Fair,' E. Duncan, 40 gs.; 'Christ Preaching,' a noble drawing by G. Cattermole, 120 gs.; 'The Return from Hawking,' the well-known work by F. Tayler, 145 gs.; 'The Greeting in the Desert,' J. F. Lewis, 160 gs. The principal oil-pictures were,—'A River Scene, with Buildings and Boats,' J. Linnell, 81 gs.; 'Market Boats unloading,' J. Linnell, 51 gs.; 'The Drove of Sheep,' J. Linnell, 260 gs.; 'The Kingfisher's Haunt,' J. E. Millais, 70 gs.; 'Italian Lake Scene,' R. Wilson, 65 gs.; 'View in Devonshire,' W. Müller, 65 gs.; 'Beech Trees and Fern,' H. M. Anthony, 300 gs.; 'Autumn Leaves,' J. E. Millais, 550 gs.; 'Burd Helen,' W. L. Windus, 250 gs.; 'Capture of the Inca of Peru,' J. E. Millais, 50 gs.; 'Mary anointing the Feet of Christ,' W. Etty, 55 gs.; 'Dredge Boats,' one of the finest works of the late W. Müller, 250 gs.; 'Sabrina and Nymphs,' W. Etty, 148 gs.; 'Wedding Cards,' J. E. Millais, 112 gs.; 'Hurley House, on the Thames,' J. M. W. Turner, 125 gs.—an engraving, by R. Wallis, from this picture appeared in the *Art-Journal* for December, 1854; 'View of the Tummell Bridge,' J. M. W. Turner, 120 gs.; 'An old Oak in a Landscape,' J. Linnell, 60 gs.; 'The Whale Ship,' J. M. W. Turner, 350 gs.; 'Van Tromp,' J. M. W. Turner, 540 gs.; 'Saltash, Cornwall,' J. M. W. Turner, 410 gs.; 'The Blind Girl,' by J. E. Millais, which was included in the catalogue, was bought in, as we heard, for 300 gs. By far the largest majority of the "lots" were knocked down to the dealers in pictures; but whether they bought on their own account or as "commissions," we have no direct means of ascertaining. Mr. Gambart was the largest buyer; almost the whole of the more important works fell to his bidding.

At the sale, by Messrs. Foster, on May 24th, of a collection of water-colour drawings belonging to Mr. J. Palmer, 'The Farm-yard at Strathfieldsaye,' by W. Hunt, the largest work hitherto painted by the artist, realized 75 gs.; J. M. W. Turner's 'Mount St. Michael, Normandy,' 80 gs.; and his 'Old London Bridge,' engraved by E. Goodall,

195 gs. Mr. Palmer's collection sold for upwards of 14007.

Among a number of pictures sold by Messrs. Foster, June 9th, were the following:—'Evening,' a landscape, with cattle, T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., dated 1850, 201 gs.; 'First Class,' and 'Second Class,' the pair of engraved pictures by A. Solomon, 420 gs.;\* 'Abraham and Isaac proceeding to the Sacrifice,' J. T. Linnell, 280 gs.; 'Lear and the Fool in a Storm,' W. Dyce, R.A., 100 gs.; 'Coast Scene, near Hastings,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 160 gs.; 'The Village Bridal,' H. M. Anthony, 200 gs.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The Gallery of the Louvre is now open to the public, and opinions are formed, but not openly expressed, as to the good or evil done to the "Rubens" paintings by the official picture cleaners. Some say, "We never until now saw Rubens;" others, "The pictures are ruined." We believe a middle course should be taken: much dirt has been removed, and many beauties are revealed; but several of the canvases now look raw and unfinished. The paintings being all large, and hung high, it is difficult to see them well; in some instances patches have been left uncleaned, in order to show what they were before the operation. No doubt Rubens and his school painted in a most solid manner; still some thin colour was applied, to finish and harmonise the parts: this seems to be entirely gone, and the paintings look glaring and crude. The *Moniteur* says, "The restoration of the Flemish paintings is now finished; serious deteriorations having manifested themselves in the series of the 'Galerie de Marie Medicis,' the colour detaching itself from the canvas, and falling off. It was necessary, in order to preserve these fine works, to place them on fresh canvas: this operation necessitated that of taking off the old varnish, which has been done with the utmost care. The administration of the Louvre has seized the opportunity to clear away all the ancient retouchings, which had at different periods been added to Rubens's work. We have thought proper to show these works in their actual state, with the injuries of time on them, and not such as they were with the injudicious retouches, and above all the several coats of yellow varnish which obscured their brilliancy. On several parts of Nos. 436, 437, 440, 451, 453, 457, the old varnish has been left. No. 432—only half of this painting has been cleaned, in order to show in what state they were."—Several paintings have been placed in the Galleries of Versailles, amongst which are the large one of the "Capture of the Malakoff," by Yvon; "Sœurs de Charité," by Appert; "Battle of Inkerman," by Gustave Doré; "Bombardment of Salee," by Gudin, &c., &c.—Two large bronzes, by Jacquemard, have been purchased for the gardens round the Louvre, now open to the public: they represent "A Lion in search of a dead body," and "A Lioness playing with a young Dog;" they are life size.—The whole of the Louvre is to be renovated. The Emperor will in the meantime reside at the Elysée. The private garden in the Tuileries is to be much enlarged, and a gate opened on the terrace; it is also said the building is to be raised another story, and the roof altered. Thus the fine old palace built by Philibert de Lorme, will almost undergo a complete transformation.—The Government has purchased the painting, by E. Delacroix, of "The Death of Marcus Aurelius," for the Luxembourg Gallery.—M. Z. Prevost is engraving, for the Government, the "Vierge au donataire," by Vandyke.—M. Theodore Lejeune remarks, in an article on the deterioration of paintings, that the evils of cracking may be avoided by the following method:—1st. Be very particular that the priming of your canvas be perfectly dry and hard; one priming is best. 2nd. Do not load your painting with numerous glazings and scumblings. 3rd. The best pigments to use are good linseed oil well clarified, and rectified spirits of turpentine in equal proportions. 4th. Paint solidly at first, letting your dead colour dry and harden in the open air, and in the shade. 5th. Do not rub the picture with oil, as is customary, in order to make the parts sunken reappear, but use two of parts rectified turpentine, and one part of copal varnish, the whitest possible, and use this very sparingly. 6th. Leave your paintings at least a year without varnish. The best way to know if the oil is all dried out of a painting, is to pass a wet sponge over its surface: if well dried out, the water will lie evenly; if not, in drops.

\* The appearance of Mr. Solomon's two pictures in this sale rather surprised us; we thought they were still in the possession of the Marquis of Lansdowne, who, we believe, purchased them of the artist. Perhaps, however, Mr. Solomon may have painted duplicates.—[Ed. A.-J.]



## THE NATIONAL GALLERY, "COMPROMISED."

It is a recognised item in the estimate of British character, that, as a nation, we are fond of crotchets. We play with cant words, till we erect them into principles:—and the principle uppermost for action, with us, just now, is the one expressed by the, of late, familiar word, *compromise*. Of course, the principle has its logic,—and makes a show of argument. The British Constitution is said to have grown out of a succession of compromises,—and a system of compromise is insisted on as being the machinery by which it acts still. The cant of the day, is, that what is good for the whole, must be good for the parts; and that individual measures, like the great general scheme of government, are safe only when finally planted on the ground of compromise.—The doctrine involves a fallacy which nothing but the love of crotchet could conceal,—and generates an inconvenience which some day, we suppose, the people will find out. We grow our national crotchets at great cost,—which the nation has to pay both in loss of time and in waste of money. The last great compromise to which, as a people, we have been summoned, applies to the question of the National Gallery, so long debated in Parliament, and argued in these columns;—and it was announced, by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, in the discussion on the estimates for the British Museum, in the course of the past month.

Such a case of inversion of principle—such an instance of a syllogism standing on its head—as this debate supplies, one has rarely the opportunity of referring to. The discussion is most curious, for the way in which it states the case in one direction, and then turns aside to avoid following it to its conclusion,—shows the principle wanted for use, and then puts the principle on the shelf. The Chancellor of the Exchequer lays down very clearly the arguments that lead to a certain *whole*, and then contents himself with taking half,—in a form which makes the half the inevitable foe to the whole. And this illogical conclusion is to pass muster, if the House will let it, under the title of the National Gallery *compromise*.

The double proposition which came clearly out of the debate on the Museum estimates, on the 4th of June last, was,—the pressing necessity, that something should now at length be done in the matter of a National Gallery,—and, the pressing necessity for such a methodization of our various national collections as shall render all or any of them, the National Gallery amongst the rest, available for the best purposes to which they can be applied. The conclusion to which these two propositions point,—clearly indicated, as we have said, by Mr. Disraeli himself,—carries us irresistibly to Kensington Gore; where the people have an estate of their own, bought for a large sum of money, with an express view to the meeting of these two propositions. The fitness of the rendezvous is, however, dwelt on by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, only as the prelude to a proposal for its abandonment. Having carried our convictions with him to Kensington, Mr. Disraeli, suddenly, in the figurative language of the late Lord Castlereagh, turns his back upon himself,—and upon us,—and ends by asking us to put our convictions in our pocket, and sell back the estate at Kensington Gore!

The announcement, as we have said, grew out of the debate on the Museum estimates. The British Museum has been well described as "the most miscellaneous and comprehensive collection in the world,"—whose contents have been got together pretty much by chance medley, and consist of too much of everything,

and not enough of any. While its cellars groan under hidden treasures which its upper floors have not space to display,—the upper floors are openly encumbered by treasures which are especially wanted to the completeness of collections elsewhere. This happy arrangement has a double advantage:—it unsystematizes everything to which it applies,—and it multiplies the costly machinery by which the costly treasures of the nation are kept unsystematic. In January last, the Trustees of the British Museum passed a Resolution, to the effect that they are prevented by "great deficiency of space" from "the proper exhibition" of the multiplied objects in "various departments" which they already have,—without taking into account the "future and progressive" increase of all the collections;—and recommending,—not that these should be so weeded as to relieve the institution itself, and feed other institutions that are languishing for want of them,—but, the adoption of a plan of Mr. Smirke's for laying out more money in the purchase of land on the north side of the Museum, and building thereon, so as to enlarge the evil, and perpetuate the provisional. Meantime, as Lord Elcho says, the public money is wasted in making collections in duplicate, and even in triplicate. There is a mineralogical collection in the British Museum, and another in Jermyn Street. There is a botanical collection at the British Museum, and another at Kew. There is a collection of portraits in the British Museum, and another making in Great George Street. There is a collection of mediæval art in the British Museum, and another at South Kensington, and a third in Jermyn Street.—How many things there are in the British Museum which a National Gallery should have, and which the Museum would gain valuable space by contributing, our readers, for the most part, know.

We have said above, that, to remedy the want of space in the British Museum by an enlargement of its area, would be, to perpetuate the *provisional*; because, we are satisfied that, sooner or later, this confusion *must* be cleared up.—In the progress of common sense, we feel assured, that a day of system will come at last. The cause of logic in the matter is already visibly making way in the House of Commons.—"Government," Lord Elcho said, "must boldly face the matter, and methodize its collections."—Lord John Russell did not think, the Trustees would be justified in expending the sum required for building towards the north, "without looking into the whole subject."—Mr. Gladstone was of opinion, that "these several collections could not be kept together. The time must come, when the question of separation would have to be met." And the Chancellor of the Exchequer said—"It was in the various, almost the universal, character of that collection that the difficulties which the House had now to contend with found their principal origin; and he was afraid they would not be able to encounter the obstacles in their path until they simplified the contents in the Museum."

Towards a final and systematic arrangement of the national collections, let us see what is said of the step that had been taken at Kensington Gore,—in the very debate which announces, so far as concerns its most important feature, the retraction of that step, and by the minister himself by whom the announcement is made.—But, first, let us hear Mr. Gladstone.—"He could not, as a trustee, or as a member of Parliament, recommend that the Government should make a demand upon the House of Commons for the purpose [of building at the Museum], without considering what the public had been doing towards providing accommodation in other

quarters. In 1852 no less than £140,000 was paid for the site of Burlington House, and in 1853 and subsequent years £180,000 was paid for portions of the Kensington estate. Thus, something like £320,000 had been laid out by the public in the acquisition of sites for this purpose. One of those sites was, the great quantity of land—something like one hundred acres—at Kensington, affording an immense amount of accommodation for objects of the nature now under discussion, and of which, up to the present time, only a small fraction had been applied to that purpose,—viz., the small portion upon which the new museum had been erected. The application of that small portion had been followed by most gratifying results. Both as to the number of persons who visited the Kensington collection and their demeanour, the result had been far beyond what the most sanguine had calculated upon."—The Chancellor of the Exchequer said:—"Without space nothing effective could be done; and it was the want of space that had been the cause of the scattered position of our collections, and of our being unable to effect that convenient arrangement which was so necessary for the public accommodation. A great effort was made six years ago, when he proposed that the House of Commons should vote a sum of £180,000 in aid of a sum of equal amount, which was the balance left from the receipts obtained at the Great Exhibition of 1851. With that united sum, amounting to upwards of £300,000, an extensive portion of land at Kensington was purchased, with the idea that there would be an opportunity of our scattered collections finding a home where they might be seen to great advantage by the public."

Well, then,—the end of all this is to be, unless Parliament will step in to the rescue, that strange *non sequitur* to which we alluded at the outset of this article. The beneficial partnership between the Exhibition Commissioners and the public,—deliberately considered and formally ratified by the people's representatives, and to the credit of which the Commissioners brought in a capital of nearly a couple of hundred thousand pounds,—is now, it seems, to be dissolved, in obedience to an outcry which sets logic at defiance, and to arguments which are almost swept away by the breath that states them. The Exhibition Commissioners, according to the *compromise* proposed by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, are to pay back the money contributed by the nation to the partnership fund; and on the fine site once secured to the country, and with the money of which they would have made the country a free gift, to carry out their objects as they can alone,—while the country builds its new National Gallery in the smoke!—The estimate for enlarging the gallery on its present site, as furnished to the Treasury by the Commissioners of Works, is £500,000,—including the re-instatement elsewhere of the barracks, which will have to be removed, of the Workhouse buildings, and of the Baths and Washhouses, and the compensation to the Royal Academy for ejection,—all necessary incidents of this scheme. Add to this amount, the large sum lost to the object by the abandonment of the fund offered by the Exhibition Commissioners; and we have something like three quarters of a million for the nation to outlay, in order that parliament may stultify itself, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer inaugurate once more the reign of the provisional!—To save the very important objects now in peril of sacrifice, *we*, for our parts, have done such earnest battle as we can. Will the House of Commons come to aid, in this crisis of the contest? If so,—good!—if not, "let them kill the next Percy," themselves!



## HAMPDEN.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

WHEN the Royal Commission charged with the duty of carrying out the erection of the "Palace of Westminster" had determined upon the introduction of sculpture as part of the internal decorations of this noble edifice, a statue of John Hampden was among the earliest statues destined to find a place within its walls. And who, from the long roll of British worthies, could have been selected as showing a higher title to such distinction, than he who was one of the first to resist, in his place in Parliament, the impolitic, arbitrary influence of a well-meaning but misguided monarch?

John Hampden, eldest son of William Hampden, of Hampden, in Buckinghamshire, was born in London, in 1594, and succeeded in his infancy to the estates of his ancient and respectable family. He was educated first at a grammar-school, at Thame, in Oxfordshire, whence he proceeded to Magdalen College, Oxford. In 1613 he was admitted a student in the Inner Temple, and made considerable progress in common law, but never, as it appears, practised at the bar. Having married at the early age of twenty-three, he retired to his estates, and for some years continued to lead a country life, entering enthusiastically into the sports of the field, and other amusements of the age in which he lived. There were signs, however, in the political world of coming events calculated to disturb the internal tranquillity of the kingdom; and of these signs Hampden was not an indifferent observer. He became ambitious of a seat in the parliament in which Charles I. was reluctantly compelled to summon; the borough of Grampound, now disfranchised, first elected him as its member, and, subsequently, he was chosen three successive times for Wendover, a borough which is also now disfranchised. He was then elected by the constituency of Buckinghamshire, and sat for that county in the "Long Parliament." Hampden's first resistance to the arbitrary proceedings of the king was at the close of Charles's second parliament, when, on his refusal to contribute to the loan demanded by the monarch, he was committed to prison, but afterwards liberated, with several other recusants, unconditionally. The attempt to levy ship money, in 1636, was also resisted by Hampden, and proceedings were in consequence instituted against him on the part of the crown. Ten of the twelve judges before whom the case was argued, in the Exchequer Chamber, gave judgment against him. Many individuals, especially among the Puritans, anticipating a period of trouble and danger, had already left the kingdom, and others were preparing to follow. It is said that Hampden and Oliver Cromwell, who were kinsmen, had engaged their passage to America in a ship then lying in the Thames for the reception of emigrants; but the departure of the vessel was prohibited by royal mandate.

Hampden appears to have rendered himself so obnoxious to Charles, that the king made an attempt to seize him, with several other members of the Commons, in the House. This unconstitutional act was, however, prevented by the firm attitude assumed by the representatives of the people. The civil war shortly afterwards broke out. Hampden raised and commanded a troop of horse, with which he joined the parliamentary army. In an engagement with the Royalist forces, under Prince Rupert, at Chalgrove field, June 18th, 1643, Hampden placed himself at the head of the attack, and in the first charge fell dangerously wounded. He left the field, and was conveyed to Thame, where he expired six days after the battle; his last words were a touching prayer for the welfare of his country.

After the lapse of more than two centuries, the senate-house of England once more contains the form and lineaments of Hampden in the noble statue executed by Mr. Foley, in 1850. It is of "heroic" size, and may be classed among the finest examples of modern portrait sculpture. The attitude of the figure is bold and commanding, and the face, modelled from the best authenticated portraits, seems faithfully to express the character of the man—resolute and fearless, yet gentle, affable, and courteous.

## ORNAMENTAL IRON CASTINGS.

ENGLAND may, in a peculiarly appropriate manner,—when considering the position which she holds among the nations,—designate this as her Iron Age. In all parts of the country the earth is pierced in search of iron ore; and the blaze of iron furnaces illumines the midnight sky, wherever the proximity of coal admits of its being smelted. The island is traversed in all directions by iron roads—iron buildings receive us at the ends of all the railways—iron enters more or less into the structure of nearly all our large edifices. The Temple of the Italian Muse has sprung, like Aladdin's palace, into sudden existence by the aid of iron; and the Crystal Palace stands on its hill at Sydenham, a triumph which might be dedicated to Vulcan, as the work of the Cyclopes. On the river, and on the ocean, iron exerts its power; and from the canal boat, to the Leviathan, iron boiler plate has taken the place of wood. Iron appears to be destined to aid largely in the progress of civilization, for "homogeneous metal"—a kind of semi-steel—is employed in the construction of the small steamer in which Livingstone is to lay open the treasures of central Africa to the world. Iron, too, has invaded the domains of fashion; the fact that one house in Sheffield had a few weeks since orders for sixty-five tons of steel for ladies' petticoats, will prove how successful the invasion has been. To achieve these triumphs the iron-making powers of the country have been taxed to the utmost, as the following table, of the annual produce of pig-iron, will show:—

	Tons.
Northumberland and Durham . . .	331,370
Yorkshire . . . . .	275,600
Derbyshire . . . . .	106,960
Lancashire and Cumberland . . .	25,530
Shropshire . . . . .	109,722
North Staffordshire . . . . .	130,560
South Staffordshire and Worcestershire . . .	777,171
Gloucestershire . . . . .	24,132
North Wales . . . . .	47,682
South Wales . . . . .	877,150
Scotland . . . . .	880,500
Total . . . . .	3,586,377

More than three millions and a half tons of pig-iron—equal in value to upwards of twelve millions sterling—are produced each year in these small islands. This, it must be remembered, is the value of this metal, ere yet any cost beyond that of smelting is incurred upon it. When this is converted into bars and rails only, the value is more than doubled; and when we have this important element, by the aid of skilled labour, manufactured into all the numerous articles for use and for ornament to which it is applied, its value is increased more than a hundred fold.

England stands as the first of the iron-producing countries of the world. Her stores of the raw material are more vast than those of any other country within the same area. Hence, consequently, we derive a large source of our national wealth from the soil where for ages those mineral stores have awaited man's industry. The following statement will convey some idea of the way in which this metal is distributed in our rocks.

In Cornwall we have large quantities of the hematite, or peroxide of iron, and some of the carbonates. Devonshire produces a great abundance of the latter (*spathose*) ore, and some of the former. In Somersetshire and in Gloucestershire, there is a still larger production of those ores, and the argillaceous iron ore, as it is often called, clay band iron ore, in addition. The hydrated oxide of iron is produced in Wiltshire, Hampshire, Northamptonshire, Leicestershire, and Buckinghamshire. All the coal-producing countries yield abundance of the argillaceous carbonates of iron; while Lancashire and Cumberland are both of them remarkable for the immense deposits of hematitic iron which they contain. The iron mines in the neighbourhoods of Ulverstone and of Whitehaven are the most remarkable in the world. The North Riding of Yorkshire has been scarcely less celebrated for the production of a peculiar carbonate of iron, which spreads in a remarkable band through all the hills of Cleveland, and southward towards Whitby, extending through the vale of the Esk. These iron beds have given rise to new and very extensive industries around Middlesbrough and Stockton-on-Tees. Scotland produces the celebrated black-band ironstone, and some

hematite; and Ireland appears to be rich in this ore, although, as yet, but little of it has been worked.

Such is a rapid notice of our principal iron-producing localities. In olden time, the iron districts of England were confined to the eastern and south-eastern counties; and hills of cinders now exist in the fertile counties of Essex, Sussex, and Kent, marking the sites of ancient iron manufacture. Attempts are again being made to work the iron ores which exist in the Green-Sand formations of these counties; and now that the railways afford facilities for transit, they are likely to come again into use.

With the failure of the forests of the eastern counties the manufacture of iron passed away to the coal-producing districts. The only furnaces, from which we are now producing iron, smelted with charcoal, are those in the neighbourhood of Ulverstone, in Lancashire; and the demand for this charcoal-iron is far greater than it is possible for the manufacturers to meet, their production being limited by the supply of charcoal, which is failing them.

Notwithstanding the immense quantities of iron produced in this country, it has not, as yet, been turned amongst us to much account as an article of ornament. We, perhaps, are too busy with the more important useful manufactures to give much attention to the details, which the production of the ornamental demands. Circumstances, however, appear to be leading us gradually into this manufacture, and there is little doubt but, in a few years, we shall be large producers of ornamental works of great beauty in iron. An accident led to the production of the far-famed Berlin iron castings. During the wars with the first Napoleon, the Prussian treasury becoming exhausted, an appeal was made to the people to contribute towards the defences of the country; and the rich and poor contributed with true patriotic feeling—not money merely, but their gold and silver ornaments. To encourage this, it was determined that every one who gave up gold ornaments for the national cause, should receive an iron one, in the shape of a cross, in their place, inscribed with the words:—

"I GAVE GOLD FOR IRON."

These crosses of iron required chains of iron to suspend them. They were made; and the attempts of one manufacturer to rival another, led to the production of those beautiful chains, bracelets, and other articles in iron, which are alike remarkable for the delicacy of their workmanship, and the elegance of their design.

There has been a general impression that the iron founders of Berlin possessed some secret process by which these things were made; it was sometimes said to be the peculiar character of the iron ore used; we now know, that the Prussians buy English pig-iron for this very manufacture. It was again stated that we possessed no casting sand equal to theirs: this is also proved to be incorrect. The whole secret of those exquisitely delicate castings depending on the temperature at which the iron is run into the moulds. At Hayle, in Cornwall, some years since, castings in all respects equal to the Berlin castings were made; and the Coalbrookdale Iron Company, in Shropshire, have been, in the production of fine ornamental works, eminently successful. We have been induced, however, to draw attention to this question, from the circumstance that some experiments have recently been made, in the preparation of a coal, which has been called *mineral charcoal*, possessing the property of producing greater fluidity in the iron than ordinary coal will do. The value of this has been rendered evident in the manufacture of tin plate, which has hitherto required the use of charcoal in the process of refining the iron. The inventor of the "charred coal" states, that in 1850, his attention was directed to the use of a substitute for charcoal in the finery, and the result was a process by which coals could be charred in such a way as to produce a structure analogous to charcoal, and which was free of sulphur. Again, some experiments have been made with peat, which are of great promise. In both cases, the trials have been made on a moderately large scale, and the results have been satisfactory.

"The preparation of the *charred coal*," says Mr. E. Rogers, the inventor of it, "is very simple. The coal is first reduced to small, and washed by any of





ENGRAVED BY W. ROFFE, FROM THE STATUE BY J. H. FOLEY.







the ordinary means; it is then spread over the bottom of a reverberatory furnace to the depth of about four inches, the bottom of the furnace being first raised to a red heat. When the small coal is thrown over the bottom, a great volume of gases is given off, and much ebullition takes place; this ends in the production of a light spungy mass, which is turned over in the furnace and drawn in about one hour and a half. To completely clear off the sulphur, water is now freely sprinkled over the mass until all smell of the sulphuretted hydrogen gas produced ceases."

We learn that it is intended to extend the experimental inquiry, and there is but little doubt, as it appears to us, that in a short time we may expect to see ornamental works of a peculiar and beautiful character, executed in a material of the most enduring description. As soon as the manufacture is more matured, it is our intention to devote an article to the curiosities of these interesting conversions of iron to the purposes of ornament and of Art. The subject is one of very wide and general interest: not alone as regards the improvements of the raw material, but the advantages derivable from such improvements by so many important branches of British manufacture. In fact, the consequences may be universal in their influence on the commerce as well as on the art of the country.

ROBERT HUNT.

### THE ROYAL ASSOCIATION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN SCOTLAND.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE PRIZES.

THIS exhibition of the prizes of the Scottish Art-Union was open during the month of June in the rooms of Mr. Walesby, No. 5, Waterloo Place. These works are seventy-one in number, ranging from the value of £260 downwards to £4. The selection consists of pictures, a few drawings, and one piece of sculpture, 'Chaldean Captive,' by W. Brodie. With rare exceptions, we do not observe that stringency of execution in these works by which those of our southern exhibitions are characterised, although the observance of natural phase is by no means less inquisitive. The subjects are principally landscape and simple incident. There is one subject from Scripture—'Hannah and Samuel,' by A. H. Burr. And perhaps the cause of the low tone of composition is, that the best works had been purchased before the prizeholders had the opportunity of making their selection. The first prize, £260, is 'A Highland Raid; or, how the Macgregors lived and died a Hundred Years ago,' by Gourlay Steel. It is a large picture, showing the Caterans tracked in their "lift" into a narrow pass, where is presented a scene of dire confusion of animals and men, both the wildest of their kind. 'The Weald of Kent,' £160, by S. Bough, A., is a large picture, affording a view of a richly-wooded district; and this, like the preceding work, is touched with a defiant licence, which would seem to challenge a comparison with the more severe translations of our rising school. 'Bellevue, Dort,' £120, E. T. Crawford, R.S.A., shows the town from the opposite side of the river; and 'A Winter Afternoon—Curlers and Skaters on Linlithgow Loch,' £120, Charles Lees, R.S.A., is a large picture, presenting in the background Linlithgow Castle, and on the intermediate breadth of the loch an extensive distribution of figures. 'A Strolling Musician,' £80, J. Burr, is a sad and sorry violinist, blind, and in rags, playing to an audience who have neither malt nor meal wherewith to reward him; but the old man is a successful study—there is much of the life in him. In 'The Dominie,' £80, A. H. Burr, the figures are very carefully made out. 'The Soldier's Widow,' Hugh Cameron, instances the complete desolation of a humble home, the head of which being suddenly removed: the wife reads of the death of her husband. In 'Will o' the Wisp,' J. A. Houston, R.S.A., we see a blue elfin luring a wayfarer to a deep pond, a quaint rendering of the illusion; 'A Gleam of Sunshine in the Woods,' Edward Hargitt, appeals to our remembrances of sunshine and trees; and 'Glen Falloch,' J. Milne Macdonald, is a very firmly painted section of river-side scenery. 'Sunshine among Showers,' H. Macculloch, R.S.A., is a romantic composition, charming in

colour, and masterly in effect. In the 'Lake of Nemi,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A., there is an admirable refinement of feeling. In 'Pandy Mill, North Wales,' Mr. Fraser has succeeded in communicating a most veracious character to the old weather-stained stones. 'The Darnley Conspirators,' Thomas Bonar, is a sketch in which colour supersedes character. 'The Old Oak Shade,' T. Clark, shows a farm-yard, in which the buildings and incident are most studiously brought forward; but the feature of the picture is the successful treatment of the light and shade. 'A Cornfield, Loch Carron,' D. Birch, is also clearly a study on the spot; and valuable natural qualities distinguish the little view 'At Barnes, near Putney,' by Miss Charlotte Nasmyth. There are also interesting works by W. K. Orchardson, Keeley Halswelle, Erskine Nicol, A. W. Douglas, R.S.A., James Giles, R.S.A., Arthur Perigal, A., John J. Wilson, &c. The print for the current year is 'The Politicians,' engraved from the picture painted by A. H. Burr.

### ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—A variety of arrangements of interest are making with reference to the several institutions for the promotion of Art and archaeology in the northern metropolis.—The new building for the Scottish National Gallery of Paintings was, our readers know, completed about two years ago,—and has since been provisionally occupied by one Art exhibition succeeding another. A Treasury minute recently published, determines the arrangements now made for the permanent appropriation of the edifice. The building contains, in two series of galleries, twelve octagonal saloons. Of these, six are to be devoted henceforth, for four months in every year, to the exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy:—and six will be reserved for the permanent occupation of a Scottish National Gallery of Art. The materials of such a gallery already existing in the northern metropolis, we need not tell our readers, are,—first, the valuable collection of the Royal Scottish Academy,—secondly, the collection belonging to the Royal Institution,—thirdly, the collection bequeathed to the city of Edinburgh by the late Sir James Erskine, of Torrie,—and fourthly, the collection belonging to the Board of Manufactures. To these will be added various pictures belonging to the National Association for the promotion of the Fine Arts, and pictures belonging to private individuals. Mr. W. B. Johnstone, a member of the Royal Scottish Academy, has been appointed principal Curator and Keeper of the National Gallery, at a salary of £250. On the removal of such of the pictures forming the new National Gallery as are at present exhibited in the building of the Royal Institution, the galleries there are to be given up to the exhibition of the museum of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland; which museum that body has handed over gratuitously to Government,—to be opened permanently to the public, free of charge. For fitting up the saloons of the Royal Institution for this museum, a parliamentary grant of £2032 is to be asked. It is recommended, we may add, that the School of Design, hitherto upheld by the Board of Manufactures, which Board now undertakes the annual charge of the National Gallery, amounting to £1142,—shall cease henceforth to form a charge on the funds of that body,—and that it shall be affiliated to the Department of Science and Art, in London.

FINE-ARTS ACADEMY IN BRISTOL.—The citizens of Bristol have recently been inaugurating a handsome building, reared by them on the fine site which they have obtained at the top of Park Street, and nearly opposite the Victoria Rooms, as an academy and School of Art of their own. This institution, like so many others in England, is due to a private founder; and in this instance, the Art stream which we trust is hereafter to fertilise the city of the Severn, flows from an Art fountain, and that a local one. Mrs. Sharples was, it is stated, the wife and mother of artists:—her husband, a son, and a daughter, all following that honourable calling; and, in 1847, she left the bulk of a fortune acquired by that means to lay the foundation of this academy.—A correspondent of the *Bristol Journal* thinks, that, under such circumstances, the inauguration was scarcely complete without some material record of Mrs. Sharples. As he walked through the rooms on the night of the celebration, he felt, he says, and it was felt by others, that something was wanting to the occasion. While he "thankfully accords all praise to the gentlemen by whose cultivated judgment, diligent

exertions, and auxiliary contributions, the Fine-Arts Academy has been brought to completion, and the practical schools which have found a shelter under its roof have been got into such successful and beneficial operation," he is conscious of a sense of oversight, which takes the character of ingratitude, in view of the important result.—In all probability, the complaint is premature, and the oversight only an uncompleted purpose. It is not likely, that there is an intention of leaving Mrs. Sharples without a record in the fine edifice which her money has built. Her bust in the hall of the institution would be a fitting Art-acknowledgment of the Art-foundations into which her bounty has laid.

BELFAST.—A meeting of the patrons and subscribers of the Belfast School of Art was held on June 14, "to consider a resolution passed by the committee at their last meeting, on the 8th ult., respecting the closing of the school." It seems that a deputation was appointed to proceed to London, for the purpose of procuring aid from head-quarters: the mission proved unsuccessful; and it has been resolved, to close the institution, and sell off all the effects to meet liabilities. This state of things is not very creditable to Belfast.

DUNDEE.—The School of Art was examined, on May 27th, by Messrs. Cole and Redgrave, who awarded 146 prizes in elementary drawing, and 14 local medals. The number of prizes, last year, was 56; and of medals, 20. The arrangements of the department rendered it necessary to anticipate the usual period of inspection this year; many of the works for competition were consequently unfinished, and hence the diminution in the number of medals; but it will be observed that the number of prizes is nearly trebled. The "National Medallion," in two stages, was awarded to Mr. William Duncan, student of the school, at the last competition; and three other students—Messrs. Andrew Stevenson, Joseph Kennedy, and Duncan Cameron—were admitted to the class for Masters in Training during the present session. Upwards of nine hundred pupils received instruction in this school within the year.

YARMOUTH.—The School of Art in this town, established so recently as 1854, is making considerable progress under the management of Mr. Chevalier, with whom the Mayor and Corporation of Yarmouth are at last earnestly co-operating. The annual distribution of prizes took place about a month since, the successful competitors exhibiting marked improvement upon all previous examples furnished by the students.

BANBURY.—The nucleus of a School of Art has recently been formed in this town: a drawing-class, which already numbers more than forty pupils, meets now in the room of the British School, under the superintendence of Mr. S. Reeve. When all the arrangements are completed, it will be placed in connection with the Department of Science and Art.

### THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE following pictures, among others, have, we learn, been selected by the prize-holders for the present year:—

From the Royal Academy.—The Gaoler's Daughter, P. H. Calderon, 200l.; Tibbie Ingils, the shepherd's daughter, T. F. Marshall, 100l.; Pensive Moments, S. B. Halle, 73l. 10s.; At Trarbach on the Moselle, G. C. Stanfield, 42l.; Kate—"Taming of the Shrew," T. F. Dickie, 52l. 10s.; The Valentine, G. Smith, 36l. 15s.; A Highland Dairy, A. Cooper, R. A., 31l. 10s.; The Rest by the Way, N. O. Lupton, 35l.; Loch Neraig, A. Stanley, 25l.; A Quiet Pipe, G. Smith, 26l. 5s.; A Lane at Beckenham, R. P. Noble, 26l. 5s.

From the British Institution.—Beatrice de Dante, H. Weigall, 60l.; Sheep-Washing, J. Stark, 25l.; Net-Making, E. J. Cobbett, 25l.; "Come into the Garden, Maude," J. D. Wingfield, 20l.; the River Teign, near Chagford, T. J. Soper, 20l.; St. Mary's Redcliffe, A. Montague, 20l.

From the Society of British Artists.—Lyne Cob, Coast of Dorset, J. B. Pyne, 75l.; Distant View of Swansea, J. Tennant, 50l.; Near Snowdon, W. W. and J. C. Morris, 30l.; The Wedding Day, T. Clater, 40l.; Bay of Swansea, A. F. Rolfe, 30l.; Lyne Dinas, H. J. Boddington, 42l.; Hide and Seek, J. Bouvier, 25l.; The Evening's Repose, R. Benedict, 20l.; Gossip on the Way, T. Clater, 20l.

From the National Institution.—Waiting for Fish, W. Underhill, 75l.; A Bright Day at Ulleswater, S. R. Percy, 75l.; Derwentwater, C. Pettitt, 50l.; Buttermere, E. A. Pettitt, 25l.; Scene on the River Trent, B. Shipman, 21l.; Going to the Mill, N. O. Lupton, 20l.; The Homestead, J. F. Herring and A. F. Rolfe, 20l.; Babes in the Wood, F. Underhill, 25l.

From the Old Water-Colour Society.—Going to Market, W. Goodall, 40l.; Hastings—East Cliff, C. Davidson, 30l.; A Summer Noon, G. Dodgson, 20l.

From the New Water-Colour Society.—Still Life, Mrs. Margetts, 30l.; Near the Lac de Garda, Tyrol, Mrs. W. Oliver, 21l.

From the Royal Scottish Academy.—Wetherall Abbey, J. C. Wintour, 20l.

From the Society of Female Artists.—Lower End of Loch Tummel, Miss Stoddart, 20l.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.**—At the recent sale of the pictures belonging to Mr. Sanders, removed from Taplow House, a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the work of that master himself, was sold for the sum of 270 gs., and bought by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. The picture is a representation of the great painter at the period which preceded his visit to Italy, and presents him in a drab coat and blue waistcoat, holding his palette and manl-stick, and shading his eyes from the sun with his left hand.—From the applause, at Christie's, which followed the announcement of the purchase in this case, it must be presumed that the purchase is popular; and really, it seems so right a thing that this work should be secured for the nation, that we are reluctant to take exception to it. If the portrait had been bought, for that same great proprietor, by the trustees of the National Gallery, we should have had nothing but unmixed congratulation to offer on the case. As it is, our objections shall be directed less to this particular instance, than to the principles of action which it indicates on the part of those who are charged with the construction of the young institution that purchases on the present occasion.—It is obvious, that out of an annual grant of £2000, as yet only in the second year of its age, 270 gs. is a large sum to give for a single picture. At such rate of expenditure, some fourteen pictures would be all that the nation would have yet to show, as the fruit of two years' application, towards carrying out its own intention for the formation of a National Portrait Gallery. A time may well come when, the collection having taken large and definite proportions, the securing of a work like this shall be a reasonable policy on the part of its trustees; but they are in no condition yet, with the means at their disposal, to go into open market, and bid against competitors for works of high Art, on behalf of an establishment the very framework of which they have to construct. It will be a very slow process indeed by which a collection made by means thus accidental will grow together through any principle of affinity or cohesion. As we have said, towards the foundations of an institution which, thanks to the richness of England's moral soil, *must* be a large one,—and which is no institution at all until it shall have reached a considerable growth,—the annual sum assigned by Parliament is wholly inadequate on any system like this. Had Parliament proposed to send the trustees into the Fine Art market, they would have put much larger funds at their disposal. The broad basis of an institution like that intended must he laid, we have said again and again, in copies;—and the funds provided by the legislature were proportioned to that view of the case. The trustees have had proof already, that, if they will but furnish the large outlines of the edifice proposed, there are liberal donors looking on who will help them by degrees, and for the present, to the Corinthian columns.—As matters have, thus far, been proceeding, there is great reason to suspect, that the trustees do not quite clearly apprehend the scope and limits of the intention which they are charged to carry out:—that they do not distinctly disentangle the notion of an historical series from that of a Fine Art series. In this especial department of our national collections, the one thing that we are in search of is, likeness,—not high Art. Our object in this case is, the excellence of the thing represented, not the excellence of the medium that represents. A great man by a little artist is admissible into this collection, as a little man by a great artist is admissible into another department of the National Gallery. If the worth of the original be great, the Art may be rude, in this case,—as in the other, if the portrait be by Rubens, the subject may be a Dutch burgomaster. If we can have portrait represented by high Art, at a cost within our means, so much the better, of course; but the only thing which we *need* buy, in the case in question, is portrait. A portrait of Sir Joshua we *must* have for this collection, and a portrait of Sir Joshua by Sir Joshua is, of course, in itself a better thing; but it is a piece of extravagance, nevertheless, on the part of a young and very moderately endowed institution. The first means of the institution should go only to the securing of essentials: when it shall grow older and richer, it may think of providing such essentials

in a costly Art form.—As we have said, we do not desire to record any very serious protest against this particular purchase of the Reynolds portrait; but we are anxious to warn the trustees charged with the formation of this particular collection against doing the work of another department instead of their own, and to remind them that a National Portrait Gallery is *not* a National Gallery of the Fine Arts.

**TEMPLE BAR.**—The cause of prescription has yet a stronghold here and there, in which it maintains itself against the spirit of the times, and allies who are faithful to it in the day of its decline. On the whole, however, the genius of the age is at war with Gog and Magog; and the fastnesses of mere antiquarianism which would hope to hold out, should keep themselves clear of the march of events. Temple Bar has stood many sieges,—and might yet stand more, on the strength of such defences as it has, or is reputed to have, if it were not so directly in the path of progress. As it is, however, a fresh attack is now making on the old gate; and it must, we suppose, go down at last before the yearly increasing force of the arguments that are directed against it. Neither is it in itself so intrinsically strong, it seems, as its defenders have been in the habit of maintaining. The antiquaries have been fighting for a structure which is not antique,—artists for a work which is disowned of Art,—defenders of city privilege for a gate which is not a gate, but a rock ahead in one of the great human currents,—and Scotchmen for a building which has no historical importance, except such as witnesses to their country's defeat and humiliation. But, even had the Bar been all that it is *not*, still, in the progress of the life around it, it must now have been looked on as a good thing in a wrong place. Were it as graphic an illustration of the Past as it has been called, it could not be allowed to strangle the Present. It must as surely be swept at last, for the convenience of the citizens, from its moorings in the great human tideway, as an old remnant of feudal law, or an ancient impeding custom. The gate has no significance where it stands,—no correlation to anything about it. Its monumental character suffers on a site where all that passes it rebukes it. What might elsewhere be a record, is an anachronism here. Things are occurring on both sides of it every day, which throw it out in the strong light of a practical blunder. Logic and convenience are on one side of the argument which is now renewed for the twentieth time,—what is on the other, by way of answer? As we have hinted, the structure is not beautiful, though Wren's. It is not useful, though it stands in the way of so much that is. It is not associated, like the Tower, with memories dear to the national heart. Such memories as it has, are ghastly enough. They belong to the raw-head-and-bloody-bones school; and though they have their moral, it is not such as they are entitled to thrust daily and hourly in the face of men engaged with the various business of life. Still, the gate is a mark and a monument. It is an historical illustration; and there should be a place for the keeping of such, where, in testifying to the past, they may let the present have its turn. A compromise seems easy, which shall save the rights of antiquarianism without crippling a whole city. There is surely a middle course between the destruction of the monument and the surrender of pressing modern interests to its preservation. We need not be iconoclasts because we refuse to be idolaters. We would certainly have this monument preserved, and we would even save the *genius loci*, if that be possible without interfering with the genius of modern action. Suppose, now, for instance, the gate were lifted out of the rush of the great current which it helps to dam, and anchored at the top of Essex Street, not many yards from where it now stands, and forming, thus, an entrance for the quiet stream of life that flows through the ancient courts and cloisters from which it takes its name. Were it even turned aside, on the very spot where it stands, so as to form the entrance to an avenue leading up what is now Shire Lane, towards Lincoln's Inn, it might continue to read its legend unimpaired to those of the passers-by who have time to attend, with its feet in the very waters of the great human gulf-stream that flows through Fleet Street and the Strand. At the head of either Temple Lane, it might do the same. Where the Bar now is, it is a visible absurdity. It stands

there, only on pretence of being a gate:—but on the illogical condition, for a gate, that it shall be wide open day and night, for ever. It is a huge sham,—made endurable solely by the fact of constant self-confession. When the City had walls, it needed gates to let the citizens in;—since the walls are thrown down, the Bar stands where it does to keep, so far as it can, the citizens out. By all means, let the old gate live,—but live a life which is not in constant breach of the law of progress. Make anything of the monument, that Gog and Magog will, *but* a breakwater,—where the water broken is, the daily tides of a great city's life.

**MAROCCHETTI'S CŒUR-DE-LION.**—It seems, that the Baron Marochetti's statue of "Richard Cœur-de-Lion" can nowhere find a few feet of ground in the land which the original once called his own as its sovereign.—The fact is, that not only Cœur-de-Lion himself, but the series which he represents, is dead. The man and the moral of his times are alike deposed. Still, the figure of the great Crusader has its historic place—unlike that of Cromwell, whom the Fine-Art Commissioners have struck out of history,—and the Baron Marochetti's illustration of history is unquestionably a fine one. The work was bought by a body of subscribers, and by them presented to the nation; and it certainly is time that the nation should supply it with a site. The proposal to set it up somewhere in the provinces is a most unfitting return for the liberality which gave it to the public. Such interest as belongs to it is essentially metropolitan, and by no method of reading can be localized.—The following suggestion seems to meet the difficulty in the case:—"Near the New Museum at Brompton," says a correspondent of a morning paper, "on the fine new road opened through the property of the Royal Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851, (at which exhibition this statue was first brought under public notice), there is a long and narrow angle of unoccupied ground which divides the new road from the Old Brompton Road, the two roads here forming a wide and open space, with the angle jutting far into it eastward. In this conspicuous and appropriate position we have to propose that the statue of Cœur-de-Lion shall be erected."—But, may we not ask, if the site were found, is it quite certain that the statue is ready? Is it, in fact, in any state except that in which it was seven years ago? Of the large sum which the Baron Marochetti has received, has he expended a shilling?

**THE SOULAGES COLLECTION.**—There is a rumour abroad, that this orphaned collection, the child of so much solicitous tending on the part of its late proprietor, cast adrift by his death, brought to a strange land on speculation, and rejected from so many doors at which it has knocked,—is at length, and after all, to find a home in the Museum at South Kensington. The purchase is not exactly a government purchase,—in the sense in which Government had already declined to come forward in the matter. As we understand it, the arrangement made, is, that the purchase money shall be paid by instalments, bearing interest, from resources economised within the institution itself.—Our readers know, what we have had to say on the subject,—and we need not repeat it here. Probably, the Department, after extracting from the collection what is properly strength to itself, will see the propriety of circulating what would be repetition in its own museum, as strength over the larger institutional area of which it has charge.—But, be the final fate of this collection what it may, the collection itself will stand as a crowning evidence of the utter unreality of the love for Art to which Manchester has made such large pretensions. There are other signs to the same effect:—such as, the economical repetition of the city's public statues,—and the now notorious fact, that the private picture-buyer in Manchester is also a picture-dealer. But the crowning evidence, as we have said, is *here*. The Art-treasures Exhibition is, of course, a great fact,—testifying at once to the national Art-wealth and to the national Art-zeal,—but the beginning and the end of that Exhibition proclaim alike, one moral,—the mistake made as to its locality. Once having determined to do something great in the way of Art, Manchester, at the outset, found it necessary to come abroad for the purpose of inquiring what sort of thing it was that she intended to do; and having by the help of others achieved what in one sense



was a splendid success, she has not had the heart to retain for herself, when it was in her hands, an appropriate monument of the thing which she had done. She has had no pride in her own success, of the same quality as the success itself. Since she broke up, and sold, a few weeks since, in lots, to the marine-store dealers and the dealers in old iron, her Palace of the Arts,—the empty casket of a mind-wealth whose amount cannot be told in money,—there is not a mark left within the city itself of the great presence which has been in her midst, and out of which she should have realized an illustration that would have lasted all her future life. The Soulages Collection, which had been a part of the great Exhibition itself, and was in the possession of citizens of her own, seemed expressly fitted to lay the foundations of such an illustration. *That goes, now, to Kensington, where, in a sense, it is superfluous,—an error on the other, but, at any rate, the generous, side:—and from Manchester, the Exhibition of 1857, and its morals, have alike utterly passed away.*

**THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.**—The accounts of the receipts and expenditure of the Royal Commission of the Exhibition of 1851 for the year 1857 have been issued. On the debtor side of the account it appears that the balance in hand at the latter end of 1856 was £108,914 17s. 8d.; rents received during 1857, £1002 9s. 1d.; sale of old materials, £476 8s.; interest on Exchequer Bills, £1025 18s.: making a total of £111,419 12s. 9d. The total expenditure for the year was £34,324, in the following items:—£25,704 10s. for purchase of land, leases, and tenants' interests, &c.; £1111 2s. 2d. for printing, stationery, salaries, incidental, &c.; £6180 5s. 8d. for museum building, fittings, purchases for collection of animal products, &c.; £855 15s. for making roads; £251 for surveyor's charges; and £242 8s. for taxes, &c.: leaving a balance in hand of £77,095.

**MERCHANT TAILORS' HALL.**—Four or five years ago we published a series of papers upon the "Halls of the City of London," one of which was devoted to a brief history of the Corporation or Guild of Merchant Tailors, and to a description of the large hall and premises in Threadneedle Street belonging to the company. In that notice we found occasion to advert to the condition of the principal apartments as one "quite unworthy" of this ancient, honourable, and wealthy guild. Within the last few months, however, they have undergone an entire and complete renovation, under the superintendence of Mr. Edward I'Anson, the architect of the company, in a manner that reflects high credit on his taste and judgment. The banqueting-hall, drawing-room, the principal staircase, and the great corridor, have all passed under the hands of the restorer and decorator, with a result that all who have inspected them must pronounce perfectly satisfactory. We have not space to enter upon a detailed statement of what has been effected; it is enough that we say the Company of Merchant Tailors now possesses a building second to none in the metropolis, of a similar style of architecture and decoration, for elegance and appropriateness. The great hall especially has been rendered fit for the reception of the most noble and distinguished guests that are frequently invited to partake of civic hospitality within its walls. The Master of the Company, Joseph Turnley, Esq., and the Wardens, entertained at luncheon, on the 29th of May, a number of gentlemen whom they had invited to inspect the improvements recently made. It is giving the Master no more praise than we believe to be his due, to state, that the members of this guild are greatly indebted to him for the energy he has displayed in having the work accomplished; his cordial co-operation with the architect, and his daily supervision of the labours of the workmen, were of essential service.

**SCHOOLS OF DESIGN.**—Before the present number of our Journal is in the hands of the public, they will have an opportunity of testing the practical working of our Schools of Design throughout the country, in the exhibition of manufactured Art-works, about to be opened at the South Kensington Museum, under the superintendence of Mr. George Wallis, late head-master of the Birmingham School. We understand that the entire collection is the result of the instruction given to the pupils, either as designers or artisans. The exhibition opened just as our sheets were being closed for press; a

detailed notice of its contents must, therefore, be reserved for a future notice. But we would now especially invite the attention of visitors to some fine examples of chimney-pieces, contributed by Mr. W. Potts, of Birmingham. The combined materials of which they are made are marble and bronze, the latter forming the principal portion of the ornament. We have little hesitation in saying that these castings, in design and finished workmanship, may be placed in favourable juxtaposition with the best examples of bronze-work produced on the Continent; and that from them will hereafter be dated a new era in the interior economy of domestic architecture. We shall have something more to say on the subject when we again refer to the exhibition.

**THE LATE MR. HERBERT MINTON.**—Mr. Digby Wyatt has delivered, at the Society of Arts, "a Discourse" concerning this eminent, accomplished, and lamented gentleman, to whom the ceramic arts of England owe a large debt of gratitude. It was a worthy and well-earned tribute to his genius, industry, and high character; and although it be a novelty,—this pronouncing, as it were, a funeral oration,—it is one we desire to see encouraged; for, unhappily, in England, unless a man of talent chance to be a soldier or a sailor, the world hears little of him after his death. The "victories of peace" are seldom recorded for after-thought. The only "honour" Mr. Herbert Minton received was sent to him from France! When will the public create an "Order of Merit?" It is to Mr. Digby Wyatt's credit that he has dealt so largely and so well with this subject: and as among the advocates of rewards to the deserving who are national benefactors, we thank him warmly and cordially for the homage he has rendered and the tribute he has offered to the memory of a great and good man.

**INTERIOR VIEWS OF THE HOUSES OF LORDS AND COMMONS, BY JOSEPH NASH.**—These drawings are on a large scale, and they have been executed with the utmost care by Mr. Nash, for the purpose of their being subsequently reproduced by himself in chromo-lithography. As would be expected, the two apartments in the new Palace of Westminster, which are directly associated with the great council of the nation, are here represented with admirable fidelity, and also with truly artistic effect. The drawings may, indeed, be pronounced to be portraits of the two "Houses." The House of Lords is represented on the occasion of the opening of parliament by Her Majesty the Queen, when, as if to symbolise the gentle rule of our beloved sovereign, the peeresses and other ladies of England constitute by far the more numerous portion of the august assemblage. The brilliant and varied hues of the costumes have enabled the artist to produce a thoroughly splendid picture, and also one that is eminently suited for the after purpose of coloured lithography. An important debate engages the attention of the members of the Lower House, in which Lord Palmerston stands to the right of the Speaker, and appears as if in the act of addressing the "House." No glowing colours are here to be found, but yet there is that deep earnestness which ought to be characteristic of the scene represented. Perhaps a little more may be done in the lithographs to individualise the persons who appear in either House; if so, this will be a great improvement. These drawings are now being exhibited at No. 12, Pall Mall East, by Mr. Fairless, by whom the chromo-lithographs will be published.

**MR. GILBERT, of Sheffield,** one of the most enterprising of our provincial print-publishers, will shortly issue an engraving from Mr. Phillip's fine portrait of H. R. H. the Prince Consort. An etching proof of the print has been shown us, and so far as we can judge from the present state of the work, it promises to become as popular as any engraving of a similar kind that has been issued of late years.

**THE STATUE OF GENERAL SIR H. HAVELOCK,** to be erected in Trafalgar Square, will be executed by Mr. Bohns, who is already at work on the model. The likeness of the lamented officer is copied chiefly from a photographic portrait taken a few weeks only before the relief of Lucknow.

**M. ARY SCHEFFER** died in Paris, on the 15th of last month; we heard of the event only on the eve of our going to press; and must postpone all remarks to our next number.

## REVIEWS.

**THE PLAY-GROUND.** Engraved by F. JOUBERT, from the Picture by T. WEBSTER, R.A. Published by the ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

The gentlemen who manage the "Art-business" of the Art-Union of Glasgow have again been successful in the selection of a popular subject for the engraving to be distributed to the subscribers: who that ever handled a "taw," or "headed" his play-mate's peg-top, or came away bruised and breathless from the game of foot-ball, "when the fight was done," does not enter into the spirit of Mr. Webster's picture of "The Play-Ground," or feels no sympathy with Hood when he sang, in his "Retrospective Review,"—

"Oh, when I was a tiny boy,  
My days and nights were full of joy,  
My mates were blithe and kind;  
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,  
And dash the tear-drop from my eye  
To cast a look behind.

"A hoop was an eternal round  
Of pleasure. In those days I found  
A top a joyous thing."

\* \* \* \* \*  
"My marbles—once my bag was stored:  
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,  
With Theseus for a taw."

Webster's picture was, if we remember rightly, exhibited about five or six years ago; like all similar works of this artist, it is full of humorous subject and of individualised character. Here are bold boys and timid boys, boys who love play rather than work, and those who prefer books to marbles; losers and winners in the sports of youth, even as they will grow up to be losers and winners hereafter in the great battle of manhood. If "the child is father to the man," one may almost trace out the future career of success or failure, of good and evil, in each individual of the large juvenile group—even to that of the greedy boy who would persuade a junior chum to purchase a pear from the poor widow's store, that he may "go halves."

Mr. Joubert's engraving is not of uniform excellence throughout: the group at "peg-top" comes out well, so does that of the widow, and the figures near her; the distant group, however, is feeble and rather confused: in fact, like most of the large engravings issued by our Art-Union Societies, it seems to require the labour of another month or two to make it what it is capable, in its present state, of becoming, a finished and admirable work. It is a pity, as we have often said before, that Art-union committees issue prints of such dimensions; surely subscribers would be as well pleased with smaller engravings; more valuable they could not fail to be, if, as doubtless they would be, of a higher character of workmanship. Still "The Play-Ground" must find a host of admirers, because it is a play-ground—by Webster.

**THE GOTHIC MODEL-BOOK.** The Architecture of the Middle Ages, with its associated Arts, illustrated by examples drawn from existing authorities in the Churches and Public Buildings of Germany. By V. STATZ and G. UNGEWITTER, with descriptive text by A. REICHENSPERGER. Translated by MONICKE. Published by A. E. EVANS & SONS, London.

This publication, while containing much that is both interesting and valuable, is most unfortunate in its title. In no possible sense of the expression can it be regarded as a "Gothic Model-Book," whether the term "model" be understood to signify choice and expressive specimens of what has been already produced, or authoritative patterns for future imitation. In the latter sense, indeed, we may protest altogether against such models for the study and guidance of those who, in our own times, are reviving the practical use of Gothic Art. The Gothic of Germany is not by any means the expression of the style, even in the best works in that country, that it would be desirable to regard as furnishing the "model" for present and future architects and artists: and the work before us can scarcely pretend to illustrate the best and purest and most characteristic German Gothic.

As a series of specimens of foliage, capitals, traceried windows, and other architectural details, with which painted glass, metal works of various kinds, and mediæval alphabets are connected, this collection may be studied with advantage by all who desire to acquire a complete knowledge of the architecture of the middle ages with some of its associated arts. But it must be understood that the student will not find a complete key to the Gothic of Germany in this portfolio, with its forty-eight plates, and eight pages of descriptive letter-



press. The several examples appear to have been selected with a certain degree of care, though without any definite principle; and all have been rendered in the most satisfactory manner in outline lithography, colour being introduced in some instances. The chief value of the work consists in the manner in which it associates various applications of Art with architecture properly so called, thus showing how the same Art-sentiment ought to pervade both the subordinate details, and every accessory of architectural works. The text does not extend beyond the simplest descriptions of the plates, and it is felt to be the more imperfect in consequence of the absence of any title, contents, or index, which might have given something of completeness to the publication. The want of an index is, of course, a serious drawback from the practical utility of the engraved examples themselves.

This publication may, perhaps, serve to suggest to some of our own architects a useful and convenient mode for conveying information upon their art,—such information, more particularly, as may lead architectural students to direct their attention with increased earnestness to the true "Gothic Model-Book," which was sculptured and carved in stone, and marble, and wood, and wrought in metal, and painted in glass, in the middle ages, by the hands of the great Gothic artists themselves.

**THE LIFE OF SIR JOHN FALSTAFF.** Illustrated by GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. With a Biography of the Knight from authentic sources. By ROBERT B. BROUGH. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Was the doughty hero of Gadshill and of Shrewsbury a man or a myth? a reality or a shadow? a creature "palpable to feeling and to sight," or the offspring of the poet's imagination, existing only in the prolific brain of the bard of Avon? This is a question Mr. Brough does not trouble himself to answer; it is sufficient for him, for us too, and all the world who can read English, to know that Falstaff lives, and ever will live, in immortal verse, however silent may be the sober annals of history as to his existence and his heroic deeds.

We learn from the preface to this most amusing work, that Mr. Cruikshank's illustrations were completed ere his literary colleague was applied to for his assistance: the artist has, of course, appealed to Shakspeare's text for the various subjects of his designs, and very humorously has he presented the most striking features in the history of the knight, the points of whose character, no less than those of Falstaff's associates and friends, male and female, have received full justice from the free and ready pencil of the illustrator. These etchings are not caricatures of human nature; they are—or we can easily suppose them to be—actual scenes, such as the poet describes; humorous, as we have already said, but undoubtedly truthful.

Mr. Brough has fulfilled the not very easy task of weaving into a connected narrative or story all the events of the hero's life, from his infancy to his death. As might be expected, he has drawn largely upon his imagination in filling up the portions of the biography which the poet has not touched upon, and he has succeeded in bringing the whole into harmony. He seems to have spared no pains to render his work accurate in relation to localities, costumes, weapons, &c. The tale will very pleasantly beguile, for an hour or two, the ennui occasioned by such sultry weather as that which almost dries up the ink now in our pen; and the illustrations cannot fail to provoke a hearty laugh, even at the expense of one's personal comfort.

**THE LAST SUPPER.** Engraved on Wood by J. SMYTH, after the Picture by LEONARDO DA VINCI. Published by J. S. VIRTUE, City Road.

An attempt to produce an engraving on wood of Leonardo's celebrated picture, similar in size to the well-known print by Raphael Morghen, and aiming at the like delicacy of execution, is an "event" in the history of wood-engraving; and were it far less successful than Mr. Smyth's work undoubtedly is, the attempt deserves commendation. Not many weeks have elapsed since we feasted our eyes—for the sight is a feast—with the fine copy of the picture owned by the Royal Academy; and after examining very carefully Mr. Smyth's engraving, we are satisfied of the fidelity of the translation. The character of the heads is most truthfully preserved in their respective expressions, and the cutting of the lines in the draperies, &c., is remarkably free and suggestive of the various textures. The engraver has done his task in a manner that few could expect to see in this branch of Art; but it will exercise the care and ingenuity of the printer to "work" so large a block without a failure; the

resources of the press-room are, however, so numerous, and machinery of the requisite kind has lately been brought to such perfection, that little apprehension of the result need be entertained; and then the public will have the benefit of procuring a worthy copy of one of the world's famous pictures at a price which, only a few years back, none would ever have dreamed of. Such is the age in which we live, so far as commercial enterprise, and scientific and mechanical advancement affect its actions and progress.

**SCHOOL DAYS OF EMINENT MEN.** By the author of "Things not Generally Known." Published by KENT & Co., London.

The present century has produced no man who has done better service to our literary memories and literary feelings than Mr. John Timbs. His antiquarian taste does not in the least detract from his interest in what goes on around him: with a quaint but intense love of the past, he blends a cordial affection for the present; he dovetails them so effectually, that you do not know whether he is most of an antiquarian or a philanthropist.

How pleasant it was some time ago, with a mind crammed full of his "Curiosities of London," to set forth in the spirit of faithful investigation, and compare, and observe, and enjoy, the memories as well as the facts he presented to his readers! "THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN," are volumes precious alike to age and youth; no matter how often we take them from the shelf, we learn something fresh, though we imagined that we knew everything they contained long ago.

The present book is not in any degree inferior to its predecessors, either in subject or interest. Few things we desire more to know than how and where the youthhood of remarkable persons has been passed: we believe the real root of this desire grows under the shelter of each individual roof-tree—every parent desires to compare the dawning of great genius with the little dawn which is breaking from the blue eyes and coral lips of the olive branches that flourish around their hearths. The religious mother sees the same indications of piety in her boy, as are shadowed forth in the early days of Bishop Ken, at Winchester. Why should not the time come when he also might compose hymns, and sing them with his schoolmates? And then she prays to be spared to hear him preach his first sermon; and, perchance, she repeats the first verse of the evening hymn, and thinks that what is so sweet and simple cannot be hard to write. And this domestic feeling is unconsciously cherished through all the volume.

There cannot be a better gift-book to the young, or one more calculated to elevate and enlighten "Young England." The arrangement also is excellent: the volume is divided into two sections; the first is historical, as well as biographical; the second section of the work is devoted to ANECDOTE-BIOGRAPHIES,—the school and college days of eminent men, who, by their genius, learning, and character, have shed lustre upon their name and country." For all that he has done—and how comprehensive that "all" is!—we owe Mr. Timbs, for ourselves and others, a large debt of gratitude.

**A MANUAL OF PHOTOGRAPHIC MANIPULATION.** By LAKE PRICE. Published by J. CHURCHILL, London.

We have had a great number of manuals professing to instruct amateurs in one division or another of the photographic art. These have been of very varied merit. The facilities of the collodion process are so great that, after a few weeks' practice, and the production of a score or two pictures, men have thought themselves qualified to instruct others, and assumed the garb of teachers, knowing little of the philosophy of the subject, less of the physics, and scarcely anything of the chemistry of photography.

Mr. Lake Price should be widely distinguished from this class. This manual, the result of long experience and the most careful observation, is, without any exception, the best guide to the manipulatory details of the collodion process which has yet been given to the public. It should be stated that it treats of *photographic manipulation* only so far as the use of collodion is concerned; but its treatment of this division is unexceptionable.

**BRITISH SCULPTURE, IN CONNECTION WITH THE DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.** By JOHN BELL, Sculptor. Published by CHAPMAN AND HALL, London.

The recent additions to the Museum at South Kensington of a collection of sculptured works of various kinds appears to have rendered necessary a lecture

or address on the subject, to be delivered to the visitors. This task was undertaken by Mr. Bell, whose remarks now appear in a printed form; and glad are we to see them in a position to have a wide and extended circulation, that the public may know—and, it is to be hoped, feel—in what condition our school of sculpture at present stands, relatively to the patronage accorded to it, and what are its future prospects, supposing things are permitted to remain as they are. He has spoken, and unreservedly and boldly, upon our sins of omission and commission, and draws a comparison between our own doings and what is done on the Continent,—a comparison which it scarce needs to be said, is anything but favourable to our national credit. We hope Mr. Bell's lecture will fall into the hands of those who are able to supply a remedy for the evil of which he, as well as all interested in this noble art, have just reason to complain.

**PRINTING: ITS DAWN, DAY, AND DESTINY.** By HENRY BRADBURY. Published by BRADBURY AND EVANS, London.

This is an interesting history—delivered by Mr. Bradbury, as a lecture, at the Royal Institution—of the rise and progress of that wonderful invention, the art of printing—an art which, more perhaps than any other, has tended to change the moral aspect of the world; and whose ultimate influence on mankind, whether for good or for evil, no one would be bold enough to predict. Mr. Bradbury, from his position in one of the largest of our metropolitan establishments, is well qualified to hold forth on such a subject; we know he has made it his especial study, both in theory and practice: the knowledge thus acquired is very pleasantly embodied in this lecture: only in his peroration, so to speak, is he unintelligible, or, at least, paradoxical: if "it is not the millions of Bibles that sow truth broadcast over the earth," nor "the billions of books that create and mould knowledge to the requirements and form of every mind," &c., what else does?

**THE BUTTERFLY VIVARIUM.** By H. NOEL HUMPHRIES, Esq. Published by WILLIAM LAY, London.

All that Mr. Humphries does is entitled to respect and attention; his taste is so excellent, that in the illustrations his groupings are models of colour and arrangement. This pretty volume opens a new field to those who have hitherto been content with the fernery, and marine and fresh-water vivaria; but it requires greater patience than either. The butterfly vivarium must not be considered only a cage wherein butterflies may be placed and confined during their brief life; to carry out the intention of Mr. Humphries conscientiously, the egg, or the chrysalis, must be introduced, and their progress and development watched until the beautiful insect expands into full existence. Mr. Humphries apologises for the simple structure of his volume; but, for practical purposes, we should desire still more simple information. It is very difficult for a scientific man who understands his subject perfectly, and to whom everything connected with it comes as a matter of course, to graft a second childhood on his manhood, and tell of matters which, however self-evident to him, are wonders to the uninstructed. Those who desire to form an insect vivarium, must know more of the treatment of, and the food required by, the caterpillar, for every tribe has its favourite food. The schoolboy knows that silkworms feed on mulberry-leaves, and that if he feeds them on lettuce, the silk will be nothing worth; but we are sadly ignorant of what other caterpillars require. Still, this first step towards "a new pleasure" is well judged and well produced. The volume is worthy of a distinguished place in a lady's drawing-room.

**THE BOOK OF ORNAMENTAL ALPHABETS; Ancient and Modern.** Collected and Designed by F. DELAMOTTE. Published by E. and F. N. Spon, London.

Our own experience has frequently taught us to feel the want of such a book of reference or suggestions as this; it contains about fifty examples of alphabetical designs, including numerals; some of them original, but the majority copied from rare manuscripts and illuminated works. In this age of ornamental productions, whether issued from the press, or the result of hand-labour, Mr. Delamotte's collection of examples must be of essential service. We presume they are printed from types, and if so, their utility will have a far more extended application than if the designs were limited to wood-blocks or lithographic printing.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.

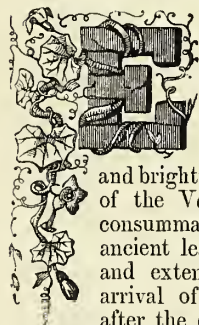


LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1858.

## TITIAN.

## PART II.

## HIS WORKS NOW REMAINING AT VENICE.



VEN whilst Bellini was painting those aged works of his, in which the devotional Art of the Lagune attained, in its last moments, its utmost beauty and brightness, a change over the spirit of the Venetian dream was rapidly consummating itself. The revival of ancient learning in Italy, accelerated and extended at this time by the arrival of so many Greek scholars after the conquest of Constantinople by the Turks, was now fast tending to *unmonasticize*—it were something too much to say, absolutely, *unchristianize*—the imagination of men, and to increase to its height that classical fever or mania, which had prevailed in the land to a considerable extent, ever since the days of Petrarch and Boccaccio. We learn from the memoirs of the times that this malady (for such it was) diffused itself beyond the ordinary precincts of Literature and Art, into the manners of courts and of the higher classes generally, to an extent that is singular and surprising. The petty Italian tyrants of the period, those marvellous compounds of outrageous wickedness and refinement, who felt the necessity of making public compensation for their crimes by munificence and patronage of learning, modelled their very vices and passions, as well as their literature, their churches, and their tombs, by the old heathen standards, so far as they could; and even those "Convent Parlours," which became the most favourite resorts of luxury, gallantry, and sprightly conversation, were surrounded with paintings of the loves of Gods and Goddesses. In that age, over Christendom, presided successively the three popes who carried to their perfection the worst tendencies of the tiara. Sixtus IV., Innocent VIII., and Alexander VI., were the men, of all others, to encourage this total disregard of morals, and profaneness of the imagination. One may perhaps venture to penetrate just so far into their darkness, as to imagine them jocularly justifying their immoralities, and the licentious metamorphosis of their manners and conversation, by the example of the monarch of the *Olympian* Vatican. Some of those hundred and fifty married women, who, without their spouses, or any distinction but personal attractions, were invited by Alexander the VI. to his daughter's wedding supper, when the confectations were scattered over them from the silver cups, made laughing and giggling allusion to Danaë and her golden shower—is it not highly probable? At all events, whether or not, we may venture this last surmise—timidly glancing towards the orgies of the pontifical Comuses and Cotytos, where unusual kindli-

ness of manner was shrunk from as the induction to poison rather than wine, even as in the Church the very chalice was dreaded—in those days it was that the choicest spirits (those by the Arno) considered Socrates the most interesting adumbration of our Saviour, and Plato by far the sagest and most edifying of Evangelists. Savonarola, on first dwelling in a monastery, was shocked and alarmed to find the dogmas of Aristotle far more in vogue there than the precepts delivered from the Mount. By the clergy themselves, Cicero and Epictetus were often mingled with the Apostles, as of at least equal authority; and, somewhat later, a cardinal, Titian's friend, Bembo, coolly dissuaded a young clerical aspirant from studying St. Paul's Epistles, lest they should vitiate his Greek style, and so materially retard his literary progress. Titian himself (to contract, by the welcome aid of this name, attention to our purposed subject) received, we are especially told, a learned education in his early youth, passing much of his time, very likely, over the classical productions of the Aldine press, which was established at Venice in his twelfth year, to engross the studies, and stimulate still further the enthusiasm of the brilliant company of scholars assembled there at the time. Thus were the Scriptures, and the legends and homilies of the Church, which had almost solely inspired his predecessors in his Art, prevented from attaining any exclusive or absorbing influence in the early dreamings of his mind; and, with a modified interest in the subjects of religion, was implanted a love of the themes of Ovid and Catullus, which, eventually, he depicted with a brilliancy and luxuriant warmth of fancy that may have somewhat troubled his venerable master Bellini, and caused him to shake his head now and then, rather seriously.

But it was well that though Titian thus derived a love of poetical *subjects* from classical literature, classical *Art* had no undue influence over him. It is, perhaps, on the whole, fortunate there were no great collections of antique relics at Venice, such as those at Rome and Florence; since otherwise, though Titian might have much improved his knowledge of beautiful forms, in which he was most obviously deficient, he might probably have been betrayed into a more precise and sculpturesque rendering of form, incompatible with his own soft free melting glow of colour, and, therefore, most injurious, if not fatal, to his distinguishing excellence. Neither he nor the other Venetian painters were unfavourably influenced from this source, as were the Roman and Bolognese schools at a later period. His subjects, it is true, were often suggested by ancient poetry; but the forms in them were from the nature immediately around him, given with ease and softness, somewhat diffused and relaxed at times, certainly, and by no means of the best proportions, but beautiful with that vital glow of unrivalled colour, and animated with that tranquil, pleasurable, and refined thoughtfulness, which became thenceforth the prominent and truly delightful characteristic of Venetian Art.

Some licentiousness of feeling, no doubt, now and then insinuated itself, partly as a natural re-action from the excessive Purism which had prevailed in Art before; for Asceticism is one of the parents of Licentiousness, and the latter in her turn becomes the progenitor of the former. They are, as it were, the counterparts of each other; one being physical intemperance, and the other spiritual intemperance, and both of them almost equally elements of disease, weakness, and decay. Frail fearful man, ever prone to extremes, is banded from one to the other. He will not ordinarily stop at the golden mean, where moderation and common sense have their due influence, and such conditions prevail as are

needed by his twofold nature of body and spirit, and indispensable to their combined health, vigour, and happiness. Hence, in these profligate times, the pure-minded and fearful sought a complete refuge from the world in the meditative quiet, and—as they fondly thought—innocent raptures of the cloister; and their visionary yearnings found expression in a manner of Art, which, like their lives, was so exclusive and monotonous that even its greatest master, Perugino, from the lack of that liberal variety and relief indispensable to intellectual health, sank from those heights—too thinly aired for human beings to breathe long well on them—to the level of a spiritless mechanical exercise, persisted in for base and sordid ends. We need not be surprised at the recoil from this forced extreme of Purism to the licence of the antique Renaissance, any more than at the transition from our own Puritanical tracts and acts of Parliament rendering their requirements obligatory, to the comedies of Wycherly and Congreve. One extreme, we take it, will ever, in all probability, be followed by the other. From an unnatural and tyrannical austerity, a re-action will occur sooner or later: under strong opportunity or temptation, the mind, weary of the vexatious yoke, throws it off. The issuing captive loses faith wholly in principles, a great part of which his inmost nature convicts him is monstrous and absurd. He soon suspects them to be a delusion, a sham, a crafty fabrication altogether; and so runs riot in his fresh liberty, indemnifying himself for the undue restraint to which he has been subjected by a very saturnalia of excesses. We would, indeed, tenderly beseech those who still preach austere gloom, and religious exclusiveness and melancholy, sometimes to think of this still rolling circle of consequences. And if they are truly anxious for the spread of pure Christianity, let them pause, lest they sow seeds which are not what they name them, and which will, perhaps ere long, father a crop of plants widely different from what they look for.

It was, indeed, high time to take the cowl and coif away from Art, and give her religious freedom. Monkish Christianity was altogether too puerile for a scholarly and quick-witted age; and no better Christianity was encouraged in Italy. It may easily be conceived how heartily a young man of genius like Titian, with sympathies led that way by his education, must have been tired of the monotonous, dreamy, pseudo-sancity represented by the painters around him, *usque ad nauseam* indeed! and how he must have longed, especially when fired by the example of Giorgione, to make something of the lovely, vigorous, and healthfully happy things teeming in the earth around him, and perhaps also to show that Religion herself should not dwell apart from simply human tenderness, and the cheerful enjoyment of life. The Venetian painters had hitherto represented the contemplative part of religion only, in a monkish or eremitical form; and Mr. Ruskin, whose ascetic whims and humours seem apt to delude him with a notion that anything short of the all-absorbing and intensely visionary kind is absolutely devoid of religion, goes so far as to say that Titian has no religious feeling in him whatever. His words are these:—"There is no religion in any work of Titian's; there is not even the smallest evidence of religious temper or sympathies either in himself, or in those for whom he painted. His larger sacred subjects are merely themes for the exhibition of pictorial rhetoric, composition, and colour." Sentences repugnant to our feelings. At the least, this is surely a subject in which forbearance and modesty, if not a leaning towards charitable and liberal surmises, would have been but decent and becoming. In the instance of a great man, whose works indisputably abound with



many gentle and amiable thoughts, there is something exceedingly indelicate and presumptuous in a writer, who has himself given but doubtful evidence of Christian temper in any of his productions, pronouncing dogmatically these sour harsh negatives.\* That it is characteristic of the want of common good taste so remarkable in this writer, that it is one of those very hasty assumptions of the seat of the Scorn to which he is particularly partial, we think very certain; that it is unjust, we are equally confident. In short, it appears to be one of those austere pieces of affectation so frequent in Mr. Ruskin's works, which would be wonderfully mended by simply striking out that ever-ready word "religious," as often as it appears, and substituting the word *ascetic*. Indeed, it occurs to us, by the way—quite parenthetically—that a similar alteration would be an admirable improvement if carried out through whole libraries of well meaning "religious books" with which our press now teems with such marvellous fecundity; since it would go a considerable way towards setting them right, or, at any rate, put the simple and unsuspecting amongst us on their guard against having their hearts and understandings narrowed and darkened by them. But to return to Titian.—His works, it is very true, are not remarkable generally for intensity of devotional feeling; he too often neglected expression of every intense or animated kind for the representation of life in repose, of which he had a most refined and noble conception; but it is not too much to say that many of his pictures show a deep sympathy with pious feeling of that kind, which, without being all-absorbent, and destructive or injurious to every other natural emotion, will, we humbly believe, be considered by minds more capacious than Mr. Ruskin's, genuine and sufficient; and, indeed, we would, without offence, wish to add, superior to the more visionary and ecstatic kind, in the case of those who have other gifts, powers and capacities vouchsafed them, (productive of innocent healthy happiness to themselves and to others), the due cultivation of which would be incompatible with any intense degree of the more dreamy and abstract kind of religion. The warmth and solemnity of devotion within such limits are sometimes beautifully expressed in Titian's works. Some of his Madonnas (without looking like melancholy nuns, absorbed, as if for ever, in some brain-sickly dream) are full of tenderness, so pure and lovely, that to pronounce it decidedly not religious, would, we believe, be to narrow that term unwarrantably, and to separate religion from the sweetest and loveliest human feelings, with far too confident a hand. Witness in Titian's honour for this beauty of expression, that most exquisite Madonna numbered 45 in the Belvedere Gallery at Vienna; and, as instances of unequivocally "religious sympathies" in his works, let us refer to the Christo della Moneta, at Dresden; the figure of the Madonna at the Duomo, at

Verona; and even to the devout faces of the Pesaro family, and the grand solemnity of the Faith, and Doge Grimani, in those two very pictures which Mr. Ruskin cites so confidently as proofs of the want of them. It is true that the Venetian merchant nobles, and sea-captains, or diplomatists, and the warlike doge, have not the air of saints in a pious ecstasy, are not quite St. Francis and St. Romualdos; but it would be manifestly unjust to say that devout fervour is not characteristically and finely expressed in them.

It may perhaps be said that in nothing has Venice been so great a loser as in the works of her greatest painter—for her greatest, and by far, we believe him to be, though Mr. Ruskin considers Tintoretto greater, and we suppose it may be added (from the labouring and almost awe-struck admiration with which he sometimes speaks of him) Veronese not beneath him. But, surely, though it may be doubtful whether he equals in energy and fire some of Tintoretto's conceptions, or surpasses Paul Veronese in power of composition and execution, he excels them both in vividness and beauty of imagination, in refinement of character and expression, in tenderness of thought and feeling, in the full and attractive development of poetic ideas. Do either of the others give us such "Bellas," or such princes and senators, such tender pastorals of the pencil as the "Three Ages," or such brilliant and lovely flights of purely poetic fancy as our Bacchus and Ariadne; or tragic solemnity and grandeur carried forward with such fine traits of individual character and expression as in that murder of the stern Dominican beneath the shadowy boughs of the sighing sympathetic forest? Titian's mind, surely, gave the fullest and most refined expression of Venetian beauty, and pensive quietude, and calm grandeur. He was a sweetly and superbly blowing rose of Art—a very "General Jacqueminot," or "Eliza Savage" in her garden-royal; and when, in his best works, he dealt with the more imaginative themes, the beings he created far surpass those by his Venetian rivals in appropriateness and refinement of character, expressiveness, and interest, in every way; theirs being but too frequently monotonous and mannered creatures in comparison. But now Venice has been so despoiled of her Titians, that she no longer retains any perfect example of some of his most delightful powers; no "Bella," not one of those Italian princes or statesmen who seem to show us how serene, placid, and open Maechiavelli's aptest scholars can look; not one of his Ovidian or Catullian subjects. I am unable to remember more than nine pictures there by Titian, of remarkable excellence and interest,\* but amongst these are two of his grandest works, and several of the most magnificent and beautiful of them.

The altar-piece, in the Church of the Frari, of the Pesaro Family adoring the Infant Saviour, may be noticed first, since it so well exemplifies the utter change which had taken place in the treatment of such subjects since the Bellini period. The old Byzantine symmetry of arrangement is now for ever abandoned. The

Madonna's throue is on one side, and the saints and worshippers are freely grouped below, so as to form the most easy and richly-varied lines of composition. You might at first sight almost fancy it the levee of some infant prince or noble, in which the nurse, who holds out the child towards the sages and courtiers assembled, is some handsome, but decidedly underbred woman, of the ordinary sort. Certainly, the Madonna (at this period of Venetian art usually an elegant *lady*) here looks as if she might have been copied from some fisherman's wife, or fair one of the fruit-market; and the St. Peter is a cold and artificial figure, resembling far too much a Roman philosopher or rhetorician. The Saints, it must at once be admitted, are not saintly—and so far Mr. Ruskin is undoubtedly right, as regards this particular picture; but the male members of the Pesaro family, kneeling beneath, have truthful, solemn heads, of much devout expression—save one, a boy, who, with the wandering thoughts of heedless youth, is looking out of the picture with a most interesting air of calm, frank intelligence: truly, a memory-haunting head, an endearing Venetian reminiscence. The colouring of this picture is deep and somewhat heavy in its richness, as is sometimes the case with Titian, from his too carefully over-labouring it. But the kneeling worshippers at once appeal for a material modification of Mr. Ruskin's assertion, that "there is not even the smallest evidence of religious temper or sympathies in any of Titian's works." For myself, I humbly look upon these figures as good, healthy, appropriate religious work—that is to say, a feeling representation of the temperate and manly piety properly characteristic of that station of life to which it had pleased God to call these worthy citizens of Venice. It would have been deplorable, indeed, if Titian had so far forgotten himself—and them—as to make ascetics of them.

But if the sacred figures in this picture are coldly artificial, the feeling in Titian's Presentation of the Virgin, in the Academy, is sweet and gentle throughout. It is a pure, tender, and truly amiable work, which gives one some very pleasing fancies about the state of Titian's heart at the time when he painted it. The simple little girl, confident in innocence, and holding up her garment neatly and delicately in one hand, is proceeding alone along the steps of the Temple towards a Jewish high-priest, who (superb in his attire as an emerald set in gold) raises his hand in surprise at her infantine sanctity and heaven-led boldness. A rough old crone with a basket of eggs sits beneath, eyeing her earnestly; and behind the Virgin, at the foot of the steps, follows a procession of Venetian senators and procurators of St. Mark (whose faces are portraits full of a striking individuality of character), mingled with highly-pleasing figures of women and children; one of whom is receiving alms from an amiably venerable old senator. Titian, in this numerous succession of calm bystanders, has, once in a way, adopted the pleasing arrangement Gentile Bellini was so fond of in old times; but, otherwise, the picture is quite in his own freest, freshest manner. The colouring, however, has—melancholy to relate—been rendered crude and inharmonious by the over-daubing of the recent restorers of the Academy, which has made several pictures some three centuries old, in the same room (Pordenoue's celebrated work especially), remind one exceedingly of the newest smooth raw copies of similar productions, such as one most commonly meets with now-a-days. If, as Mr. Ruskin says, "the most solemn spirit of religious faith animates the works of Gentile Bellini to the last," it is difficult to understand how it can be thought that "there is not even the smallest evidence of religious temper or sympathies" in any work by him who painted this "Pre-

\* We do not intend to apply to Mr. Ruskin words so severe as those with which Sydney Smith in his criticism on Mrs. Trimmer, denounced an offence similar to that here reprehended; but his vigorous sentences so thoroughly express the hearty contempt we feel for fanatical arrogance in all its forms, that we will here transcribe them. "True, modest, unobtrusive religion—charitable, forgiving, indulgent Christianity is the greatest ornament and the greatest blessing that can dwell in the mind of man. But if there be one character, more base, more infamous, and more shocking than another, it is *he*, who, for the sake of some paltry distinction in the world, is ever ready to accuse conspicuous persons of irreligion—to turn common informer for the Church—and to convert the most beautiful feelings of the human heart to the destruction of the good and great, by fixing upon talents the indelible stigma of irreligion. It matters not how trifling and how insignificant the accuser. Cry out that the Church is in danger, and your object is accomplished; lurk in the walk of hypocrisy, to accuse your enemy of the crime of atheism, and his ruin is quite certain; acquitted or condemned is the same thing; it is only sufficient that he be accused in order that his destruction be accomplished."

\* These are the "Three Ages," in the Manfrini Palace; the "Presentation" and "The Assumption of the Virgin," both in the Academy; "The Pesaro Family adoring the Infant Saviour," in the Church of the Frari; "The Annunciation," in the Scuola di San Rocco; "Tobit and the Angel," in Sta. Caterina; "The Doge Grimani kneeling before Faith," in the Ducal Palace; "The Entombment," in the Manfrini Palace; and the "San Pietro Dominiciano," in SS. Giovanni e Paolo; the two last being perhaps Titian's grandest pictures. Then there is the beautiful picture of the "Woman taken in Adultery," formerly ascribed to Titian, but now, I believe, to Bonifazio, which I forgot to look at particularly. Whoever painted it, it seems, from the fine engraving, to be one of the masterpieces of Venetian Art. "The Doge Grimani before Faith" has already been described in the second part of an article on Paul Veronese, published in this Journal.



sentation," for the picture is as pure and tender in expression, and as pious in the air of its figures, as anything by Gentile Bellini either in Venice or Milan.

Titian's very gorgeous and magnificent altarpiece of the Assumption of the Virgin, produced in his fortieth year, and also in the Academy, is remarkable for the force and mastery of the painting: probably no other painter ever equalled it for spirit and power, *combined with richness and tenderness of effect*. It is a most jubilant display of lovely creatures in the skies, full of sweet and ardent feeling. The Madonna springing forward, with tender rapture in her uplifted countenance, is somewhat wanting, it must be admitted, in elevation of character: she stands with a somewhat awkward twist; and at first she reminded me, unpleasantly, of some cantatrice, a rich-complexioned sentimental Venetian girl, singing the final bravura at the close of an opera—"Ah, non giunge!" for instance—with all the tenderness and fervour that can be inspired by her own truly amiable sensibility, and also by the combined applauses of the most brilliant and discriminative of audiences. But, no; this was years ago, when my very juvenile taste had been deplorably uncatholicized by the enthusiastic advocates of the earlier religious painters; and before any personal acquaintance with those painters, my imagination had become, for a season, far too *Fra Angelical* or *Peruginous*, so to speak. At present, having outgrown this weakness, the more I looked at Titian's Madonna, the more beauty and gentle depth of expression I clearly perceived in her. Sweet, tender, and lovely too (how much so!) are the faces of some of the girl-like angels hovering in the golden-blushing heavens around her rapturous upspringing; and the infant cherubs, thronging with them in most animated jubilation, and holding up her clouds for her (her celestial pages), are little perfections of childish beauty, of sunny colour, and light and shade, (shade most clear and transparent, and full of warm and sweet reflected glow,) such as probably Titian alone has ever given us. He has treated the subject not with the calmness usual with the Venetians, but, once in a way, with more of a Correggishque vivacity; yet not unelevated by his own majesty and grandeur. These are seen in the group of the Almighty, with the Angels bearing the Virgin's crown and wreath, that floats, quite spirit-like, at the top of the picture, through a triumphal arch of crowded cherubs, whose hymning, adoring faces are almost lost in that serene outwelling of heavenly light. The Madonna had often been represented standing on a crescent moon, emblem of her purity: here these infant cherubs, and their somewhat maturer sister seraphs, notwithstanding all their freedom and enthusiasm, form in their general group, with the aid of the clouds on which she stands, a crescent moon of *life*, and *blooming love*, and *joy*, in honour of her glorious Assumption. The composition here, in which (as in the Madonna di San Sisto) intricacy and animation freely resolve themselves into simple leading lines of a symmetrical tendency, is highly skilful and excellent. But the colour—the warm, blushing, ardent *assunta* of Titian's colour—that is, of course, the distinguishing merit of the work. The general effect of it is like some sumptuous bower of red damask and tea-roses flourishing before a most golden evening sky, as magnified by the small eye of some little bird, or fairy, or *amorino*, who has wandered there; or, rather, like crimson rarities at one of our great flower-shows, which put out all the ladies' dresses, so that you feel inclined to cry aloud, "Mrs. Solomon, the City stock-jobber's wife, in all her glory, is not arrayed like one of these." Indeed, notwithstanding the lovely splendour of parts, the

picture, in its present position at all events, is, perhaps, on the whole somewhat over-gorgeous; three principal masses being huge red draperies, two of them most brilliant dahlia crimson, and the third an unpleasant brickly hue,—surely an infelicitous arrangement of colour. The admiring, upward gazing crowd of saints beneath, too, are decidedly theatrical and awkward in their attitudes; but there is a glorious relief from them above. Some of the recent German critics, and their English followers, are not quite well affected towards this picture; but it will ever refresh and rejoice the sound and healthy human heart, to see that more liberal feeling, which can recognize as embraced within the holy circle of religion, and exalted in sacred spheres, that simply human loveliness and joy, which the strict and sour zealots are ever disparaging, not in a spirit of true love and charity, but in the narrow conceit of their imperfect sympathies. This was the picture which Count Cicognara found in the Church of the Frari, blackened all over by the smoke of the altar-candles—a highly characteristic tribute of the Romish Church to Art, by-the-by. Guessing the value of the work, he mounted on high, and cleaned a small portion, and, having thus confirmed his breathless conjectures, he obtained it from the ignorant priests of the church in exchange for a smart new daub, and placed it here.

Titian's "Angel with Tobit," in Sta Caterina, is slightly and roughly painted, but full of vigorous original character. The child, though a somewhat quaint and clumsy little creature, looks up with a truly infantine wonder and simplicity at the spirited angel, who, with a pair of flourishing and apparently highly efficient wings, holds him by the hand, and walks him along so rapidly. This is worth seeing; but no lover of Art should overlook the same painter's "Annunciation," on the stairs of the Scuola di San Rocco; since the Madonna there is a singularly refined and sweet-faced lady in the proper sense of the term; and the Angel, who comes tripping, or rather gliding so lightly into the room, is not unworthy to be envoy to her. To such subjects as this, Titian could impart a peculiar elegance and tenderness of sentiment not to be found elsewhere; but, for violent action and the more terrible emotions, were it not for the "Pietro Martire," we might here have thought his genius ill-suited. His pictures of that kind on the ceiling of the sacristy of the *Salute*, so praised by Fuseli, are but weak and turgid efforts. Kugler, however, expatiating on a work of this class, in the Church of the Jesuits, of the Broiling of St. Lawrence, as "of incomparably more importance than the Pietro Martire," we indulged hopes of meeting with a second awakening of Titian's spirit by a magnificent inspiration of tragic energy and terror: so to the Chiesa de Gesuiti we hurried, not without expectations. The church itself, of that ornate preposterous style which the Jesuits had recourse to for the purpose of conciliating the admiration and reverence of the vulgar and wholly benighted in taste, is, undoubtedly, one of the curiosities of Venice, and well worthy of a few minutes' attention, as a perfect example of perhaps the lowest and most truly barbarous decline to which architecture ever sank. As we said of the Scalzi,—and the observation is even more applicable here,—such is the flutter of form and colour in this building, made up altogether of shining materials, that your first impression on entering is as of some fabric reared all of smart and new Dresden china. The white marble walls are inlaid all over—*brocaded*, as it were, with arabesques of verd' antique, and so are the huge wavy columns of the principal baldacchino. Even the very pulpits repeat the same delectable device; a

profusion of damasked curtains falling in disorder being imitated in marble, green and white, inlaid in arabesque patterns. But, notwithstanding all this costliness, the effect is altogether poor, weak, and cold—anything but really magnificent. The appearance of the walls reminds one, whether one will or no, of the ordinary paper of similar designs with which we cover our second-rate chambers; and when, in addition to these particulars, we have made even the briefest allusion to the lumbering distorted architecture, with all its bewildered ornament, and the bombastic statuary, with windy drapery, with which the scene is still further perplexed and encumbered, it will surely be quite sufficiently understood (as we said with regard to Gli Scalzi) that nothing could be more purely abominable in taste—unless, indeed, one feels inclined to add by way of modest afterthought, it be the casuistry of the holy brotherhood who built it all—the writings of Busembaum and Escobar, which twist, and turn about, and complicate the plain lines of conduct in very much the same manner. The last of the Doges, Manin (who had the dignity of soul to fall into a swoon when he signed away the national sovereignty to the French), lies before the high-altar, where the besetting fondness for architectural deception is repeated in a marble pavement resembling a rich variegated carpet, something disarranged. Thus everything is made to look like what it is not—just as in many of the teachings of the order to which the church belongs. The opportune occurrence of this very precise analogy tended considerably to modify those strictures in which we had previously been but too precipitately inclined to indulge. It must be confessed, after all, that this architecture of the Jesuits harmonizes admirably with their casuistical and moral system. The material form should assuredly ever indicate the nature of the spirit which animates it, and a building be as the countenance or physiognomy of the object for which it was intended—should it not? In this respect the present church leaves nothing whatever to be desired. It is a very good and sufficient outward and visible sign of the inward and spiritual grace, and as such we left it on much better terms than when we entered.

But with Titian's "Martyrdom of St. Lawrence," the fame of which had drawn us here, we were altogether disappointed. It is extremely injured by the restorer, and not only in its present condition very dark and obscure, but the original conception, so far as it can be traced, seems to have been but feeble. Kugler's preference of it to the Pietro Martire, and description of the sacred fortitude of the tortured saint, and of the unique effect of the various lights introduced, are so entirely unsupported by the picture, that it is evident his fancy must have superseded his memory when he penned his account of it. The young saint lies weakly forlorn on his gridiron, and the picture has a somewhat calm and insipid tone and character, devoid of striking terror, moral dignity, or pathos.

What a contrast to it in depth of feeling is "The Entombment," in the Manfrini Palace—one of the painter's noblest and most highly-wrought productions; a duplicate of the painting in the Louvre, but more magnificent in colour, and more carefully finished. A solemn sorrow and tenderness characterise the bending figures who are bearing our Lord to his grave—though, nevertheless, they have much the air of being taken fresh from the noble and manly life at Titian's elbow. The Madonna, somewhat advanced in years, and tottering after the group, almost borne down by her afflictions, is a touching piece of truthful expression. The colouring in this duplicate, notwithstanding the subject, is in Titian's magnificent, and almost



gorgeous manner. It retains a wonderful freshness, and quite lights up the room with its splendour.

Lastly, to see Titian's grandest work, let us repair to the Church of St. John and St. Paul; but, before proceeding within, we must not forget to pause for a few moments before the equestrian statue beside the church—the statue of the Bergamasque chief of Condottieri, Bartolomeo Colleoni, in bronze, by Andrea del Verrochio, the instructor of Leonardo da Vinci; the second equestrian statue, it is said, erected in Italy after the revival of the Arts, and still, perhaps, the finest one in existence. What striking force of character! what power and energy are here! With what a soldierly audacity, what a stern swelling resolve the veteran, armed cap-à-pie, bestrides his huge, powerful horse! like one riding into some captive city, and warning the inhabitants by his grim scowl that they are to expect no pity but in the lowliest submission. It is to all appearance a portrait, and of an old man, the flesh of whose face is worn away by toil and exposure, so that little more than a wrinkled skull remains, in which, within their deep hollow caverns, the eyes stare forth like those of the very fiend of war himself, or Death, one could imagine, bestriding his pale horse. It looks, on nearer view, the very ideal of those terrible chieftains who were wont to devastate the Italian plains without pity or remorse: and it deserves to be placed immediately beneath Michael Angelo's ideal of a sinister, scheming Italian prince, his thoughtful Duke Lorenzo, for its amazing vigour of conception and execution, and grand imaginative character.

Yet truth should always out; and Colleoni was by no means a bird of that feather which we were just now contemplating. The last of the old race of stipendiary commanders, he was, on the contrary, as mild and innocuous a hireling as he well could be, with common decency to his employers. A notable captain was Bartolomeo in those courteous, half-sham battles, in which the principal anxiety of the leaders was, without losing credit, to abstain from anything sufficiently decided and energetic to put an end to the war, and so put an end likewise to the necessity for their own employment. If they had any sympathies at all, they were, most probably, with the hirelings engaged on the other side—men precisely like themselves in character and principles; and therefore a prevailing desire was only to kill just enough of them to keep up appearances,—and to keep them up as cheaply as possible, it is to be feared that the nobler horses were often very ruthlessly sacrificed. Thus, at La Moliuella, after some hours' fighting in disagreeably warm weather, this very Colleoni dispatched a trumpet to the enemy, politely intimating that it was high time for repose, and that therefore they had better postpone the conclusion of the fray till next morning; which proposal being accepted in the spirit in which it was made, the leaders of both armies advanced to shake hands, and congratulate each other on their escapes in the recent conflict, not without smiles, perhaps, at the excessive simplicity of their employers. Macchiavelli sneers at this arduous six or eight hours' battle, as almost bloodless; but his intense contempt for the condottier system here seems to have betrayed him into exaggeration.

There is an amusing story connected with the production of this statue. The Venetian Signory, desirous of honouring their captain with a public monument, sent for the Florentine sculptor, as of more ability than any of their own artists; but by the time Andrea had prepared his model, a spirit of favouritism tempted them so far to disregard their engagement with him, as to propose that the human figure should be done by a certain Paduan whom they wished to patronise, and the horse only by the Floren-

tine. Andrea replied in disgust and indignation, by hammering to pieces the head and legs of his model of the horse, and returning to Florence immediately, much to the annoyance of the Venetian magnificos, who found means of giving him to understand that if ever he ventured to return, they would punish his contumacy by decapitation. "Assuredly, then," replied Andrea (with words like the lines of his statue), "I will not, most illustrious and magnificent Signors, return; for if you cut my head off, you will not be able to supply me with another, any more than you will be able to give another head properly suitable to that model of a horse of mine, which I beheaded before I turned my back on your city." This last surmise was justified by the event; for the Paduan who had succeeded Andrea, turning out to be a bungler, the Signory was obliged to dismiss him, and so far descend from the dais of their pride as to recall the Florentine, who then, further encouraged by double pay, proceeded with the work, though he did not live to bring it to a conclusion.

The Condottier here, characteristically enough, seems to keep watch by the tombs of the Doges; for the adjoining church itself is the Westminster Abbey of Venice—unless indeed the church of the Frari better merits that appellation. Though, excepting St. Mark's and the Frari, the only mediæval church in Venice worth much attention, it has little to recommend it but size and loftiness, and the simple Gothic groining of the roof: the pointed arches of the nave are disproportioned from too much width, always a most injurious defect: besides, there is a poverty of design and details, which leaves it incomparably inferior to the fine Gothic churches north of the Alps. Neither are the numerous tombs of the Doges (heavy mural structures of sarcophagi, and pillars, and canopies, with pompous statuary, and long flourishing inscriptions) for the most part other than clumsy, awkward, and barbarous monuments, in a very bad Renaissance taste. A superb fox-coloured tom-cat, reposing on one of these monuments—we always found him there, he seems to have thoroughly domesticated himself amongst the tombs of the Doges—formed, in his placid dignity, quite a striking contrast to the pretentious and frigid bombastic objects around him.

With regard to pictures, there are several in "Zanzenopolo" well worthy of attention; but our present business is with its great ornament—this altar-piece of the Martyrdom of St. Peter the Dominican, painted in Titian's fifty-second year, and formerly, when works of Art were preferred from an absence of technical faults, rather than from any very refined or sublime conceptions in them, dogmatically ranked as the third picture in the world. An achievement it is which the academical and eclectic critics of the good old times were fond of agreeing to pronounce "free from every shade of defect." This is the picture which, when the fraternity of the church would have sold it for 18,000 crowns, the Council of Ten interposed to keep in its present place, annulling the bargain, on pain of death. This is that "*famosissimo quadro*," the preservation of which by the French during its visit to Paris was perhaps the most beneficial act performed by them during that generation. Finding its canvas rotting away, they glued the face of the picture fast to a firm surface, and then proceeded to pick away the crumbling shreds behind, fibre by fibre, with a minute application of chemicals and instruments, and a patience truly admirable; and that done, they remounted the whole on an antithesis to their attempts at political renovation!

But now the lofty nave of St. John and St. Paul leads us to the verge of a forest; where

between the solemn shades of those grand trees, we look forth towards the mountain horizon, distinguishable under a gleam of troubled portentous light. In this ill-omened spot the stern Dominican has been overtaken. He lies at his murderer's feet. His brother friar, the blood streaming from his forehead also, is springing into swift flight, in the wildest extremity of terror; but the victim gazes firmly at the assassin, even as his eye is becoming glazed by death. One hand points to the earth, where, according to the legend, and Simone Memmi's fresco of the same subject, in Santa Maria Novella, at Florence, he traced with dying finger the creed in the dust. His other hand is raised, as with admonition and warning, towards the heavens, whence infant angels descend, with the palms which are to grace his immortal unassailable spiritual triumphs—even the triumph of that very moment. The beam that comes with them lights up into bright gold one of the boughs; but the others wave darkly over the deed of blood, as if with a mournful feeling of that which is being done beneath them: the forest leaves and the low heavy clouds seem moved by deep sympathies, stirred as with a living sense of the event over which they funereally sadden.

This persecutor can then, it seems, suffer no less firmly than he could inflict. And though pitiless, he must surely have been self-approving, since he now sees, in sustaining vision, cherubs bringing palms, where others would probably think fiends with a crown of fire more appropriate for him. His assault, certainly, looks most ferocious and sinister; but perhaps recollections of hot oil, or thumb-screws applied to father, wife, or brother, or the imminent dread of experiencing them himself, may corrugate his brows in that fierce and hideous manner. Fra Pietro was a vehement preacher in Lombardy, in the 13th century, against the Cathari, or the Purified, a sect which, disgusted with the manifold corruptions of the Church, and the violence it exercised over Reason, devoted themselves to a pure contemplative life, and to the improvement of Faith in alliance with that great Power, which (through Divine support) is the sole safeguard to preserve even our best religious feelings from the most ruinous errors and excesses. The Dominicans were the chief instruments chosen for the suppression of this new sect; and, full of their gloomy faith in the expiatory power of human suffering, they proceeded to carry out with relentless energy "the divine and merciful theory of Persecution." Fra Pietro became one of the chief apostles of that theory. Whether inflamed by evil passions—as mortified vanity at the poor success of his arguments, or the flat reception of his most elaborate flights of oratory; or whether, against the natural pleadings of the human heart, goaded on himself by a horrible superstition, which made him think severity the only true mercy, he exercised with unflinching rigour the office of Inquisitor in his monastery at Milan, till, at length, the miseries he inflicted, calling from the earth for vengeance too loudly and importunately to be denied, he was overtaken and assassinated at Barlassina, near Como. The church, charmed with his energetic proceedings, and grateful for their result, departed from its usual course by canonizing him thirty years after his death. So exemplary a pastor had not to wait the customary century for his divine honours.

To return to the picture for a few moments: the colouring is remarkable for the *freshness* of its deep glow, shining through the transparent twilight shades, as if reflected from the burning of some cloud, yet lingering solemnly in the west, over the now sunken sun. The assassin, especially, gleams like a jewel, with something of Giorgione's fervour, refined by more



exquisite hues. The execution is careful, yet easy, in a broad, grand manner, and altogether free from masterly trickery or slovenliness. But perhaps the landscape constitutes its *distinguishing* excellence; those noble, waving, and wailing forest trees—chestnuts and beeches—being probably, as yet, the grandest, completely-rendered delineations of such objects to be found within the whole compass of Art. Even our own English landscapists have hitherto left them unrivalled, for Turner himself too often tamed and enfeebled his trees for the sake of ideal grace of contour, and simple compactness of mass; and no other painter amongst us has shown sufficient power of drawing, combined with adequate feeling for grandeur of form and colour. This work excites a frequent regret that Titian did not devote the full strength of his mind to such subjects more frequently.

Of those feeble productions of his old age, which made Vasari, when he last visited him, regret that he did not then content himself with painting merely for his own private amusement, there is at San Salvatore "the Annunciation," the subject of the well-known anecdote. When some one signified that it was too poor a thing to be his, he immediately, with the quick pettishness characteristic of an old man who could not endure the thought that his powers were failing him, wrote on the picture,—"Titianus fecit, fecit." Notwithstanding this petulant iteration, it is a dim and feeble work, with but faint traces of his former colour, and plenitude of noble life. For his last picture we must return for a moment to the Academy. When Henry III., quitting the throne of Poland for that of France, passed through Venice on his way, he visited Titian at his own house, and found the artist, then in his ninety-eighth year, engaged upon this work, which he intended to have placed over his tomb. It is said to have furnished his last employment, in his hundredth year; and being unfinished at his death, it was afterwards completed by the younger Palma—most injudiciously, since its value as a memento of Titian, and as a criterion of his latest powers, is, of course, by that means much impaired. In this, a large and still ambitious production, a dead Saviour and saints, with a background of gloomy, crypt-like architecture, the hand is greatly shaken, the touch weak and wavering, and the sun of Titian's colour is quite set; still there is enough animation in the figures, and vigour in the effect, to make it a very extraordinary performance, considering the artist's years.

An unusual air of heavy melancholy dullness in Titian's last work, recalls to mind the wretchedness of his last moments, as given in a paper by Mrs. Jameson, but on what authority we do not remember; for it is many years since we met with the essay in question. Titian's life had been an uninterrupted career of health and splendid prosperity, graced, Vasari, his personal acquaintance, tells us, by courtesy and general goodness and rectitude, which do not appear to have been materially tarnished, except by an excessive love of gain, now and then, and by that petty professional jealousy—shown in the ignoble treatment of his more promising scholars—which was so unworthy of his refined and liberal genius. But at last misfortune, hitherto far in his rear, was able to overtake him on his death-bed. Titian, according to the account we have referred to, died miserably. He was stricken by the plague; and when the sanitary officers, in going their rounds, called at his house, they found his son Orazio and himself both ill of the pestilence, lying in the same room, deserted by their domestics, and in a neglected and forlorn condition. Orazio's state holding out hopes of recovery, they im-

mediately took him away to the lazaretto appointed for that purpose. But Titian himself—his sickness further aided by the infirmities of ninety and nine years—was evidently past all mortal cure: him, therefore, they left alone to die; and when the next visitors came, they found he was no more. The courted friend and gossip of so many of the leading magnates, scholars, poets, and witty fair ones of the day,—the caressed of monarchs, the county palatine, the untaxed of the Signory, had meanwhile died more forlorn and abandoned than many a tattered beggar. And to aggravate even more the dismality of his fate, it was found that between these two last visits, the apartment had been entered and despoiled of some of his favourite articles of taste and costly ornament; and this, perhaps, under his own eyes, before they were finally glazed and fixed by death.

### EGYPT AND PALESTINE.\*

We have before us the very best work we have ever yet met with, to illustrate two of the most interesting countries in the world. Mr. Frith gives to people who sit at home at ease the result of his travels, in the shape of beautifully executed photographs, with very brief notes of his own, referring to the places illustrated. He says, and says truly, "Scarcely any one ever does read the letter-press which accompanies a series of views;" and, "if the critics will be good enough not to call disagreeable attention to my writing, not one person in ten will think of looking at it." Criticism is in this way disarmed; and accordingly we have taken up Mr. Frith's work—as we presume he intends us—to look at the drawings, and form our estimate of his undertaking by them alone. The three numbers already published contain views of the Great Pyramid, Sphinx; Koum Omho, Upper Egypt; the Pool of Hezekiah, at Jerusalem; Nazareth; Cleopatra's Temple at Ermeut; the English Church at Jerusalem; Bethlehem; Luxor; and Sculptures at Deudera. We have in these a sufficient variety to show what the rest of the work may be expected to be; and when we contrast the immeasurable superiority of these photographs over all other views of these countries which have of late been accumulated by thousands, we feel that great praise is deservedly due to Mr. Frith for the resolution he has displayed in overcoming many difficulties, which, in the East, make photographing at some periods almost hopeless.

Mr. Frith says, "A photographer only knows—he only can appreciate the difficulty of getting a view satisfactorily into the camera; foregrounds are especially perverse; distance too near or too far; the falling away of the ground; intervention of some brick wall or other commonplace object, which an artist would simply omit; some, or all of these things (with plenty others of a similar character) are the rule and not the exception." But these are not the only difficulties. There are superadded the trouble in working the collodion, and the personal inconvenience of the artist. "When (at the Second Cataract, 1000 miles from the mouth of the Nile, with the thermometer at 110° in my tent) the collodion actually boiled when poured upon the glass-plate, I almost despaired of success. By degrees, however, I overcame this and other difficulties; but suffered a good deal throughout the journey from the severe labour rendered necessary by the rapidity with which every stage of the process must be conducted in climates such as these; and from excessive perspiration, consequent on the suffocating heat of a small tent, from which every ray of light, and consequently every breath of air, was necessarily excluded."

We have quoted Mr. Frith's own words, in order to convey to the reader's mind some idea of the obstacles which oppose themselves in the East, to such an undertaking as that which he has brought to so successful an issue. Although the temperature in Palestine is some degrees below that experienced

during the hot weather in India, nevertheless, with an intimate knowledge of both climates, we can express the result of an experience in stating, that the glare and heat upon the hills of Palestine is more oppressive and stifling than in any part of India. We would infinitely prefer a six days' march in May across the Delta of India, to the two days' march across the Lebanon from Baalbec to Damascus.

It is due to Mr. Frith to have these facts put forward before making any remarks upon his sun-pictures, because their value would not otherwise be properly understood, and their defects would seem like faults, which the artist might have avoided.

Mr. Frith's illustration of the stone wall, which an ordinary artist would omit, but which the photographer cannot, is very much to the point: for instance, in first looking over his drawings, we felt really disappointed with the view of Nazareth. As we learn from the letter-press, Mr. Frith first approached this lengthened residence of the Saviour from the south, coming from Jenin across the great plain of Esdraelon. Nazareth itself is secluded in a little basin adjoining the plain, which is surrounded by fifteen hills. The town itself climbs up the sides of the one towards the west. We should have expected that the photographer would have endeavoured to face the town, taking in the Latin Convent on the left, and the Greek Church of the Annunciation on the right, so giving a complete view of Nazareth, and of the hill on which it stands. But Mr. Frith has done the very reverse; he has fixed the camera among the prickly pears upon the hill-side over the town, and consequently in the picture we look down upon Nazareth and its small valley, and trace the outline of the southern hills of Samaria on the horizon.

This is anything but a good view of Nazareth; indeed, strange to say, the one really picturesque view seems to have escaped the detection of every artist who has travelled in Palestine. For the benefit of future tourists we will mention it, hoping that some one following in Mr. Frith's steps, may be able to secure for the public a view that is scarcely second to any in Palestine, and of which we have never yet seen a drawing. To gain a proper impression of Nazareth, it ought to be approached from the north, and not from the south; just as Jerusalem ought to be approached from Jericho and not from the Mediterranean. Mr. Frith, like almost every other traveller, saw Nazareth first, coming down from Jerusalem; he ought to have seen it coming up from Tiberias through Cana. If so, on surmounting the crown of the hills which intervene between Cana and Nazareth, and having passed through the narrow cut in the rock upon the summit of the hill overhanging the town towards the north, he would have beheld a view such as photography might well desire to represent. It is a view which takes in the whole of the little basin below—the town upon the hill-side, and the plain of Esdraelon beyond. But supposing this view had presented itself, there might, and we think probably would, have arisen an insuperable objection, over which an artist might have triumphed, but which would have perplexed the camera. From the point of view we describe, the descent into the valley is so immediate (almost precipitate), and the effect of the panorama so entirely depends upon the steepness of the encircling hills, that we can quite believe a photographer would fail in attempting to catch the representation of this position. Even a partial success would be attended with great difficulties. It is, therefore, a matter of justice to consider what infinite obstacles there are in the way of such an undertaking as the present.

When, however, the camera is directed upon objects of an architectural character, the triumph of the art was never more beautifully exhibited than it is in this work. We allude more particularly to the Egyptian views, though the same remark may, with equal justice, be applied to the Pool of Hezekiah at Jerusalem. The two plates, "Cleopatra's Temple," and the "View of Luxor," will realize to every one who has been in Egypt, not only the familiar place of travel, but that which even painters so commonly fail in producing—atmosphere. In the view of Luxor more particularly, the palpable, almost tangible heat, is conveyed in the picture. The figures crouching on the ground, the mud walls and rude thatch of the cottages, in the midst of the splendours of that gigantic architecture,

\* EGYPT AND PALESTINE, Photographed and Described by F. Frith, jun. London: James S. Virtue, City Road and Ivy Lane.



do not more truly represent the character of the place, than the hot haziness which pervades the platform reminds us of scorching moments passed among those ruins. We do not remember to have seen any drawing which so thoroughly made us conscious of the atmosphere of Egypt as this view of Luxor does. We allude to this, because it is a proof to us of the care with which Mr. Frith has pursued his art; and the fact is proved by our own experience, for as we write we have photographs lying before us, made by ourselves upon the spot, which up to the present time we have regarded with peculiar satisfaction. Mr. Frith has convinced us of his immense superiority; and knowing, as we do, at what a cost that superiority must have been purchased, how much pains it must have demanded, both in the chemical and the artistic departments of photography, we feel we are doing no more than simple justice to this gentleman, in giving him our warm thanks for having produced such admirable works of Art.

What we have said with reference to the view of Nazareth may also be said of Bethlehem. If we were to speak from the first impressions produced by the picture, we should express disappointment. The view ought to have been taken approaching Bethlehem from Jerusalem, somewhere near Rachel's Tomb. From that position the whole amphitheatrical platform of Bethlehem would have been presented, and the background would have been filled in with the entire length of the Convent of the Nativity.

This, we apprehend, is the view which a draughtsman would have presented. Mr. Frith has chosen the very opposite. He places us immediately beneath the Convent, which we see only at an angle, catching sight at the extreme corner of the points of the roof of Queen Helena's ever-memorable church: that church which is the most ancient Christian fabric in the world, and to repairs of the roof of which, at a later date, King Edward contributed the oak of England. This is to us a matter of regret:—we shall probably be told by Mr. Frith that he could not help it.

The result, therefore, of our remarks on these views is briefly as follows. The architectural pictures are everything that can be desired; the landscape pictures are not their equal. In the former case, Mr. Frith (to borrow a political phrase) was master of the situation; in the latter he was not. It would be hypercriticism to make this a fault; because we believe it to be one of the difficulties which beset photography in taking views in the East, which cannot, in the present infancy of that great art, be surmounted. It is amply compensated by such a picture as that of Jerusalem from Hezekiah's Pool. Anything more complete or satisfactory could not be desired.

As journalists of Art, we are therefore bound to express our obligation to Mr. Frith, and to wish his work all the success it so thoroughly deserves.

[Since these observations were written, a fourth part has been issued; it contains—1. Nablous, the Ancient Shechem; 2. View from Philæ, looking north; 3. Entrance to the Great Temple, Luxor. They uphold the interest of the work; and continue, with admirable judgment, a selection of views that have value in all parts of the Christian world.

It is only justice to say, that Mr. Frith has been fortunate in his alliance with the printer: our readers know how much of the result in reference to this art will depend upon the manner in which the mechanical aids are supplied; if these be defective, the artist labours in vain; he depends upon the printer even more than does the painter on the engraver when a work is to be multiplied. In these photographs there is an amount of clearness and decision in harmony with the atmosphere in which the views were produced; we may add, also, that the publication is issued with all the helps it can derive from graceful typography, and that it is altogether a very elegant production of the press.

It is certain that works of this class must increase, and that those of the engraver will decrease in proportion. In landscapes, and copies of all actual facts, the nearer we can imitate the originals the better. Where fancy may be, and where accessories ought to be, introduced, photography may in vain compete with the painter; but where *facts* merely are required, we are enabled to obtain aids invaluable by this wonderful art.]

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### IL PENSEROSO.

J. C. Horsley, A.R.A., Painter. T. Garner, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 10½ in. by 3 ft. 6½ in.

ALTHOUGH the engraving from this picture is introduced under the above title, the composition includes also a group from Milton's companion poem, "L'Allegro;" and if we remember rightly, the painting exhibited at the Royal Academy, in 1851, bore, in the catalogue, both titles. We have adopted one only, partly for the sake of brevity, but chiefly because the "Il Penseroso" group is the great point of the subject; the other is subordinate, while it affords a very beautiful, and almost a necessary contrast, to redeem the composition from the power of absolute Melancholy and her attendants.

In the whole range of English poetical literature, there is perhaps no single poem, measuring the same number of lines, or about the same, which contains so many and varied subjects for the pencil as either of these two poems; Gray's "Elegy in a Country Church-yard," destined equally with them to live coeval with the language in which they are written, may be adduced as an exception. Both of Milton's poems are full of exquisite descriptive imagery drawn from nature, and his scenes are frequently "peopled" with personages that seem to have been sketched by his master-hand for the painter's use, so pictorially has he drawn them. Coleridge styles him a musical, not a picturesque poet, when referring to his writings generally; "the saying, however, is more pointed than correct," writes another commentator, in allusion to this remark; "in the most musical passages of Milton (as the lyrics in 'Comus'), the pictures presented to the mind are as distinct and vivid as the paintings of Titian or Raphael;" and, with the single exception of Shakspeare, no poetical writer has presented such an abundant supply of materials for representation, and has had them so universally accepted. Yet such is the character of the age in which we live with regard to literature, and especially with regard to poetry, that it may be affirmed, without fear of contradiction, a very large proportion of even the educated public would know but little of what Milton wrote if our artists were not constantly hinging before its eye the majesty, the grandeur, the beauty, or the simplicity of his verse, ranging, as it does, from what may be termed the lowest point of description to one so lofty as to be little less than divinely inspired: the hand that struck the harp to sweet music at the sight of a scene of English pastoral, drew from it also strains of melody so powerful and sublime that the fingers of an archangel or a seraph might be presumed to have swept over its strings.

Mr. Horsley, not being a landscape-painter in the ordinary acceptance of the term, has selected a passage from each poem for illustration, in which the poet's ideal characters are introduced: the one, descriptive of the principal group,—

"Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,  
Sober, stedfast, and demure," &c. &c.;

the other, of the secondary group,—

"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest, and youthful Jollity!" &c. &c.

Both these groups are very happily conceived, and convey to the eye the impression of the mind.

The artist has adhered very closely to Milton's lines: Melancholy, the principal figure, is demurely personified, solemn and stately as one whose life has been passed in mortifying the flesh and resisting the temptations of vanity; she is habited in a black robe, whose sombrous hue is, however, brightened by reflected lights from the dresses—subdued crimson and purple respectively—of the figures on each side of her, Peace and Quiet, one of whom throws a pitying look on the joyous revellers whose mirth seems to mock the unworldliness of the saintly sisterhood. In everything the farther group is opposed to the nearer: the "roundness" of composition to its formality, hoisterous mirth to demure gravity, light, loose, and gaily-coloured garments to the "sober liveries" of the quaternion.

The picture is in the Collection at Osborne.

## COLOURING STATUES.\*

IN colouring this marble statue, what medium are we to use? In regard to the ancient statues, Mr. Lloyd says, "Vitruvius, after describing (vii. 9) the preparation of *minium*, or vermillion, goes on to speak of its liability to change colour from the action of direct sunlight, and gives instructions for protecting it. He does not mention the medium employed with the colour, but, as it is insoluble, we must assume the use of size, as in other instances, or gum, &c." The wall he speaks of is apparently stucco. "When the wall is painted with vermillion, and dry, lay on with a brush (of hristles, a hard or rough brush) Punie wax, melted over the fire, and a little tempered with oil, then, by means of hot coals in an iron vessel, warm the wall well, and make the wax run and equalize itself; afterwards, rub it with a wax candle and clean cloths, as *nude marble figures were treated*." So here it appears that in ancient practice statues were "rubbed with wax," and were left with this surface on them; from which it is more than probable whenever, in such cases, colouring was added to marble statues, that its medium also was wax.

Further, "Pliny (xxi. 14) gives the preparation of Punie wax by a process, of which the chemical result, according to Dr. Turner, was a soap of twenty parts wax, to one of soda. He also (xxiii. 7) describes the same process as Vitruvius above, apparently copying him or a common authority. The wax, he says, is applied hot, heated with coals, and then rubbed with wax candles, and afterwards with clean linen cloths, as marbles also are made to shine (*sicut et marmora nitescunt*)."

"Now, how much of the treatment thus expressed applies to sculpture? Putting the case most strongly, it might be said, the whole, and that nothing less than the whole will accord with the *circumlitio* of statues mentioned elsewhere; and by applying the whole we might connect these notices with those of Plutarch and Pausanias, of the employment of vermillion in colouring statues (though these latter go for very little, as applicable to the best works of the best time). The construction of the words of both authors imply in strictness, that the wax and linen rubbings of statues were applied to wax previously laid on and heated." Thus the opinion of Mr. Lloyd, a well known authority on Greek literature, is evidently in favour of wax having been the medium, or "vehicle," of the colour applied to marble statues; and that thus it was done in the encaustic manner; and this is strengthened by Nicias having been an encaustic painter, of whom is quoted in a former number that well-known story indicating that he assisted his friend Praxiteles in adding to his statues the famed "*circumlitio*" which is such a "vexed question."

That wax was used by the ancients for this purpose does not, however, of course preclude their having used other substances, either as media for the colouring applied, or to give that last polished surface which, as I have mentioned before, was in consonance with the habit they had of oiling their own hodies on festive occasions; and I cannot but here allude to the barbarism, as we should call it, that seems to hover about the whole question,—for not only has it been seen that the painting statues was and is prevalent among barbarian states of the human race, but that it is also their well known custom to lubricate the body either with oil or grease, or some other fatty matters, not always of the most pleasant kind.

There are various gums and varnishes that might have been used by the ancients for the above colouring and polishing in regard to their statues, although their acquaintance with the variety of these substances was inferior to our own; and even staining may have been effected by means either now known or lost to us. The rust of iron will enter into marble and stain it indelibly, at first producing a slight orange colour, and then red, and even dark brown; and any mode of staining analogous to this, but not injurious to the marble, would, of course, be far more lasting than any mere surface preparation, liable to fading or removal, and requiring repair and repetition. I have not, however, seen or heard of any ancient marbles that give evidence of any per-

\* Continued from p. 179.





J. C. HORSLEY A.R.A. PINXIT

T. GARNER SCULPT

# IL PENSEROSO.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL GALLERY

LONDON: PRINTED BY J. JOHNSON, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.







manent staining of this character, although Pliny makes mention of something of the kind having been effected as regards some works in metal. Grease also enters into marble, giving it an alabastrine character (like the oriental alabaster); inasmuch that if it could be applied evenly, it might even be thought by some an advantageous addition to marble, especially to such marble as possesses a kind of snowy opacity—which, however, is not the case with the best kinds.

Sculptors admire for their works, among the varieties of the Luna (or Carrara) or statuary marble, that quality which has a close wax-like character; and this not only from its being pleasant to work, and capable, from its firmness and grain, of taking high finish, but from its waxy character, approaching to the alabaster surface which we see on some of the recumbent figures in Gothic cathedrals, in those parts that get accidentally rubbed, which possess a waxy character; and as this quality is pleasant, it has naturally led to the consideration of wax as a medium, and as a finishing surface to marble. But wax, except, perhaps, under very peculiar circumstances, does not enter into the substance of marble, and only fills up the small pores of the surface. I, at one time, made some experiments with stearine as applied to marble. This material applied to plaster of Paris produces what has been called "fictile ivory," and various little figures and groups are now to be seen in shops, or carried about on the boards of the Italians, cast out of gelatine moulds and steeped in this material, which have extremely the appearance of ivory, and which will wash very well; the surface also having been made essentially harder by all the minute pores having been filled up with this substance—stearine,—which is done in this manner.—The surface of the plaster cast is perfectly cleaned and completed, and then it is set in a place to become moderately warm; the stearine has then to be melted, which, as it is most essential that it should not burn in the slightest degree, is done in the same way as the carpenters do glue. As the little figure, or group, or bust, or relief, or whatever it may be, has to be immersed bodily in the melted stearine (as the mere application of it with a brush on the warm surface of the plaster cast would not be equally effectual), it is requisite to have the interior vessel of sufficient size for this purpose. Into this the stearine is put, and the lid put on. This is then placed in another vessel sufficiently large to leave a space all round and at the bottom for water, which is to be the medium of heat between the outside fire and the stearine within. This is then put on the fire. The water begins to boil, and the stearine soon after to melt, which it does with a comparatively mild heat. By this time the plaster cast is moderately warm, when it is put into the stearine, the lid put on, and it is left to cook.

In this condition of the two substances, the warmth of the plaster and the fluidity of the stearine, the coalition is so natural and intimate that I have seen, in a small plaster cast, which had been subjected for a considerable time to this process, on its being broken across, that the stearine had gone quite through the plaster (I speak of a little solid cast of a figure), and completely saturated it within and without; the result being an amalgamated material, in which the plaster was hardly to be recognised: contrary, however, to what one would have thought, perhaps, it was not in this case very hard. This may have arisen on this occasion from too much heat having been applied. In a more surface manner, in which the stearine saturates the plaster of Paris to the depth of an eighth of an inch or so, this process is applied, especially to small models of Crucifixions, in which the figure being thus treated, and placed on a varnished black cross, a very finished appearance is produced.

Being aware of this process of adding stearine to plaster, I bethought myself of adding it to marble in an equally intimate manner; that is, seeing if it could be made to saturate marble: but in my case without success. However, I will state what I did, and how I tried it. First, I would premise that stearine is a most inviting material for such a purpose. It approaches, in its cold state, more nearly to Parian marble in appearance, than any substance I know. It is of a faint golden-yellow tinge—the slightest possible; it is translucent and semitransparent, and its crystalli-

zation gives it just that degree of sparkle which affords a kind of subdued vitality to its appearance, similar to fine specimens of Parian; such as, for instance, the fragment of a Psyche's hand and butterfly in the British Museum. It is really a most poetical-looking substance; and if one could divest oneself of the idea of its being greasy, and endue it in fancy with endurance, it would seem just the material for beautiful form. But though so like Parian, one of the most lasting stones, we find it melt into a fluid mass at a very moderate degree of temperature.

The mode I applied was one which I thought likely to try the question pretty effectually, which I had the opportunity of doing through the kindness of a manufacturer of candles in Kensington. His factory contains a number of boilers, or small vats, in which the component parts of different kinds of candles are kept boiling at a high temperature. These are kept at this high heat separately; and in one of these, containing pure stearine, he allowed me to have a piece of clean white statuary marble, about as large as a cocoa-nut, immersed, and kept there for a day, subjected to the action of the stearine, at so high a state of temperature that I found afterwards that this heat had in some degree affected the texture of the marble, in the same manner as we find great heats generally do; that it had in some degree disintegrated the crystals, and rendered the whole substance friable. Now I am not a chemist, but I fancy that this mode of exposing the marble to the action of melted stearine was just that most favourable to the saturation of the one by the other. On breaking the marble, however, I did not find that this had taken place at all. The stearine appeared to me to have filled up solely the immediate surface pores of the marble, but to have penetrated no deeper, nor in any way to have amalgamated with its material.

Anything, therefore, in the way of colour, applied through the medium of stearine, would obtain no further hold, I conceive, than gum or varnish; and would always be liable to come off as a film, or to be melted out by the application of heat even as gentle as that of the direct rays of the sun, and would offer no guard against those decaying influences of the out-of-door interchange of temperatures, which, by the alternation of summer's heat and winter's cold, act on the marble in this climate, through the partial absorption by marble of water. Thus in both respects—either as a preservative against climate, or as affording a lasting material of an even, ivory-like tint, or for a due preparation for colours to hold tight and lastingly to the statue—my experiment, as regards stearine, wholly failed: as also those which I have made with wax, although I own I have not subjected marble to the same continuous action of this material at a high temperature, as I have in the case of stearine. At any rate, it does not appear that the ancients had effected the amalgamation of wax with the material of marble; for, besides not finding any evidence of this in the ancient sculpture, the process alluded to by Vitruvius and others, refers to a mere surface application.

We hear nothing of staining the marble, which, with all deference, appears to me the sole mode of applying colour to it that would either retain at all the delicate and flesh-like transparency of the material, or be consistent with the enduring character of the art of sculpture. Unless the colours could be fixed in the material, so as to last as long as the statue itself, they would of course require renewing; and after a long interval of time this could not be done by the artist of the work. If colour and form are fitted to go together, they should do so to the end of the chapter, one as long as the other, which could not, while retaining the flesh-like transparency of the marble, be effected by anything short of a stain of the most delicate character pervading the material of the marble for some distance down in it, but dimming in no respect its own beautiful nature.

Of such a character of colouring as this might the artist dream in an enthusiasm of polychromy, in which the material might waft up to his enchanted eye pure blushing tints from below as of coral islands beneath the wave, and of azure veins, not streaked on the surface with colour, but as vital and motive as the blue waters of the ocean; until the whole work became, as it were, one living gem, an opal in the sunlight, iridescent with celestial ichor! But this,

I fear, is only a dream, and that, when we really begin practically to set about colouring marble, we shall find that we shall by no means be able to realize so poetic a reverie. Wax seems to be the material that has the most precedent for use in this respect, and we will follow as near as we can the process alluded to by Vitruvius.

He speaks of statues being treated in the same manner as walls in the laying on of the wax, and he says the wall was well warmed first "by means of hot coals in an iron vessel"—a sort of movable brazier, it is to be supposed, which was moved up and down and about, close to the face of the wall, until it had communicated to it a degree of heat sufficient to semi-melt the wax, when it was rubbed on. Perhaps one of the best ways in which this degree of temperature could be obtained in a statue would be to have it in a warm room, such as they have at papier maché works, or in other manufactories requiring heat for their process, where the statue might be brought gradually to that equable warmth that would greatly facilitate the easy laying on of the wax, whether pure in itself or mixed with colouring material. Of course the wax could be laid on the statue in its (*i.e.* the statue's) cold state by means of its being dissolved in some chemical compound, such as spirits of turpentine, and applied by a brush, but it would not by this means enter so firmly into the surface-pores of the marble. Being expanded by dilution at the time of its application, when the spirits evaporated it would leave it comparatively of a cellular and uncompact character, which indeed is to be noticed on the surface of little wax models when spirits of turpentine in a brush have been used to smooth and bring together the surface, as is frequently the practice with wax-modellers, and which generally afterwards, in consequence, has to be wiped off. We are considering the best way of applying the encaustic treatment to marble, and I thus suppose for the purpose a warm room, specially adapted for the occasion, perfectly clean, well lighted, and capable of being warmed up to as high a degree of temperature as is required in the manual processes of several of our manufactures.

The first thing to be done to the statue would be to clean it thoroughly all over, and to give it as much as possible an *equable* surface, so that the texture should not cause the coloured material to adhere more in one part than another. This probably would be best done by having the whole statue "fine sanded," as the process is called by sculptors, which is a very usual mode of finishing marble works; the fine sand being rubbed all over the surface into all the little deep workings and depressions with water, and by means of little pieces of wood adapted to varieties of surface they have to reach. It would then be completely washed free of all the little grains of sand, leaving a quiet crystalline glister over it, which is very beautiful, and which ought not, in my idea, to be tampered with. However, we are going to colour it.

The statue being then removed into the warm room, in about a day or so it would become of the due temperature, *viz.* that which, without rendering the wax fluid on its application to it, would not check its approaches with coldness, but would welcome it with an attaching warmth. Now, it might seem that a first coating of white wax all over, in case the whole of the statue is to be coloured, would be an appropriate first treatment, inasmuch as, by filling up the pores of the marble, a perfectly equable surface would be presented as a kind of ground for the application of the colour. It would appear that were such a first surface thus attained with colourless wax alone, the most delicate effect would be reached by the after application of colour merely in a state of powder, like rouge powder or enamel.

In any mode of application, however, the first portion coloured would naturally be the flesh, inasmuch as the character of tint for this would be the first point of this kind considered in the character of the figure; and the adjuncts of various draperies, &c., would have to be so tinted as to afford the most pleasing harmony and contrast with this as a fixed point; and so as to give the best effect to the whole as a piece of colour. And here occurs at once the consideration that if a statue is intended to be coloured, it will be a very haphazard thing to put off the consideration of the



colouring until the forming of the statue is complete, inasmuch as by that process an interarrangement of flesh and draperies might be evolved which, though very satisfactory when all in one tint, would not be so when it became to be coloured, nor afford opportunities for completing the whole work as a composition of colour. In truth, at the outset of the work, indeed in the very sketch, before the statue itself were begun, it would be requisite to consider the colour: inasmuch that the first thing to do in the contemplation of the work would be to make a little coloured sketch. Just as in a picture, the first thing a painter does very often is to make a little blot of tints to see how his subject will allow of a triumph of colour.

We all know how attractive colour is—that it is like the melody of music, catching hold of the senses before even we enter into what is meant by it or the theme. A graceful manner has been said to be a letter of introduction to any one—so is an agreeable composition of colour to a picture, which can be no less important to a statue if coloured. Colour is the first thing that strikes the eye; and in a coloured work of Art, whether of painting or sculpture, this must be agreeably disposed, or the first impression cannot be happy.

Now, if at the outset of looking at a work of Art of this kind we are impressed by the colour, so at the outset of composing it, it will not do to leave this out of the question. Thus it appears that, supposing a statue is to be coloured, it would be quite opposed to Art-reason to put off the consideration of the colouring till the statue, as far as form goes, is complete. The colouring in this case must not be an afterthought; but if not quite the first thought, must enter into the original conception, or the result will be a matter of chance instead of calculation. I am the more led to remark this, as I have heard the idea of colouring a statue treated quite as “a subject of afterthought;” and I have heard it suggested, even by a sculptor, that the assistance of painters should be called in only at the time when the statue is about to be coloured. Now the more interchange of sentiments between the various professions of Art, the better, no doubt; we should all help one another; and experience in colour is certainly not to be gained by study solely applied to form; but what I would suggest is, that if the assistance of the painter is desirable in this combination of the Arts, as it decidedly would be, the time to invite it, and call it into consultation, is not when the masses of flesh tints and draperies, &c., are fixed and completed in the marble, but, on the contrary, in the first sketch, denoting the arrangements and proportions of those parts which are to form opportunities, and which, in the case of coloured sculpture, should be so modified at the outset as to afford the most agreeable proportions of balance, composition, variety, and harmony, that the subject will allow of.

This is the only mode in which I conceive the attainment of a pleasing effect eventually can be calculated on. In the triumphs of colour of Titian, Correggio, and Rubens, the artist at once perceives how very much the arrangements have been modified, so as to afford the freest scope to colour. I say, the arrangements—I might say also the forms; for it can hardly be doubted, especially in the case of Rubens, that the somewhat over-voluptuous, and not unfrequently turgid, outlines he adopts have been the result of having his mind imbued, as it were to overflowing, with an almost delirious sense of colour, which seems to dilate and expand itself on his canvas, beyond his control. Colour seems at times to have, as it were, almost ran away with him, and dragged all his men and women after it. He wreathes his pictures into vast living bouquets, in which everything seems growing, and waving, and blossoming, and fruiting in utter luxuriance.

Of course his outlines would not do for sculpture; and the contemplation of his works on the one side, and of the purity of the outline of Greek sculpture on the other, almost leads one to doubt how far the essence of perfection in form, and the essence of perfection in colour, can be made to coalesce completely. There seems a certain degree of quiet but understood antagonism between them, that has led to the non-introduction, in one work, of equal forces of each, lest they should, as it were, struggle and wrestle: and this mutual agreement that their atomic proportions may not form one compound on

a perfect equality, is to be traced in the pictures of the old masters, where, indeed, it may pretty nearly always be seen that these qualities do not meet on the same level, or in an equal ratio; but that one gives the *pas* a little to the other, and that by turns they play subservient parts. In the works of Raphael, form, and all the impressions gained by form, occupy a much larger space than those gained by colour, and the same in those of Michael Angelo. In Titian, although the form is occasionally very fine in character, colour, in turn, occupies the larger space; and still more is this seen in the works of Correggio, Paul Veronese, Tintoretto, and Rubens. The Carraeci, perceiving this, proposed, as the object of their school and efforts, the combination of the “design of Raphael with the colour of Titian:” but it is not considered that they succeeded. Indeed, there does appear some semblance of truth in the idea that those forms in Art which are the most perfect and precise in their beauty, are not those most suited to comprise the most exquisite triumphs of colour; and if there be verity in this, assuredly it is a consideration that lies in the path of “Coloured Statues.”\*

JOHN BELL.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of “THE ART-JOURNAL.”

MR. FOLEY'S STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.

SIR,—Are we to have, in London, a copy of the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, executed by Mr. Foley for Calcutta? Such a project is, I believe, on foot, and as your pages are the chief medium of communication on all artistic matters, beg your advocacy, by a few lines on the subject.

Many reasons suggest its erection in the metropolis: foremost, the memory of the illustrious chief claims such a tribute; Art demands it for her own sake; and all lovers of Art, feeling the national honour elevated by such an achievement, seek to evince their appreciation of its grandeur and beauty, by desiring its daily sight—in knowing it as a household word.

We, of the passing generation, are the trustees of posterity—the holders in trust, for after ages, of the intellectual riches amassed in our own time, and as such are responsible to futurity; but it will be a dark blot in our stewardship, should we suffer this magnificent creation to leave England without securing its duplicate for London. Hence the obligations imposed on us of moving actively in the matter, have a deeper origin than personal or party feeling. The work itself calls for a permanent home among us, and which if not rendered, is at once an insult to the memory of the noble soldier, and the genius of the artist; a loss incalculable to Art, and a fraud on our descendants. Criticism is at once both defied and disarmed by the originality and power pervading this unprecedented work; and surely the proudest aspiration of its author must have been realized in its consecration to Fame by the acclamation and unanimous verdict of the whole brotherhood of Art.

With the increasing love of Art now so generally felt and recognised in all classes of society, a fund could easily be raised to secure its duplicate; whereby, while we should become enriched by one of the finest works of Art in the world, ancient or modern, shall be spared the blushes that must bespeak our shame, if it depart for Calcutta unrepresented here.

To such a national project many would joyfully contribute their mite, myself among the number. My subject must be my apology for thus trespassing on your space.

I am, sir, yours obediently,

“AN ADMIRER OF THE STATUE.”

[We shall, indeed, with our correspondent, consider it a calamity if this work be suffered to leave England without our having secured a copy of it—such copy to be executed by the artist, with all the advantages it may receive from his “afterthought.” We consider, and have described, this great work as a triumph of British Art; one which entirely removes an impression—we know to have prevailed lately—that whatever excellence our sculptors may achieve in the simple and graceful, they have been unable to grapple with the greater difficulties of the art. We shall gladly aid by every means in our power to advance a subscription that ought to be—and we trust will be—national.]

\* To be continued.

## PORTABLE SWISS CHALET.

THE PARQUETRY OF MESSRS. ARROWSMITH.

IN the *Art-Journal* for April, 1857, will be found an article on Mosaic Manufacture, and especially on the New Solid Parquetry which the Messrs. Arrowsmith have introduced somewhat extensively into use in this country. At the recent annual *soirée* of the President of the Institution of Civil Engineers, many very beautiful examples of this manufacture were exhibited. One application of this parquetry excited much attention,—this was a series of designs, applied as a bordering to Turkey and other carpets. These were very elegant, and in their application far more pleasing than the usual floorcloth. The reality of this kind of ornament is one of its great recommendations. We have seen several mansions in which this kind of flooring has been laid down with the best possible effect, at comparatively small cost.

In immediate connection with this very interesting manufacture, our attention has been directed to the SWISS CHALETs, which are now introduced by the same patentees. These chalets are all prepared by powerful and complicated machinery (patented); with the floors, walls, and ceilings, either plain, or beautifully designed in patent solid Swiss parquetry (a mosaic of different coloured woods), and so accurately constructed, including doors and windows, &c., as to be fixed in a few days, either permanently, or so as to be removed elsewhere. These chalets are well ventilated, cool in summer, and warm in winter, and ready for immediate habitation and sleeping in, free from the disagreeable annoyance of wet plaster or new paint.

The several designs for the Portable Swiss Chalets are picturesque in outline, and consist of the bold projecting roof, terminating in eantailers, fret-worked valance and eornices; the perforated balconies and staircases supported by numerous detached columns of elegant shape at regular distances, while the light and transparent dark brown tints of these structures are relieved by elaborate and richly carved ornaments, interspersed with small quantities of bright colours, altogether combine to give a remarkable appearance of lightness, airiness, and delicacy, admirably adapted for embellishing the garden and pleasure grounds—for heightening and harmonizing with the fine effect of wood and water—for contrasting with the bolder outline of mountain and waterfall—and for agreeing with the adjacent objects, while adorning, from different points, the surrounding scenery.

While those buildings offer to the landscape gardener the means of embellishment,—as by admitting of a great variety of forms they may be adapted to almost any kind of scenery,—they offer the advantages of exceeding portability and considerable economy: the prices, for example, of the Portable Swiss Chalets, for summer-houses and porters' lodges, being from £50 to £100 each; while complete and highly ornamented houses are executed at very small cost, when we regard the interesting nature of the structure, and its many conveniences.

Varieties of form and colour in the woods enables the architect to produce many novel effects; and in internal arrangement the utmost amount of elegance may be secured in the walls and floors of the several apartments. These buildings are all constructed in Switzerland, and sent packed in cases, complete, to this country: they can then be forwarded to any part of the kingdom, and erected in a few days, being at once ready for habitation.

It will be at once obvious, that these “buildings” will be desirable for very many purposes—other than those to which we have made slight reference: one object in this brief notice is to direct attention to the subject, in order that persons requiring elegant auxiliaries of the kind, may make the further inquiries that will be desirable. They may form, from what we have written, some idea of their character, and their practicability. Few more useful suggestions for improving small demesnes have been of late promulgated; we have no doubt they will be largely adopted.

The first Portable Swiss Chalet is erected at Tulse Hill, where, by the permission of the proprietor, it can be inspected, every Wednesday, from two till six o'clock, orders being previously obtained from the Messrs. Arrowsmith, of Bond Street.



BRITISH ARTISTS:  
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,  
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

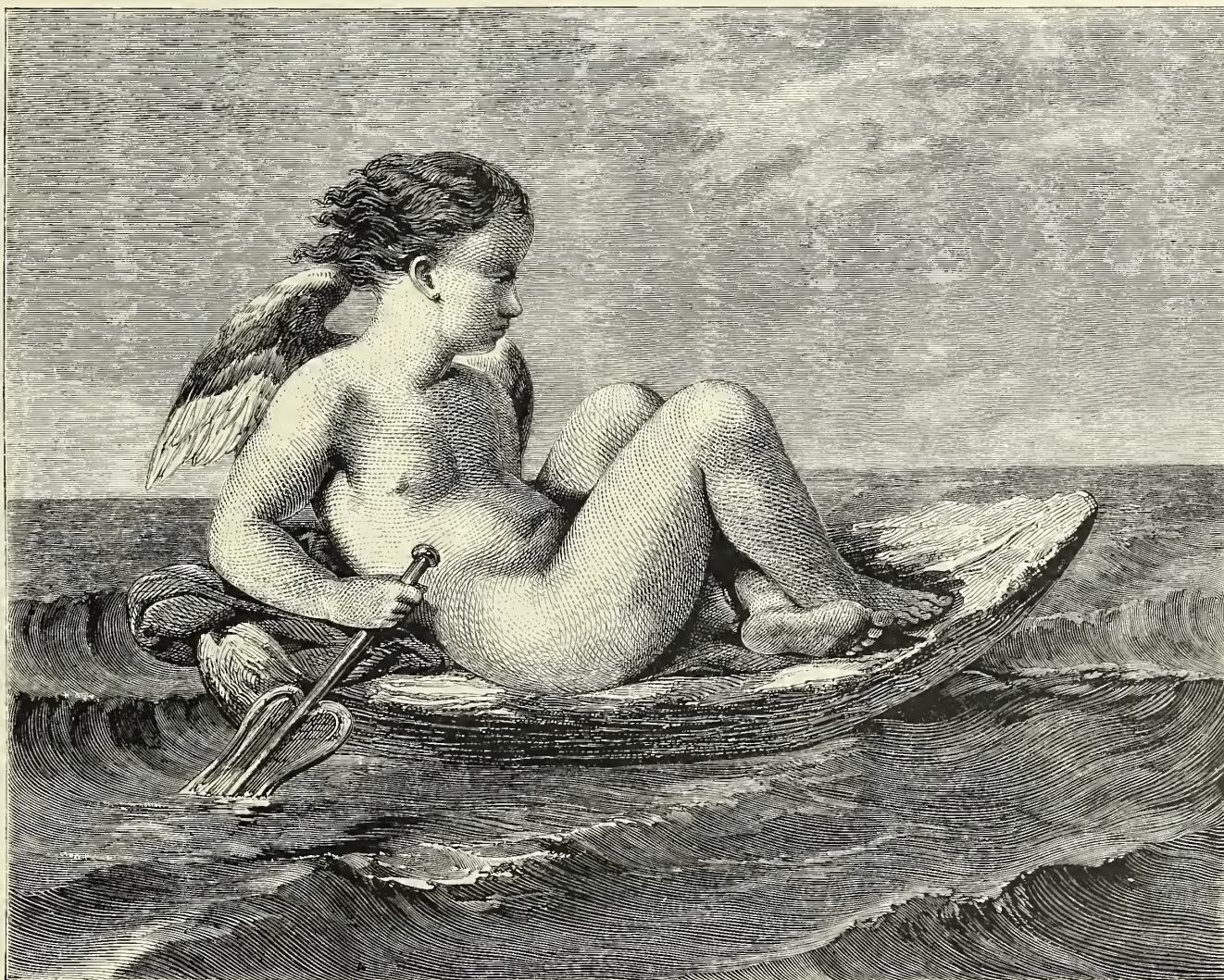
No. XXXVII.—WILLIAM ETTY, R.A.

**A** FEW months ago we conducted our readers to the tomb of William Etty, a picturesque and quiet spot in the place of his birth, the ancient city of York, whither he had retired for a few weeks only prior to his death, in the hope of passing the evening of his life apart from the turmoil of our great metropolis, its "night-fogs, and heated Life-Academies." Most reluctantly, however, did he separate himself from old acquaintances, and old associations: so long as he remained in London, so surely would he be found in the schools of the Academy, even when illness and exhaustion almost prevented his ascending the steps of the edifice: "If I am to die," he would sometimes say, "I may as well die at the Academy as at home." And even after his return to his native place, for which he always entertained the warmest attachment, his thoughts and fondest desires were with that he had left:—"My place in London," he wrote to a friend, "of which I love in my heart every stick, hole, and corner, seems to have done its work: there, at the end of Buckingham Street, in the upper set of chambers, I have enjoyed happiness and peace for upwards of twenty-one years. . . . Fifty years it is since I left this dear old city, and my dear father and mother, to go among strangers. He has blessed me during that long period, and brought me back in peace to within a stone's throw of

where I was born. . . . I have returned, bless God! with fame, and unblemished reputation, and a fortune large enough, or small enough, for all my moderate wants."\*

In the *Art-Journal* for 1849 appeared a concise biographical sketch of Etty's life, written by the artist six or eight months only before his death: it is therefore unnecessary we should now go over the ground so well described by himself; our columns will be better occupied by the narration of such matters—so far, that is, as they present points of interest—as he refrained from touching upon, and by referring to some of his principal pictures.

Etty was born in 1787, was apprenticed to a letter-press printer, at Hull, whom he served for "seven full years faithfully and truly, and worked at the business three weeks as a journeyman: but I had such a busy desire to be a painter, that the last years of my servitude dragged on most heavily. I counted the years, days, weeks, and hours, till liberty should break my chains, and set my struggling spirit free. . . . Seven long years I patiently bided my time, but the *iron went into my soul*; and I now even sometimes dream I am a captive, but wake and find it luckily *but a dream*."† In 1805, he came up to London, entered the schools of the Royal Academy, and applied himself diligently to the task of becoming a painter. Eleven years were passed in this effort, but he failed—at least, in the eyes of the critics and Art-patrons—of accomplishing his purpose, exhibiting annually, from 1811, at the British Institution and the Academy, yet unsuccessful in attracting much favourable notice: still, as his biographer, Mr. Gilchrist, remarks, he was all the while, "laying the foundation of that extensive knowledge of the human figure, male and female, which the practice of so many years of pains and studies must give. . . . In early life, he has been outdone by scores of clever young artists,—just as the early poems of Wordsworth (those previous in date to the "Lyrical Ballads") are thrown into the shade by the first-fruits of poets not ultimately exerting a tithe of his influence on the hearts of men. Genius is slower in its education than talent. With the latter, education consists in acquiring dextrous accomplishments from without; with genius, in the development of creative power from within. There were other causes to account for the extreme slowness of Etty's progress



Engraved by]

CUPID IN A SHELL.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

—slowness partly constitutional, partly inevitable (in our time) to his range of Art; in part attributable to the late commencement of his elementary training,—in part, perhaps, to the false bias it necessarily took under Lawrence. The lesson was begun at the wrong end: felicities of touch were caught before drawing and even colour had been mastered. He had to turn back in search of these."

Eleven years thus passed away, resulting in little else, as he acknowledges, than the conviction that so much valuable time has been, by comparison with

what it might have been, unprofitably spent: he was looked upon by his companions as a worthy, plodding person, with no chance of ever becoming a good painter. "It is a mortifying proof," he notes down in his diary of the early part of 1816, "how vast is Art, how narrow human wit"—to reflect how long I have painted, and that I should have neglected this very essential part of

\* "Life of W. Etty, R.A." By A. Gilchrist. D. Bogue, London.  
† Autobiography. *Art-Journal*, p. 13. 1849.



good colouring so long. But now, having my eyes open, I trust I shall ever be alive to its importance; not go on painting over and over again, every time getting deeper and deeper in error, but endeavour to make every part of my work tell; nor do over to-night what I did last night."

In the autumn of 1816 Etty took a hasty journey into Italy, visiting Bologna, Milan, and Florence: his thoughts, however, were too much occupied with an "affair of the heart" to afford him the opportunity of profiting by even a hurried inspection of the Italian galleries of Art. "I feel so lonely," he writes to his brother Walter, "it is impossible for me to be happy; and if not happy, I cannot apply vigorously to my studies. . . . I think there are sufficient fine pictures in England to study from."

Three more years rolled away, leaving Etty still among the "unknown;" but a little picture, entitled "Pandora," exhibited at the British Institution in the spring of 1820, drew attention to the artist; and another, the "Coral Finders," exhibited at the Academy in the same year, brought him more prominently into notice; the latter was purchased by the late Mr. Tompkinson, piano-forte manufacturer, at the artist's modest price of £30; in 1849, at the sale of the collection, by Christie and Manson, of the late Mr. Nicholson, of York, one of Etty's early patrons, it brought 370 guineas: this graceful and poetical composition was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1848. Among other collectors whom the "Coral Finders" had attracted was the late Sir Francis Freeling, who at once commissioned Etty, on finding that this picture was sold, to paint him another, similar in subject: the artist selected that of "Cleopatra arriving in Cilicia;"

it was exhibited at the Academy in 1821, and left the impression on the mind of the public that a great artist was rising up among them. "The price received by the painter," says Mr. Gilechrist, "for his second master-piece, has been stated to have been 200 guineas; it was, I believe, a much smaller sum:" a few years ago, Mr. Labonehere paid 1000 guineas for it.

In 1822, another journey to Italy is undertaken. He was absent two years, studying and copying many of the finest pictures of the great masters in the galleries of Naples, Rome, Florence, and especially of Venice, amid difficulties and discomforts sufficient to curb the enthusiasm of any but the most earnest and persevering artist; his rapidity of execution, and his masterly translation, of the *chef-d'œuvres* of Italy called forth the wonder and admiration of the modern artists of that country: "He paints," one exclaimed, "with the fury of a devil, and the sweetness of an angel." The Academy of Florence elected honorary Academician the "English Tintoret," a surname the Florentines gave him.

One cannot but deeply regret that so poetic a mind as Etty's did not lead him to leave some lasting and instructive record of his foreign travels,—some relation of the impressions it received from what he saw both in nature and in Art,—some fruits of his experience in the study of the great painters of Italy: he might have given to the world many valuable remarks on them and their works—such information as one only who is a true artist, and imbued with kindred feelings, could give. Unhappily for all but himself, he was unwilling to devote to the pen any portion of the time he had dedicated to the pencil: his object was to paint, not to write; how he would have accomplished



Engraved by]

ULYSSES AND THE SYRENS.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

the latter, if so inclined, is proved from the few fragments of his correspondence, and from the entries in his diary, which we find in the volumes of his biographer. "Venice, dear Venice!" he writes twenty-five years after his first visit to the city, "thy pictured glories haunt my fancy now! . . . Tower and campanile, rising, like exhalations, from the bosom of the Lagunes,—the Queen of Isles! I hear the bells from the towers thereof: I 'mark well her bulwarks.' The gondola glides—the dark gondola. Stanzas of Tasso and Ariosto are sung beneath my window. The scene enchants me, even on a dull day in November. . . . The sun of her glories has set, yet has left a splendour in her firmament after-ages must admire. We should do well to imitate that magnificent spirit, which, with similar riches, similar power, caused palaces to rise from a sand-bank, peopled them with statues, embellished them with pictures. Ye rich East Indians, ye civic and corporate bodies of London, do that for the beautiful Muse the Venetians have done before, and she will bid a wreath eternal blossom on your brows." From Rome he writes, in 1822:—"I have been to visit the convent of Capuchins, to see a fine Guido, 'The Archangel Michael binding the Devil for a thousand years.' Evans"—his companion—"took me through the convent to its expansive gardens, commanding fine views of Rome, and the mountains around. The sun was declining in the west, and shed a flood of liquid gold over the whole. The lofty palm-trees and dark cypress, the shady walks of the Ludovico Gardens; above all, the deep silence that reigned around, broken only by the wild and melancholy notes of an Italian air,—a gardener was singing while at work in the orange-groves

of a neighbouring villa,—were extremely impressive. I shall never forget it. The calm, tranquil life of a recluse,

'The world forgetting, by the world forgot,'

seems to have in it something very delightful. I said to Evans, 'I have a good mind to turn friar, and leave that world which gives me naught but disappointment.' He was at this time under great depression of spirits, arising from uncertainty as to the result of a love-suit. He had prior to his departure from England, formed a second attachment, which, like the first, and others that followed—for Etty was frequently "in love," a weakness he often acknowledged—turned out unsuccessfully: he lived and died a bachelor.

Here and there only do we gather from his correspondence any comments on the Italian galleries. Writing from Florence to Sir Thomas Lawrence, he says: "You, I am sure, must have been much struck with the Tintorets here, in the Academy, Ducal Palace, &c.; his 'Last Judgment,' 'Crucifixion,' small 'St. Agnes'—a sweet and carefully painted picture. What a glorious group that is we see at the foot of the cross! Really, for composition, for pathos, appropriate and harmonious combination of hues, and great executive power, I have never seen it excelled, rarely equalled. The poetry of his 'Last Judgment,' the hues, the teeming richness of composition,—figures whirled in all possibilities of action and foreshortening,—excite astonishment at his powers that does not easily subside." Again addressing Sir Thomas, from Mantua, he speaks thus of the works there by Giulio Romano:—"That chamber of Psyche, how



novel, classical, every way extraordinary! it is a treat to find a series of pictures that *handles* classical subjects in so learned and antique a style, after being deluged with saints, martyrs, and Virgin Marys by thousands. The imagination revels in his poetic landscapes. His giants intimidate. His females, though voluptuous in the extreme, have an air of greatness truly Roman. What foreshortening in the ceiling! With breathless caution his *Acis* and *Galatea* eye the sleeping *Polyphème*. What beautiful composition, boundless fancy! His monsters how monstrous! His fauns, satyrs, the beings of antiquity and *Bacchic* revel. There are some in another room, of the *Lapithæ* and *Centaur*s rushing out, and engaged in battle, without exception the most beautiful knots of composition I ever saw. *Michael Angelo* and *Raffaello* are before him: 'tis only they. He and *Poussin* seem to me the only men who have painted Antiquity."

These fragments of writing, disjointed and rhapsodical as they are, will serve to show the "inner mind" of the painter, and the character given to it by his observant faculties. His descriptive powers were evidently of no mean order, and, with some training in the school of literature, they might have been turned to an account profitable to himself and others. We will now return with him to England, and glance at one or two of the many pictures that resulted from his foreign travel,—those, especially, we have selected for engraving.

Who that saw the magnificent collection of *Etty's* works which the Society

of Arts gathered within its rooms at the *Adelphi*, in the summer of 1849, a few months only before his death, did not feel almost dazzled and bewildered by the gorgeous display presented to the eye? Certainly, never in the Art-history of this country was there a more brilliant exhibition, from the mind and hand of a single painter, offered to our homage and admiration; and it is very doubtful whether the like was ever seen elsewhere, in any period of time. Among them was there not one which attracted more notice than "*THE COMBAT: WOMAN PLEADING FOR THE VANQUISHED*," exhibited at the Academy in 1825, the year after his return from the continent. What a noble composition is this!—how finely does it illustrate what the painter aimed at—the "beauty of *Mercy*!" There, too, the kindred subject—"Benaiah, David's chief Captain;"—"both," to borrow a passage from an excellent article in the *Eclectic Review*, for September, 1849, upon the exhibition at the Society of Arts,—"both equally great in their several kinds: for power, for what may be called the expression, the eloquence of Action, and for general distinctive character; for grandeur of manner and drawing, and for nobility of colour. The right character of force—quite unexaggerated—in the combatants, in both pictures, and the form, and appropriateness of form and sentiment, of the woman in the '*Mercy*,' with its tender beauty and serious grace, are of pre-eminent truth and effectiveness. The '*Joan of Arc*' somewhat declines before such triumphs as these; in some



Engraved by]

THE COMBAT: WOMAN PLEADING FOR THE VANQUISHED.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

degree representing the general variance of attainment from his earlier time, accompanying the painter's latter years of practice."

"*ULYSSES AND THE SYRENS*" is another of *Etty's* great pictures to which every lover of Art—and particularly of English Art—will point with exultation: "it," says the writer whom we have just quoted, "stands a very august epic—in its thoughtfully suggestive and poetic general conception; in the eloquence of landscape, of near rocks and approaching thunderclouds; in the detailed treatment of that dread feature, the bleached bones and yet decaying persons of the victims of the place, strewn around,—one, with the last fascinated expression yet resting on his face; in the three grandly discriminated, nobly painted *Syrens* themselves; in the varied, strongly dramatic action of the ship's company,—some withholding the becharmed, infatuated Listener; some laying hands to the rigging, some to the helm,—all energy and action to escape from the fearful shore."

That *Etty* was a true poet, none, we believe, who understand and appreciate the poetry of Art, will be disposed to deny; not, indeed, one of those whose mind loves to trace out and describe, with delicacy of perception, what is minute, secret, and of comparatively minor significance; but as "a conceiver of beautiful and subtle thoughts, sometimes severe and religious—in the large sense of the word—sometimes dreamy, luxurious, vague; as a realizer of deep

true feeling; as an interpreter of somewhat of the glory of God's nature; as an achiever of the highest purely artistic greatness,—of design, manner, and, above all, of colour, he must take a rare and elevated rank among painters of all time." As an example—one of the finest, too—of his poetically-constituted mind, we would point out his "*Youth and Pleasure*," in the *Vernon Collection*, an allegorical conception in which every figure expresses an idea pregnant with meaning. On a much smaller scale, yet exhibiting equally with the other poetic feeling and significance, elevating the picture into a class of works of original thought and purpose, we would instance the "*CUPID IN A SHELL*," a subject which the artist painted more than once, but in each case differently treated. Our engraving is taken from a little gem painted by *Etty*, in 1846, for Mr. Alderman *Spiers*, of Oxford, to whom we are indebted for the loan of the picture to be engraved for this notice.

Whatever opinion may now be formed by *Etty's* countrymen of his genius—and we are far from thinking that, nationally, we estimate it as we ought—a time will most assuredly come when his name and his works will take rank with those of the great men who were before him—only by the accident of birth. It has been truly said that "his style is one of exquisite subtlety and delicacy, being a successful effort to graft the beauties of the Italian on the stamina of the English school."



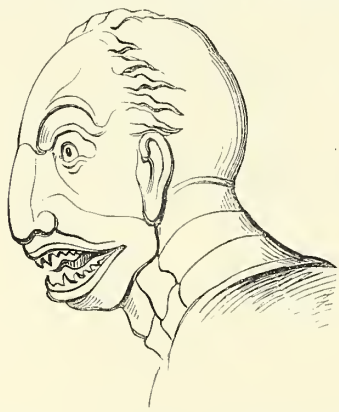
## TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

## No. 7.—WILLIAM BLAKE.

FEW persons could look upon the portrait prefixed to Blake's illustrations of Blair's "Grave," without wishing to know something of the artist there pictured; that solid, well-formed face, that expansive forehead, that firm mouth, dreamy eye, and thoughtful eyebrow, could belong to no common man. The knowledge will reward the inquirer, for probably the world of Art can scarcely yield a parallel to William Blake. Life with him was a long struggle with spiritualism, which at last completely mastered him, and the records of his last years are entirely composed of his supposed supernatural experiences.

Blake's father was a hosier—an unpoetic trade for a son who, at the earliest age, began to draw, and to compose verses, so he was apprenticed to Basire the engraver. He worked hard as if at a trade, but all his spare hours were devoted to allowing his imagination full scope in making drawings, and elucidating them by verse, to be hung in his mother's room, for she it was who first fostered his love of Art. He soon afterwards made acquaintance with Flaxman and Stothard, both men of gentle and poetic minds, and they introduced him to many useful friends. It was at the expense of Flaxman and his early friend, the Rev. Mr. Mathew, that Blake's first work, "The Songs of Innocence," was published. But such works are "caviare to the million," and Blake toiled on with his graver for bread, employed daily in uncongenial drudgery, but enjoying all his extra hours in noting down his thoughts in sketches or verse. He had married at the age of twenty-six, and a happier match was never made, for his wife seemed specially created for him; she idolised his genius, she was uncomplaining over the poverty of their lot, she believed in his spiritualisms, and her thoughts and actions were all devoted to his happiness. Few, indeed, are the instances of such conjugal affection as Blake enjoyed; that, and his day-dreaming, made up a life of great happiness to him, and it was all that either cared for. As an engraver he was but little employed, but a guinea a week was considered ample by him for subsistence, and he preferred that some leisure should be taken for his own ideal pictures. In all these works there is great originality of conception, and much poetic design, but it is mixed with bad drawing and ineffective engraving. They are productions of undoubted genius, but it is genius unregulated by the rules of Art.

Blake's happiest days were passed in the employ of Hayley the poet; while living near him in a cottage at Felpham, in Sussex, he engraved the plates for his edition of Cowper, as well as his



SPIRIT OF A FLEA.

original designs for Hayley's "Ballads founded on anecdotes relating to Animals." In a copy of the latter work, which once belonged to T. Park, the bibliographer (now in the possession of the writer), he has written this note:—"These ballads were written to show off the erratic genius of Blake, who tries to out-Fuselize Fuseli. Mr. Hayley is an enthusiastic patron of Blake." The plates to this book are the best examples of Blake's ability, as they possess good general effect and careful engraving. It was Flaxman who had introduced him to Hayley, finding he had been paid so miserably by Edwards, the bookseller, for his marginal

illustrations to Young's "Night Thoughts." In the note of his arrival, written to Flaxman, he says,—"Felpham is a sweet place for study, because it is more spiritual than London. Heaven opens here on all sides her golden gates: her windows are not obstructed by vapours; voices of celestial inhabitants are more distinctly heard, and their forms more distinctly seen." This mysticism assumes a more decided tone, as he continues,—"I am more famed in heaven for my works than I could well conceive;" and then adds,—"In my brain are studies and chambers filled with books and pictures of old, which I wrote and painted in ages of



BLAKE'S HOUSE, FOUNTAIN COURT.

eternity, before my mortal life; and those works are the delight and study of archangels. Why, then, should I be anxious about the riches or fame of mortality?" He believed that the spirits of the great departed held converse with him, and he actually sketched their forms as they appeared before him. It was the spirit of his beloved brother Robert that directed him, so he said, to engrave the plates to his poems in their original method of execution and colour. But one of his most *bizarre* visions was the ghost or spiritualization of a flea, which he depicted in a scaly armour of green and gold, with a cup to hold blood in one hand, a dry, eager eye, and a formidable mouth, thirstily open-

ing, and displaying a sharp tongue quivering in anxiety for its sanguinary meal. This extraordinary fancy, after he had sketched it, passed into the hands of the late John Varley, a fellow-artist and friend, and our cut is copied from the head of this portentous monster.

After residing three years at Felpham, he returned to London, and lodged at 17, South Molton Street, where he soon afterwards published his "Jerusalem," the maddest of all his inventions. The designs are one hundred in number, and for them, when tinted, he charged 25 guineas. The public cared not for such dreams, and he would have been unable to have completed another series of twenty-one plates, to illustrate the book of Job, but for the kind aid of his brother-artist, Linnell. In 1809 he opened an exhibition of his works, of which he printed a catalogue as wild in its words as they were in ideas. The public were naturally mystified over such pictures as "the Spiritual form of Pitt guiding Behemoth;" particularly when they were told "the artist had been taken in a vision to the ancient republics of Asia, and had seen those wonderful originals called in sacred Scriptures the cherubim," and that he "endeavoured to emulate the grandeur of those seen in his vision, and to apply it to modern times on a smaller scale."

Blake's last residence, when an old man, was at No. 3, Fountain Court, Strand; he expired in the back room of the first floor, on August 12, 1827, at the advanced age of sixty-nine. On his death-bed he persevered in his art, and, propped up by pillows, continued his designs to Dante, affectionately tended by his wife; one time he suddenly ceased sketching his favourite angels to delineate her features, "for you have ever been an angel to me," said the dying man. It was his last work; he lay dreaming on, and the moment of his death was not perceived. He was buried in Bunhill-fields Cemetery, about 25 feet from the north wall, numbered 80. No stone marks the spot: a visionary life of labour and privation has been ended in an obscure grave.

For the illustrations to Dante he had completed nearly one hundred drawings, and had engraved seven plates. His enthusiasm for the author was so great that, at the age of sixty-three, he learned the Italian language to more fully enjoy his works. How he could interpret the great poet's vision our cut must show. It illustrates the thirty-second canto of the "Inferno," descriptive of the "frozen circle," where the spirits of the condemned are—

"Blue pinch'd and shrined in ice."

The earthly visitant is told to take—

"Good heed thy soles do tread not on the heads  
Of thy poor brethren."

The icy sea freezes into oblivion many of "the great



SCENE FROM DANTE.

of old;" the rocks are composed of petrified humanity, and the lurid sky sweeps like a pall over Lethe: you feel the drear nature of the poet's scene more fully as you study Blake's pictured realization.

These seven plates were never published, only a few proofs were taken off for Blake's own use. All of them are in an unfinished state; in some instances the figures are slightly scratched on the copper with a dry point, and the burr remains on the lines. With much that is grand and poetic,

there is mixed in these designs many horrible imaginings, and some faults of drawing. They are unfinished, and must therefore be judged for their conception only; all are marked by that strong originality which characterised their author, and made him unlike any other artist. His works are now exceedingly rare, the illustrated books of poetry particularly so; but there is so much beauty, fancy, and simplicity in them, that they deserve to be known.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



## BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SCIENCE AND ART.

## PART VIII.

HAVING now noticed the parts which are discoverable in the vegetable organism, and the members of which it is composed, we can at once enter into a consideration of the causes of the varied effects produced by certain parts of the vegetable structure, and this we shall do, first in a purely ornamental point of view. As this view has several aspects, we shall first regard the flowers of plants as natural ornaments sprinkled over the field of nature, and therefore consider them as *powderings* (insulated small ornaments which are repeated). We think we are justified in considering those flowers which have a star-like effect in this light, as this is certainly the effect produced by these floral gems; indeed, their positive colours at once produce this effect: for example, take the common Primrose; here the leaves are green, the same colour as the grass in which they are entangled; they, therefore, are undistinguishable at a distance: but the flowers are pale and light, and are therefore conspicuous. As the flower is the only conspicuous part, and is star-like in form, it appears as a light powdering on a green background.

Nothing need be said in order to show that various flowers have varied effects; the causes of these diverse appearances is the question now proposed. To our minds three things chiefly influence this, viz., form, texture, and colour, but the former only can now be noticed. We have said that only a given number of parts enter into the composition of the flower, it therefore follows that the diverse effects must be the result of modifications of these organs.

The first of these modifications which we may notice is to be found in the number of the parts. Thus the flowers may be constructed on the number two, having but two sepals, two petals, and so on; this, however, is of rare occurrence, and appears to exist only among the smaller developments. They may be on the number three, as in the Spiderwort, (Fig. 86, p. 38), where we have three sepals, three petals, six stamens, and a three lobed pistil; here they produce a triangular effect. Or on the number four, as in the Alchenille (Fig. 90), where we have four sepals, four petals, four stamens, and a pistil which gives one point in the centre; here they produce a

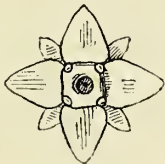


Fig. 90.



Fig. 91.

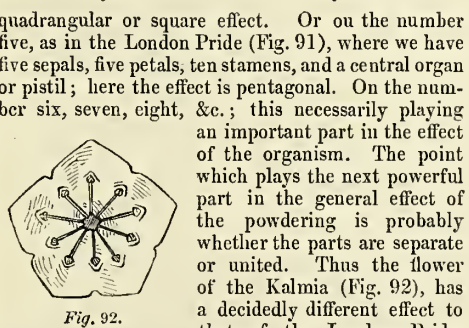


Fig. 92.

quadrangular or square effect. Or on the number five, as in the London Pride (Fig. 91), where we have five sepals, five petals, ten stamens, and a central organ or pistil; here the effect is pentagonal. On the number six, seven, eight, &c.; this necessarily playing an important part in the effect of the organism. The point which plays the next powerful part in the general effect of the powdering is probably whether the parts are separate or united. Thus the flower of the Kalmia (Fig. 92), has a decidedly different effect to that of the London Pride, although the number of the parts coincide. The forms of the parts must also materially influence the general effect; but to point out these variations is beyond the scope of these pages. We may just say in passing, that the forms of the sepals and petals coincide with the forms of leaves, and that the almost infinite variety of forms are mere modifications of about twenty types. relative to actual form we can merely say, that whether the organs are pronounced in width or in length materially alters the effect; for if they are wide, they necessarily meet or overlap, whereas if they are long

and narrow there is a space between the contiguous members. Whether the members are entire or variously cut up, also influences the effect in a powerful degree: thus the lacerated petals of the Ragged Robin (*Lychnis*) (Fig. 93), at once gives a decided

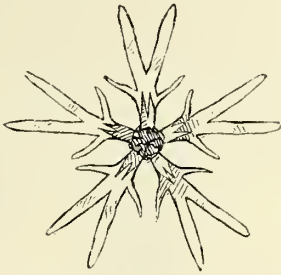


Fig. 93.

individual character to this flower. The next point worthy of notice is, the degree of prominence given to the various members in virtue of their magnitude and position. Thus, in the Pink (Fig. 94), the only prominent organs in a top view are the petals;

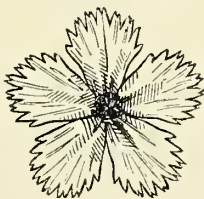


Fig. 94.

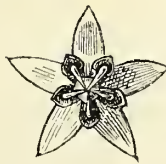


Fig. 95.

in the Asclepias (Fig. 95), the petals and stamens; in the London Pride (Fig. 91), the petals, stamens, and pistil; in the Alchenille (Fig. 90), the sepals, petals, stamens, and pistil; while in the Passion-flower (Fig. 85) we have, added to these, the coronet or crown.

Prominence can either be given by number or magnitude, or by both combined: thus in the Clematis (Fig. 96) the stamens are rendered con-



Fig. 96.

spicuous by their number; in the Spiderwort (Fig. 86) by their size and hairy appendages, and in the Nigella (Fig. 97) by both size and number; while in the

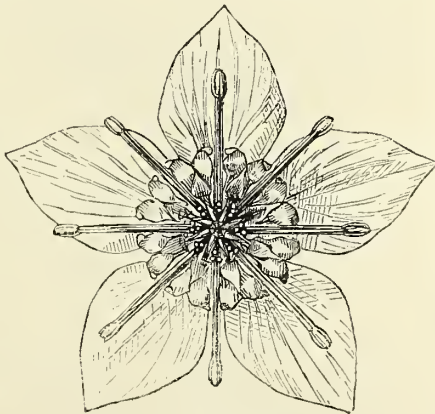


Fig. 97.

Asclepias (Fig. 95), the sizes of the staminal appendages give prominence to them. In the Poppy the petals are rendered prominent by their magnitude, while in the Currant they are extremely inconspicuous, owing to their diminutive character, the sepals here being prominent.

Having noticed the normal or most general forms of these natural powderings, we must not pass on without noticing exceptions to their usual formation. Sometimes a diverse effect is given by the number of the parts bearing an uncertain relation to the

other members of the flower: thus the stamens and petals of the Nigella (Love-in-a-mist, or Devil-in-a-bush) (Fig. 97), instead of being arranged on the number five, as are the sepals, are disposed in eights. This, however, is of rare occurrence, from which we may infer that it is not so beautiful as those structures, the parts of which are regular multiples of each other.

This contrast of unequal numbers occurs in the common Borage (Figs. 98, 99), but is inconspicuous save at the back of the corolla (Fig. 99).

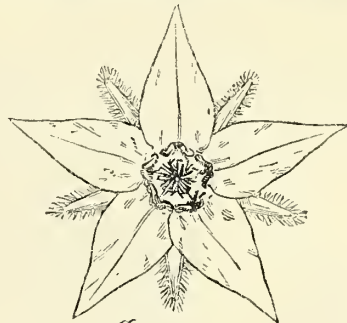


Fig. 98.

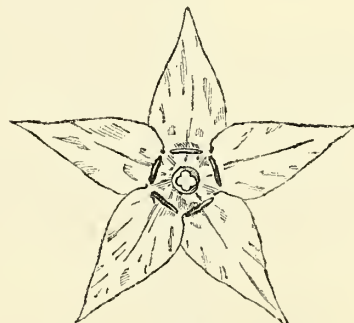


Fig. 99.

We have now noticed simple powderings, and hence must glance at the compound. Flowers of diverse characters are often so aggregated as unitedly to form but one compound star-like ornament: thus the Marigold, Sunflower, Dandelion, Chrysanthemum, and Coreopsis (Fig. 100), are com-

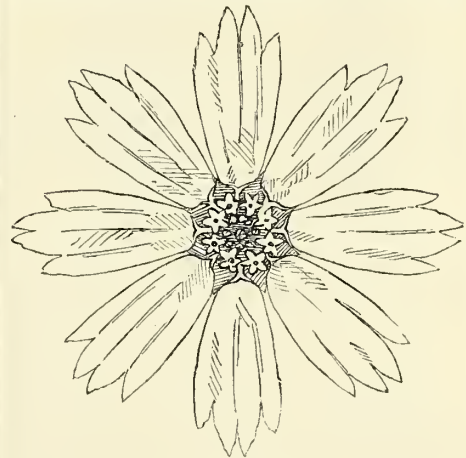


Fig. 100.

posed of a number of small flowers, so arranged as to give rise to the effect of one ornament, and not many. The florets (little flowers) of which these are formed, differ in character: thus some are all of a flat nature, and incline towards the circumference of the aggregation, as in the Dandelion; others are all of a tubular nature, owing to the petals being completely united, as in the common Groundsel; while others are a mixture of both, the central being tubular, and those of the circumference spreading as in the Daisy, annual Sunflower, and Coreopsis (Fig. 100). Then we have another class of diapers which differ from the former, in having their two halves only alike, and not being an aggregation of similar units. The variation consists either in the diverse degrees of the development of the parts, or in the unequal aggregations, or



nnions, of the members. In the Mignonette (Fig. 101) the petals are fully developed at the apex of the flower: thus the two upper are much lacerated, or are composed of numerous segments, while the lower



Fig. 101.



Fig. 102.

four are of a much more simple and dimiuntive character, being composed of but one member. In the *Lopezia coronata* (Fig. 102) this diversity is carried to a greater extent: thus the two superior or upper petals, which assume a somewhat eccentric or uncommon form, are alike; the next or lateral pair are alike, and are of the more ordinary petaloid character; while at the base we have a little scoop-shaped member.



Fig. 103.

In the *Alonsoa elegans* (Fig. 103) the petals, which are of diverse magnitudes cohere, giving rise to a gamopetalous (united petals) corolla. Where this deviation takes place in the petals, the other

parts sympathise in the arrangement: thus the stamens and pistil usually decline, while the sepals usually stand midway between the petals.

Next we must notice nature's diaper patterns, or those simple repeating patterns, the parts of which are united. We will merely figure one or two of these, as they are principally microscopic, and it would involve a complete series of new observations to enable

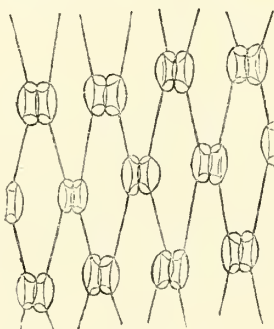


Fig. 104.

us to rightly understand these parts; suffice it to say, that as it is our object to show that vegetable

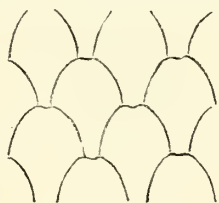


Fig. 105.

structures offer examples for all varieties of ornaments, we shall present these to complete the series,

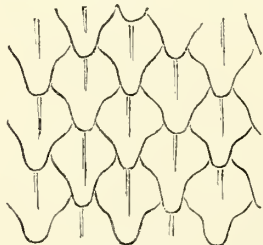


Fig. 106.

and the objects which we here figure are well known to botanists (Figs. 104, 105, 106).\*

\* Fig. 104 is a highly magnified representation of that skin which forms the external covering of all plants (the epidermis); Fig. 105 is from a Fir cone, giving the disposition of its scales; Fig. 106 is from the fruit of a Palm (*Sagrus*).

The class of ornaments which we have as yet noticed are such as are complete in themselves, but we must proceed to notice that class which may be extended to an indefinite length without the repetition of the parts; we shall therefore begin with the aspect of floral compositions when viewed laterally, —their side view. The remarks which we made relative to diversified effects being produced in the flower by the numbers and magnitude of the parts, &c., are equally applicable in this case, but here the effect is also very powerfully influenced by the directions of the parts. Thus in the *Caiaphora* (Fig. 118), by the upward tendency of the petals the



Fig. 107.

stamens are almost concealed, while in the *Nigella hispanica* (Fig. 107), by the sepals being reflected, and the petals being small, the central organs become visible; and in the *Asclepias* (Fig. 74), by the petals and sepals being recurved, the stamens, with their cup-like appendages, are rendered conspicuous. Varieties of these effects might be multiplied to an

have already been explained, therefore it now only



Fig. 108.

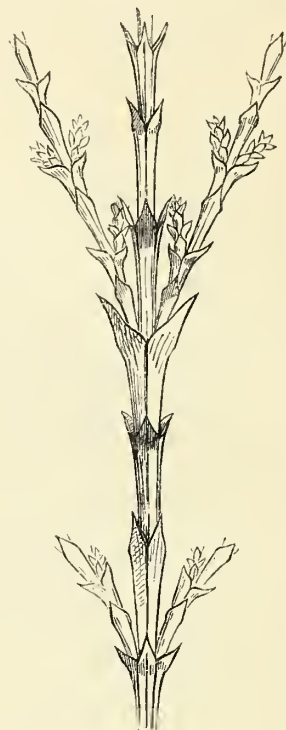


Fig. 109.

devolves upon us to figure one or two varieties of

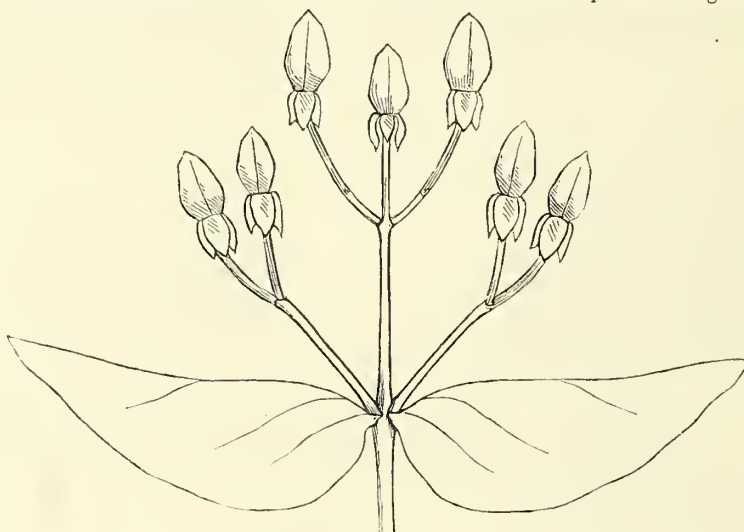


Fig. 110.

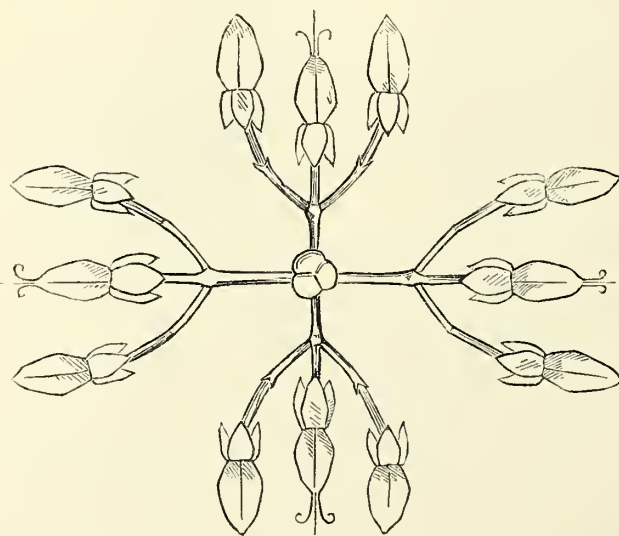


Fig. 111.

almost innumerable extent, but we must proceed to notice compound compositions.

The principles on which plants repeat themselves

immense length: thus the Bryony will sometimes produce its running annual branches of a hundred feet or more in length in the season. These, though

these vertical compositions, in order to show their perfectly ornamental nature. We have already given foliaceous compositions in our sketches of the developed leaf-bud, as well as of the germinating seed, to which we add the leafage of the *Arborvitæ* (Figs. 108, 109): we shall now also give the flower-head of the *Syringa* (*Philadelphus*) (Fig. 112), which is a floral composition; and we have already given a delineation of a spray of the *Jasmine* in our second paper, which contains both flowers and leaves; we also now append a side and top view of an aggregation of fruits of the *Hypericum* (Figs. 110, 111). These patterns are, however, of a somewhat set character, but nature has not left us without the more free—thus we notice nature's running patterns: of this class the *Convolvulus*, *Hop*, and *Bryony*, furnish us with examples, their free and graceful manner having given them this character, and their rapid growth entitling them to the literal interpretation of the designation, "running patterns," or running ornaments, as they will acquire



they strike us at once as running patterns, are mere extended repetitions of simple units; therefore, by continuing the simple alternate, opposite, or any other arrangement of leaves indefinitely, we have a running pattern; nevertheless, the general idea of these ornaments is, that a series of foliaceous appendages are attached to a waved or curved stem, and not to a straight one; this it is which stamps these free-growing plants with this peculiar character.

Having now noticed the various classes of ornaments which are set forth in the vegetable kingdom, we just observe that some are adapted for upright or vertical positions—as are erect ornaments—while others are pendant: this latter is obviously the result of the stem not being sufficiently strong to support its appendages in an erect position; and this is a consideration worthy of attention,—that if a thin stem has to bear a large mass of appendages in a vertical position, it must have the appearance of great strength; on the contrary, if it is pendant it must appear flexible or feeble.

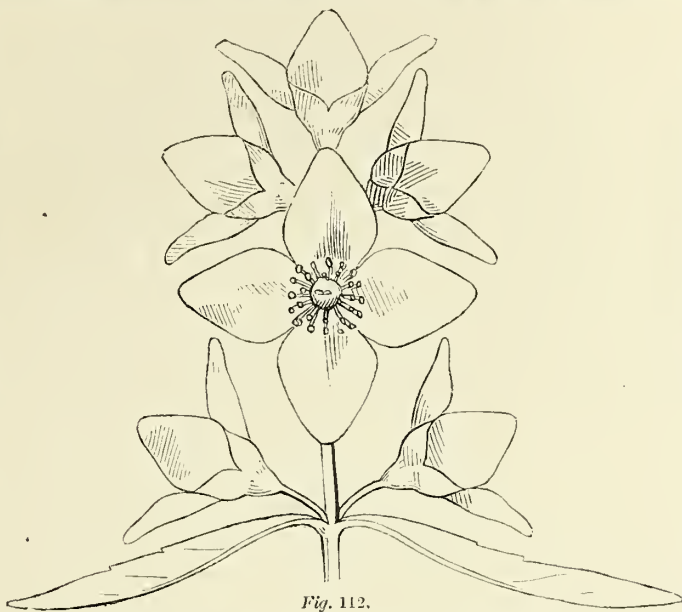


Fig. 112.

*Impatiens glandulifera* (Figs. 114, 115), which, from the extraordinary forms of its parts, may be justly classed in this group.

We must, before leaving the subject of the orna-



Fig. 113.

Before leaving the diverse characters of floral compositions, we must just allude to the grotesque, though of this part of our subject it is impossible



Fig. 114.



Fig. 115.

to convey a just idea, in the absence of colour. The grotesque, is brought about in plants by the extraordinary modifications of their parts; it is chiefly

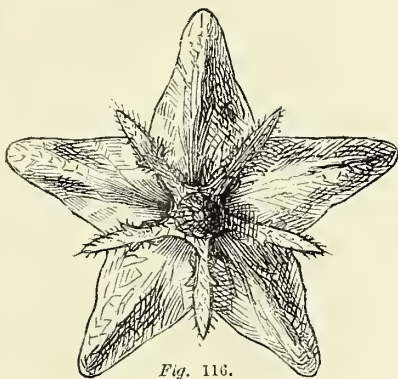


Fig. 116.

ments of nature, endeavour to show that all parts

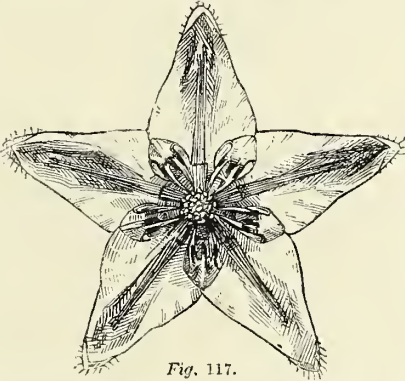


Fig. 117.

of certain flowers, if properly understood, are truly

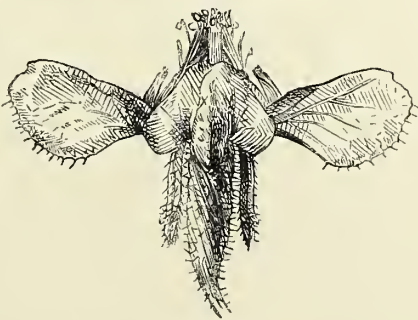


Fig. 118.

ornamental, or rather that each aggregation of floral parts produces a true ornament. In order to verify

our assertion, we figure a flower of the *Calophora*, with its parts: first we have the front view of the

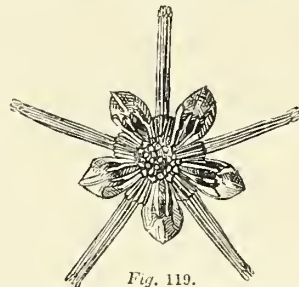


Fig. 119.

flower (Fig. 116), second the back (Fig. 117), and third the side view (Fig. 118): all these are of

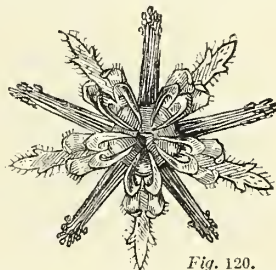


Fig. 120.



Fig. 121.

the perfect flower. Our next figure is a top view of the flower stripped of its petals (Fig. 119); the



Fig. 122.

next the flower minus the petals, and one whorl of members, which form a coronet (Fig. 120): for

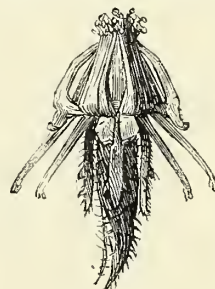


Fig. 123.

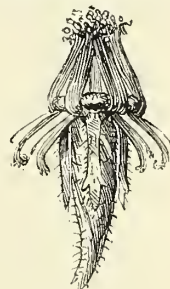


Fig. 124.

here there is a double whorl forming this organ. Our next is a top view of the central organ, or pistil (Fig. 121). The next is a side view of the flower minus the petals (Fig. 122). The next the flower minus the petals and the outer whorl of parts of the coronet (Fig. 123). Our next is stripped of both of the whorls of the coronets (Fig. 124); and our next of the stamens also (Fig. 125). The next is a section of the ovary (Fig. 126). We leave our readers to judge whether these are ornaments or not. Here we have one section only. Had we felt disposed to introduce various sections, we might have largely augmented the number of ornaments. This is the result of the flower in one stage; but it may quite as advantageously be used during diverse stages of development, as from the young bud to the matured fruit. Also we have given no leafage. The ornaments derivable from a plant are well worth the ornamentist's attention.



Fig. 125.

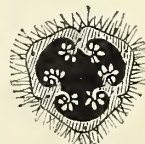


Fig. 126.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE STORM.

W. Van der Velde, the Younger, Painter.

W. Miller, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 3 ft. by 1 ft. 10 in.

VAN DER VELDE is among the number of foreign painters whom England patronized when she had few artists of her own to whom she could extend her fostering care. Both he and his father, who was also distinguished as a marine-painter, resided for a considerable time in this country, and, it is believed, both died here: the elder Van der Velde was buried in St. James's Church: his tombstone bore the following inscription:—"Mr. William Van de Velde, Senior, late painter of sea-fights to their Majesties, King Charles II. and King James: died in 1693."

The younger Van der Velde was born at Amsterdam, in 1633: his first instructor was his father, his second Simon de Vlieger, an eminent marine-painter, whose works were held in great estimation, though now they are comparatively little known. Under his instruction the pupil made so great progress as to eclipse the talents of his master, and also of all his contemporaries. When the elder Van der Velde was firmly established in London, he invited his son to join him: his talents soon brought him into notice, and recommended him to the notice of the king, who settled on him a salary equal to that which the father received.

From a document found among the papers of Pepys, secretary to Charles II., and which afterwards came into the hands of Dr. Rawlinson, the antiquarian, it appears that the younger Van der Velde was employed to paint, or colour, the pictures designed by his father. It runs thus:—

"Charles the Second, by the Grace of God, &c., to our dear cousin, Prince Rupert, and the rest of our commissioners for executing the place of Lord High Admiral of England, greeting.

"Whereas we have thought fit to allow the salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William van de Velde the elder, for taking and making draughts of sea-fights, and the like salary of one hundred pounds per annum unto William van de Velde the younger, for putting the said draughts into colours, for our particular use: our will and pleasure is, and we do hereby authorize and require you to issue your orders for the present and future establishment of the said salaries to the aforesaid William van de Velde the elder, and William van de Velde the younger, to be paid unto them, or either of them, during our pleasure; and for so doing these our letters shall be your sufficient warrant and discharge.

"Given under our privy seal, at our Palace of Westminster, the 20th day of February, in the 26th year of our reign."

A recent biographer, Mr. Stanley, considers that the majority of the best cabinet pictures of this artist were painted before he came to England, from the fact that they represent Dutch scenes almost invariably; but such evidence is by no means conclusive: the fact is, Van der Velde painted little else at any time; his coasts, his ships, and his sailors, are, so far as our own observation has extended, all of his own country, with very few exceptions: and the probability is, that Van der Velde was accustomed to make sketching excursions to the Dutch coast from his residence at Greenwich. Moreover, it is well known that he brought over to England a very large number of sketches and drawings, from which, it may be presumed, he painted many pictures while residing here. These works have found their way into every good collection of foreign Art in the country; they are justly esteemed for their truth of nature and for excellence of composition, and, generally, they realize large prices when offered for sale. As an example of the increased value of his pictures, we may instance the "View of the entrance to the Texel," in the Ellesmere Collection, which is now valued at 1000 guineas: in 1766 it was sold for £80.

The picture in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace, entitled "The Storm," is, we believe, one of those painted by Van der Velde for his royal patron: the view is taken from the beach, looking seaward: the effect of the heavy clouds throwing their dark shadows on the quiet waters is admirably shown. In colour this work is beautifully clear and transparent.

## ARSENIC IN PAPER-HANGINGS.

CONSIDERABLE attention has been directed to the use of arsenic in paper-hangings—especially in the very beautiful flock papers which are much used for dining-rooms—from the evidence given by Dr. A. S. Taylor before the select committee of the House of Lords on the Sale of Poisons Bill. Dr. Taylor stated that the largest quantity of arsenic used in this country is employed in the manufacture of paper for covering walls. He considered it very injurious both to those living in a house papered with this article, as well to those employed in its manufacture. This evidence, when published, brought forth a reply from Mr. Alfred E. Fletcher to the following effect:—

"The colour principally referred to is the acetate of copper, commercially known as emerald green. The chief advantage which the colour possesses over others of a similar tint is that, besides having greater brilliancy, it is quite permanent. The colour, when exposed to the air for any length of time, does not fade in tint or lessen in intensity, which would necessarily be the case did any evaporation of its constituent parts take place, though in the smallest degree, especially as the layer of colour exposed is often very thin. Were it true that such evaporation or dissemination went on, it would indeed afford just cause for alarm, when we reflect that on the walls of houses in this country are displayed some hundred millions of square yards of paper, most of which carries on its surface a portion of arsenical colouring matter: our books are bound with paper or cloth so coloured; cottons and silks, woollen fabrics and leather, are alike loaded with it. Now, it is stated by Dr. Taylor, that in a medical work an instance is noted in which injury has been received by those living in rooms decorated with these colours: surely, were the proximity of those colours injurious, it would not be necessary to search in recondite books for the registry of isolated cases. The fact of the large extent to which such materials have always been employed is a sufficient proof that there is no danger attending their use; moreover, workmen, who have been daily employed for many years in manufacturing large quantities of these colours, under the necessity of constantly handling them, are in the regular enjoyment of perfect health, though exposed also to the general influences of a chemical factory. Let blame be laid at the right door, and let the public be assured that it is not the looking at cheerful walls, the fingering of brightly ornamented books, nor the wearing of tastefully coloured clothing, that will hurt them, but the dwelling in ill-ventilated rooms, and a continual dread of pure water, will."

Dr. Halley, of Harley Street, replied to Mr. Fletcher, by stating that he had himself suffered in health from sitting five or six hours every evening in a study papered with a newly-made rich emerald-green flock paper. Dr. Halley states some experiments instituted by him to determine the question of the volatilization of arsenic from the paper, but these are sufficiently in error, as the following quotation will prove, to destroy his evidence as an authority on the subject:—"The air of the room was next carefully tested (by means of sheets of paper soaked in a solution of the ammonio-nitrate of silver, a very delicate test for arsenic), and distinct crystals of arsenious acid" were obtained. Now, every chemist knows that the ammonio-nitrate of silver test is the so-called *Hume's test* for arsenic, and that had arsenic been present Dr. Halley would not have obtained *crystals of arsenious acid*, which are white, but the *yellow arsenite of silver*. We know from experience, that workmen are employed for years in the manufacture of *Scheele's green*, and other arsenical colours, without suffering in health. Yet it was thought possible, if we employ, for purposes of illumination, gas in a room papered with the arsenical green paper, that the products of combustion, especially if the gas is not very pure, may act upon the paper, and remove some arsenic, in a vaporiform state from it. This is by no means an ascertained fact; but the evidence that for years we have been employing such paper-hangings without having discovered that any injurious effects resulted from their use, rather tends to

prove that more alarm than is necessary has been excited by Dr. Taylor.

The discussion of this question has been taken up by some of our most experienced analytical chemists,—namely, by Dr. Paul, by Mr. Dugald Campbell, and by Mr. Abel, director of the chemical establishment of the War Department. The result of careful investigations instituted by those gentlemen proves, beyond dispute, that the arsenical green does not evaporate from the surface of the ornamental paper.

Without detailing the experimental investigations of Dr. Paul and Mr. Dugald Campbell, it will be sufficiently satisfactory to quote one experiment by Mr. Abel, and the remarks of that chemist thereon.

"In order to furnish indisputable proof that the green arsenical colour employed in the manufacture of paper hangings is not affected by air, even when in a finely divided and perfectly unprotected condition, 600 grains of finely powdered emerald green were uniformly dispersed through a quantity of cotton-wool, sufficient to fill compactly a tall jar of about a half-gallon capacity. A tube, connected with the test apparatus, and plugged with cotton-wool, was passed to the bottom of the jar, and air was drawn through the apparatus continuously for one week, the jar which contained the emerald green being maintained at 90 F. during a portion of the time. Not a trace of arsenic was found to have been volatilized at the conclusion of the experiment. It may, I think, be very safely concluded from the experiments detailed, added to those performed by Mr. Campbell, that the possibility of injurious consequences resulting from the employment of paper hangings coloured with arsenical pigments has been disproved: and that the symptoms which have been described, as exhibited by persons who happen to occupy rooms hung with such paper hangings, can only be regarded as accidentally connected with that circumstance, and are ascribable to other causes."

Dr. A. S. Taylor appeals to the regulations of the Prussian government, in proof of the correctness of his conclusions; one regulation is to this effect:—"Green copper colours containing arsenic are not allowed to be sold as water or oil colours for painting indoor work or printing paper hangings. If found on the premises of dealers in the latter articles, they are confiscated, and the owner punished with fine or imprisonment." Beyond this, Dr. Taylor brings forward several cases in which the dust arising from these and similar papers—as in hanging them, and in cutting up green papers for surrounding night-lights—are known to produce unpleasant symptoms. It appears, therefore, that the emerald green, which is placed upon the paper-hangings as a water-colour, may, when dry, be brushed off, or removed from the paper by merely mechanical means; but that the statement of the volatilization of arsenic, or of arsenite of copper, is quite unfounded. In several trials, involving nice chemical questions, which have lately taken place, the public have remarked the conflicting evidence of the scientific witnesses: men, whose profession is the elucidation of truth, have assumed the position of special pleaders—and they have darkened knowledge rather than enlightened those who have sought their aid. The discussion of this arsenic question is another example of the same want of honest purpose. The question was—Can arsenite of copper be removed from paper hangings, so as to exert an injurious effect on the animal economy? In reply, we are told that air will not remove it, that it will not volatilize—which is not answering the question. Although the emerald green will not volatilize under ordinary circumstances, it may be removed from the paper in the state of fine dust; and in this state it may exert the injurious effects which have been attributed to it by Drs. Taylor and Halley. At the same time it cannot be denied that those gentlemen made their first statements so loosely as to lay themselves open to the charges of scientific inaccuracy. The facts appear to be as follows:—

1. The green arsenite of copper will not escape from the paper by volatilization, or by solution in the air of rooms.

2. This poisonous colour is very liable to be removed in the state of fine powder; which, floating in the air, may exert a most injurious influence on the animal economy.

ROBERT HUNT.





W. VAN DER VELDE. PINXT

## THE STORM.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.

W. MILLER. SCULPT







## KILLARNEY:

## ITS ATTRACTIONS FOR AUTUMN TOURISTS.

THERE are, at this moment, thousands in England who desire to know where a month of autumn may be most pleasantly and most profitably spent—desiring to spend it “at home.” Various circumstances have recently combined to give force to the conviction that it is a shame and a reproach to be better acquainted (as many are) with Italy, Switzerland, Germany, and France, than with England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales. The ordinary impediments to comfort and progress abroad have been of late very largely augmented; and there is a gradually growing belief that the British Islands contain a wonderful amount of landscape beauty unexplored, or but little known: facilities for travelling have so much increased, that a *wish* to go “anywhere” is only a little more easy than to go; hotels are acquiring the wisdom of reasonable charges; in short, within the memory of persons by no means old, there have been so many new inducements to travel at home that, ere long, there will be few among us who are entirely ignorant of the charms or wonders of their native land.

Not many years ago, Ireland was a *terra incognita* to England: a sea-voyage of uncertain duration, in a small and ill-ventilated cabin, was an evil not to be encountered by those who sought enjoyment only; while so many subsequent inconveniences awaited the voyager, that to undertake it required an amount of courage and endurance hardly to be expected from “sight-seers,” whose holiday was limited to a month. Now—a-days, in summer or autumn, the trip across is a pleasure trip: in a few hours the tourist is landed either at Dublin or Waterford—these hours being passed in one of the largest size steam-packets, with comfortable berths, and luxuries in the way of board as well as lodging. The journey to Ireland is, in fact, as easy, as free from annoyances, nay, as little inconvenient as it would be to any distant part of England, Scotland, or Wales; it is but adding a few hours to a long summer day. And how abundant will be the added recompense!

Is the tourist in search of the grand and beautiful in nature? It is here in profuse luxuriance; there are no “bits” in the British Islands so lovely as those he may encounter in Wicklow, upon the Shannon, and especially at Killarney. The wild sea-coasts of the north, the west, and the south are unequalled for magnificence, even in the Scottish sea-highlands; while the sublime and beautiful are so often and so happily combined in every part of the country, by rivers, lakes, and ocean, that, beyond all question, if the desires of the tourist tend this way, his reward will be large and ample; he can scarcely expect too much, and have any dread of disappointment. Is he seeking health? These hill breezes, passing over beds of heather, are full of it, —and freely give; these sea-winds from the broad Atlantic, robust as the huge cliffs on which they break, dashing white foam over rocks that elsewhere would be mountains—these sea-winds make us strong enough to breast them, even in their fury. Is he a sportsman—a gentle or a bold brother of the angle? The lakes and rivers have stores for him; the regal salmon or the spotted trout will be heavier than he will like to carry, save that his “aid” is at hand to bear the burthen his flies, his guidance, and his counsel have helped to take; for, go where he will, there will be always waiting “his honour” a “boy” who knows every hole and corner of the neighbouring water, and precisely what fly will “suit” that place on that day in that season. Does he aim to study character—that “proper study” an hour of which is worth a week of books? There is no country of the world that will give opportunities so rare or so recompensing; as we have heard Maria Edgeworth say, “There is no country in which happiness is so cheap.” The peasantry have indeed lost much of their love of fun—their wit is not so ready as it used to be; faction fights are matters of history, no less than duelling, and drunkenness, as a habit, is almost as much so. You will seldom hear the “keen,” and not often see a wake; of fairies you will learn nothing, except as whispered mysteries in out-of-the-way places; the “blarney” has grown weaker with time; poverty—never “the clamorous voice of woe”—less continuously shoeks the sight; and although the nauseous “heap before the door,”

and the “pig in the parlour,” are encountered far too frequently, and the hovel is still wretched as a dwelling for man, the peasant has employment—and you know it. But a large portion of their originality remains: their kindness and courtesy, and ever prompt zeal to render service; their cordial welcome of the stranger; their unyielding honesty; their shrewd, yet simple humour; their deep devotion to natural and adopted ties; their familiarity, which is never vulgarity;—in short, if the Irish peasant has many peculiarities, they are only such as will interest and amuse the visitor, and seldom, or never, such as will annoy or offend him.

We promise, therefore, to all who visit Ireland a rich fund of enjoyment—no matter in what part of the island he travel or is located; and believe that nowhere in the world can a month be so pleasantly or so profitably spent, as it may be in that country—a country so closely connected with England, so directly and essentially a part of it, that upon the welfare and prosperity of the one mainly depends the welfare and prosperity of the other; and which we trust to see, as we believe we shall see, as thoroughly one as the two Kingdoms north and south of the Tweed.

But at present our sole business is with “the Lakes,” from which we have just returned; our object having been to prepare a revised edition of a book we produced some years ago, entitled—“A WEEK AT KILLARNEY.”\* Our readers will, we trust, permit us to report to them concerning this famous and very lovely district; and to hope we are not trespassing on their favour if we ask them to read that book, in the event of our answering our present purpose, —TO INDUCE THEM TO CONSIDER THE CLAIMS OF IRELAND, WHEN THEY ARE PONDERING THE VARIOUS REASONS THAT SHALL DETERMINE THE DIRECTION OF THEIR AUTUMN TRIP.

There is now a railway all the way from London to Killarney—excepting a comparatively brief and pleasant voyage “across.” This time, we selected the route via Milford Haven and Waterford—the SOUTH WALES LINE—a line in all respects desirable, admirably managed so as to facilitate the progress of tourists, and one to which we can give a strong recommendation as the result of experience. It passes through beautiful scenery, between Gloucester and Milford, including part of the Wye, old Severn, and the Vale of Neath; taking passengers on board packets of large size, and capital construction for comfort, within a few yards of the terminus, and landing them eight hours afterwards on the quay at Waterford; two hours of the eight being passed in the lovely haven of Milford, and the grand and charming harbour of Waterford.

There is—or there need be—no delay at Waterford; it is distant about one hundred and twenty miles from Killarney, which is reached in six hours—making fifteen or sixteen hours from London, including all delays. At the Limerick junction, the railroads from Dublin, Limerick, and Waterford meet; but the tourist will seldom have traversed any road more beautiful than that which intervenes between the junction and Waterford, beside the Suir, and into the golden vale of Tipperary.

The tourist then has arrived at Killarney, where an omnibus from each of the five hotels which are somewhat distant (bordering the lake) will await his pleasure; but he may be sure to receive persuasive suggestions from each of the attendant “waiters.” The Railway Hotel is, however, close at hand—a comfortable, although somewhat too “stately,” house it is; its disadvantage being that it has no view—except, indeed, of the mountain tops. There is the “Royal Victoria Lake Hotel,” commodious, comfortable, and admirably managed; there is the “Lake Hotel,” standing at the water’s edge, with fine, though not extensive, views; there is the hotel at Clogheen—the “Herbert Arms”—close by the gate to venerable Mucross; and beside it the neat hostelry of O’Sullivan; there is the “Lake View Hotel,” high up on the hill; and the “Torc View Hotel,” up still higher—with views inconceivably grand and varied at morning, noon, and evening; or, if his taste so direct the tourist, he may be comfortably cared for at the “Kenmare Arms,” in the town. There will be no danger of defective accommodation—somewhere, inasmuch as

“beds,” for perhaps five hundred, can be “made up” at the various hotels and lodgings in and about Killarney. We have “gone into this matter” at some length in our book.

And now the tourist is at THE LAKES, and designs, we hope, to spend a week in this delicious locality; a week may suffice; for Ireland has many other places in which profitably to pass the other three weeks of his “month;” and, as we shall show presently, we are planning for him a journey to the wild sea-coast.

No matter where he is located at Killarney, the moment he begins his walk or drive the full beauty of the scene will burst upon him. It is impossible for either pen or pencil to do justice to the magic beauty of these lakes, deep in the midst of mountains—some of them the loftiest of Ireland; thickly studded with islands richly wooded; rapid rivers rushing over huge rocks; cataracts falling from hill-heights; passages occasionally so close that you have almost to push aside the branches for the boat to row between masses of arbutus, ferns, and wild flowers; broad sheets of water in which the “Leviathan” might float and sport; ruins of castles and abbeys; old churches and round towers; long and narrow bridges with half a score of arches; rocks of fantastic forms; precipices clothed in verdure from base to summit; others so bare that a blade of grass can scarce find sustenance; dells in which nature revels; hollows gloomy and barren; crags that, jutting over pathways, seem to forbid outlet; others, high up, in which the eagle builds and has had his nest for centuries; foliage of a hundred hues everywhere; echoes on land and on water, that give to the hagle note the solemn and prolonged cadence of the organ; clouds that pass rapidly, and sunshine that fades as fast—making, by their quick changes in a moment, a new scene even while the “eye is on it;” sun that lights up a gloom into instant brilliancy; shadows that make awful the gayest “bit” as rapidly as thought! We have mingled without order the several peculiarities of this marvellously grand and beautiful locality, because it is without order they occur, for at any hour, under any form of weather, they have their special charms, inasmuch that by their “infinite variety” they create perpetual delight.

Perhaps the first day the tourist will row on the lake, visiting “fair Luisfallen”—singing Moore’s sweet song of farewell to this sweet isle, inspecting the remains of the small oratory, and recalling some of its legends and traditions; for of these he may hear some, and read many, of which the heroes are the old monks, whose learning gave the place a name in history, or the O’Donoghue and his fairy followers, who, on May morning, will rise from their palace underneath the waters, bringing “good luck” to all who see the chieftain mounted on his milk-white and silver-shod steed. His castle is near at hand, occupying that fair promontory opposite—a ruin, but a picturesque one, standing in grounds for which Nature has done much and Art more. But of islands there are so many, and so lovely, that a row among them is all the tourist can accomplish in a day.

It may be, however, he will seek communion with the wild and rugged before he make acquaintance with the graceful and the beautiful: the Gap of Dunloe awaits him; it is a mountain-pass among “the Reeks,” awful in its grandeur—barren, stern, sublime; a wild river rushes through it from lakes that send their waters thus, by various channels, into the lake, themselves supplied by streams or rivulets rushing or trickling from hill-tops, now and then making on their way the sweet music that fairies so much love. The gap ends in “the Black Valley,” a broad dell beyond conception gloomy, even when the mid-day sun seeks to light it up.

Is the tourist a bold cragsman? There is work for him among those crags and hills; let him climb to that cromlech that overhangs the dell, and muse over old Druidic glories of two thousand years ago; for this is their monument: let him drink of that pure spring which, two hundred feet above him, drips from the rock into a basin, crystal clear; let him follow the footmarks of yon hardy goat—nay, it may do as well if he tread where yonder Kerry cow has trodden—he will reach the hill-top then. But, if he be bolder than the bold, let him ascend Carrau Tuel, of which, being in the Gap, he sees the hawk only—a rough, yet comparatively easy descent, after he has been on the very summit of this, the highest mountain of Ireland, 3414 feet above the sea.

\* A WEEK AT KILLARNEY. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Illustrated by twelve engravings on steel, and two hundred engravings on wood. Price 8s. James Virtue, publisher.



Tourist, "screw your courage" before you begin this task; if you be weak of limb, do not attempt it; the chances are you will give in when half way up; young and active, or even old but hardy, go on! It will be a feat, when finished, to remember a life long; not alone because to conquer a difficulty is in itself a reward,—you will have views, north, south, east, and west, such as may recompense even a longer and heavier labour—and it will be no light one; of that be sure. Yet such as it is, three months ago, this labour was undertaken and carried through by a lad aged but sixteen: step by step, he made the ascent boldly, breasting the fierce breezes that are never absent from the half-way up steep—mounting from crag to crag, leaping across brawling currents, and stepping carefully, yet bravely, among the big stones that make footways over bogs: it is hard work, as we know, for strong men; this youth did it all, and stood upon the topmost height of Carran Tuel, hat in hand, doing homage to great Nature—for by her only, and two others in these dominions, is homage asked for from him. It was the young Prince of Wales. God continue to him the physical strength that must be his to do what many men in vigorous manhood would decline as an over-task! God be thanked for such evidence of health of lung and of limb!

The tourist, moving homeward from this mountain work, gladly finds rest in the row-boat that will convey him through the three lakes, for the Lakes are three in number—divided, yet joined, and joined by water passages of surpassing beauty. When midway in that which connects the Upper with the Lower, rowing through the Long Range, he will be asked to pause awhile, for, underneath a charmingly wooded height—the Eagle's Nest—the guide will awaken up the grandest of all the echoes. How truly grand! It is utterly impossible to convey an idea of the marvellous effect: you may fancy a score of organs sounding at once, each more or less distant, but all in harmony; no false note is there, if the instrument that gives them life be true: but if the player sound a discord, how terrific the result! as if a score of fiends were screaming in sudden agony. Unexpectedly, perhaps, one of the small cannon will be fired, followed by thunder from a hundred hills—near, far off, farther still—before, behind, around! Then will come a strain of gentle beauty, then again a discord, then once more a shot; and so an hour, it may be, will be expended here, silent, wondering, delighted; sometimes seated or reclining on the beach, you will listen, in a sort of dreamy unconsciousness, the outer world will be far away, and you will commune only with beings of higher and holier spheres, as you give up soul and sense to those marvellously sweet sounds—

"Resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies,"

awakened again and yet again by Spillane's bugle—Spillane, best of guides, who knows and loves the lakes so well!

But the charm of the Long Range is by no means limited to this, its chiefest attraction: you will laud at that pretty island—it is Dinas Island; the arbutus, the yew, the elm, the oak, the holly, and the ivy grow in rich luxuriance above masses of underwood, thickly strewn with wild flowers. Yet you will not long remain here: go on to Glenna—

"Beautiful Glenna!"

It is not an island, but a small promontory jutting out into the lake. From its base almost to the topmost height of an overhanging hill, it is clothed in beauty; nature is here lavish of her loveliness—as indeed she is everywhere about you: but at Glenna she is profuse. There is a pretty cottage here, at which you dine: probably you will be supplied with slices of salmon just caught, and they will be toasted for you on skewers of arbutus wood; you will judge if the fine flavour be derived from the process, or from the fact that ten minutes ago the fish was swimming freely in his own domain. Be sure, there will be a piper here also; and you may determine whether the "Irish pipes" be musical or otherwise: perhaps a single tune will content you; but the chances are that one of the boatmen will find "the colleen of the place," and you will see an Irish jig, as well as hear an Irish song—a song in genuine Irish, a language very sweet, full of expression, and harmonious in sound, when you hear it as you may hear it, and not as it meets your ears, in coarse

guttural, at Covent Garden, or by the sides of new buildings about London. In short, Glenna—"beautiful Glenna"—has many attractions for you; and you will be in no hurry to leave it.

But between this graceful bit and Dinas you will have encountered a scene of another character. Having shot the Weir-bridge, through which there rushes a current so rapid that timid voyagers are usually put ashore before the passage is attempted, you pass through a corner of Tore Lake; the hoary mountain, Tore, looking down upon you, but hiding from your sight, by a thick veil of trees, the waterfall, which you will not fail to see some other day, when your excursion is to the beauties of the mainland. You are again among the rocks and islands of the Lower Lake: they are of all forms and sizes, some thirty of them; you will see them all, but probably land at none, for the sun has set, the clouds have gathered on the mountains, and the shadows on the lake; and to take "your ease at your inn," is now the remaining duty of a day as full of pleasure, of novel and true and healthy enjoyment, as you have ever passed, or ever will pass, in this fair "world of ours."

We have touched upon the waterfalls: there are, at least, three that you must visit—O'Sullivan's, Derry-cunihy, and especially Tore. There may be grander cataracts elsewhere; no doubt there are; but there are none within a day's reach of London—none so surrounded with other beauties that they form only parts of a great whole. When the midday sun is up, sit under either of the rock-breaks, just where the spray refreshes without wetting, and breathe the moisture after the ascent, and before you move again into the valley.

But, good tourist, are your spirits toned to harmony with solemn thoughts, visit Mucross, the venerable abbey that abuts upon the Middle Lake. Think!—as you pace its cloisters, sit upon its ivied walls, or stand beneath the yew-tree, planted when the monks were in their glory and the abbey in its prime! There may be holier memories of the olden time: yet we may doubt if there be any so exquisitely touching as this lonely relic by the borders of that lovely lake.

Good reader, we have written enough, we hope, to impress you with a belief that a tour to Killarney will be a "rich and rare" treat,—such as cannot fail to yield you a harvest of healthy enjoyment. We have but hinted at the many sources whence that enjoyment will be derived. And—if we may do so without presumption—we ask you to refer to the book we have produced, to know them more thoroughly, and estimate them more justly.

But we may not assume that you will visit Ireland only to see Killarney. The journey we have laid down for you will have been by railway all the way, too rapid for observation—even for thought. We trust, therefore, you will not be homeward bound until you have examined somewhat the wild sea-coast. We could plan for you several excursions, by any one of which you would be largely recompensed; but being at Killarney we will recommend to you one: it is to go by Kenmare, round to Derrynane, then to Valentia, then to Dingle, then to Tralee, then to Tarbert—and so, by the lordly Shannon, to "the city of the violated treaty," Limerick; and thence to Dublin, or again to Waterford. Reader, have you at hand a map of Ireland? look at it; see how many grand bays there are along this grand coast. Begin with Bantry, near the head of which, in a most lovely little harbour of its own, is the fair rival of Killarney—Glengarriff. Taken alone, perhaps, there is no single view at the Lakes so inexpressibly charming as this most beautiful glen; but we cannot pause to describe it here: we might give pages to it (as indeed we have elsewhere done), and to that "gloomy lake" which you pass on the way, if you journey from Cork—

"A lone island in lone Gougane Barra."

We may not ask you to accompany us too far: we take you, therefore, "round the coast" to the bays of Kenmare and Dingle, and the stupendous sea-rocks, islands, and harbours that lie between them. Being at Kenmare—and "stopping" at the inn of Mr. Downings, who will enlighten as well as assist you as to your projected tour, and furnish you with "fitting flies," if you be an angler—you will soon enter on a marvellous scene of comparatively desolate grandeur. But on your way to this

town of prodigious capabilities—in which nothing is done, where neglect is a sin against nature—you will traverse a district rich in pictorial beauty, inasmuch as for a long part of the way from Killarney you have continual views of the Lakes, their islands, and the mountains that surround them, from the several heights you will be called upon to ascend. If you traverse the northern side of Kenmare bay, you will visit the three mountain lakes of Clouce and Inchiquin; and one as wild and nearly as beautiful as either—the lake of Glenmore. It is on the southern side of the bay probably you will journey, for that is your road—and a good road it is, although it runs over morasses, cuts through stupendous rocks and by the sides of mountains, over precipices that we cannot look down without being dizzy. In time,—passing by the angler's treasure trove, the Blackwater, four miles only between the sea and its source in Lough Brin, where, if "the trout and salmon" do not actually "play at backgammon," you may be sure to kill more than you can carry,—you reach the pleasant nook of West Cove, and proceed thence to Derrynane. We do not believe you will find in any part of the Queen's dominions a scene so inconceivably magnificent as that on which you will look down from the road above Derrynane. You will not leave your car; but you will see it all: huge precipices, tiny bays, gigantic sea-cliffs—all! And if you please, you may drive among yonder belting of trees, which hides and shelters a house that will for ever have a place in history, for here "the Liberator," or "the Agitator,"—call him which you will,—had his home, when the fierce waves of the broad Atlantic were his only auditors. Pass on—to Ballinskellig Bay: there is an inn here,—nay, there are two inns, although but a dozen houses,—one of them cold and stately, the other humble and comfortable: take your choice, for you are at Waterville, and on the borders of Lough Currane, a lake which the angler knows and loves. We hurry on—but it must be early next day, for to reach this locality you will have traversed forty miles. Avoid Cahirciveen, a "big town" which you see before you when ten miles more are traversed, and turn off to take the ferry to Valentia. Here is an island full as a full and good book—with its slate quarries, its antique remains, and especially its electric telegraph, by which you may send a message in five minutes to London. The Knight of Kerry has his seat here—"monarch of all he surveys," excepting the mainland, the far-out islands, and the many mountains, including Carran Tuel and Mount Brandon, the highest and the next highest of the Irish mountains, both of which he can see from his garden-seat. From the eastern side of this most interesting island—very rich in fact, and richer still in promise—you may obtain sea-views, rude yet grand beyond conception. But our space is limited; we must hurry, if you, good tourist, do not;—we hope you will not, for here is one of the neatest and pleasiest inns of the district; and the Knight himself—happily a resident—orders all things wisely and well for the stranger. You have yet a rich banquet on which to feast; and that whether you go round by Dingle, Tralee, Tarbert, and the Shannon, or, abridging your route, traverse Dingle Bay, and make your way back to Killarney.

Let us tempt the tourist to make this tour; not alone because of the grandeur, the positive magnificence of its sea-coast, but because thus he will make acquaintance with the ways and wants of the Irish people; not by rushing among them, railway-led, but by springing perpetually off "the car" to see something that is striking, novel, and interesting. He will undoubtedly note much that he must deplore: into this district improvements have hardly yet travelled. Civilization is creeping but slowly into "the south-west." If, however, the people there are comparatively in a state of nature, they have at all events its virtues; inhabitants never care to lock their doors; theft is a thing unknown there; a stranger may travel or roam about in any part of this wild district; go where he will, he is sure to meet civility, courtesy, and graceful, because natural, politeness, with a ready zeal to render service whenever, wherever, and however, it can be required—clumsy it is often, no doubt, but always cordial and hearty. Those who travel here will therefore find ample studies of natural character, the picturesque in scenery, the peculiar in habit, and the original in all things.



But we must return with the tourist to Killarney. He will by this time have grown accustomed to the Irish jaunting-car, and like it for its freedom from restraint—the ease with which he leaps on and off; and he will have made acquaintance with the drivers—pleasant fellows generally, witty, intelligent, and communicative. At Killarney, he will have had “a guide:” he cannot well be wrong in this matter; upon which, however, much of his pleasure must depend. The guide will tell him everything—and more; the histories, the “laagends,” the peculiarities of famous places—carry his coat, and himself, if needful—direct his footsteps, and take the roughness off all that is rugged by attention and good-humour. So it is with the boatmen also; pleasant and attentive fellows all of them are. The scores upon scores of boys and girls who will bore him in “the Gap,” and at the mountain-foot will have worried him, it may be; but there is so much of wit in what they say, and of kindness in what they do, that he has a set-off against their obtrusiveness. The crowd who will follow him—to exchange bits of heather, cups of spring water, goats-milk, or potheen, for anything “his honour places”—are like no other crowds to be met with in any other part of the islands “pertaining to the British crown.” In Ireland, even that which is disagreeable is not altogether so—the sweet is there always mingled with the bitter.

It may to some seem absurd if we lay any stress upon the *safety* with which visitors to Ireland may travel; but there may be those who even yet feel the old alarms concerning that country, although at no period was “the stranger” ever subject to insults, much less to injuries, there. No matter by what kind of conveyance you journey, good tourist, or if you walk on foot—no matter whether it be noonday or midnight, whether on the Queen’s highway, or on roads through pathless mountains or trackless bogs—be sure you need no protector other than the umbrella you carry in your hand; be sure, too, you will always find a guide wherever you meet a peasant. For ourselves, we have posted on the “common car” somewhere about six thousand miles in Ireland—through its highways and its byways—in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, and at all hours of the day and night,—not only have we never met with let or hindrance, much less insult or injury, but we have ever regarded ourselves—as all other strangers may regard themselves—in greater safety from evil there than we should do if we traversed the road that leads from London to Brentford, with gas-lights all the way.

We must bring this article to a close: it is long; but we have said only a small part of what we might say to induce a visit to Ireland, to that portion of it more especially which is unequalled for beauty and grandeur in the British Islands. The LAKES OF KILLARNEY are famous all the world over. We have shown how easily and how pleasantly they may be reached; we may add that “tourists’ tickets” make the voyage and journey “cheap,” that the cost incurred at the Lakes will be much less than they can be at any other “fashionable watering place,” that the sources of enjoyment are very numerous; and we “go bail” that not one out of a hundred travellers thither will return dissatisfied or disappointed. Moreover—and we admit this to be our chief reason for striving to influence all we can influence to determine that their autumn trip in 1858 shall be to Ireland—it is of the highest importance that the people of the two countries *shall know one another*. He who helps to promote intercourse between them is assuredly doing a good work. That Ireland has been undergoing rapid and large improvement is beyond doubt: if there be much yet to do, assuredly much has been done: it is certain, at all events, that “the stranger” in that country will receive, as he ever has received, a cordial welcome; he will see little to depress, and much to cheer and encourage, and will return from his visit, brief or prolonged, with a kindly feeling towards it and its people, with hope in its future arising from conviction of its *capabilities*.\*

S. C. HALL.

\* The London Stereoscopic Company has just issued a series of views in Ireland; we shall direct attention to them elsewhere; but we may here state that they are very beautiful and highly interesting, and cannot fail to act as inducements to visit that country.

## THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

THE trustees of the new “National Portrait Gallery” have made, at length, a first Report to the Lords of the Treasury,—and this Report was published a few days ago by command of Parliament. By its means, we are enabled to arrive at a more definite appreciation of what has been actually done towards carrying out the objects for which they were appointed, than was before possible. Hitherto, our estimate has been in great measure speculative, and was worked principally out of a series of negations. Now, that we have actual figures before us, we can only say, that they give us nothing to correct in our argument. The summing up of these positives yields exactly the same result as was obtained by our previous addition of the negatives that we found lying around the subject. For a convenient summary, that result may be expressed in the following short formula:—The nation is just about as far from having a National Portrait Gallery, in any rational sense of the word, as it was when the trustees took the matter in hand. That is the credit side of the account which the trustees have with the nation; the other side, as our readers know, shows £4000.

The total number of portraits that have been harvested for the nation, out of a field standing thick with the grain—in case the trustees could have lit upon the best method of reaping it,—is, according to this Report, only thirty-five. As the trustees, it thus appears, have determined to reject the principle of quantity, in laying the foundations of the structure committed to their hands, it might be presumed that they did so because they chose to be eclectic; and this reason, though not, in our judgment, the best producible for the beginnings of the young institution,—still, *would* have been a reason. Between one reason and another there is fair ground for argument; and eclecticism is in the present case the natural alternative of numbers. But the trustees have found some other principle of action, which is neither the one nor the other of these,—which they do not state in terms,—and which our own sagacity fails to drag out of its hiding-place among the results. While they simply reject numbers, they *insult* eclecticism; and, merely letting the one of these principles lie idle, they make the other do a duty which is repugnant to its nature and gives its own assumption the lie. Our readers will remember, that in our number for May last we gave a list of twenty-three of the pictures which this institution now contains; but it will be convenient, with a view to what we have at present to say, that we should repeat these, so as to produce here the completed list, and in a different arrangement. The portraits now in possession of the trustees for the use of the nation, are the following:—The Chandos Shakspeare,—William Wilberforce,—Lord Sidmouth,—Spencer Perceval,—the first Earl Stanhope,—Stothard, the Royal Academician,—the poet Thomson,—the first Viscount Torrington,—Fox, the martyrologist,—Wright, of Derby, the painter,—Nollekens, the sculptor,—Sir Francis Burdett, and Lord Chancellor Talbot,—Sir Walter Raleigh,—Haudel,—Dr. Parr,—Arthur Murphy,—Speaker Lenthall,—Horne Tooke,—Dr. Mead,—Harley, first Earl of Oxford,—Sir William Wyndham,—the first Earl of Cadogan,—Richard Cumberland,—the Comtesse de Grammont,—Huskisson,—Archbishop Wake,—Bishop Warburton,—Sharp, the engraver,—Captain Cook,—Chambers, the architect,—Elizabeth Carter,—Bishop Hoadley,—Cardinal Wolsey, and Ireton.—To this list of portraits has to be added the portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, by himself, since purchased, as we stated last month, by the trustees, for a large sum of money;—and making the number of works now constituting the National Portrait Gallery, in all, thirty-six.

Now, on the mere fact taken by itself, of the striking inequalities in the values represented by the names above given, we do not insist in the absolute and unqualified sense; because differences of value, even when the values are high, there will inevitably be. We contend, nevertheless, that something like proportion there should be, at any rate; and that in a *commencing* list of thirty-five, culled from the entire unbroken field of

British greatness, any considerable differences would have been an unnecessary fact,—and such differences as we have here are a monstrous one. A National Portrait Gallery of British worthies, when it shall be complete down to a given date, will, of course, represent *all* degrees of value, on a scale going as high in one direction as we can,—and in the other, down to a line below which, of course, we will *not* go; but that is no reason why we should *begin* by representing anything like the two extremes. The names before us, in considering their fitness as the nucleus of a National Portrait Gallery, have to be regarded not only in their relations to one another, but in relation, also, to all the greatness that is yet wanting to the gallery list.

Of the thirty-five names which that list does contain, the first thirteen portraits, our readers should be told, are gifts;—the remaining twenty-two are the purchases of the trustees. First, let us register, that this gives an average of more than £180 for each purchase,—supposing the trustees to have exhausted their fund, as at this early stage of their proceedings they certainly should:—and next, let us remark, that the differences in the values of the names added to the gallery by purchase, are greater than the differences in those contributed by gift! So much for eclecticism, as against accident! Our readers will remember, that in our search for the principle which could have brought together the three and twenty names which we laid before them in May last, we took upon ourselves to relieve the trustees speculatively from the more striking anomalies of its action. We said, then, that if this collection could be supposed to be the spontaneous work of the trustees, it would have to be declared that, in their sweep over the field of British historic constellation, they had been in deliberate search of the minor stars. Of this order of moral astronomy we rashly undertook to acquit them,—and gave it as our belief, that the list as it stood plainly bespoke its own origin in casual contribution. There are names therein which we took for granted could have found their way there—just now, at least—only because the portraits had been gifts. We should have considered that we wronged any body of trustees, in conjecturing that, with all the wide and starry heaven of British greatness before them, they had spent the money entrusted to them for a purpose like this, in making purchases like some of these. Now, here, for instance, is, as we have said, Arthur Murphy. We do not deny, that in a Gallery of British Worthies a time for Arthur Murphy may come,—but his time is not yet. Nay, it is even a long way off. The trustees have a great deal to do among the eagles, before they could properly come down to a bird of Arthur Murphy’s quality,—though a most respectable bird in his place. We deny, that Arthur Murphy is one out of the four and twenty foremost names of historic England. We should certainly have given precedence to Sir Isaac Newton. Then, before we spent much money, or any at all, on a portrait of William, the first Earl of Cadogan, we think we should have liked to secure Lord Bacon for a constituent of England’s greatness. Here, too, is the Comtesse de Grammont:—what possible title hurries the lady into this national collection as one of its most pressing features? What is her title, at all? Will the trustees tell us, in what conceivable sense it is, that La Belle Hamilton is one of England’s great historic names? Has she, by any accident, been mistaken for Lady William Russell?—One half of the list might be commented on in much the same sense. Where we find Richard Cumberland, is it unreasonable that we should look back, and see if Ben Jonson is provided for,—and when we come on the name of Dr. Mead, are we not entitled to inquire after Harvey and Jenner? Sharp, the engraver, and Stothard, the Academician, and Chambers, the architect, should all have had places in a National Portrait Gallery of *our* collecting,—but not till Rubens and Vandyke were placed;—and even Sir William Wyndham should have waited at the door, till we had led in the old blind Milton, and handed him to his seat high up among the immortals.

With twenty-two, then, as representing the whole number of the purchases made up to the date of the Report,—and with names such as that number includes, negating the idea of selection,—there is no other solution that suggests itself for such an action as this on the part of the trustees, save that one to which we have referred again and



again, only to deprecate it,—some possible confusion in their ideas as to the objects and means of an institution like the one in question, and some probable value, in the portraits so purchased, as works of Art. The high average that we have given above sustains this notion,—confirmed by the fact of the trustees since appearing in the market as competitors for a coveted picture, and carrying off an Art prize as if they had been eaters for the National Gallery. Another confirmation of the fact is suggested by some of the portrait-painters' names which we find in this list, attached to their purchases, and by the connexion in which we find them. We have, in the catalogue before us, for instance, works by Sir Godfrey Kneller, Romney, and Sir Joshua Reynolds:—the last, not the recent purchase to which we have before alluded; but another, in addition to it. From the very birth of this institution, we have repeated ourselves in urging that its distinct and unmixed purpose is, the getting together in one point of view, for the reading of the national mind and heart, the presentments of those men who have, in any form of action or of thought, contributed to make the land illustrious, or to compose its history,—and that, with the Art which is a means to that end the trustees have to do only in so far as it is such means. The Art which is in excess of this effect, has a special object elsewhere,—and is a good thing here, as everywhere:—but is not to be paid for with the funds wanted, and little enough, for the one purpose for which they were granted.—Well, this principle, so steadily maintained by us the trustees themselves in this, their Report, distinctly admit, so far as words go in admission. They will look, they say, “to the celebrity of the person painted rather than to the merit of the artist.”—Now, in the first place, if the trustees had been true to their own rule in any reasonable sense, we should not have had this commencing list,—and, in the next, the rule itself seems to prescribe their most efficient course of action at the outset, beyond the possibility of mistaking it. This course, also, we have again and again pointed out. As the Art is not, by their own admission, a consideration in this collection, beyond the fact of its giving us likeness, it follows, that the purpose is served as well by a copy as by an original portrait. The galleries of England are filled with the portraits of her great men,—to an extent which would have made it easy for these trustees, with the parliamentary grant in their hand, to have laid the large framework of a National Portrait Gallery, which would gradually fill up in its details, and be clothed with beauties not its own. Such a scheme would have meaning and cohesion from the first,—and into it all things which are a part of it, however small, would fit in their time and turn. To a national illustration of the kind, having a defined character and growing proportions, we cannot doubt that many a gift would come, having a value over and above its value as part of an historic series; and a day may even be looked for when the institution itself, with increased funds and fewer necessary objects to expend them on, might have something to spare on Art for Art's sake, when a temptation should come in its way connected with its own especial objects. Meantime, it is worth remarking, that good copies of some such portraits as the nation possesses in its other collections—look at the Vandykes, in Windsor Castle!—would be no mean teachers in an Art point of view, while they are matchless examples in their character of historic illustrations.

It is needless to point out further how much more might have been effected by such a use of the funds in hand than a purchase of twenty-two pictures,—one half of them representing men who have come into the collection long before their time, and to the exclusion of the great historic names of England. To a grant so legitimately applied, and with the results of such legitimate application to show for it, Parliament, there is no doubt, would be willing to make such annual increase as might be wanted; but we must think the legislature will be slow to sanction further advances to a cause thus running to waste. What is the case which the trustees, not far from entering on their third year, have to show to Parliament, by their own admission? The portraits in their charge are shut away in private rooms in Great George Street, Westminster;—and “up to this time,” they say, “the collection has not seemed

sufficiently advanced for public exhibition.” It is amusing to find them adding, “that, however, is the aim which they will have before them as their final object.” We should have ventured to assume as much. What final aim they could possibly have, it might be difficult to conjecture; certainly, the parliamentary grant was not given for the purchase of pictures intended to be finally and permanently shut up.—The objection is, to the apparent remoteness of that “final aim.” Still, that the collection *is* shut up, under the circumstances, we, for ourselves, will not complain. It has no pretension to be called a national collection, or the basis of a national collection, in the sense intended.—Is it not most strange, how the love of the casual and provisional seems to follow all our institutions that have the national seal on them, and are committed to a body of trustees? Strange, that, with a delegation especially appointed to carry out a national purpose, these portraits should have got together fortuitously, as it might seem,—on no one principle of collection to which the trustees can point, and in defiance of every argument that could prescribe a law to such a scheme! The trustees proceed as if they were rearing a young institution for some remote generation, and need be at no pains to develop wholesome conditions of early expansion. The National Portrait Gallery is left to “grow,” like Topsy, as it can,—and very much by “guess.”

We see that, amongst the laws promulgated by the trustees for the government of the National Portrait Gallery, when it shall be a national gallery, there is one which refuses admission to the portrait of any person still living, or who shall have been dead less than ten years—except in the case of the reigning sovereign, or of his or her consort. The policy of some such limitation as this is obvious enough, but the trustees will have to extend their exceptions:—as, indeed, they seem to foresee. To make of this institution all that it might become, as an incentive to the many and an instrument of honour to the few, a principle like this must be the general rule, but not the governing law. In a former article we pointed out that, when this gallery shall have grown into the really great institution that a wise disposition of the moral and intellectual wealth in England's keeping can make it, a place therein would be an admission into Britain's best order of chivalry,—and a parliamentary vote for the portrait of a living man to be placed in this English Prytaneum would be equivalent to a national gift of golden spurs. Parliament will do well to keep such a means of reward as this in its hands,—the exceptional quality, of course, constituting a portion of the value. It is perfectly true, that they who are most sure to earn such rewards are they who least need such stimulants; but a nation raises its own moral tone in the recognition of its own great men,—and the people who erect statues to their heroes, erect statues to themselves.—The ten years of death claimed by the trustees to complete a qualification for the Portrait Gallery, is not tenable at all. A man's title to his fame, be it good or bad, is perfected at once by death. Nor years nor moments can alter the quality of that record. The character that is sealed for eternity, may well be considered as sealed for anything that time has to do with it. That is no true policy which would keep the great dead out of their inheritance for a day. Can it be doubted, that, when Sir Robert Peel was snatched away in the midst of his full career of statesmanship,—and Sir Walter Scott laid down the life which he wore prematurely out in adding moral brightness to his literary star,—and Sir Henry Havelock sheathed his victorious sword in the far grave at Lucknow from whose brink he had rescued so many weeping women and children,—can it be doubted, that England, if this, her institution, had been complete, should have hastened, without an hour's unnecessary delay, to enrol their great names among those of the mighty dead who are one day,—we will hope, in spite of the present policy of procrastination,—to “rule our spirits” from these walls, as “from their urns?”

[The annual vote of £2000 was passed in the House of Commons on the 13th of July; the only member who objected to it was Mr. Briscoe, who represents West Surrey, and he did so on grounds very similar to those we have taken; he has, at all events, directed the attention of Parliament to errors which, if they cannot be amended, need not again occur.]

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

ART ACADEMIES, METROPOLITAN AND PROVINCIAL.—If examples were not, like precepts, thrown away on those whom the gods have doomed, we might return for a moment to the subject of the new Liverpool Society of Fine Arts, for the purpose of adding to the precept which we have, again and again, laboured out for the benefit of our own Royal Academy, a warning drawn from the example furnished by the provincial Academy which the new society threatens to supplant. The moral of the story is, that the people of Liverpool, in their desire for the promotion of Art feelings and Art objects in that town, had grown gradually dissatisfied with the sectarian character and administrative assumption of the Academy already existing amongst them. This last was a body which had been liberally supported by the community to which it ministered,—and, like our own Royal Academy, had many titles to respect. It had really done much to promote the Fine Arts in the town:—and in every way there lay a great career before it, if it would have met the spirit of the age, and the wishes of the community amid which it was planted. But, clinging to its authority as a coterie,—the attempts at reform which had failed within the institution itself, took another direction. Driven from within the citadel,—the reformers set up their standard without. The town took the matter in hand,—and determined that, since the old association would not supply the demands of the time, they would have a new one. No one who looks over the list of names by which this provincial movement is supported, can doubt that the old Liverpool Academy has let its opportunity slip. The lord-lieutenant of the county, the bishop of the diocese, and the high civic officers of the town, the surrounding nobility, and the gentry, headed by the members for the borough and the members for the southern division of the county, the great merchants, and lovers and promoters of Art in the locality of every class,—are all represented here, and appear for the most part in acting capacities. The committee have published letters, too, from a large body of artists throughout the country,—including *certain of our own Royal Academicians*,—adopting the views put forward, and announcing their support.—The objects of the new institution are stated as follows:—“1. To establish an annual exhibition of paintings, sculpture, and architecture. 2. To promote sound judgment in Art, by lectures and otherwise. 3. To establish a permanent gallery of modern Art, open to the public free,—and a school of Art.”—We think it well to point out, that this programme for a provincial institution, if ably and conscientiously carried out in practice, embraces, so far as its provincial nature admits, all the functions that we have claimed, in our several articles on the subject, for a National Academy.

BIRMINGHAM.—The festivities occasioned by the recent visit of the Queen and the Prince Consort, to open the new park in the neighbourhood of Birmingham, have been fully described in the daily papers, and consequently have become known to our readers; but there is one matter connected with the park, or rather with Aston Hall, which stands in it, that has scarcely been alluded to. Several of the rooms in this fine old mansion have been fitted up for the temporary exhibition of works of Art and of Art-manufacture, contributed by the leading gentry and manufacturers of the town and its vicinity. The picture-gallery is hung with some of the finest works of the English school: examples of Etty, Maclise, Turner, Collins, Sir E. Landseer, D. Roberts, Stanfield, Danby, A.R.A., Leslie, Mulready, F. Goodall, Frith, T. S. Cooper, Herbert, C. Landseer, E. M. Ward, J. C. Horsley, J. Phillip, Muller, Linnell, sen., D. Cox, Pyne, Nasmyth, T. Faed; and many others, whose names even we have not space to mention. Of the French school there are specimens of Ary Scheffer, Rosa Bonheur, Auguste Bonheur, &c. The collection of Art-manufactures is as numerous and diversified as is the trade of Birmingham; the principal factories have contributed a large number of their most valuable and elegant productions. Besides all these several matters to interest and instruct visitors, there is the beautiful chapel, which has been completely refurnished, open for inspection; and the entrance-hall, decked out with military devices of various kinds, and ornamented with busts of Wellington, Havelock, Sir C. Napier, Sir Colin Campbell—the works of, and contributed by, Mr. G. G. Adams. Here is certainly enough to attract a host of visitors to the old hall, irrespective of what is provided out of doors for their enjoyment. The committee, upon whom has devolved the labour of collecting and arranging the exhibition, deserve the hearty thanks of the public for so manifest a success.

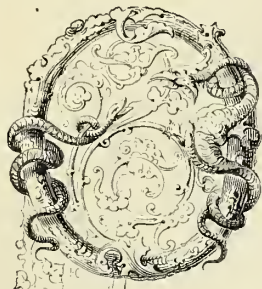


## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

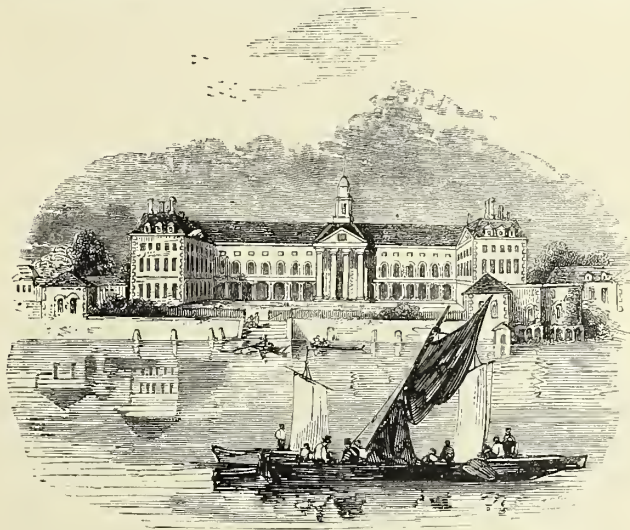
## PART XX.



Of Chelsea Hospital the front view is the most striking; for, though it does not possess any very remarkable architectural feature, it has a certain "nobility of look," and all its associations are of great interest. The foundation of the hospital—or, as its inmates prefer to call it, "the college"—is known to have been one of the few good deeds of the voluptuary Charles II.—a king who proved an exception to the rule as regarded the sovereign

"Who never said a foolish thing,  
And never did a wise one."

There is a tradition, but it is without proof, that "the merry monarch" was influenced to this merciful act by his mistress, Nell Gwynne. Be it as it may, it was a fortunate circumstance for the country. Many a battle has been won for these kingdoms by the knowledge that the maimed soldier can never be a deserted beggar—by the certainty that honourable scars will be healed by other ointment than that of mere pity—by the assurance that shelter and comfort are prepared for the wounded or aged, of whom a nation becomes the guardian and protector.



CHELSEA HOSPITAL: FRONT VIEW.

Battersea Park has been laid out only within the last two or three years, it is therefore in its infancy—the shrubs are miniatures; but to the next generation it will be one of the chief adornments of the metropolitan suburbs.



BATTERSEA BRIDGE.

From it we look upon the old wooden bridge, and the Dutch-looking church and village of Chelsea. Beyond the hospital is the new bridge, constructed by Thomas Page, Esq.; it is a toll bridge, and it has been pleasantly said that, "Government gave a park to the people, and placed a toll-bar at the gate to

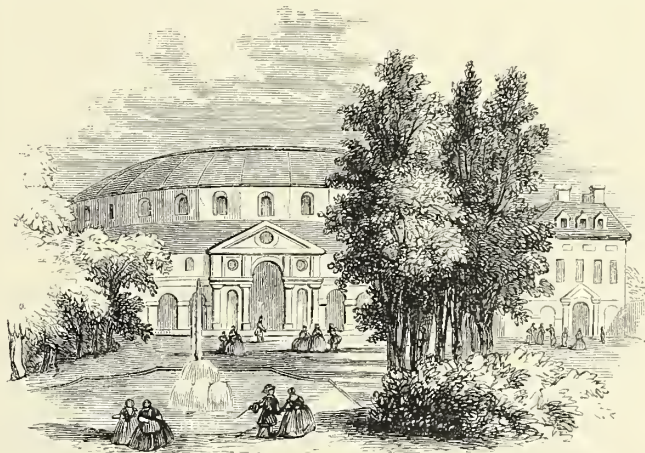
keep them out of it." The bridge is the most beautiful of the many that cross the Thames between its source and its fall into the sea; and its value is much enhanced by the charmingly constructed station that stands in a dell almost at



THE NEW BRIDGE AT CHELSEA.

its foot—"the West End Crystal Palace Station," that communicates also with Brighton and the southern counties of England.

Close to the gardens of Chelsea College, on the London side, stood the once-famed Ranelagh. The line of trees which parts the college garden from the small garden appropriated to the veterans who are here domiciled after their warlike labours, was once a part of the "walks" of Ranelagh; and a few years ago the remains of the lamp-irons which lit it were still upon some of the tree stems. This most aristocratic place of amusement was opened in 1742. The great feature of the spot was an enormous rotunda, a hundred and eighty-five feet in diameter, in which concerts took place, and which is the conspicuous object in our view, copied from a print published in 1743. Royalty and nobility



RANELAGH.

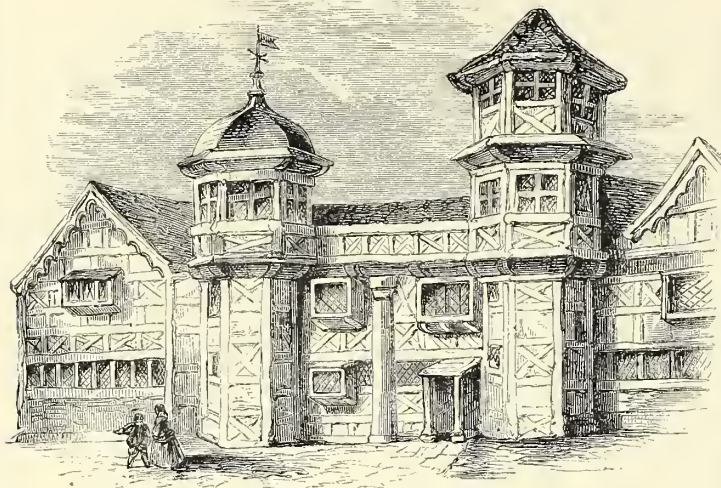
patronised the place largely; but its reign was brief; fashion soon changed, and in 1804 it was taken down. The new road from Sloane Street to the Suspension Bridge passes over a part of the grounds.

The whole of the district hence to Westminster, and from the river inland to Pimlico, was formerly a most lonely and dangerous locality, and so continued until the commencement of the present century. The Five Fields and Tothill Fields, which comprehended nearly the whole space, were desert spots, crossed here and there with footpaths and raised causeways, flanked by ditches, which divided a few wretched gardens, and having some half-dozen ruined sheds scattered over the ground, inhabited by the very worst classes of the London community, and where it was not safe for strangers to travel. Hollar has preserved its features in his "view of the pest-houses" in Tothill Fields in 1665: London is seen in the distance, as if on the confines of a desert. Now the spot is thickly covered with houses, streets, and squares, and aristocratic Belgravia occupies the once worthless marsh land of old Chelsea.

The opposite bank of the river was sacred to the market-gardener until a very recent period. The first great change was effected by the South-western Railway, which fixed its opening station originally at Nine Elms, where an extensive goods station still remains. Between this spot and Vauxhall Bridge thirty years ago was a place of general recreation known as Cumberland Gardens. The bridge which crosses the Thames at Vauxhall is of cast iron, and was begun by Reunie, and finished by Walker. It was opened for traffic in 1816. The trees seen above the houses at the foot of the Surrey side of the bridge are those of Vauxhall Gardens, which have been of late years only opened at long intervals; they were long the glory of English pleasure-gardens, frequented by the highest in the land, from the gay days of Charles II. to those of "the Regency," and were celebrated in musical history for talent of the highest kind here introduced



to the public.\* In the old orchestra, whose towering summit may be seen from the Thames, the greatest musical celebrities have sung. Handel, and Drs. Arne and Hook, superintended its concerts, and Hogarth decorated it with paintings. It obtained its name from a very old mansion which once stood near it. This



FAWKES-HALL.

old manor-house of Fawkes-hall, as it existed in the reign of Charles I., is shown in our engraving; at that time it was described as a "fair dwelling-house, strongly built, of three stories high, and a pier staircase breaking out from it nineteen feet square." This staircase occupied one of the towers, in accordance with the ancient plan, and the house was a curious specimen of the old timber houses of the gentry in the sixteenth century. It appears to have obtained its name from Foukes de Brent, who married the heiress of the manor, the Countess of Albemarle, sister to Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury; and it was granted by the name of the manor of Foukeshall, by Edward II. to his favourite, Hugh le Despencer. It has always remained with the manor of Kennington as the property of the Crown, and belongs to the Prince of Wales as part of his Duchy of Cornwall.

Dropping quietly down the stream, we often encounter the Luff-barge. As represented in the sketch, it is a smaller class of barge than the square barge of the Thames. They are sharp forward, and appear to be altogether more like an ordinary vessel. Perhaps this accounts for the name of clipper-barge, which they are sometimes called. They are rigged with a sprit and foresail, without a mizen, and generally carry goods where larger vessels are unable to go; their trade is mostly confined to London and the upper part of the river.



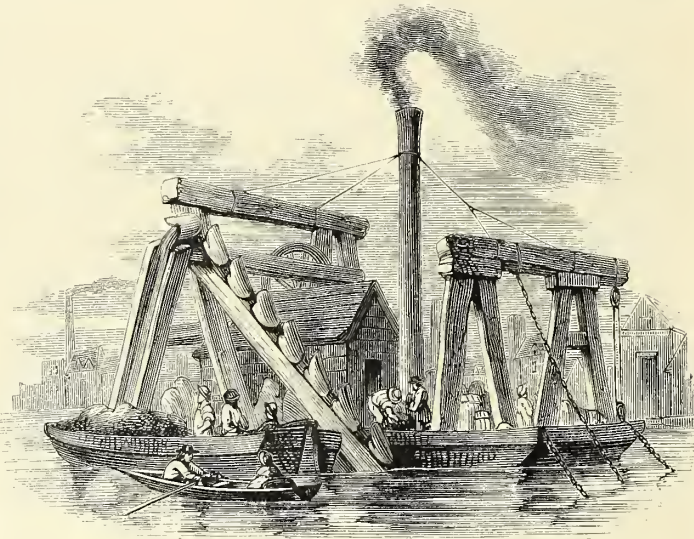
THE LUFF-BARGE.

On the Middlesex bank of the river, at a short distance from the bridge, we may note one of those steam-boat piers, which have been such conspicuous objects in our journey from Wandsworth to London, and which the traffic in cheap boats has rendered necessary for the thousands of passengers who have again taken "the silent highway of the Thames" for their road. Twenty years ago this enormous traffic did not exist, and in the early part of the last century, fishermen threw their nets in the river here, not without hope of a salmon. Now, the water is in a constant state of turmoil and mud, rendering the

\* It has given a name to similar places abroad, where "Wauxhall" indicates generally a garden illuminated for promenades and singing. Its old title is given by Pepys, in his Diary, who often notes going "by water to Fox Hall, and then walked in Spring Garden." Over the gate of the old house, erected for his own residence by Jonathan Tyers, the proprietor, at the early part of the last century, the old name, "Spring Garden," may still be seen.

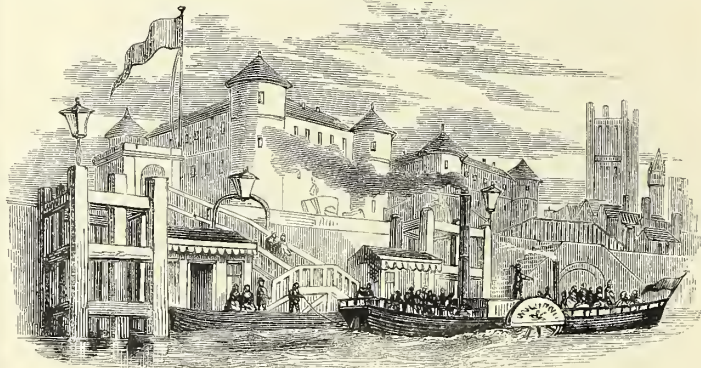
necessity for occasional visits, at different spots, of the Ballast-dredger—heavy looking but picturesque boats, that clear the stream by a rotary series of iron-buckets, which dig into the soil, fill themselves, and, passing up an incline, empty into a boat beside them the deposit of gravel and mud.\*

The Millbank Prison, once termed the Penitentiary, which is seen in the background of our view of the pier, is the only great prison on the Thames



BALLAST-DREDGER.

bank; its ground-plan is very peculiar, and, in all plans of London, looks like an ornamental star; a series of wings radiate towards a centre, where the governor's house is placed, which thus commands the whole establishment. It originated with Jeremy Bentham, and is chiefly used for hardened offenders, or criminals condemned to transportation or the hulks. Lambeth is on the opposite bank, and consists, as we see it from the river, of boat-builders' houses,



MILLBANK PRISON AND STEAM-BOAT PIER.

lightermen's sheds, gas-works, manufacturers of cement and glue, potteries for stoneware,† drain-pipes, &c., and whitening-makers, whose wooden-framed open warehouses, with their thousands of "pennorths" drying in the air for the use of the London housemaids, are conspicuous objects in the uninviting scene. Lambeth palace and church now come in view; they are among the most interesting old buildings on the banks of the river. The church was rebuilt in 1852, and is a beautiful example of modern restoration; before that time it was in a most neglected and unsightly state—now it is a model of neatness, and the memorial windows are very beautiful;‡ one is dedicated to the late Archbishop Howley, whose career was especially deserving this recognition.

Close beside it is the old brick gate-house of the palace, for more than six centuries the residence of the Archbishops of Canterbury; it was built by Arch-

\* Curious things are occasionally "fished-up" from the Thames by these machines. The Seal of Edward I. for the port of London was found in 1810, and has been engraved in "Hone's Every-Day Book," vol. ii. We engrave two bronze swords found in the



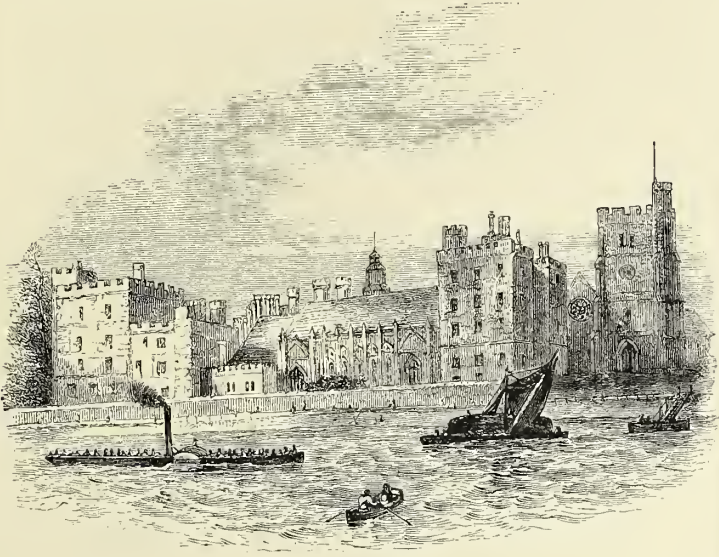
Thames, near Vauxhall; they are the primitive weapons of the ancient Britons; and, as others precisely similar are found in Phœnicia, they are probably what were brought by the ancient traders in exchange for British tin.

† "The Vauxhall Pottery, established two centuries since, by two Dutchmen, for the manufacture of old Delft ware, is probably the origin of all our modern potteries."—*Curiosities of London*. By J. Timbs, F.S.A.

‡ In the church-yard, which is also beautifully kept, is the tomb of John Tradescant, who, at his house in the fields beyond, formed the first important museum in this country, in the reign of Charles II. It passed, at his death, to Elias Ashmole (who is also buried here), and now forms part of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford.



bishop Morton at the close of the fifteenth century. On the water-side it is connected by a long brick wall with the Lollards' Tower; above this wall may be seen the noble old hall (now converted into a library), which was built



LAMBETH PALACE.

by Archbishop Juxon in the reign of Charles II. The Lollards' Tower is faced with stone towards the river, and still bears on that side the arms of Archbishop Chicheley, by whom it was built in 1435; beneath them is an ornamented niche, where a figure of St. Thomas-à-Becket was once placed. The prison is in the small adjoining tower, only to be entered by a steep staircase leading from the larger one. It is a narrow irregularly-shaped room, fastened by an oaken door, formed of three layers of wood strongly riveted, and studded with great nails; the door case being of arched stone. The room is about eight feet in height, nearly fifteen in length, and eleven feet wide; it is lighted by two deeply recessed narrow windows; the walls and ceiling are thickly covered



THE LOLLARDS' PRISON.

with wood.\* A few names and inscriptions have been cut in this wood by unhappy prisoners once confined here; the rings which chained them still remain. These lonely walls speak loudly of the nature of the good old times, when "dissent" led quickly to "death."†

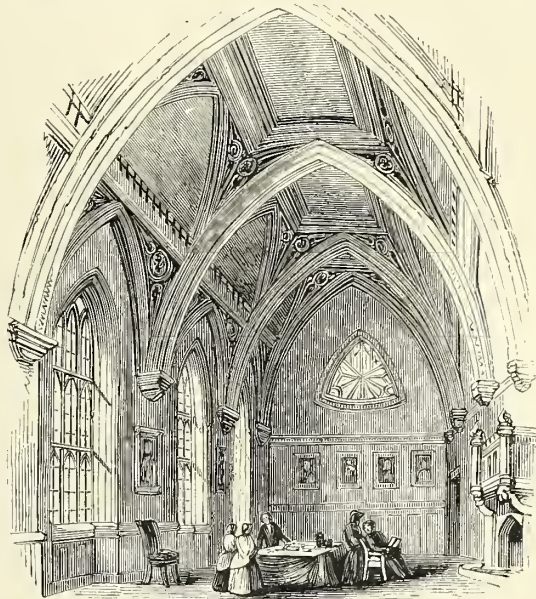
We cannot here dwell on the interesting associations this venerable palace conjures up in the mind, nor attempt to record the varied impressions that a visit within its ancient walls occasions. For the artist it abounds with antique "bits;" one of its most picturesque rooms, the "Guard Chamber," we engrave. It is mentioned by that name as early as 1424, and in it Archbishop Laud held his state on the day of his consecration. The roof is singularly elegant, with oaken ribs richly carved; it was admirably restored in 1832, having been previously hidden by a flat ceiling of plaster. The palace was generally restored about the same time. The gardens and grounds cover eighteen acres; but they are now surrounded by houses and factories that deface their beauty and destroy their salubrity.

From Lambeth to the opposite bank is one of the oldest ferries on the river, leading to "the Horseferry Road," which obtains that name from this ancient river-way. A succession of coal and corn wharves now lines the banks until

\* A modern author has imagined that this was for the "comfort" of the prisoners; such an idea did not exist in the old times. It was intended to deaden all sound of the voice, either in talking, or under the influence of torture; and is upon "the approved model" of the horrible dungeons of Germany and Italy.

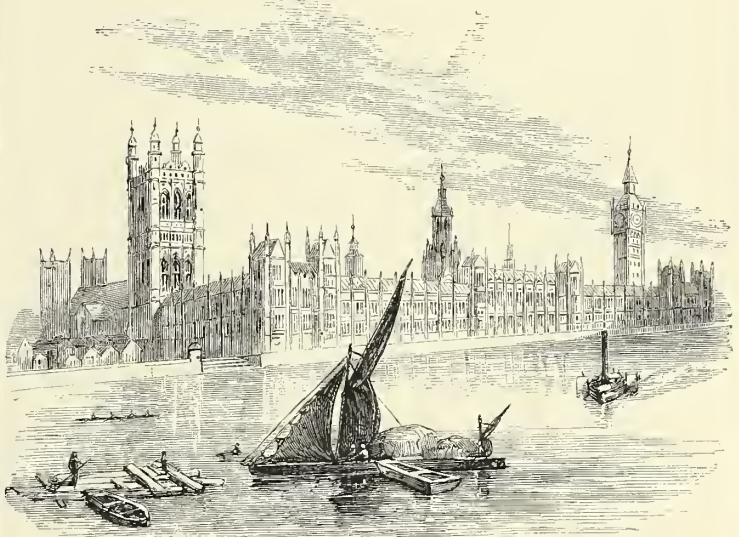
† Though popularly known as the "The Lollards' Tower," it cannot be proved with certainty that Wickliffe's followers were imprisoned here, but the great Reformer was examined in the old chapel of this palace, and it is more than probable that some of his sect were confined here. The inscriptions above-named seem to belong to the era of Henry VIII.

we reach the Houses of Parliament; this magnificent pile starts up like a glorious giant from the hovels near it. Its history is too well known to require lengthened notice here. Designed and erected by Sir Charles Barry,



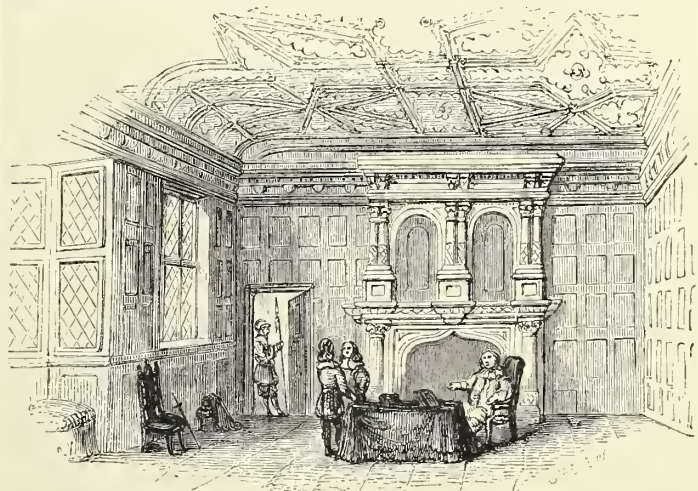
GUARD CHAMBER, LAMBETH PALACE.

the buildings cover nearly eight acres of ground; the river front is 940 feet in length; and there are more than 500 apartments in the entire pile, exclu-



HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

sive of official residences, state apartment's, and the "Houses" of the senate of England. Before the great fire of October 14, 1834, the river-frontage exhibited



STAR-CHAMBER.

a strange mixture of old brick and stone buildings, with the stone front of the ancient "Chapel of St. Stephen" in the midst. The Speaker's house and garden were here; and close to the bridge was the old "Star Chamber," rendered memo-



rable by the state prosecutions of Charles I. From this official department issued the numerous levies, forced loans, and royal prosecutions, which led to the great civil wars. The building was taken down in 1836; our engraving is copied from a drawing made before its demolition: it received its name from the stars painted on its ornamental ceiling.

The old Hall of Westminster now forms the vestibule to the Houses of Lords and Commons, and the Law Courts. It was happily uninjured by the great fire



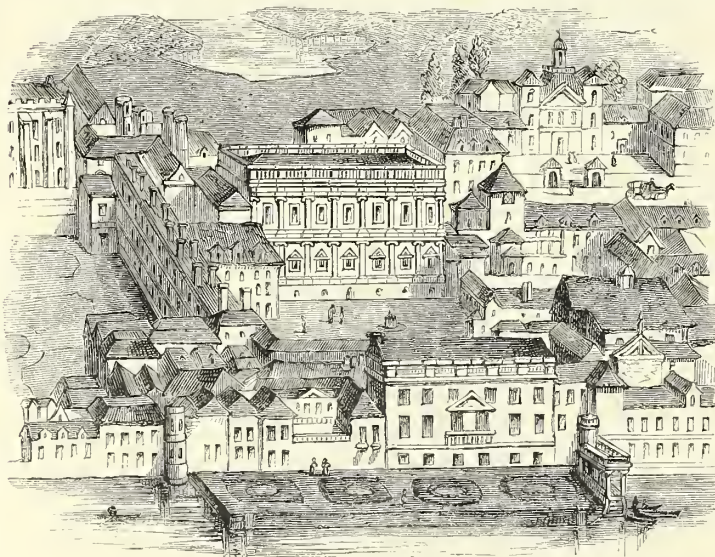
WESTMINSTER HALL.

which destroyed the surrounding buildings. Our engraving exhibits the Law Courts as they were seen at the commencement of the present century, and is copied from a painting obligingly lent to us by the Lord Chief Baron. The buildings to the left were those first removed along with the Star Chamber; the Law Courts retained at the furthestmost angle some of the brick-work of the sixteenth century.

Westminster Bridge, the work of Labeyle, a Swiss, was the second erected over the Thames, London having but one bridge until the year 1750, when this was opened. It was built on caissons, and the foundations are bad; the stone is also decayed, and the bridge now ruinous. At the present time workmen are employed night and day on the construction of a new bridge of iron, with stone piers, which is being executed by Mr. Page, who erected that at Chelsea.

Richmond Terrace, and the houses in "the privy garden" (in one of which Sir Robert Peel died), occupy the site, as they partly preserve the name, of the Royal palace and gardens which once covered the spot, and were destroyed by a fire in January, 1698, through the carelessness of a Dutch washerwoman, one of William III.'s servants. It was an inconvenient series of old buildings, all of it that now remains being Luigi Jones's famous banquetting-hall, the only portion ever executed of the great architect's grand design for its entire renovation.

The palace of Whitehall, with its gardens and surrounding buildings, as it appeared in the reign of Charles II., when seen from the Thames, is given in

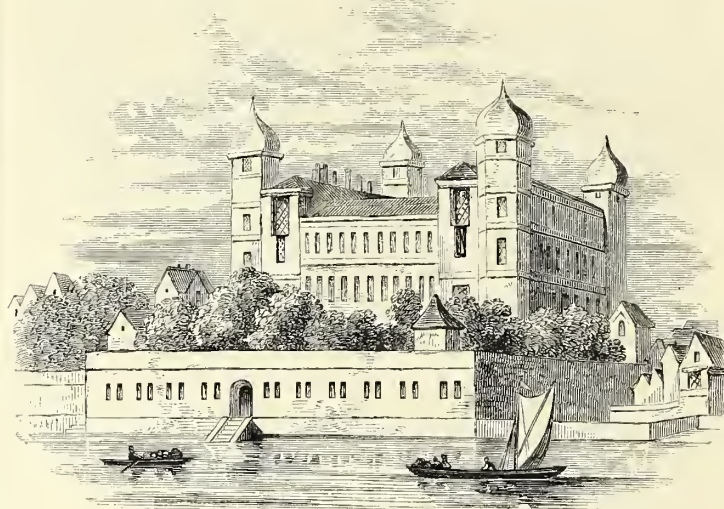


OLD WHITEHALL.

our engraving, from an ancient drawing in Wilkinson's "Londina Illustrata." The statue of James II. does not appear at the back of the banquetting-house, thus enabling us to fix the date of the original sketch. The privy garden to the left of this, now covered with aristocratic residences, was then a garden, laid out with parterres and fountains, reaching from the Thames to Parliament Street. The old Horse-Guards is seen beyond, and the peculiar nature of this bird's-

eye view enables us to see a portion of St. James's Park beyond, and the canal in its centre edged with trees.

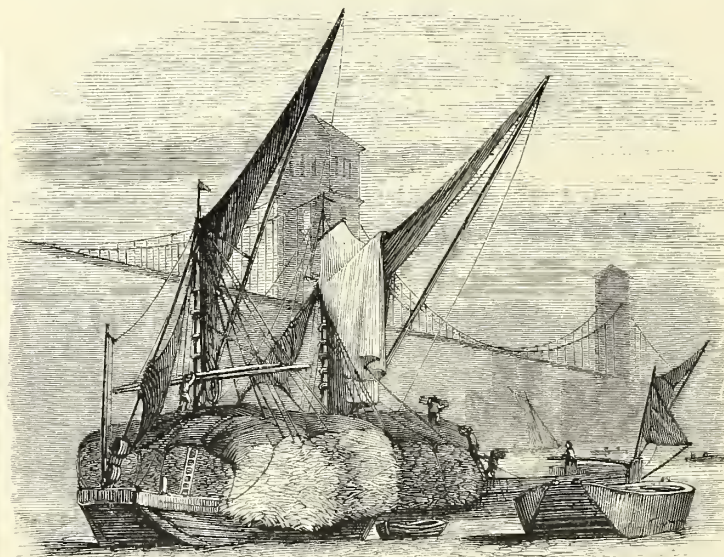
Along the banks of the Thames, in the olden time, were a series of noble residences extending from Whitehall to the Temple. The first and noblest of these was Suffolk House, which occupied the site of the present Northumberland House, erected on the site of the dissolved hospital of St. Mary Rounival, by Henry Howard, Earl of Northampton, in the reign of James I. He died there in 1614, and it then became the property of the Earl of Suffolk, and was called Suffolk House, when it was sketched by Hollar in the early part of the reign of Charles I. This sketch is preserved in the Pepysian Library, and is copied in our cut; it was a large quadrangular mansion, inclosing a courtyard, its lofty towers rising proudly on each side. The domestic offices were detached from the main building, and reached to the water-side; the space between, shaded by tall trees, was laid out in walks and gardens. A gate in the centre and a flight of steps led to the Thames—an essential convenience, when every nobleman kept his barge and liveried waterman, and the river was a great highway.



SUFFOLK HOUSE.

The daughter of this Duke of Suffolk marrying the Earl of Northumberland, the house passed into his possession, and received the name of Northumberland House. Many alterations have been made in it, but it is still the most interesting aristocratic residence in London, retaining its old garden, separated from the Thames only by the wharves in Scotland Yard, above which wave the tree-tops, shutting out all surrounding houses from the quiet garden, and giving an air of almost pastoral repose to the back of the noble mansion, whose roof, crowned by the lion crest of the duke, can be distinguished from the river. It is the last of the old palatial residences of the nobility left to grace its banks.

We next reach Hungerford Market,\* with its picturesque suspension bridge for foot passengers, completed in 1845, under the direction of Mr. I. K. Brunel, and notice the group of hay-boats, with their brilliantly painted hulls, and



HAY-BOAT.

brightly coloured sails, unloading at the wharf beside it. They bring their cargoes of hay often from a long distance, and may be seen encountering the roughest weather. A number of them always come up every tide to Hungerford Bridge, where their freight is landed.

\* The market takes its name from Sir Edward Hungerford, who, in the reign of Charles II., had a house on this site, which he converted into a market.



## THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

IF the country, for some eccentric reason of its own, were in search of a case wherein all the conditions had been carefully elaborated by which a nation may be presented as a laughing-stock to the world, we should have pleasure in once more directing attention to the story of the Wellington Monument. The humour of the piece seems to grow by feeding on itself. The chapter just added by Lord John Manners brings out the quality of the whole in a manner which the satire of our neighbours must find irresistible.—No single hand could, in all probability, have produced, as its individual work, this piece of *curiosa infelicitas*. Much of its merit of incoherence it owes, doubtless, to the delay which has handed over its execution to a succession of ministers,—giving to each successor the opportunity of adding his own eccentricity to the eccentricity that had gone before it. No better recipe than this could be devised for an anti-logical conclusion, at any time; but something more than a common genius for a *non sequitur* must have helped the new chief commissioner to so striking an example of the figure as that which we have now before us. It is true, that the figure is one to which the minds of our public men, in a general way, are prone; and it is no longer ago than last month, that we had, in one article, to produce an instance of the fact, and in another, to refer to an eccentric authority for an illustration of the process. To that illustration, however, which we borrowed from the late Dr. Kitchener, Lord John Manners has now added a point of humour of which we scarcely knew it susceptible. The Doctor, our readers will remember, brings together the materials of a salad, and carefully compounds them, with a view to the salad being thrown out of the window, as a thing in itself worthless, when all is done. Lord John's improvement on this piece of practical humour consists in the scale on which he evacts it. From the four winds of the world the sculptors had been summoned, to assist in the composition of the monumental salad; and now, Lord John Manners brings the compound down to the great council of the nation, in session assembled,—and, before the Speaker in his robes, and in his character of a minister of the crown, deliberately opens a window looking towards St. Paul's, and flings the whole preparation into the Thames!

The story of the Wellington Monument is well known to the readers of the *Art-Journal*;—but its striking points are, at this crisis, worth re-stating.—Six years have passed away, since the great Duke performed his last march at the head of an army,—and went up, with a people for his *cortège*, to his final bivouac in the cathedral on the hill. On the earlier steps which were adopted by Sir William Molesworth to carry out the last act of the solemnities instituted in honour of the dead, by the erection of a monument which might be suitable to the rest, and make posterity, as it were, a partaker in the memorial celebration, we will not pause here. They form no part of the little story whose continuation Lord John Manners has undertaken, except in the way of an introductory chapter. We will say only of them, that they were marked by the hesitation and uncertainty which they most faithfully bequeathed,—and that, from them the measure whose history is now before us inherited a spirit of misleading and *equivocal* which it faithfully administers.

It is, now, not very far from three years, since Sir Benjamin Hall, who followed Sir William Molesworth, finding himself in possession of a large sum of money as the unexhausted portion of the fund voted by the legislature for the funeral honours to be rendered to England's great soldier, conceived that this surplus

money could not be more appropriately applied than in enlarging the scheme of the monument to his memory. A sum of £20,000 was, with the consent of Parliament, set aside, as the price of a work of Art which should be worthy of the occasion:—and, this time, so far as Sir Benjamin Hall was concerned, there was to be no mistake in the matter. The lessons of the past, read out again and again by this Journal, were at length to be recognised by authority. For once, the processes of a public transaction held together by red tape, were to be held together also by their own logical cohesion. The means were to be honestly adjusted to the end in view,—and an end was to come out of the means. There was, by way of experiment, to be fair and open dealing on the part of a Board of Works,—and Sir Benjamin Hall undertook to show, that consistency, however exotic, *might* yet be made to flourish in the air of a government office.

Not, our readers know, but what mistakes were made, and very serious ones, too,—or, at any rate, what we, as we were careful at the time to show, considered to be such.—In the first place, the summons to the foreigner for a monument, in a British cathedral, to a British soldier, was a mistake of the most indefensible kind;—but, one so signally rebuked in Westminster Hall, that we need not repeat here the arguments which, for ourselves, we urged against it from the first. We have good hope that, *that* particular mistake will not be again repeated.—Then, there was the mistake of site:—and this was a mistake of a complicated character. The sum of objection in this case was composed of, the general objection to a cathedral at all,—the particular objection to the cathedral in question,—and the local objection to the individual spot selected in the edifice chosen. Further to complicate *this* mistake, the last-named of the objections to it—the local one—was made up of a variety of *grounds* of objection. There was, for instance, the architectonic objection. The monument, as proposed, was to stand beneath an arch,—and not an arch terminal, or in any sense independent,—but, an arch which was a member of a double series of similar arches, any one of which might as well have been chosen as itself. A sense of intrusion must always have attached to the monument here, until the other arches should have been similarly filled in. In any case, the corresponding arch in the opposite series would require to have a like monumental complement, ere this Wellington Memorial could be relieved from its air of an after-thought and a work misplaced. Even, then, indeed, there was small chance that it should ever come architectonically quite right; inasmuch as we are little likely to have again funds so large at our disposal for a memorial purpose,—and the means, therefore, of producing a corresponding monument on a corresponding scale.—Then, there was the objection as to light. The Wellington Monument was so placed by Sir Benjamin Hall under its arch as to have a window behind it:—and this ingenious contrivance had a double result. The light was to be intercepted where it was a boon, that it might be thrown where it was a distortion. While the monument arrested the ray which was needed in the nave,—the ray which could not reach the nave would so fall on the monument, that from the nave the latter could not itself be seen.

As we have said, these were heavy mistakes; and, springing up, as they did, in the midst of good intentions, they testified all the more emphatically to the difficulty of getting a perfect growth, in a matter of this kind, out of the red-tape atmosphere. Such as they were, however, and with all their faults, these conditions had been accepted as a part of the constitution of the monumental project, because they were imposed as such,—and the labours of a wide

fellowship of Art had been directed to making the best of them. For the weak points, as for the strong, of Sir Benjamin Hall's case, the Art-doctors wrought. As we have said, care had, at any rate, been taken by the then Chief Commissioner to give to his plan, such as it was, the air of a serious intention. Whatever objections there might be to certain features of the scheme of competition, it was so coloured by its author as to wear the complexion of a finality. Exceptions having been urged, by ourselves and others, against the manner in which essential principles of competition had been often violated, in the working of competition itself, Sir Benjamin Hall had taken honest pains to restore its constitution, and guarantee its healthy exercise. All the conditions of this contest had been carefully defined:—the nature and materials of the work,—the measures and forms of the space to be occupied,—the surrounding accidents,—the size of the models,—and the period assigned for their preparation. Departure from any of the terms of the programme, in any degree, was to exclude from the competition:—and the public were to be called in, that they might assist in the determination of that result which it was Sir Benjamin Hall's firm intention should be arrived at out of these prescriptions. Looking back, now,—it might almost seem as if the particulars of an absolute project had been elaborated by that minister, with an express view to emphasising more completely Lord John Manners's summary and prerogative negation of them all. Under the conditions of the former Chief Commissioner, *as their law*, sculptors from all parts of the world wrought:—and, now, according to the new authority, the end is to be, a work which rejects all the conditions given as such law. The site and the character of the monument are both to be changed, at the caprice of an individual wearing the very same official mantle under which both were insisted on. The Chief Commissioner of to-day takes upon himself to solve an important public question in a way which answers none of the terms included in its proposition.—In a word, Lord John Manners throws overboard Sir Benjamin Hall's salad, and all its ingredients,—and determines, authoritatively, that the country shall have a new compound of his own:—always, we take leave to suppose, in case Parliament will suffer him to impose it.

Now, really, in the summary assumption of a responsibility like this,—under circumstances so extraordinary as those of the Wellington Monument,—there is an amount of practical dogmatism, which renders it inexpressibly amusing to read the rebuke administered to "honourable members" by Lord John Manners, while in the act of making his own announcement, for their "habit of dogmatising on questions of Art." That rebuke, in that connexion, there is no possibility of reading otherwise than as the assertion of right to a monopoly of dogmatism on the part of Lord Derby's Chief Commissioner himself.—We were not sorry, then, to find Lord Lansdowne, in the other house, giving it as his opinion, that this Wellington Monument is a national, not a departmental, concern,—and declining, for his own part, to consent that a single individual shall be entrusted with the sole decision of such a subject,—even though that individual be Lord John Manners. For ourselves, we will go one step further,—and object the more strongly to the decision of an individual *because* that individual is Lord John Manners. We cannot say, that we derive any confidence from the mediæval tendencies of his lordship's mind. Lord John Manners's mental attitude of looking back, is not, to our thinking, the best for a chief commissioner of modern monuments. In the case before us, the decision of the Chief Commissioner is, that, instead of a Wellington



Monument in the sculpture-sense most commonly accepted amongst us now-a-days, we shall have a Wellington Chapel, after the mediæval fashion. Having "come to the conclusion, that the site indicated in the proposals for competition was not the best calculated for the erection of the monument,"—a conclusion in which it will have been seen that we entirely concur,—his lordship's next step in the process of ratiocination is, that "a side chapel, at the west end of the cathedral, which has hitherto been used as a Consistory Court" is the best,—and into that chapel we are unwilling to follow him. Our objections to an interior, at all, for this monument, even when that interior is of dimensions so vast as the area of St. Paul's, will scarcely be removed by shutting it up within the limits of a Consistory Chapel, and treating it with the commouplaces of mediæval Art. How far Lord John Manners's fancies may travel in the direction chosen by them,—and whether they may go the length of a *chapelle ardente*, with other kindred accompaniments of decoration, not logically to be looked for in our great Protestant cathedral,—at present we know not:—but sure we are, in any case, that a fitting monument to the Duke of Wellington, and to the age which rears it, should be, whatever its site, a nobly expressive work of sculpture art. Lord John, however, calls in the painter and the architect for the decoration of his Wellington Shrine,—and will so far recognise the sculptor, it appears, as to summon one "for the purpose of erecting figures in the chapel suitable to the monument." Mr. Penrose, the architect of the cathedral, will, as the new Chief Commissioner jauntily announces, be entrusted with "the general adaptation of the site and the ornamentation of the chapel;"—and "the assistance of some painter of eminence will also be called in." And then, according to Lord Derby,—by way of appearing to respect the rightful presumptions of the competition, about which so much had been said, that it would scarcely have been safe to overlook them,—Lord John Manners goes into Westminster Hall to see if amongst the models there exhibited he can find one which will meet his other conditions, and fit into his Wellington Shrine. It would have been strange, if he had not succeeded. In that rare assemblage there were at least a dozen, of more or less merit, well suited to such a design. In pursuit of his object, Lord John Manners has not to travel further than No. 18, where he comes upon the work of Mr. Stevens,—one of those which obtained a prize of £100 from the judges of the competition. This model, the Chief Commissioner and Mr. Penrose select as the one which, in their opinion, can best be made to harmonise with their compositive scheme:—and that this is likely, we can well believe, because we ourselves said of that design, in our notice of the Wellington models in Westminster Hall, that, with very considerable merits in its own kind, it was of nearly all the works there exhibited the one least suited to what a Wellington Monument in St. Paul's cathedral, as then understood, should be.—Of course, however, as, beyond what Lord John Manners has told us, we know nothing of what he is actually doing,—as he has taken upon himself to decorate his shrine upon plans which, further than the above broad sketch, are not before Parliament or the public,—we can, till we get a peep into the rare-show, offer no opinion of our own as to the appropriateness, in the new point of view, of the Chief Commissioner's selection.

Now, to return to our starting-point,—what strikes one painfully in this matter, is,—the absurd attitude in which it places the country before the eyes of the stranger. It must seem to the foreigners who competed for this work, as if the nation had formed no clear idea of what its own intentions really were. After all

the stir made about this monument, and all the publicity given to it, it turns out now, and all at once, that something else was actually wanted than the thing demanded. An entirely new scheme hurried up at the last moment, as the substitute of an old scheme which summoned a world, is a piece of practical self-conviction which, where a nation is the convict, challenges a foreign verdict that we scarcely like to abide. Of course, we, ourselves, know that some of this mischief arises from the system which not only hands over the management of our monuments to the caprice of an individual minister, but multiplies the caprice by an occasional change in the individual. Here, in a matter in which variety of tastes is a proverbial thing, we are to have the patched-up result of three several tastes, each bringing an assumed arbitrary action of its own to bear upon an assumed arbitrary action that had preceded it. This fault in our system, as we have said, we know,—but it will scarcely be allowed for abroad. Why should an Art minister be a minister subject to political changes?—The next thing by which we are struck, is, that, under such circumstances, any minister *should* take on himself to deal with a matter like the present after this high-handed fashion. One chief commissioner after another has seemed to assume, that his installation at the Board of Works invested him with the spirit of Art-prophecy. Here, now, is Lord John Manners dealing with this sum of £20,000 in a manner as free-and-easy as if it had not set a sculpture world in action, and, on his own mere motion, calling in the decorator for the solution of a national Art problem, with as little misgiving as if the object had been to carry out some pet project for a shrine in his own garden!

Out of the confusion into which this Wellington affair has fallen, we are free to confess, that it is not very easy for us to see the way to what *should* be done. We are, only, very sure, it should not be *this* thing which is announced. As Lord Lansdowne truly observed,—“our national taste is on trial in this matter.” Our readers know what our own views are as to the result of the competition in Westminster Hall. In the collection there exhibited, there was more than one model which might readily have been so adapted as to satisfy the conditions of an Art monument on the subject in question, in St. Paul's Cathedral,—and there was, at any rate, abundant evidence of a native Art-power to produce a noble monument, under fitting conditions, anywhere. Our own wish would have been, for a monument to the Duke, executed in bronze, and reared on some characteristic site, in the open air. On such a site, for such a sum, might at last have arisen amongst us a great public monument, worthy at once of the theme and of the Art summoned to its illustration. There, such a work might have fulfilled the conditions of its subject, undisturbed by any other ideas than such as properly belong to, and express, the subject itself,—and having no more necessary connection with the things around it than the necessity that it should compose well with them. The monument should have stood where the essential genius of the record was not unduly controlled by the *genius loci*:—where, as we have expressed ourselves before, it would have given and taken character as it stood,—conforming to all that was without itself, while making due assertion of its own individuality. Such a site we, ourselves, pointed out long ago,—and we could point out others now. If any such result were, by any fair course of proceeding, possible of attainment even yet, we need not say how gladly we would see such a redemption of a great occasion, now, we fear, thrown away. In any case, however, we do hope, that, where so large a sum of the public money, and so much of national Art character, are at stake, Parliament will think it

imperative that it should constitute itself assessor to Lord John. The national expectations in this matter are not to be summarily disposed of, in some new and quaint sense of his own, by an individual with red tape in his button-hole. Parliament knows very well, that the mere “kissing hands” cannot make an Apollo. Infallibility in Art matters cannot pass with a portfolio. The *ex cathedra* method of dealing is inadmissible in *cathedra*, where a monument of this significance is concerned, at a cost of £20,000.—The people's demand for a Wellington Monument, Lord John Manners will not, we trust, be permitted to answer with a Wellington Shrine.\*

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Everything here seems at a stand still; Paris, in the absence of the usual summer crowds of English and other foreigners, whom the passport system keep away, looks empty; the English families we so frequently saw in our principal streets and boulevards are now few and far between; indeed, who would brave the disagreeable necessities of the *Salle de la Prefecture* that could do otherwise? Our artists are *aux champs*, and all is, like the weather, *triste et ennuyeux*.—The ornamentation of the Louvre continues: medallions, portraits, &c., by Chavet, Brisset, Appert, &c., have been ordered. Episodes of French history, of the periods of Francis I., Louis XIV., and Napoleon I., are the principal subjects treated by these clever painters. Splendid houses continue to be built, while extensive demolitions will take place shortly. Barracks are building on all sides, and old Paris is disappearing: the Boulevard of Sebastopol, in the *Quartier St. Jacques*, is assuming a splendid appearance.—The controversy concerning the cleaning of the Rubens paintings still continues: those who saw them immediately after the cleaning still maintain their opinion of injury done.—Among the ten young artists admitted to paint for the *Prix de Rome* is M. Colin, jun.; we are glad to see our young friend in such an honourable situation, and wish him success.

BERLIN: THE MARRIAGE PRESENTS.—To the Prince Frederick William and his bride, the city of Berlin has presented a group of four objects, which may be united as a whole—all of solid silver—namely, a vase and plateau, a magnificent stand, and two candelabra. The stand partakes of the design of the antique tripod, and is thirty-six inches in height. Three lion's-claw feet, ornamented with the acanthus, support the sitting impersonations of the three cardinal Virtues, on the wings of which rests the massive circular top, whereon is engraved a ground plan of the present city of Berlin, together with the arms of its different quarters. The vase stands on a plateau, ornamented with the forms of two genii, with impersonations of Art, Science, Commerce, and Profession. The whole is surrounded with a belt in relief, containing more than seventy figures, representing the procession that accompanied the royal pair into Berlin. Upon the cover of the vase is placed an allegorical figure of Berlin, offering the keys of the city. The two candelabra—both nine feet high—are, like the rest, of antique design. The feet are lions' claws, united by tendrils and palm foliage; and hence rises the shaft, a strong stem, bearing a rich composition of foliage, flowers, and buds, which form a border for the support of a composition of figures, that embody the national virtues of the two nations, above which appears the upper part of the candelabrum, still enriched by vegetable composition, the shaft being ornamented by leaves and tendrils, that derive life from three figures with musical instruments—and above these are seen five children dancing; and besides these are especially remarkable the figures of Britannia and Borussia. The design for this admirable work is the production of Professor Fischer. In addition to this, the magnificent present of the capital, there are numerous other gifts of plate, glass, porcelain, richly bound books and albums, &c.; and especially remarkable are the carpets, one of which, from Görlitz, contains not less than 1200 square feet of work; another, from Breslau, measures 616 square feet, and is of oriental pattern. The ladies of Breslau, as a mark of their patriotism, have presented a carpet worked by themselves, measuring 24 feet long and 18 broad, consisting of fifty-four bouquets of flowers, each of which was the contribution of one lady.

\* We make no reference here to certain “rumours” that are in circulation on this subject, inasmuch as they are as yet rumours merely.



## EXHIBITION OF ART-MANUFACTURE

IN CONNECTION WITH THE

## DEPARTMENT OF SCIENCE AND ART.

THIS exhibition can be regarded only as a first step: it claims indulgence, and ought to receive it. Another year it will be our duty to consider it on its own merits alone. It consists of executed works in Art-manufacture, the designs for which have been produced by artists connected, either directly or indirectly, with the department of Science and Art at South Kensington. A large proportion of these artists have been entirely educated in the schools; others have been associated with it either as masters or as students for a time, to acquire information upon some special branch,—such as Herr Semper, Mr. Jefferson, and Mr. Perry.

The collection, although by no means what it might be, and, perhaps, was expected to be, is encouraging. In the twelve divisions under which the objects exhibited are classified, there will be found evidence of large advances in a right direction; such evidence is apparent in each of them, although more distinctly marked in some than in others. Enough is undoubtedly shown to prove that the Schools are doing their work, and that at length we are rewarded for enduring patience and hope long deferred. We may not forget, however, that the plan upon which the schools have been conducted was to educate the young; it was, therefore, a necessity that we should wait for results: these results are beginning to manifest themselves, so as to leave no doubt that the manufacturers *have been* supplied with assistants, directors, or superintendents, who, having been wisely trained and rightly educated, are ARTISTS; and who will so control the issues of the manufacturer, as generally to convey conviction, that truth and purity of design are always obtainable—that beauty is cheaper than deformity—and that it is no longer even profitable to multiply absurdities.

Until very recently a large proportion of producers were unable to distinguish what was good from what was bad; while those who had minds above the ordinary standard were unable to obtain the “aids” that could work out their own crude and indistinct notions. This was not the only evil: the public generally had no means of contrasting that which gratified and refreshed from that which distressed or degraded, in the articles of so-called “Art-manufacture,” by which convenience or necessity required they should be surrounded.

It is only common justice to the Department of Science and Art to say it has done much to remove these evils, by making the public familiar with excellence, cultivating the eye and mind to its appreciation, and inducing a sort of instinctive horror of that which is bad or base in design and execution; while assuredly its directors have taught the manufacturers where they may study what is pure and good—in books, in models, in drawings, in ancient produce, in modern productions; and where they may obtain efficient assistants, trained and taught under the best possible circumstances, and able to supply proofs of their capabilities to perform the tasks they may be called upon to undertake.

To overcome the difficulties in the way by marked and certain progress was a work of time: time has done much, if it has not done all. Those who even now note defects, obtain evidence of wrong, and consider the vast deal that is yet to do before perfection is obtained, will do well to go back a few years in memory, and contrast that which they find to-day with that which they remember yesterday; if they do this, they will have ample reason to rejoice that much of what they hoped for has been accomplished—that the greatest of many great obstacles, has been overcome.

It is quite clear that the annual sums “granted” for the Department of Science and Art are insufficient; perhaps the nation—acting through the Government, or rather through Parliament, always niggardly in reference to Art—has not yet obtained conviction that, as a mere matter of money policy, these schools have already largely repaid their cost. In some articles of Art-commerce we are now exporters where formerly we were importers; in others we fabricate at home that which we used to

buy in continental markets; in others we now compete for the palm of superiority with countries which, a few years ago, we never contemplated a possibility of rivalling. These are facts capable of easy proof: there can be no doubt, then, that our “returns” show direct results,—that for the ten or twelve thousand pounds annually granted to this establishment there is a gain to the country: indeed, Mr. Wilson, the late Secretary to the Treasury, describes such gain as immense.\* Can there, then, be any rational doubt that a more liberal outlay would obtain a larger profit?

Upon this subject, probably, we shall offer remarks—based on authentic statistics—hereafter.

If there be a monetary advantage to the country, that is the least of its gains: we might easily show how many other national advantages result from a popular cultivation of a taste for Art, and how much the manners, habits, and *morale* of the people may be in this way influenced or directed for good.

We are not attributing to the Department of Science and Art the whole—or even a very large share—of the improvement we assert to be apparent in *every* branch of British Art-manufacture; but, undoubtedly, that establishment has greatly contributed to such result. Yet it is only beginning to point to the harvest which the country may in due time reap; the ground has been prepared, and the seed duly planted.

The exhibition by which these remarks have been suggested, contains productions of British manufacture, ranged under various heads, under which heads we shall consider them. It is impossible to examine any one of the “divisions” without conviction that much, and valuable, progress has been made. First, take “THE GLASS”—carry the mind back twenty or even ten years ago, and contrast the forms then manufactured with those contained in the case of Messrs. Lloyd & Summerfield, designed and cut, or engraved, by Thomas Davies, William Sweeney, and William Silvers, pupils of the Birmingham School. If Messrs. Lloyd & Summerfield had produced one such article a few years ago, it would have been a marvel: it will be now as rare to find a bad thing issuing from their establishment, as it would have been to have found a good thing then. There is evidence equally conclusive in nearly all the glass exhibited.

In CERAMIC MANUFACTURES the case is even stronger. We have not yet in this art competed with our achievements of a century back. But twenty years ago, when our own acquaintance with this art and its producers commenced, there was nothing issued in England approaching in excellence the articles here shown from the factories of Minton, Kerr & Binns—or even from establishments formerly famous for extravagances or monstrosities. The names of the designers are given in all instances—a wise and just accord of well-earned reputation.

In ORNAMENTAL METAL-WORK the collection is very limited; the exhibition does not give us much that is new; but the cast-iron mantelpieces of Colebrook Dale and Rotherham are of considerable excellence. The fenders and fire-irons of Dudley are decidedly good: those of some of the Sheffield houses manifest much excellence; while the brass works, chiefly for ecclesiastical purposes, of Hart of London, maintain their supremacy. Of the very admirable, novel, and effective productions of Mr. Potts, of Handsworth, we shall write more at length than we can do in this article.

In PLATED WARES there are many encouraging examples of progress. Messrs. Elkington, of course, lead the van; but the productions of Prime, Atkins, Gough, and others, of Sheffield and of Birmingham, leave no doubt of the great advance that has been made in truth of design, purity of form, and

\* Mr. Wilson said “he believed that no money had for a long period been spent so well as the grants for the Schools of Design. It was not that these schools taught the principles of a very high Art, but they conferred a practical knowledge, and afforded information to those obliged to earn their bread, that were really invaluable. See what had been done of late years, and it would give hon. members an idea of what these schools had done. Their exports to France had risen from £400,000 to two millions a year, principally of porcelain and articles of that description, of which the French had always the monopoly. The people of this country were now become their rivals: their whole exports of silk formerly to all parts of the world were not so great as those now sent to France alone; and he submitted that these facts showed the immense advantages conferred of late years by those Schools of Design on the manufacture of this country.”

elegance of ornamentation. Under this head there is one work—“a white metal cast of vase, manufactured by Messrs. Bernard & Son, designed by C. P. Slocombe,” that may be fearlessly placed beside, and compared with, the best productions of France, in a class of art in which, until very lately, England was groping utterly in the dark.

In JEWELLERY there are results absolutely startling: these are chiefly the productions of Messrs. Bragg, of Birmingham. Let the ladies of “a certain age” compare them with the adornments procurable in their youth!

In FURNITURE and WOOD CARVING we are introduced to some old acquaintances; but among those which are new will be found several works of great beauty: such are the contributions of Messrs. Trollope, and especially those of Mr. William Perry—a carved clock-case and brackets, emblematic of the Seasons, exquisitely wrought. We may direct attention to the tea-trays of Messrs. Jennens & Bettridge, and ask that they may be compared with the issues in papier-mâché of twenty years ago, when masses of huge gaudy colours, with unmeaning splashes of gold, were considered essential to make a work look valuable. Producers of this class of goods have found that if it be not a fraud, it is at all events a mistake, to make purchasers pay for an accumulation of cost that is worthless.

In LACE AND LINEN DAMASKS improvements are very apparent. The productions of Nottingham evidence the benefits of the schools perhaps more than do those of any other town in England. Look at those exquisitely beautiful imitations of point-lace, of Mr. William Vickers, designed by John Fox, and by Mr. W. Vickers, jun.; those lace toilet covers, of Messrs. Heyman & Alexander; the lace lappets of Wright & Son; the lace curtains of Adams & Co., and those of MM. Jacoby; and it will be impossible to arrive at any other conclusion than that here, at all events, the schools have done a world of good.

In SILKS AND RIBBONS there is evidence less satisfactory: these articles are yet in the trammels of fashion, and the producer will cater to the customers he will not try to teach.

Of PRINTED FABRICS and of WOVEN SHAWLS much the same must be said, although Glasgow and Paisley show that their schools have not been idle or unprofitable. From neither Spitalfields nor Norwich are there any contributions.

Of CARPETS there are many beautiful specimens; none of the old, huge, abominable bunches of big flowers, scattered among rocks, or temples, or in gigantic vases, now threaten to trip up those who step upon them. Let us think of the past with a shudder; but with gratitude, when we compare the coveted floor coverings of past times with those that are now submitted to us by Jackson & Graham, Lapworth, Harrison of Stourport, Palmer of Kidderminster, and others, whose obligations to the pupils of the schools are recorded in the catalogue by the publication of their names.

Among the “MISCELLANEOUS,” there are many productions that claim attention and demand respect. We need refer only to the PAPER-HANGINGS—although why they are classed under this head we are at a loss to know. There is no article of British commerce which supplies more indisputable evidence of satisfactory and valuable progress. Look at any old walls, hung twenty, fifteen, or even ten years back, and see what offence and injury is received from the horrid distortions then almost universal in English papers for rooms. We may not yet rival the best *fabricants* of Paris, but we are surely in the way to do so; at all events, we imagine our imports from France of this article must have been growing less from year to year, and that the productions of Messrs. Woollam will content the most refined. But it is in the inferior papers—the cheap penny-a-yard papers—that the most extraordinary and the most beneficial change has taken place; it is now really difficult to find a very ugly specimen in the stock of any manufacturer; it has been found in this instance, perhaps, more than in any other, that “Beauty is cheaper than deformity.”

We have not gone at much length into this subject; it was not necessary to do so. In recording our own satisfaction with this, the *first* “Exhibition of Art-manufacture, designed or executed by students of the schools of Art in connection with the Science and Art Department, South Kensington, London,”



we have, we believe, expressed the opinions of all visitors. But it is to be regarded only as the first instalment of a public debt. It is surely very incomplete: from some cities and towns in which schools have been long established, there has come nothing; in several of those that have sent, the best manufacturers have, from some cause or other, held back. We see the "pick" of the various goods, no doubt—of their poor or bad productions we see none; while in several very important branches of Art-manufacture there is no evidence of any sort or kind to guide us. Making all allowances, however, for defects, mistakes, or "shortcomings," the exhibition affords us many proofs that "the Schools" are gradually working out their high purpose of educating not only the producer, but the public. They are establishing their right to the annual grant they receive from Parliament, and conveying conviction that it ought to be increased, as a sound policy and a wise "investment."

### THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Its days at the National Gallery are numbered. During the debate in the House of Commons, on which depended their existence in Trafalgar Square, there was not a single voice raised in their advocacy: they have fallen so far without a solitary tribute to their merit and value—without a syllable of lament or an expression of gratitude for services that extend over a period approaching a century. This is neither right, wise, nor just. The attack was led by Lord Elcho, supported by Mr. Coningham, Mr. Locke King, Mr. D. Seymour, Mr. W. Ewart, and Mr. A. Smith; and even the Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated his willingness to carry into effect that which appeared to be the will of Parliament. We have so lately treated this subject—and at great length—that we do not consider it necessary to devote space to it now: it is clear that the members of the Royal Academy must make prompt arrangements for a "flitting;" not, we hope and believe, without receiving the compensation to which they are rightly and justly entitled: and which added to their own very large funds, may suffice to erect a building that will be their own, and in which they will be entirely independent. The difficulty will be to procure a site: there is one in every way desirable close to the Abbey at Westminster, immediately opposite the "Westminster Palace Hotel," now in course of erection. We may regret, we certainly do so, that an arrangement does not seem probable or possible, by which the Royal Academy could obtain the whole of the ugly building on "the finest site in Europe;" while the country obtained an edifice that should really be a Palace of Art worthy the age and the country, which the mass of stone, brick, and mortar in Trafalgar Square can never be: but circumstanced as we are, with the WILL of Parliament very clearly expressed, we must only hope that no indecent haste will be exhibited to deprive the Academy of the advantages—such as they are, and they are small and limited—it has received from the nation as a recompense for its services rendered to Art for eighty years and upwards in England. Why was there no one in the House to tell Lord Elcho and his supporters that the argument was not all on one side? Certainly, the Academy has done little to conciliate enemies, and about as little to obtain friends: they will, no doubt, draw the toga gracefully about them, and meet their fate with "dignity;" but with us, at all events, if with no one else, it shall not be that—

"The evil that men do lives after them,  
The good is oft interred with their bones."

In due time, we shall write, if we may not speak, the funeral oration of a body that has kept Art alive in England—educated nearly all our best painters and sculptors—done many works of charity—and given to the profession in England a status it could have derived from no other source.

We have treated the Royal Academy always freely: commented on its faults—and they are many; on its "shortcomings"—and they are notorious; but we may not therefore forget that we owe it much, and that its epitaph must be written with a grateful memory of the past.

### NAPIER.

FROM THE STATUE BY G. G. ADAMS.

THIS statue of the "Hero of Scinde," the name by which the gallant Napier is familiarly known among us, stands at the south-west angle of Trafalgar Square; it was erected by public subscription, a very considerable amount of the sum collected being contributed by the non-commissioned officers and the privates of the troops who at various times had served under his command.

General Charles James Napier, K.C.B., &c., was eldest son of the Honourable George Napier and Lady Sarah Lennox, daughter of the second Duke of Richmond; he was born in 1782. At the early age of twelve years he obtained a commission in the 33rd, the Duke of Wellington's regiment, but did not join the army for active service till some time after; in truth, though war was raging throughout the world, Napier was "on duty" at home, till his twenty-seventh year, when, as major in the 50th regiment, he was suddenly called to Portugal, after the battle of Vimiera. On account of the absence of his colonel, the command of the regiment devolved upon Napier; and it was the 50th that mainly sustained the assailing columns of the French at Corunna: in the action he was severely wounded, and made prisoner, was soon after exchanged, by Ney, and returned to England. He remained at home for a few months, and then again joined the British army, as a volunteer, in the Peninsula, and served under Wellington, till promotion brought him once more to England.

In 1812 he took command of a newly-raised regiment, the 102nd, and sailed for Bermuda; the following year he exchanged into his old corps, the 50th, in which he continued till the end of 1814, when he was reduced on half-pay, and entered the military college at Farnham.

When Napoleon escaped from Elba, and Europe rose in arms to resist him, Napier, like an old war-horse, "sniffed the battle from afar," and hastened to join the British troops as a volunteer; he was too late, however, to take share in the triumphs of Waterloo, but aided at the storming of Cambray, and in the attack on Paris. He remained in the latter city only a few days after its occupation, and then returned to his military college. In 1819 he was appointed inspecting field officer in the Ionian Islands. In 1830 he was superseded in his command, and returned to his native country.

We have not space to follow the steps of this gallant and noble-hearted soldier through the period that intervened between his last return to England, and that of his departure for India, in 1841. Since 1838, or rather the commencement of 1839, he held the chief military command in the northern districts of our country, at that time in a very disturbed state from the discontent of the working classes; his conciliatory counsels and conduct, no less than his courage and firmness, tended much to prevent disaffection breaking out into open warfare. His career in India forms one of the brightest pages in the history of British Indian rule; forcibly and eloquently has it been written by a brother, who, conscious of the merits and worth of his kinsman, has, in his "Life of Charles James Napier," laboured with feelings honourable to their fraternal relationship to do justice to his memory, and to place it in a right position before his fellow-countrymen, who have not been slow in recognising and appreciating the testimony recorded by Sir William Napier, in his biography of the late veteran officer, who died at Oaklands, August 29, 1853.

Mr. Adams's statue is a faithful and characteristic representation of the "Hero of Scinde;" we see in it the man as he was when living. The sculptor has abstained—notwithstanding he had many inducements, artistically, for so doing—from modifying, to any extent, the peculiarities of personal appearance, and from any sculptural introductions that might give additional elegance to the work; it is a bold, animated copy of a bold, lion-hearted, and generous soldier. The sculptor, we believe, is at present engaged upon another statue of the general, different in design, to be erected in St. Paul's Cathedral, out of the surplus funds, so we understand, of the public subscription.

### OBITUARY.

M. ARY SCHEFFER.

THIS distinguished painter, one of the chief ornaments of the French, whose death we briefly announced last month, was born in 1795, at Dordrecht, in Holland, where his father, an artist of some repute, followed his profession. Young Scheffer was sent to Paris at an early age to study painting; his first picture, "Abel singing a Hymn of Praise," was exhibited in 1812; the talent he displayed in this work at once established him as an artist from whom much might, at a future time, be expected. In 1817 he exhibited the "Death of St. Louis," and two years after "The Surrender of Calais to Edward III." In 1822, his picture of "Francesca da Rimini," gained for him universal applause; this period is referred to as an epoch in French Art, when the painters of that country made a successful effort to break away from the teachings of David and his immediate disciples, which had for a long time influenced the school of France. Gericault was the first to raise the standard of independence in his picture of the "Raft of the Medusa," a painting that attracted great attention in London; Delacroix soon after followed in the "Massacre of Seio;" and then Scheffer came forward with his "Francesca da Rimini," "Suliot Women," and "Gaston de Foix;" these two last works are now in the Luxembourg. Ingres also adopted the new system in his "Vow of Louis XIII.," and in the "Apotheosis of Homer," &c.; and thus these four distinguished artists, though of unequal age and experience, formed the vanguard of progress at this remarkable period.

History, sacred and profane, poetry, *genre*, and portraiture, have found their representative in the pictures of Ary Scheffer; of his sacred subjects, his most celebrated paintings are "Christ blessing little Children," "The Agony in the Garden," "Christ and the two Marys," and "Christ the Comforter;" an engraving from the last-mentioned picture was given in the *Art-Journal* for 1846; the "St. Augustine and his Mother," though not strictly of a religious character, must be classed with these works.

Of his subjects drawn from secular history, we may point out, in addition to those already referred to, his "Battle of Talbiac."

From the writings of Goethe came several pictures of "Margaret," his "Mignon," and others; from Dante, "Beatrice;" from Byron, "Medora;" and from Schiller, "King Thulé;" in truth, Scheffer resorted to the best sources for subjects by which his genius might be drawn forth and developed. Many of his best works have been excellently engraved.

"The admiration which they command," thus we wrote twelve years ago, "is not of that kind which is lavished upon voluptuous expression, or conventions in taste and style; but it is the result of the operation of one mind upon another. This artist may be called the sternest philosopher of his own—nay, of any—school of Art; for he dwells not upon those qualities so ardently taught by others; he rejects all display of drawing and colour, fine composition and picturesque effect; none of those upon which so many labour an entire life-time, contribute to the charm of his works. The absence of texture, execution, and superficial Art, cannot be regretted in productions constituted to fascinate by their depth of poetical feeling, and to appeal to the tenderest emotions by their touching and pathetic sentiment. It is the admirable purpose of this famous painter to search for, and select, motives characterised by a simple sublimity, that would, in other hands, be utterly untractable—to describe moral incident so vague and undefinable as to seem beyond the compass of Art—to paint, in short, that which so many have essayed with a measure of success so limited—that is, the immaterial—and, as a talisman, to endow the canvas with a mastery over the soul: and this lofty purpose is sufficiently evident in the works consulted by Scheffer for his subject-matter. . . . It is not necessary to attempt to show how much of delicately constituted mind; how much of profound sensibility and of ardent imagination is necessary to range up to intimate communion with such men and such books; to become sensible of their images and most subtle creations. It can be sufficiently understood what qualities of mind are essential to appropriate to painting those grand poetical fictions





HAPJER

ENGRAVED BY R. ARTLEY FROM A DRAWING BY J. H. ADAMS







—to transfigure upon canvas those divine visions of genius. In the works of M. Scheffer, there is apparent a restless desire of knowledge and search after the means of Art, and a religious labour of execution is not less manifest. It would be profitable to examine what the artist has done, and hence to estimate his precise value; to consider his manner—his transformations—the two powerful influences by which in turn he has acknowledged himself moved—that is to say, colour and drawing; and to observe the progressive and complete fusion of the two, and it would be deeply interesting to pursue this obstinate struggle between form and idea, and these successive attempts at the attainment of powerful expressions and grand execution. Independently of his striking originalities, it is his imagination—depth of soul—pathetic sentiment, and infinite moral tenderness, which will place Scheffer in the rank of the first painters of his time—or of any time.”

All that Scheffer has done since these remarks were written, only serve to confirm us in the opinions we then expressed: throughout the whole of his career there has been an aim and a singleness of purpose which he ever sought to realize, and from which no efforts of contemporaneous or preceding Art could turn him aside; so long as grandeur of design, combined with elevated sentiment and exquisite poetical feeling, are recognised as the highest qualities of Art, the works of Ary Scheffer will receive the tribute of a world's admiration: not only France, but Europe has lost a great artist.

As a man, no less than a painter, the memory of Scheffer deserves to be held in honour; his high moral character, the dignity, yet simplicity of his life, his probity, liberality, and the genuine nobility of his nature, were appreciated by all who had the opportunity of knowing him. Apparently, a more “lovable” man never existed. He was happy in his home until the death of his wife, an English lady, to whom he was deeply attached. He attracted around him a society renowned not only for genius, but for virtue. He was the personal friend of Louis Philip, and the whole of the Orleans family—his devotion to them was, indeed, a principle that influenced his life. We recall to memory the impressive, the almost religious feeling with which, a few years ago, he led us into a small oratory in his house, in which he had collected a large number of models, sketches in clay, and unfinished works, the productions of the amiable and accomplished Princess Marie: the earnest fervour with which he referred to this lamented lady was a kind of worship—that which the pupil often has for the master, but which the master rarely feels towards the pupil.

We have seldom known any great man who so completely realized the idea that might have been formed of him from his works. There was a dignity in his bearing such as is seldom seen in France—a grave aspect, and a manner sedate, if not solemn, giving assurance of conscious power, of a mind rightly directed, a heart full of pure and natural feeling, a nature generous and benevolent, and a life swayed only by truth. Ary Scheffer was a good man; those who saw him instinctively knew him to be so. His name will be high among those of the race of genius—still higher among those who have been famous for virtue.

His own pictures—first ideas and sketches—were evidences of the pure and holy feelings that influenced and directed his public and private life. His themes were in nearly all cases those which stimulate to elevated thought: his studies were those of a lover of Nature and Art, who knew that the one ever illustrated the benevolence of the Creator, and that the great end of the other was to be a record of His mercies.

#### MR. W. H. KEARNEY.

This artist, one of the earliest members, if we mistake not, of the New Society of painters in Water Colours, died on the 25th of June, in the 58th year of his age. He was essentially a landscape-painter, though often essaying, and not unsuccessfully, figure-subjects; his style was more characteristic of our early school of water-colour painting than of the present. His pictures manifest honesty of intent and a careful study of nature, but they lack the brilliancy which most modern collectors look for and desire.

### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—The Royal Academicians, we are happy to announce, have made one more step in the direction of common sense,—though the step is but a small one, and taken under the direct pressure of the most imperious logic. They have made such an alteration in their laws, as gets rid of the chance that an associate's place in their body (of which, our readers know, there are not too many when they are all filled up) may remain vacant for twelve or fourteen months, according to the period of the year at which a vacancy in the higher rank of the body may happen to accrue. The election to the Associateship is henceforth to take place in the month of February:—so that it will follow immediately on the election which elevates a previous member of the body to the Academician's seat. The familiar figure of the empty chair is banished from the Academy:—let us hope that the other familiar figure of the Professor who makes no profession may soon follow it.

**MADMOISELLE RACHEL.**—A case of piracy, in connection with the name of this great actress, deceased, has just been brought, on behalf of her surviving family, before the tribunals, in Paris,—in which the name of an artist of some eminence, Madame O'Connell, figures, in a way showing that some of our recent comments on the latitudinarian practices of artists themselves have a wider geographical application than was originally given to them. The circumstances lying at the foundation of the case are striking in themselves,—in a sense, wild and painful;—and such as should have added a sanctity of their own to the fence which the mere moralities involved had established between the family of the actress and the pirate. Mademoiselle Sarah Felix, the sister of the illustrious deceased, anxious to perpetuate in her own home the last memories of the great mind that was passing away, engaged a photographer, at Cannes, to catch a final likeness of her living sister as she lay on her death-bed. The artist was only too successful, according to his means:—the Art employed, too true to its own stern conditions. The representation obtained was described in court as being, in its fidelity, “horrible to behold;” rendering the features of the dying woman as they were contracted—this time, not at the bidding of the actress's art, but in obedience to the great natural law—by the death agony. Such a memorial could not be offered to the family and the few immediate friends for whom it had been intended;—and Mademoiselle Sarah applied to a photographer in Paris, to soften it down. The photographer so employed signed an agreement, by which he bound himself to take every possible precaution against the original photograph, or his own modification of it, getting, either of them, into the hands of the public; yet, he had the imprudence,—in full reliance, we dare say, on the honour of Madame O'Connell, but it was a gross imprudence, nevertheless,—to permit that lady to make a copy of the awful presentment. Madame O'Connell made in it certain alterations of her own; and sent it to MM. Goupil, the well-known print-sellers, with instructions to offer copies of it for sale.—The mere commonplace spirit of piracy acquires an intensity out of these facts, from which the mind turns with a sort of horror. Madame O'Connell announces the last scene in the last performance of the great actress, for her own private benefit,—and lifts, with a sacrilegious hand, the curtain behind which the stage is a death-bed and the drama a death!—Mademoiselle Sarah, under the laws applicable to the subject, caused the unsold copies of Madame O'Connell's piracy to be seized,—and such that lady before the tribunals for damages. She pleads affectingly, that, though her sister had been a public performer, and as such public property, she was not acting here,—and her death-bed, like her private life, was the property of her family alone:—and she promises to give away any damages which the court will award her, to the poor.

**BRITISH SCULPTURE AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—Among the projects which have arisen from the change in the management of affairs at Sydenham, and the new hopes that grow out of it, there is one which proposes the establishment of a British Court of Sculpture at the Crystal Palace. Hitherto, this branch of our native Arts has experienced the same neglect at Sydenham which has grown, seem-

ingly, into a fashion amongst constituted bodies,—but against which it might very fairly have looked to this particular quarter for redress. The projectors of the great institution in question were, however, smitten with that love of the *foreign* which is a prevailing mania of the day in this country. Towards the bringing together of that grand collection of casts which make of this place the greatest school of ancient and modern sculpture (so far as the teaching by examples is concerned) in the world, commissioners were dispatched by them into all the continental states, furnished with ample powers and ample purses for the purchase of copies or casts of classic and later works of Art down to the present time,—and with instructions to defray the expenses of their transport to England, and to their final place of destination. The English sculptors were, at the same time, *invited* to send copies of their best works, at their own cost,—and, the works to be at the absolute disposal of the managers of this institution as regards site and arrangement. That the consequence has been, a very imperfect representation hitherto of British sculpture at the Crystal Palace, arises, naturally, both out of the conditions of such an appeal under any circumstances, and out of the fact that under the particular circumstances above detailed the British sculptor felt himself unworthily treated. This state of things, however, was highly unsatisfactory to all the interests concerned,—and is perceived now to be so. It is felt on all hands, that our native sculpture ought to take the place that of right belongs to it in the magnificent school of sculpture which has arisen amongst ourselves. This conviction is, as we are informed, intended to be carried into effect, by the establishment of a separate court for British sculpture at the Palace, in which shall be assembled copies—and, of course, originals where they can be had—of the masterpieces of the English school:—and the works which this court contains are to be there arranged with a view to suitable accidents of light and draped background, somewhat after the method which our readers will remember as so effective in the Italian Sculpture Court in the first Crystal Palace, for the Exhibition of 1851.

**ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.**—A correspondence which has taken place between the Bishop of London and the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, on the subject of adapting the dome area of the cathedral to the purposes of divine service, has resulted in a determination to appeal to the public for such a sum as will enable the object to be carried out in a manner which shall constitute a new adornment of our great ecclesiastical edifice. The bare fact of increased accommodation to the extent needed, could, it seems, be accomplished for £1000; but in order that such accommodation may be supplied on a scale worthy of Wren's masterpiece, an effort is to be made to raise by subscription a fund amounting to £11,000 or £12,000. The objects comprehended, include a plan for lighting the church, as well as warming it,—and for the enlargement of the present organ, or its substitution by a new one better suited to the dimensions of the vast interior. Towards the maintenance of this magnificent fabric the trustees have little more than £1000 a year,—and, therefore, no funds available for the objects contemplated. These objects, it is urged, should not be carried out in such a manner as to impoverish the effect of one of the finest structures in the world, and discredit the grand legend which makes the cathedral itself the monument of its great architect.—“I cannot,” says the Dean, “think this [the amount named] an exorbitant sum to be expended on the metropolitan church of this opulent city, the last resting-place of so many of our greatest heroes, statesmen, men of letters, and of arts,—the centre of the Christian worship of the land.”

**THE PUBLICATIONS OF THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY.**—If the public be not acquiring an extensive knowledge of the works of the Italian pioneers of Art, it is not the fault of their instructors. The National Gallery will now afford the amateur an insight into the beginnings and early development of painting: but constituted authorities are not our only teachers—the Arundel Society has published four prints from the works of Giotto and Perugino—“The Giotto Chapel, at Padua,” and “The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian,” two chromolithographs by Mr. Vincent Brooks, and “The Hiring of Judas,” and “The Last Supper,” two wood engravings by Messrs. Dalziel Brothers. In the Martyrdom, we recognise



at once the figures of Perugino. The saint is attached to a column, and four figures with the long and cross-bow are discharging their arrows at him. The figures are highly finished, but too pleasing in expression and graceful in action for murderers. The figures, in character and costume, are very like those in the new Perugino in the National Gallery. It is painted on the wall, behind the high-altar, in the chapel of St. Sebastian, near the small town of Panicale, which stands above the Lake of Perugia. It was painted in 1503, and although the cost was only to be eleven florins, the Panicalese had not in 1507 paid the money. In that year, Perugino was requested to lend some banners for the *fiesta* of Corpus Christi, to which he replied that he would paint fourteen for the occasion, but he required that they should be returned to him unless the money agreed for the fresco were paid; the debt was of course liquidated, and the banners were kept. Both the Giotto and the Perugino are large plates, and so well executed that, in the chapel, we readily recognise all the subjects on the walls.

**THE SCENERY OF IRELAND.**—We have much pleasure in directing public attention to a series of stereoscopic views issued by the London Stereoscopic Company; it amounts in number to 100—sufficient, therefore, to convey a fair idea of the beauties and peculiarities of the very interesting country it thus depicts. As we believe we have seen every place pictured in the collection, our recommendation may have some weight; we do recommend it cordially; especially as it cannot fail to add other inducements to those that already exist, to tourists to visit Ireland; where they will find—by its lakes and rivers, among its mountains, by its wild sea-coasts, in its ancient castles and venerable abbeys, gazing on its mysterious Round Towers, examining its fine buildings, standing near its grand waterfalls,—in short, wherever they may wander, attractions, such as, we believe, no other part of the British dominions can afford them, at so small a cost of time, labour, and money. This series does the country justice—in so far as pictures can do it: we have here the most charming “bits” of all-beautiful Killarney; the loveliest dells and hills and lakes of Wicklow; the most imposing and picturesque of its ruins—such as Cashel, Jerpoint, Holy Cross, Mucross, and Kileara; the finest of its modern structures—the Bank, the Post-office, the Custom-house, the Four Courts, and the College, in Dublin; the grandest of its waterfalls—Tore, Powerscourt, and Dunmore; magnificent river breaks and cataracts, such as those on the Ouvane and the Deenagh; the most solemn and impressive, or the most agreeable and lovely of its glens—the Devil’s Glen, the Dargle, the Gap of Dunloe, and the Sealp; the quays at Dublin and Cork; the old castles—Blarney, Carrig-a-droid, and Ross; with “miscellanies” of a varied and striking order—such as Dangan Castle (the birth-place of Wellington), the monastic relics and crosses at Monasterboice, the Tunnel leading from Glengarriff to Kenmare, Cork Harbour, the Mines in Wicklow, Howth and Kilkenny Castles (built by the Norman settlers, and still inhabited by their lords), &c. &c. It will be seen, therefore, that the series may afford pleasure of the highest order; not only to those who having visited the country know the places well, but to those who delight in beautiful and characteristic scenery—the works of Nature or of Art. It is, thus, a valuable acquisition which this company has brought within our reach; and we thank them for it, as a boon to Ireland and a gratification to England.

**THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.**—The exhibition of this Society was closed on the 22nd of June, having been opened to the public on the 5th of April. The sales of this season more than doubled those of the last, whence may be drawn a fair augury of the future success of this institution, which may now be considered as established. The quality of the pictures of this season was much superior to that of last year—an amelioration, undoubtedly, due to a prospect of exhibition, a stimulus much more potent than any other we know; and hence, it is to be hoped, that a similar yearly advance will be observed. Figure drawing we look to as the test of power in all exhibitions: the figure compositions here were neither numerous nor pretentious, but on examining many of them, we marvelled where the ladies could have gathered their knowledge, for with us there are no facilities for

lady students. In default, therefore, of a school in which ladies could draw from casts, and paint and draw from the living draped figure, it would be most advantageous if, when the society is permanently settled in premises of its own, that the exhibition room be employed as a school during that portion of the year that it is not open to the public. The proportion of flower and fruit compositions was excessive in comparison with that of figure works,—by the establishment of a school this would be remedied.

**SIR GARDNER WILKINSON ON “OBELISKS.”**—This distinguished critic and traveller has made some remarks upon this subject in a communication to the honorary secretary of the Institute of Architects, which our readers will thank us for transferring to our columns. He first asks, “What idea we associate with an obelisk? and what is our plea for adopting it as a monument?” Having answered this question, he reasons thus:—“To copy the obelisk, with which we have no association of ideas, gives the impression of inability to compose a monumental design. It is a mere repetition of a well-known form (even if correctly copied); and if men of talent are to do themselves credit by designing monuments displaying originality and some mental power, they should scarcely be satisfied with the copy of an object adapted neither to our wants nor to our ideas. An obelisk before an Egyptian temple is deserving of admiration, because it fulfils the purpose for which it was intended: its form is graceful; and the hieroglyphics also add to its beauty when well cut. These, indeed, are an important feature in the obelisk; it appears heavy without them, and never looks well, even in its proper place before an Egyptian temple, when unsculptured. But I do not suppose that any copy of an obelisk would advocate the addition of hieroglyphics in this country. If then it is not consistent to preserve this one of its peculiar and pleasing features, how can it be consistent to adopt the obelisk itself, which is injured by their omission? And I see no plea for its adoption as a monument, when neither its object nor its proper position is regarded.” Circumstances have occurred to render it probable that this subject will be much considered and discussed; we are anxious thus early to place on record the opinion of one of the safest and best authorities.

**HERR MUNDLER** has been stripped of his poor salary of £300 by the tender mercies of Lord Eleho. This is rather pitiful: if his lordship had moved to do away with the appointment altogether, there would have been good show of reason for the act; but Herr Mundler is still to be allowed his travelling expenses (somewhere about £700 a year), while he is to be without a salary. It is, however, probable that he will resign altogether.

**THE LECTURES AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.**—These Lectures, which are delivered daily by the Rev. Charles Boutell, have, we understand, given great satisfaction to the directors and the visitors. We shall take an early opportunity of explaining their nature and purpose, and probable results.

**THE WIDOW OF THE LATE JOHN HOGAN.**—It is gratifying to learn that her Majesty has been graciously pleased to grant a pension of £100 a year to the widow of the distinguished Irish sculptor. This is another instance of “justice to Ireland;” another recognition of the principle that Ireland is to be considered “part and parcel” of England. Of the pensions granted by the Crown, we believe the larger number are enjoyed by Irish men or women.

**QUEEN’S COLLEGE, LONDON.**—Mr. Scharf has resigned his post as Professor of Painting and Drawing in this Institution, and is succeeded by Mr. Cave Thomas. The resignation of Mr. Scharf has been occasioned by the increasing duties devolving upon him as Secretary of the National Portrait Gallery.

**ENGRAVINGS BY MARC ANTONIO.**—At the recent sale of Dr. Wellesley’s celebrated collection of engravings, by Marc Antonio, a very large number of the prints realized extraordinarily high prices: for example—‘The Madonna lamenting over the dead body of Christ,’ after Raffaele, sold for £38; the same design, engraved a second time, with the right arm draped, very rare, £51; ‘The Martyrdom of St. Felice,’ £33; ‘Death of Lueretia,’ £76 13s.; ‘Cleopatra,’ £37; ‘The Judgment of Paris,’ £63; ‘Orpheus and Eurydice,’ £49; ‘Poetry,’ after Raffaele, £43; ‘Peace,’ after Raffaele, £43;

‘Galatea,’ after Raffaele, £44; ‘Lueretia standing in a niche’ (before the alterations), by G. Francia, £62. The whole collection sold for nearly £1736.

**STUDIES FROM NATURE.**—It will scarcely be believed that, in the middle of the nineteenth century, a legislator, from his seat in the House of Commons, should move the withdrawal of a parliamentary grant, from a Royal Academy of Artists, on the ground that students were permitted to draw from the nude figure! Yet this startling event has actually occurred: Lord Haddo having moved to cut off £20 from the annual £300 allowed to the Royal Hibernian Academy, inasmuch as the said £20 had been paid to persons who sat to the artists in a state of nature, in order that they might make drawings from the natural figure. We have here deplorable evidence indeed of what *is*—in reference to Art. We do not enlarge upon this subject: it excites pity—but it is humiliating also.

**MR. WOODINGTON**, whose studio is in Stauhope Street, Regent’s Park, has executed a statue of the late Mr. Steele, of Carlisle, the cost of which is defrayed by public subscription. The figure is nine feet in height, and holds in one hand a scroll, the other being slightly raised, as if the subject were speaking. The only drapery is a loose long coat secured at the throat by one button; and we have never seen a more effective and judicious disposition of this costume, so difficult to deal with in sculpture. The figure is in Sicilian marble, and intended to be placed out of doors. It will be one of the most remarkable public statues in these kingdoms.

**PAINTED GLASS.**—The practice of glass-painting is that in which the progress of the time is less observed than in any other department of Art. We are, therefore, glad to recognize any able and artistic composition tending in its spirit to the amelioration of a means, now becoming very popular, of commemorating departing worth. The smaller windows of Ely Cathedral are now nearly filled with memorial compositions in painted glass, of which the subjects have been selected by the Dean and Chapter. The subject of one of these—the production of Mr. Hedgeland—is “Jonah preaching to the Ninevites,” in which the artist emphatically marks his subject by direct reference to the Assyrian remains. It is a window of three lights, or compartments, each of them contains a portion of the subjects canopied by an arch, above which rises a gable that again occurs upwards, terminating the light with designs of the richest Gothic tracery. The figure of Jonah, occupying the principal compartment, is draped; it equals in firmness and energy Masaccio’s “St. Paul,” and the effect of his fearful denunciation is manifest in the lateral groups, who are bowed down in lamentation at the prospects of the doom which awaits them. In the background appear the winged bull and the palaces of Nineveh, and all the studies have been made as carefully as if for an historical picture. The drapery of the prophet is red over white, forcibly relieved by blue of two tints, and the distribution of red, green, yellow, and blue, in the lateral compartments is brilliant and effective—indeed, as a whole, it is a work of a high order of excellence. The window is still in Mr. Hedgeland’s studio, in York Place.

**ART-PROGRESS IN IRELAND.**—The newspapers have informed us that a deputation, consisting exclusively of Irish members of Parliament, waited on the Right Hon. the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having for their object the establishment of a national gallery in Dublin; and it is understood that Government is willing to aid the project by an annual grant of £5000. Mr. Disraeli regards this application as a favourable sign of progress in that country,—and, undoubtedly, it is so. Hitherto, Irish agitation has rarely assumed a form out of which could arise any practical benefit to Ireland; rare opportunities have been lost, but not irrecoverably. This proposal ought to receive, and no doubt will receive, the cordial support of England; and we have sanguine hopes that at no very distant period an institution will exist in Dublin that shall be suggestive only of “peace and good will.” While we by no means advise that the useless offshoots of the National Gallery shall be exported to Ireland, we may safely say that we can spare many good works from our collection—a collection that contains an unnecessarily large number of examples by certain masters. Nor is there any reason why the examples of British artists, such as the Vernon



Gallery, should not be deposited in Dublin for a limited time, to be returned and replaced by others. The proposed Irish National Gallery is not even now non-existent—a fund called the “Dargan Fund” (a sum raised as a public tribute to the founder of the Exhibition of 1853) has been applied to the purpose; it has been augmented by special subscriptions; the Government is therefore only called upon to aid an undertaking already commenced: with such aid a success may be achieved—provided, that is to say, there be a competent staff and a wise direction. At all events, it is a good move, and we heartily congratulate Lord Talbot de Malahide, and his supporters, on having thus far accomplished their patriotic object. We shall watch its progress with hope and faith; and, if they be not unmixed with anxiety, it is because, hitherto, so little real practical benefit has arisen to Ireland from the aid which Government has for a long series of years rendered to the Royal Hibernian Academy—the only Art-institution in the British dominions that receives an annual grant from Parliament.

**THE ROYAL HIBERNIAN ACADEMY.**—A report on the affairs and past management of this academy, by Mr. Norman McLeod, and certain official correspondence relative to the said report, have been published, on the motion of Mr. Maguire, M.P. The Royal Hibernian Academy has proved a failure as an institution for the cultivation of the Fine Arts. The causes are alleged to be the narrowness of its constitution (the number of academicians being restricted to fourteen), and miserable mismanagement in matters of detail. To obviate these evils, suggestions are offered by Mr. McLeod. A correspondence has since taken place between the academy and the present Lord-lieutenant of Ireland, and his excellency was informed by Mr. Mulrevin, the secretary, that the academy would be happy to accept the general proposition of the viceroy.

**BARON DE TRIQUETI'S** marble statue of “Edward VI. as leader of the Protestant Faith” has been purchased by the Queen for the sum of 500 gs., as it is reported. The statue, with a few other sculptural works, was recently exhibited for a short time, in the gallery of M. de Sachy, Great Marlborough Street.

**PICTURE SALES.**—We have little to report this month under this head, for the season is fast approaching its close. Some pictures, from the collection of Mr. Mordaunt, of Sheffield, have been sold by Messrs. Foster, at their rooms, in Pall Mall, since our last notice appeared: the principal works were—“Cattle in a Shed,” T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 193 gs.; “Beating for Recruits,” a small picture by T. Webster, R.A., 300 gs.; “The Bay of Naples,” W. Müller, 215 gs.; and “A Wreck—Fishing Station, Coast of Normandy,” by the French artist Isabey, 84 gs. Three pictures by F. Stone, A.R.A., that belonged to the late Mr. W. M. Nurse, were sold at the same time: these were—“A Scene from Hamlet,” 105 gs.; “The Impending Mate,” and its companion, “Mated,” 290 gs. the pair.

**HONORARY MEMBERS.**—At the annual dinner of the Royal Academy, at which the eagles were, as usual, gathered to the banquet of Art, the Bishop of Oxford entered on the arduous duties of his office as honorary chaplain to that institution, in succession to the late Bishop Blomfield. Of course, an institution that avowedly keeps a set of officers for show, would not have less than a bishop for its chaplain. The functions of the office, which consist in the single speech delivered at the dinner, are discharged most decoratively in lawn sleeves. The Bishop of Oxford is, however, deemed to be a thoughtful man; and somehow, there is a certain something about an appointment like this which grates on our convictions. An *honorary officer*, in the sense in which the Academy uses the word,—not that of a working officer, doing real earnest duty, and taking the duty itself, and his consciousness of it, for all his *honorarium*, but that of an officer kept for the Academy's private honour and glory,—an *honorary officer*, in that non-official sense, is, of course, a contradiction in terms; but of all such offices, it seems to us, that an *honorary chaplainship*, in the show sense, is that one which a thoughtful bishop of the Church should be least willing to fill.—The Bishop of Oxford, however, entered into the spirit of his office; and came as near the nothing which he had to do as can be effected by doing something. He made his speech short and showy: composed it of filigree-work, and

set in the midst of it a little diamond,—in the shape of a quotation from the Eton Latin grammar.

**FURNITURE FROM NEW ZEALAND WOOD.**—We have recently examined several highly meritorious works, the production of M. Levien, of Davies Street, the principal parts of which are manufactured from a very beautiful wood, grown in New Zealand, and imported into England by M. Levien, who we believe rightly claims the merit of discovering it during a brief residence in the country, where it obtains the name of “Totare.” The works to which we refer consist of a dining-room suite, very elaborately and admirably carved, for M. Westmacott, of Gordon Square; the “sideboard” being that very remarkable production which was exhibited in 1851, to which a high class medal was awarded, and which was engraved in the *Art-Journal Illustrated Catalogue*. The series of tables, closets, chimney-pieces, panels, chairs, cornices, &c., are of excellent workmanship. Art has been somewhat extensively employed in their decoration, exquisitely carved panels of lime-wood being introduced wherever their admission was desirable; while the beautifully-marked exotic wood which forms their “ground,” adds greatly to their interest and value. We allude to the subject mainly to express our surprise that notwithstanding the opening up of so many new sources, our wealth in this way does not materially accumulate. It is to the credit of M. Levien that he has shown the way to those treasure stores which may be found in almost all the countries of the new world by those who industriously seek them out.

**THE SOCIETY OF ARTS**, it appears, advertised for designs for “a writing-case,” offering a prize of £20, and the society's medal, for such a design as should merit the award: sixty-two were sent in competition, but it seems the society could not find among them one of value sufficient to justify the prize; they therefore invite “further competition.” This result strikes us as “odd;” if there were sixty-two so manifestly bad as to be rejected, under what circumstances will they look for better? It is somewhat humiliating to know that even in so comparatively insignificant a matter there has been no success.

**THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM** has some temporary additions of a very interesting character. The Governors of Bethlehem Hospital have lent for exhibition the famous bronze figures of “Raving Madness,” and “Melancholy Madness” formerly placed over the gate of the Hospital in Moorfields, and which were the work of Gabriel Cibber, the father of the more famed Colley Cibber. They were immortalised by Pope, as “Great Cibber's brazen brainless brothers.” They do not stand the strict examination their present position gives them. The authorities should raise them, so that the artist's intention be carried out; at present they are open to unfair criticism.

**FLAXMAN'S BAS-RELIEFS**, which occupied so conspicuous a position in the façade of the Theatre at Covent Garden, and escaped all injury from the fire there, have been carefully replaced under the pediment of the New Italian Opera. It is pleasant to record a love of Art acting thus strongly on all concerned in the building. The Duke of Bedford has, on his own account, insured separately for a large sum these remarkable works of our great sculptor.

**A SERIES OF STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS** of “the Leviathan” steam-ship has been published by Messrs. Howlett and Downes (New Bond Street). They are of considerable interest, and are executed with remarkable skill, exhibiting the monster of the deep under several aspects, and enabling those who cannot see the actual sight, to arrive at a fair conclusion concerning its mighty proportions. These are shown on the sides, as well as “fore and aft;” the deck also is exposed, and occasionally groups are introduced, the whole giving a very clear and satisfactory idea of the great work in its progress. Probably the artists will complete their task when the vast ship is ready for sea: they can do it well—for, judging from the examples before us, there have been few more successful contributors to the delights of the stereoscope.

**ST. JAMES'S PARK.**—There is some talk about the erection, at the eastern end of the ornamental water in St. James's Park, of a grand national military trophy to commemorate the events of the Crimean war: a Mr. Keyse—an unknown name to us—has, we hear, prepared a design for the work.

## REVIEWS.

**THE STEREOSCOPIC MAGAZINE:** a Gallery of Landscape Scenery, Architecture, Antiquities, and Natural History, accompanied with descriptive articles by writers of eminence. Published by LOVELL REEVE, London.

The success which has attended the publication of Professor Piazzi Smyth's “Teneriffe,” with its stereoscopic illustrations, has induced the publisher, Mr. Reeve, of Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, to enter upon a periodical work, of which photo-stereographs will constitute not the secondary, but the principal feature. In these days of stereoscopes there doubtless are very many families who will be glad to be supplied monthly with three good and well-selected new views, at a very moderate charge; and if the said new views present themselves in company with equally good brief descriptive notices, it may be assumed that in almost every instance they will find a still more cordial welcome. The general idea of this “Stereoscopic Magazine” may, accordingly, be pronounced to be a sound one: the ultimate success of the Magazine itself, however, must mainly depend upon the subjects of the stereoscopic views which it will be found to contain, upon their merit as photographs, and also upon the character of the letter-press that is to be associated with them.

The first part, now lying before us, appears to be about as favourable a specimen as first parts generally are, and generally are expected to be; for, while it would be but reasonable that the commencement of every new publication should be at least equal to the average quality of the entire work, this is rarely found to be the case; and, indeed, so generally do first parts fall short of such an average standard, that it has come to be a custom not to expect any great things from them. Part I. of the “Stereoscopic Magazine” adheres to the ordinary rule; the views are fairly executed, and they “come out” tolerably well. Why the series should open with “Falaïse Castle, Normandy,” we do not presume to surmise. There is a present interest in Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge which at once gives a satisfactory explanation of the reasons which have led to its being selected to form the second photograph of the group. And the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, which must always be an object of present interest, very consistently completes the first trio. The descriptive notices are much too long and much too ponderous. If they are to be read, they must be brief and attractive; they must be “descriptive notices,” and not historical or biographical essays. Such articles as those that appear in this first part may be valuable, but they are out of place; and they will only ensure the views being cut out for the stereoscope, while the letter-press is thrown aside unnoticed. If the work is to be kept together, its literary department must be recast; the views themselves we expect to improve.

**PORTRAITS OF EMINENT BRITISH ARTISTS.** Photographed by LAKE PRICE. Published by LLOYD BROTHERS, & Co., London.

What is to be the fate of the miniature-painters and portrait-engravers? their occupation, like Othello's, seems almost, if not quite, gone. Photography has superseded the polished ivory and the colour-box; the professors of “sun-painting” waylay the pedestrian in every great thoroughfare, soliciting a sitting for “sixpence, frame included;” they have become a nuisance on the highways of the metropolis, while the caravan of the travelling photographer moves along the country roads, side by side with that of the wandering Zingari. In thickly populated towns, and at the door of the rustic labourer, everybody is now enabled, by a cheap and rapid process, to have his form and features handed down to his children's children: such is one of the wonders of our age. It is no marvel, then, that artists—educated artists—are renouncing, as many have, the work in which for years they have laboured, to find employment by means of this newly-discovered agency.

Mr. Lake Price, for example, though he still exhibits to us, in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society, those charming representations of a past age, architectural and social, with which we have long been acquainted, is now one of our most successful photographers,—but certainly not of the class to which reference has just been made: the camera in his hands is made subservient to his taste and skill as an artist. We have frequently had occasion to notice his photographic pictures, combining in their material and execution all the qualities that are essential to a real work of Art; and in this series of portraits such qualities are strikingly manifest; each individual is represented



as he usually appears in his studio. First, we see Mr. D. Roberts, with a countenance frank, open, and humorous; a lively and pleasant companion is David Roberts, either on a journey or at the table. Next comes Mr. Stanfield, standing before his easel, on which rests an unfinished picture of one of his North Sea views; the likeness is admirable, but the expression of the face almost indicates that the portrait must have been taken when this admirable artist was not quite free from bodily pain; he has, we believe, long suffered from a chronic complaint. Mr. Elnore follows; he also is sitting before an incomplete picture: his face is thoughtful, as if his mind were busy with the subject of his work. Then we have Mr. Frith, whom we can scarcely fancy was "taken" in his "working-dress;" he surely must be waiting for the "drag," to convey him to Epsom on a Derby-day, and the carriage is late; he seems restless; the race will be over ere he reaches the course. Mr. Cattermole, surrounded by ancient armour, and other picturesque materials for his work, is grave and studious; he looks the gentleman and the scholar, kind, benevolent, and perfectly unassuming. Mr. F. Tayler's portrait scarcely does justice to his mild and intelligent face; but all the accessories of the picture are wonderfully truthful and telling. Mr. Egg's is not successful in expression, and the portrait is generally weak; the contraction of the eyebrows, the result, perhaps, of sitting in a strong light, gives an air of severity to the countenance that is not natural to the living man. Mr. J. Phillip's portrait is very striking,—a bold, manly face, full of energy and determination: he has just turned aside from a canvas on which appear a Spanish lady and her duenna. Mr. Cope is serious and contemplative, as the general character of his paintings would lead any one to expect in his portrait: he is represented sketching the features of a child, doubtless one of his own juveniles, who are often made the models from which he paints. Mr. Ansdell is next in succession—a vigorous and effective portrait; but we scarcely recognise him here, on account of the abundance of hair he has allowed to grow on his face since we last saw him. Mr. MacIse, and Mr. E. M. Ward, come last in the series, but undoubtedly are not the last in excellence: both are admirable; we should have at once identified these portraits had we chanced to see them at the utmost limits of civilization. The individual characteristics of these two artists—*Arcades ambo*, in many respects—are marvellously expressed.

The series is one that few lovers of Art who are interested in the personality of the artist will not desire to possess.

**MONUMENTAL MEMORIALS:** being Designs for Headstones and Mural Monuments. Parts I. and II. By J. W. HALLAM, Architect. Published by MASTERS & Co., London.

That such important accessories of ecclesiastical architecture, properly so called, as monumental memorials are, should be designed by architects, is a matter of no trivial importance. Something like consistency may thus be both expected and obtained; and sepulchral monuments, as they are used in our own times, may by this means be emancipated from the suspicion of unworthiness that so generally, and also so justly, attaches itself to them. The recent taste for archaeological inquiry has led to a careful and minute investigation into the varieties and characteristics of mediæval memorials; and there is no department of archaeology that proves to be either more interesting or more popular. All this research into the history of early monuments, and all the admiration which is so generally entertained for those memorials, have not yet been able to secure for the present era a class of works of the same description which are at once worthy of their primary object and purpose, and also impressed with the characteristics of the period which produces them. Early monuments were always monumental and always historical; why should not our own monuments be the same? In the middle ages monuments were consistent and appropriate, as well to the highest as to the lowliest condition of life: why is it that we find it equally difficult to erect a humble church-yard headstone as we ourselves feel that it ought to be erected, and to spend £20,000 as we also feel that it ought to be expended upon a national memorial to our greatest of heroes for the metropolitan cathedral?

Mr. Hallam has published two parts of a series of designs for monuments, which certainly are far better than those with which we are so painfully familiar: they would have been really good, had they been less mediæval while equally Gothic. Our architects must shake off mediævalism in their Gothic, whether in churches or in monuments. We accept the Gothic style for both, but it must not be the Gothic as it expressed itself four, five, or six centuries ago. We want the Gothic of to-day,

because we want churches for present use, and monuments which we may transmit to after times as "sacred" memorials—records that we inscribe day by day, as our own contemporaries pass away from amongst us. Let Mr. Hallam in his next parts show us the same artistic and architectural feeling, without the mediævalism, and he may rely on a cordial reception from many friends besides ourselves.

**GERMAN LOVE:** From the papers of an Alien. Translated by SUSANNA WINKWORTH. Published by CHAPMAN & HALL, London.

"The great passion" has, in all countries and in all phases of society, certain characteristics in common; but the delight of our phlegmatic, yet "passion-full" neighbours, is to gather extremes, and unite them after a fashion of their own. That "extremes"—certainly in novels of all lands—"meet," is an old adage; but it is in the manner of the meeting, and in the development of the incidents which bring it to pass, that the Germans differ so much from other people. In England there would be no possibility of a low-born child being received into the domestic circle of a "princess," and becoming domiciled with her children; until, in process of time, the child grows into youthhood, and into love with the eldest daughter of the house, whose life under her sufferings is a mystery, and who is represented as having nothing of the "earth, earthy" about her, beyond the form which is transparent from spiritual beauty. Why those of the royal household should be astonished and indignant at the existence of this "love," after permitting an intercourse which was pretty certain so to end, we do not know: but the rise and progress of that love gives occasion for some eloquent writing,—part beautiful, part metaphysical. There are numberless little touching incidents, most delicately imagined, and rendered with exquisite skill,—and the tale deserves a high place amid the German repertoire of imaginative literature: its theology is singular, but perfectly harmless.

Through the whole book the *shadow* takes the place of the *substance*, but this spirituality walking abroad in the noon-day, pale and pure as a moon-beam, cannot but be regarded as a good influence in opposition to the coarseness and materialism of this present time: it is extraordinary how much of both the materialism and the spiritualism we get from Germany. The translation is so free and eloquent that we could have believed the story written originally in English. It is a charming myth, divided into what it has been the author's pleasure to call "memories," each "memory" being a distinct landmark of life: "love" runs through the delicate embroidery of the tale—the one gold thread pre-eminent, alone. Yet, with the others, we place it on our shelf, *beneath* "Undine," which proves our feeling towards it.

**THE BOY'S OWN BOOK OF INDUSTRIAL INFORMATION.** By ELISHA NOYCE. Illustrated with three hundred and sixty-five engravings, by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by WARD & LOCK, London.

This is just the book to place in the hands of an intelligent boy—or girl, for why should the useful information it contains be limited to sex?—who desires to know something about those things from which so much of his comfort and enjoyment is derived. Every youth in Prussia, whatever be his condition,—the prince and the peasant alike,—is, we believe, compelled by the laws which apply in that country to education, to learn some trade or handicraft: Mr. Noyce's book will serve to initiate every boy in the United Kingdom who reads it, into the theoretical art and mystery of the material and manufacturing world. He divides his teachings into six sections, under the respective heads of Natural Products, Manufactured Products, Products of Skilled Labour, Arts and Trade Processes, Apparatus, and Machinery, and Engineering Works; bringing into notice more than one hundred and fifty different subjects. The explanations and descriptions are, as they should be, simple and untechnical, as far as possible; concise, yet sufficiently demonstrative; a *multum in parvo* to which Messrs. Dalziel's clear and well executed engravings give great additional value. Such a volume is worth a hundred story-books as a present to the juveniles.

**GUIDE-BOOKS.** By an Englishman Abroad. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

Messrs. Longman & Co. have published three small continental guide-books: one an itinerary of Switzerland, Savoy, Piedmont, and Northern Italy, with

routes from London by France, Belgium, Holland, and the Rhine; another, a guide to Paris; and the third, a guide to the Rhine and the countries through which it flows to the frontier of Switzerland. These books will scarcely supersede, with those travellers who do not object to comparatively voluminous works, the "Hand-books" published by Murray; but the "Englishman" has crowded a large amount of necessary information into a small compass, that will amply suffice for the majority of those who meditate a "run," rather than a prolonged stay on the usual continental routes.

**ART: ITS SCOPE AND PURPOSE.** By JOSIAH GILBERT. Published by JACKSON & WALFORD, London.

The substance of this little work was delivered as a lecture last winter at the Mechanics' Institute, Nottingham. The author is evidently master of the subject on which he has discoursed—perhaps too much so for such an audience as, in all probability, assembled to hear him; for, though he has judiciously refrained from indulging in technicalities familiar only to those well conversant with Art, he has treated his subject with an abstruseness the meaning of which very many of his auditors, it may be presumed, would find very difficult to comprehend. It must, however, be admitted that in the pages now put forth he says, "he has endeavoured to render the survey somewhat more complete, and to enliven it by a few additional illustrations:" to this subsequent enlargement of the original plan it is, therefore, very possible may be traced the absence of that simplicity of treatment we discover in the published lecture. It is, in its present form, a comprehensive and well-written treatise, full of practical knowledge and sound theory, but better adapted to those who have paid some attention to the study of Art, than to those who have scarcely ever given a thought to it.

**CHRISTIAN GELLERT, AND OTHER SKETCHES.** By BERTHOLD AUERBACH. Published by SAMPSON LOW & Co., London.

This quaint but interesting story is translated from the German, and forms a pleasing and picturesque record of German habits and German feelings in the year 1768. Things have not progressed as rapidly in Germany as they have done in England; and yet the outer German life of the present day differs materially from that which Berthold Auerbach has portrayed in this volume. "Christian Gellert" is the first and longest tale; but the "Notes from the Memorandum Book of the Pastor of the Mountains" are, to our taste, more full of life—more earnest than the principal story. We cannot recommend a more cheerful or pleasant volume to companion our readers under the shadow of our noble trees, or beside the murmuring river, or the grander ocean. The book is clearly printed on that fine, creamy paper, which adds so much to the beauty of the text; and the illustrations are either German, or from a pencil well studied in the style of German book illustration.

The author is highly appreciated in Germany, and the Germans are fond of drawing comparisons between Berthold Auerbach's "Tales of the Village," and Miss Mitford's "Our Village:" both are remarkable for their truth and fidelity, and both will live as the types of village life in their several lands. "The Barefooted Maiden" is another of Berthold Auerbach's popular tales; but we have not seen it.

**A TELEGRAPHIC MAP OF EUROPE.** By A. MAHLAN. Printed and published by R. DECKER, Berlin.

This map is a novelty and a curiosity; it is not, like all ordinary maps, engraved, but it is composed of common printing-types, lines and letters; but all so completely adjusted and fitted that we should have regarded it as an engraved work, if the contrary had not been told us. The telegraphic lines were constructed of bent brass "rules," running, so to speak, from one place to another, or from one principal station on the line of railway to the next. The shaded parts that indicate the shore-lines of the seas, are also produced by small square types, ingeniously contrived to print with gradually diminished power. The map is beautifully printed, and the lettering appears to us clever and more uniform in strength and colour, than in the engraved specimens. Whether the plan is likely to lead to a revolution in works of this kind must, we suppose, depend upon the relative cost of each process, but we should hardly conceive that the type-press will supersede the plate-press in map-printing.

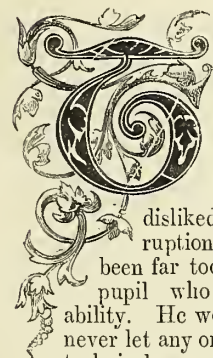


## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, SEPTEMBER 1, 1858.

## THE SUCCESSORS OF TITIAN.



TITIAN, though imitated more or less by every one of his Venetian successors, had few distinguished scholars in the proper sense of the term. He seems to have extremely disliked the trouble and the interruption of teaching, and to have been far too apt to fear a rival in any pupil who displayed extraordinary ability. He would (like our own Turner) never let any one see him at work, lest his technical secrets should be discovered; and more especially, it has been said, lest it should be seen with what slow thought and labour he produced those results which seemed to arise from the most easy off-hand mastery. But though thus reserved in his instructions, he is said, late in life, for his own money-loving purposes, to have encouraged his pupils to frequent the room where his finished works were on view; so that they might be emboldened to take copies of them, which copies, if good enough, he would pounce upon for himself, and after spiriting them up, or beautifying them with a few magical touches of his own, vent them as original performances.

In the Academy are whole hosts of works by his early imitators, and those of Giorgione, marking the period when Venetian art was newly emancipating itself from monkish sanctity and meagre stiff constraint. These are mostly small wide pictures of Holy Families, with attendant saints and worshippers, in which the sacred personages appear in remarkably good bodily health and condition, but for the most part with placid inexpressive countenances, which betoken a serious falling off in point of devotional depth and fervour. The Madonna is often absolutely clumsy, from this new all-absorbing love of breadth and unconfined freedom; and expression is sadly too much neglected in the delight the painters take in this novel art of representing the health, bloom, and vivacity of mere physical life, glowing amidst rich harmonies of the warmest and most splendid hues. The Virgin is often merely some stout and handsome Contadina, nursing her offspring out in the fresh evening air, (far away from apse or cloister), amidst some pleasant landscape near Vicentine or Friuli hills, of leaves, and lawns, and distant villages, and azure mountains; and the adorer is frequently some simple sunburnt shepherd lad, whose sheep are around him, or some humble village pastor, perhaps, who gazes (whenever the painter has feeling enough for the purpose) with mild and affectionate reverence on that lovely babe held forth to him, or on that young mother, who quietly lays her cheek against her infant's, in the placid and full enjoyment of maternal tenderness.

On the whole, whilst looking at the very numerous pictures of this kind for the first time, one is surprised to find *several Titians* here, of which, till lately, we heard but little in England. Not that they vie with Titian's greatest works, but Titian's greatest works have become scarce at Venice. His glorious imagination, besides, had very long fits of dozing, during which he produced numbers of pictures of this kind, that is to say, of stout Contadina-Madonnas and their children, in which the purposes are far more technical than expressional; and these productions are so little superior to those of Palma Vecchio and Bonifazio, that sometimes their several work is not easily distinguishable. In these instances it is but a slightly broader and freer manner, a slightly superior freshness or dignity of character that declares to you Titian's hand.

He who after him shines most in works of such subjects, is his early imitator, Palma il Vecchio, —in the best of them proving himself a sweet-souled painter, rich in calm beauty, and elegance, and tenderness, and soft gentle animation, and in hues which vie with Titian's in their melting harmonies; though sometimes Palma is over gaudy, chiefly from a too great love of brilliant red. His principal defect, however, is frequent insipidity of expression, arising, no doubt, in part, from the constant repetition of the same subject, after all freshness of interest in it had been worn away. Amongst his many saintly conversation-pieces there are but few of which the memory is able to retain anything peculiar, so much are they alike; so that something of surprise is felt when once in a way we meet with a figure so novel and out of the usual track as his Saint Barbara, in Santa Maria Formosa. Kugler describes some image existing in his fancy only, not this, when he says it is "a figure of such devotion and grandeur of repose as Venetian art has seldom produced;" for, in fact, there is nothing of devotion or obvious sanctity about her, though in point of spirited resolution and majesty, she is certainly by no means unworthy to represent the firm tower-precipitated heroine, the Patroness of Chivalry, and especially of artillery, arquebuses, and all the other fiery-throated engines of war. She is tall, robust, and very handsome; and, crowned and freely hooded like some young Queen of Mediaeval Romance, she stands with a resolute and almost haughty countenance—a Margaret-of-Anjou look, we were about to say—holding her branch of palm advanced like a sceptre, in regal style and fashion. Her beauty is said to be a shadow of the painter's lovely and accomplished daughter, La Violante, a special favourite of Titian's, and the original of some of both Titian's and Giorgione's most charming faces, also, as we have already seen. This certainly bears some resemblance to them, though in a loftier mood, and it is also like the portrait of Violante by her father in the Belvidere Gallery at Vienna, in which he has placed a viol in her hand, partly (it is profoundly conjectured) to *play* upon her name. This St. Barbara version of her, as we may perhaps therefore assume it to be, is assuredly one of the most majestic, striking, and memorable specimens of female beauty to be found in Venetian art. It is painted with that grand force, breadth, and richness of manner which may be called something between Giorgione and Titian, and which indicates powerfully Palma's well-known study of both those masters. It forms the centre of an altar-piece, which has five other compartments; the one on the right hand is a piously piteous old saint, equal to Titian's finest work; but the St. Sebastian on the other side, and the Pietà above are weak and poor in every respect—as if even those subjects were beyond the very narrow circle of conceptions within which the painter, and some of his Venetian competitors,

were in the habit of confining themselves. Yet we have seen, by Palma, placid mothers pressing their cheek against their offsprings' in the fulness of their love, and pretty children, and mild unanxious adorings, and lovely soft warm melting hues, which would have done honour to Titian, and which Titian has scarcely surpassed in his happiest works. Santa Maria Formosa, by the by, where his St. Barbara is to be found, is the church whither the annual procession of young virgins, attended by the doge and the clergy, was wont to repair, in commemoration of the famous rescue of the Brides from the Istrian corsairs. The abduction, indeed, took place at the lonely Church of St. Peter, at Olivolo, a spot now occupied by the public arsenal; but it was the honest trunkmakers of Santa Maria Formosa who, on the sudden emergency, supplied the vessels for the pursuit; so *here* the annual thanksgiving was for ages paid, the visitors receiving, on every occasion, a hospitable welcome from the same worshipful guild. The creek where the corsairs were overtaken is still called the *Porto delle Donzelle*.

If we were expatiating over the whole field of Venetian art, it would here be necessary to dwell a little on Palma's companion and rival, Lorenzo Lotto, and to say something of that vigorous genius Pordenone, who was wont to paint with arms at his side, from an alleged fear of the enmity of Titian, in consequence of the rivalry existing between them. But as our present object is confined to those painters of whom there are interesting remains still at Venice, we must hurry by those distinguished men, and pass forward to Bonifazio, a pupil of Palma's, but a close imitator of Titian's colouring, and scarcely to be called inferior to any painter in powerful brilliancy of harmonious hues. Bonifazio Veneziano, a Veronese, though until recently by no means so celebrated out of Italy as he deserves to be, was formerly much honoured by the writers of his own country, insomuch that it was a frequent saying with them, that the three most distinguished painters of his times were Titian, Palma, and Bonifazio. His splendid picture at Milan of the "Finding of Moses" was long thought one of Giorgione's master-pieces; and many of his pictures have been ascribed to Titian. Indeed, we are told that in former days when a beautiful highly Titianesque work could not, for want of biographical evidence, rather than want of merit, be accepted by the connoisseurs as Titian's, without risking much loss of reputation for critical knowledge and sagacity, their next thought usually was that it must be a Bonifazio. Bonifazio in expression is undoubtedly often feeble and insipid, yet there is at times a simple interesting air, a sweet fresh natural individuality in the look of the creatures of his pencil, which brings you to a pleased stop, and happily distinguishes him from the mistempered fervour or flatness of expression which so frequently weary you in Venetian pictures. In the Academy, and in two or three of the churches, he has also some noble single figures of saints, handsome, tender, and interesting in expression—good sufficient *second rate* saints, we suppose we may venture to call them, without the fervour or visionary rapture of those painted by the earlier men, it is true, but perhaps making amends by their manly and temperate ministry of the benevolent and charitable virtues. Above all, Bonifazio's colouring, in his most characteristic works more brilliant and powerful than Palma's, is sometimes wonderfully so, asserting itself beyond any other painter's near it. His smooth Madonnas sit under a handsome Roman peristyle, before a fresh and deeply-toned landscape, amidst a mild and easy party of aged saints and other adorers, who have long since outgrown asceticism. It must ingenuously be confessed that they oftentimes lapse into



downright insipidity, but their wondrously fresh and vivid hues excite an interest in their favour—their green and roseate and golden hues, like the richest enamel, or like gems themselves. In Bonifazio's "Massacre of the Innocents" very little terror or pity are displayed; and in that technically magnificent work, "The Expulsion of the Money-dealers from the Temple," so enthusiastically lauded by Lanzi for power of expression, expression is feeble indeed; yet these glowing tones and gradations ever yield pleasure. And how much they remind you of those you still see at Venice in her sunset hour! The lustrous hues of Bonifazio, if no longer produced on canvas, yet shine with a force which recalls him to your mind, in her field of clear green water, some rosy-russet old palace rising from it, and column-lifted cornices of fairer stone hard by kindling warmly, and the bright red tower aloft, that flashes like scarlet fire in the evening beams. Bonifazio's colouring, indeed, is now and then somewhat over gorgeous, but in other instances it is of a soft and subdued mellow warmth.

As in that most delightful picture of his, also in the Academy, called Dives and Lazarus, or "the Rich Man's Supper," where a rich Venetian family is seated in the evening air under the open columns of a palace which lead to a stately old garden, listening to a party of wandering musicians. In the middle distance are terraces, and further off lofty walls of trimmed foliage, receding into the warm twilight shades with a mystery highly attractive to the imagination. The old Moncenigos, we have not the slightest doubt whatever, had just such a garden at their country villa on the Brenta. It seems the very place for the deliciously stolen and eventful passages in some fine old Italian love-story. But now, unhappily, it has evidently fallen into more vulgar hands—perhaps forfeited, through an unredeemed bond, to some "Merchant of Venice," who however is, we sadly fear, no Antonio. Yet "Dives"—a somewhat plebeian-looking old notable in a furred gown—seems to be a good sort of man enough in the circle of his family, within his own garden gate—though (as is so often the case amongst us) his sympathies and his benevolence may very rarely extend themselves into the world beyond, where he may very generally be execrated as most unprincipled and rapacious, though his own family have not the least suspicion of the fact, but judging entirely from his uniform generosity and tenderness to themselves, believe him to be the warmest and best-hearted of men, till some sudden crash of retributive ruin comes, when their foremost flatterers are the first to disabuse them of that fond filial error; or the horrible truth appears in the stern criticism of some bystander on that most laudatory epitaph which they have affectionately composed for his splendid tomb, and inscribed on it. At present, he holds his daughter's hand affectionately, as he sits looking at his wife; his thoughts, perhaps, now and then returning from his counting-house, or his ventures abroad, to mildly glide along with the music for a few moments, or seek in the eyes of his spouse for some statelier appreciation of this aristocratic luxury and elegance which he has gathered around them. Thus absorbed, he has not thought enough for poor Lazarus, to call off the dog that is snapping at him, as he kneels timidly aloof, begging the unregarded crumbs from his table. Dives' daughter, also, as if not yet taught to trouble her head at all about poor beggars, sits listening, her cheek resting on her hand, to the music, with a mild, patronizing air, which seems deepening into a pensive interest. She is a fine young woman, right Venetian, deep golden-tressed, and splendidly habited in green and gold, evidently her parents' pampered hope, through the power of whose charms and high-trained accomplishments, their

line may, they think, soon become no less noble than wealthy. But whilst her figure is interesting, exquisitely so is the group of itinerant musicians in whose strain, as they bend lowly and humbly before the supper-table, she is becoming so gently absorbed; especially a sweet meek modest girl playing on the lute; her more heartfelt melancholy, bred of no dainty fancies, but of the harsh usage of a pitiless ungenerous world, contrasting touchingly with the mere luxurious pensiveness of that fine young lady, the rich man's daughter, who is listening to her. When you look at these musicians, you *feel* the tune they are playing, and know full certainly that it is an *adagio* of the very sweetest low-toned mournfulness possible; for there is in their aspect every harmony of that vein which can take you captive through the eye; and that gentle melancholy girl playing her guitar in the midst of them, is one of the most endearing creations of the Venetian pencil. Whilst gazing on her, we cannot help beginning to speculate on her story, and to fancy it made up of some deeply touching incidents. This young garden flower, thus tossed on the rough hard highway of the world, and the noble-looking youth, one of her companions, are they the now penniless children of the former lord of this demesne, who was dispossessed by the cunning avarice of its present possessor? Are they come here to soothe their poverty, and their pride, with a stolen glance at the playground of their dainty and merry infancy; and is the moving old madrigal they now play together, (having perchance some obscure allusion to that theme), rendered tenfold more moving by the contrast thus brought for the first time fully home to them? Or has she now been drawn unwillingly into some plot for revenge and restitution; and is her melancholy a tender pity for the calamity which now awaits her parents' wronger, and his courteous daughter, with whom she would at least share all she may now regain—indeed all her own happiness? These are but wandering fancies; yet some impending reverse of fortune seems plainly indicated by a conflagration, which you at length discover to be breaking forth in the background, on the extreme right, though not yet noticed by the rich man's Moorish pages, or by the group of full-fed laqueys and falconers, who are drinking and loitering away their time behind the poor beggar, in the middle distance.

This is indeed a charming picture, with something of the spirit of one of Shakspeare's romantic plays in it. It is significant of beautiful characters and feelings, of delicate distinctions of them, and of strange eventful stories. It tempts the fancy to linger and expatiate delightfully. What a thousand pities it was, what a thousand pities, we repeat once more, that these Venetian poets of the pencil, instead of being urged to the perpetual production of Madonnas and Bambinos, did not more frequently work that precious vein of mind which produced this exquisite romantic *noyette* in their most softly warm, mellow, and deep harmonious colours.

The only other immediate follower of Titian whose works much interested us at Venice is Paris Bordone, an artist whose youthful talents so awakened his jealousy that he banished him from his studio, and afterwards even obtained the transfer of one of his employments to himself, by an unworthy exercise of interest—a mode of persecution Bordone might well have disarmed by the quiet, contented, and retiring temper, which invariably distinguished him. His sweet and elegant, but not profound or very powerful pencil has left a beautiful portrait of a beautiful lady in the Manfrini Gallery, which excited the rapturous admiration of Lord Byron, and of his occasional gentle echo Thomas Moore; and his most celebrated picture, representing the fisherman offering the Doge the

ring St. Mark had sent as a pledge of his having delivered Venice from the tempest certain fiends had raised against her—as told in our remarks on Giorgione—is one of the conspicuously splendid ornaments of the Academy. The Doge, and the most serene Senate in their scarlet robes, are seated in state, in a hall of magnificently ornate Renaissance architecture, which shines like sunny ivory. Other chiefs of the Signoria stand below; and the courtly obeisances of those who introduce the poor fisherman are well contrasted by his excited and awkward gesture, as he kneels to present, timidly at arm's length, the ring to the mild and venerable Doge. The gorgeous colouring and light and shade are somewhat overlaboured and heavy; but the portrait heads and finished details of costume and architecture are very interesting as a lively record of Venice in better days.

With Bordone we think we may close our remarks on the Venetian painters; for of those of later date whose works attracted us to Venice we have spoken on a former occasion. We will content ourselves with briefly repeating that something of the brilliant *naturalism* of Titian and Paul Veronese surviving in their successors, preserved a considerable degree of life and vigour in Venetian art during the earlier part of the 17th century, honourably distinguishing it from the extravagant and insipid mannerisms with which the slavish followers of the *ideal* Leonardo, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Correggio, had so rapidly prostrated the other schools of Italy. Of the minor Venetians of his day Zelotti, the fellow-worker of Veronese,—he treads on his heels in the Ducal Palace—seems to have been far the most excellent. Jacopo Bassano imparted much of Venetian gravity and stately colour to farm-yard subjects, cow-sheds and poultry coops; and somewhat later Palma the Younger, Leandro Bassano, Aliense, and Contarini, produced brilliant and effective state pictures, in which there are passages not unworthy of their great predecessors in colour and execution. But Titian and Veronese were then evidently thought of rather more than Nature, and narrow academical dogmas, founded on a superficial view of their works, more sought for than the genuine inspirations of imagination and feeling. To a creative and sympathetic period succeeds a critical and falsely scientific one, in which the poor aim is to produce showy works chiefly by technical means; and imitation of the merely external merits of those great predecessors takes the place of that independence and originality of thought, that unity of character and purpose, which are the very life of every true work of Art. The result before long is a general insipidity which it were tedious to follow; and therefore, without troubling ourselves with the "Tenebrosi," or the adepts in other "new and exotic styles," who from time to time during the 17th century ineffectually galvanized the dead body of Venetian Art, we will here bring our task to a final close.

It would be most pleasing to the kindlier part of our nature if we might believe that whilst thus employed, we have given to others some shadow or reflection of our own enjoyments—that some who have been unable to visit Venice in the body, may now, in a certain degree, have done so in the spirit, and that others who *have* been there, may occasionally have had their memories quickened almost to a lively renewal of the delightful feelings they experienced on the spot. To entertain the first, the description of the work of Art must be of itself a picture, independently of all other considerations; and not to disgust the second, it must be truthful, and devoid of exaggeration. Our humble endeavour has been to unite these two requisites, and especially to avoid the errors frequent with the more eloquent and in-



genious writers, whose quick sensitiveness, and prompt fertility of ideas—such as they are—and eager love of “richly expatiating,” are very apt, on these occasions, to supersede their undeveloped powers of observation; inasmuch that in some instances we are acquainted with, they seem to have passed through churches and galleries with their eyes almost hoodwinked by their fancies. For ourselves, we have all along endeavoured to turn our own eyes to some little account, and even where it may seem otherwise, we have not (so far as we know) applied any epithet that is not justly and temperately characteristic of the object described; and in following out trains of feeling and fancy we have also studied to confine ourselves to such as the works themselves naturally and obviously suggest; plainly distinguishing any unavoidable excogitations of our own from such facts as are actually embodied in the pictures. In a word, it has been our chief purpose, and prime delight, to set forth *the beauty of the truth*, and not to display our own more arbitrary and transcendental fancies and sentiments, or to make Art a mere peg on which to hang them aloft, a stalking-horse, a vehicle for fascinating and effective literature. In these days, it may be highly expedient, if not absolutely needful, to inform the reader that we have conscientiously and carefully abstained from dancing him about, in high saltations, away from the subject, in this too frequent fashion.

The connection between the Art and the Nature of Venice often occurred to us during our many glidings through the city. The critical writers have very carefully defined the genealogy of the different schools, tracing the descent of one from the other, and enlarging on the obligations derived in each case; but whilst attributing so much to foreign influence, they do not, perhaps, dwell sufficiently on the inspirations of the nature immediately around in the several instances. But it is interesting ever to trace in nature still the old painters' favourite types. Whatever notions of colour the Venetians in early days may have derived from Bruges, or of form from Padua, we have here abundant proofs that their great teacher was Nature, and that their finest things were a reflection in that magical mirror, the human imagination, of things of a very specific character about them. The colouring of St. Mark's façade and vestibule—the greens, the plum-colours, the warm and pearly lustres, recall their tones more than a Van Eyck or a Memling. There, amidst rich glooming marble, is the very golden semidome, with the dark-winged cherubs, which Bellini has rendered with such perfect force and truth in his altar-piece for San Giobbe, and beneath it we happened to see a pale and pasty, half sly, half sautily-looking priest come forth, with the self-same features and physiognomy as a saint by Bartolomeo Vivarini, in the Academy. In a sunburnt gondolier sitting in the shade, counting out the one or two *zwanzigers* he has earned during the day, and finding them not enough for some purpose near his heart, we have much of the essence of Giorgione. “And in my landlady's daughter, the signorina,” eagerly chimed in my companion, “certainly a most true and precious representative, if not an actual descendant, of the heroines of Palma and Titian. Go and watch her, as she sits pensively thinking of her several admirers, made gently melancholy by the necessity of parting with one or two of them, and you would wish for nothing more than to fix and frame her, were the most interesting Titian in the world your inmost heart's desire. And as for more general tone and colour, once more look *here!*”

As he said these words, we were gliding forth from a narrow canal towards the open lagune, where, indeed, a *Titian twilight* prevailed,—the very hour and light which gave the great co-

lourist his favourite hues and tone; for the flush over the deep purple of the Euganean hills, after fading for a while, glowed forth again with increasing intensity—the tranquil city long reflecting it with a luminous power and transparent richness most remarkable to a northern eye. In such an aspect of things, with the jagged needles of Titian's Cadore mountains yet clear along the northern distance, it was natural to revert to him; and when we turned to the rosily lingering island which fronts his windows, Murano, the birth-place of that Venetian art whose distinguishing excellence he carried to its highest perfection, the fortunes of that art would sometimes pass through the thoughts, with a procession or pageant of splendid imagery, to which a fervid Venetian twilight willingly lent all its charms. The reader, perhaps, will not object to passing these things briefly in review, before bidding goodbye to the city and the lagune, since they may revive and sum up his impressions in an animated manner, not unlikely to add force and durability to them. Yes: you island, Murano, is the very birthplace and cradle of Venetian painting, for there it was the Vivarini, in the middle of the fifteenth century, received her gaunt and meagre-shaped Byzantine mother; and there she gave birth, even in her old age and decrepitude, to the daughter, who, in infancy, much resembled her, but eventually became quite the most Cythereally full-formed and sleek, the most softly and richly complexioned, the most lovely golden-tressed, the most sparkling-eyed—yet, withal, a sweet, refined, pensive tenderness often qualifying her voluptuous plenitude of life, and health, and animation—of all the dear Italian sisterhood of high beauties. But, to return to her infancy, which, in my immoderate enthusiasm, I am too precipitately leaving behind me. Under the careful nursing of the Vivarini, she almost at once displayed symptoms of that unrivalled softness and brilliancy of complexion which, as already said, was her distinctive charm. But her form, cramped and meagre in earlier youth, betrayed unequivocal signs of her Byzantine origin. Her infant training was much influenced by the homely instructions of old German masters from afar. But despite the advantage of a little schooling at learned Padua, where antique lore was then beginning to be taught (though, it must be confessed, in a very harsh and rigid manner), it was otherwise exclusively, ascetically religious. And, according to the best of my diligent researches, it was, however sincere and fervid, of a too harsh and melancholy, unhumanized cast, till she was transferred chiefly to the care and management of the admirable Giovanni Bellini. He, in his advanced old age, fed her mind with some of the gentlest and most really attractive and edifying graces of calm contemplative cloistral sanctity. In personal beauty, in elegance and grace of carriage, she certainly did not equal her seraphic Umbrian and Bolognese sisters, at the same time raised to the perfection of their devotional training by Perugino and Francia; in the imaginative fervour of her waking dreams, and in touching softness of pity, she cannot be said to have vied with them; but perhaps in her few best moments, with much religious tenderness, this Venetian novice combined more *sense*, more vigour of understanding, a more dignified sobriety of mind. Yet, still was her form slightly constrained, still were the eyes of her affection bent chiefly on the Madonna and the Saints, of whose pensive, spiritually-loving souls she was at length vouchsafed some undeniably genuine visions; when the perhaps little devout, but humanly-impassioned and noble-minded young Giorgio Barbarelli liberated her from the cloister, ran quite away with her, and made her—all at once, too, he did it—a sweet and lovely heroine of romance. He placed her in

the *sala*, for the devotion of such cavaliers as tender-fancied maidens sigh for—finest adventures of love and war being written in their fervid, dark glowing eyes; and even in this hour he seated her under the greenwood tree in his native country yonder,—even in this hour, when an ardent flush, intense as some noble lover's aspirations, yet lingering in the west, still shines through the solemn thoughtful landscape; and there, with sweet, but melancholy strains of lute or pastoral reed, he made love to her with deep and earnest passion—passion earnest and deep, though veiling itself sometimes in simple rustic songs and riddling allegories, which he breathed forth in a low, rich voice of touching harmony. And what beauty she developed under his liberal fostering care! Released from the fasting diet of ascetic devotion, her meagre limbs rounded apace; she ripened into soft blooming graces, and *human* love began to look most sweetly pensive in her intelligent eyes. But Giorgione died—died in his youth—a most sad loss to her: a death he died the most tenderly romantic that could be; and then this nymph, whose veracious memoir I am so carefully inditing, fell into the hands of Titiano, whose successful rivalry, gained in no small degree by the dextrous adoption of Giorgione's peculiar graces, had galled him so bitterly. And indeed Titian equalled him, except in a certain noble romantic fire—equalled, if he did not surpass him, in poetic *tenderness*; in a twilight of softer and yet richer warmth, continuing his *tête-à-têtes* with this *Bellezza*; when a quiet depth of gentle feeling prevailed in her, anon accompanied by a more Ovidian or Catullian luxuriosity; so that, although sometimes the “profane love” appears to be losing itself in the “divine” (to quote the Platonic phraseology of the time), on other occasions her morality seems dubious. Indeed, by-and-by, there was some little scandal about Titian and her, and some have even thought that he made her his mistress in the equivocal sense of the term, and lamentably took the lead in destroying the purity of her thoughts and manners. Be this as it may (and, for our own parts, we prefer regarding ambiguities by the light of the nobler conceptions emanating from the same mind), it is quite clear that her former all-absorbing devotism had now left her. Her education, indeed, was materially changed about this time. Classical literature was more generally cultivated throughout Italy; and her teachers, leaving the homilies and the legends of the church more in the background, were frequently putting a neat little Ovid in her hands instead. She went to mass, it is true, nearly as much as ever, but instead of being almost absorbed in the fervent contemplation of the saints and the Beata Vergine, her devotional spirit was sufficiently moderated to permit her to look around more leisurely on the high-bred members of the congregation assembled, the Pesaros and Grimaus, their serene sagacious looks, their easy dignified bearing. Titian, assuredly, as we have often stated, made her thoroughly acquainted with a vast variety of the most select society of his times, and, furthermore, he sent her to sport, like a nymph Ovidian, amongst the chestnut forests and mountains of his own Friuli yonder, attended by lovely trains of the glorious old mythological beings, illumined as things around us now are, when the air is still warm and tender with Apollo's parting benediction, his farewell gift, which yet glows with more and more of softly-rich beauty for some space after his chariot has left the azure occident. Caliri, the stately and magnificent Paolo Veronese, threw a silvery mantle over her splendid shoulders, and conducted her more into the broad and fair blue daylight. He led her a cheerful and brilliant life at shows and representations, religious and allegorical, in which



whomsoever was most handsome and dignified at Venice acted some part, and at those gorgeous "Suppers" where, with the great of the whole world, they sat as calm decorous guests. At these latter (however much her blooming looks sparkled with lively intelligence) no temptation either of jest or high cheer, as we have seen, ever prevailed upon her to forget the prescribed fashion of an ever-dignified and courtly seriousness. Indeed, it is to be lamented that under that Veronese guide and stately master of the ceremonies, her carriage often became somewhat coldly pompous or ostentatious, so that you are even displeased, and the less apt to look for those really fine and delicate expressions which are to be found retired and ambushed (as it were) within all that quaintly modish magnificence of dress, and that too self-conscious elegance of deportment. Tintoretto (whom we name later simply because he six years outlived Caliarì) for his part, treated her very capriciously; sometimes rivalling the best gifts of her two last mentioned admirers, sometimes exalting her, with a boldness beyond theirs, to a high grandeur and beauty of place; but often degrading her to the office of an unmeaning posture mistress, in such coarse, dingy, and slovenly clothing, too, as awakens a decided distaste, especially when contrasted with the lovely-glowing and well-adjusted robes with which the others bedecked her, and with which he himself, in his more patient and judicious moments, respectfully and carefully arrayed her limbs. Soon after his death, at the close of the sixteenth century, she sank, after a life of some hundred and fifty years, into feebleness, having survived long ago her saintly, and afterwards her romantic, Ovidian, and nobly aristocratic graces, artificially counterfeiting some of her former charms for awhile. Bassano (oh rude, disrespectful, ungallant man!), after proving that he ought to have known better, went so low as to make a scullery-maid of her, and set her to brighten pots and pipkins, and drudge in the poultry-yard. Her subsequent suitors were cavaliers of the smaller stamp, who sought her favours chiefly by making a superficial show. In crowds of little name they paid court to her with ideas borrowed from her highly-gifted admirers of the period immediately before—chiefly (as is most usual with imitators) imitations of mere externals, which they rendered of little value by their want of the inner spirit, and by their own barren heterogeneous intermixtures. And by-and-by, for a while as *Tenebrosi* (ominous name), they sank into heavy and obscure ways, in which even the most ordinary attractions were neglected and forgotten. And finally, after rallying a little in somewhat better hands, she passed away. And now the Poets of Colour are no more; but numbers of their works, the vivid reflections of a noble, beautiful, and magnificent life here,—which, like themselves, is gone,—remain, lighting up the palaces and the churches around us, like the last rays of sunshine crowning long ranges of lonely and melancholy sea-worn cliffs. Together with some of those buildings that contain them, they are as a Palladium to their native Venice, to save her from utter neglect and obscurity—to keep her head with majesty above the waves yet a little while longer—to draw visitors from other lands to the island-bowers of the forlorn, deserted Ariadne of the Adriatic,—deserted twice; not only first by her Hero, but afterwards by the Reveller, who came to take his place, and for a time afforded her most ignoble consolation. Yet many of these treasures are now sinking to ruin rapidly in the hands of their apathetic and stupid guardians—priests who leave them to moulder and rot in damp; and even worse, the restorers of the Academy, who have inflicted on numbers of them a more sweeping and entire destruction, smearing their faded but still lovely hues, with raw and muddy

paint, not simply destructive of the works themselves, but most injurious to the general fame of the master, since a notion on the part of the inexperienced observer that such poor daubing is indeed his, must tend to destroy all admiration for him, and to weaken the interest in Art itself of every novice who ventures on an independent opinion of his own.

Venice, we are loth to leave thee; and the Reader who has accompanied us from picture to picture we would fain also take far out over the open lagune, in an afternoon's gliding of the gondola, and to St. Mark's Square afterwards by lamp and moonlight, that he might well know what other resources there are in this most enjoyable of cities, after having seen enough for the day of the interior treasures of churches and galleries. But for this there is at present no space. Yet, as we are already resting on our oar in the wide waters between Murano and the Church of "Our Lady of the Garden," let us not return without a few words on what we saw there, in those evening hours, during our many autumn excursions—of the glorification, and finally, the heavenly *Assumption* of those hues, which in the works of Art of Venice had been a principal object of our contemplation. When the vermillion towers at hand had ceased to cast reflections like trembling showers of æætus leaves down the lustrous bluish-silver waters, and turned gray; and the lonely sea-marshes extending beyond them far and wide lay in deep solemn shade, then the glowing hues, departed from the lower earth, rested in their upward path on the undulating chains of the Julian Alps, whose snowy peaks, aloof, were coloured like garlands of roses dispersed around some Paphian bower. Opposite, above the rich purple of the Euganean mountains, the lower horizontal clouds moved along rapidly, like scarlet drifts of flamingo plumage; whilst far higher—over the ethereal abyss of golden splendour behind them—the dapplings extending in long ray-like forms across the heavens, and untouched by the warmth of the sinking sun, or by the movements of the lower air, remained snow white, and serenely, majestically still—as if there were a lovely winter in heaven. But presently the lower clouds all lost their glory, turning dun and gray; and then the higher vapours resembled the waved and torn surface of an unlimited ocean of rosy fire—whose luminous spray slowly faded away into a pale and misty calm, till all was quieted and grave, all was unglorified and shadowy.

But how unspeakably glorious it was, so long as it lasted! Had not only the Doge and the Sages of the Orders and the rest of the Signory, but all the gentler classes of Venice gone forth that evening to Lido to meet the Emperor; or were the Duke of Ferrara and his Duchess arriving with the ladies at her court, in quaintest glittering bucentaurs; had the very waters been carpeted with pageantry, till all their expanse gleamed with the gilded mythological images of the *piotes*, or pleasure-barques, the Moorish liveries of their rowers, the bravery of crowded high forecables and banners, and huge sails richly coloured and pictured,—I verily believe I should have vouchsafed to look on them but little; for the splendour above would have put to shame, nay seemed to annihilate, their petty glistenings. There was now pageantry in the high heavens themselves, which would have achieved a serene and smiling victory over the utmost magnificence of those stately ones of the earth.

Venice, adieu! We left thee after weeks of happiness, cloudless as the morning when we came away. We then looked back insatiate with thy beauties, even though we carried away in our minds enough of them to make our memories a most enjoyable and recreative picture gallery for the rest of our days.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

Van Dyck, Painter. W. Ridgway, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 4 ft. 1½ in. by 3 ft. 11½ in.

WHAT would the old historical painters have done without the legends and stories of the Church of Rome and the patronage of the ecclesiastics?—is a question that has often occurred to us. They must have directed their thoughts into other channels—not easily found, however, at a period when history was comparatively but little known, and literature but scantily diffused—and have looked elsewhere for patrons: yet it is very doubtful whether they would have found either answer their purposes so well, and it can scarcely be expected that, under other circumstances, we should have seen, or heard of, so many of their works, for the church supported Art liberally, if not always with judgment. There are two or three facts recorded in the life of Van Dyck which show the kind of connoisseurship displayed by some of his ecclesiastical patrons. Soon after his return to Flanders from his journey into Italy, he painted a picture of "St. Augustine," for the church in Antwerp dedicated to the saint: the work attracted much admiration, but when Sir Joshua Reynolds saw it he remarked that "it disappointed his expectations; that it has no effect, from the want of a large mass of light;" the fact being that Van Dyck originally painted the dress of the principal figure, that of the saint, white, but the monks, before they would pay him for his labours, compelled him to alter it to black, thereby destroying the entire effect of the work. In another instance he had to contend against still greater ignorance, and at a period when his reputation stood as high as that of any living artist in Europe: the canons of the Collegiate Church at Courtray gave him a commission to paint a picture for their principal altar, and on this occasion he felt desirous of surpassing himself. He chose for his subject the "Elevation of the Cross," and bestowed on it all his art to produce a fine work. The picture was sent to Courtray and placed in its position, when the monks hurried to examine it. To the astonishment and mortification of the artist, his patrons regarded him and his production with the utmost contempt, and did not hesitate to express their opinion that the picture was detestable, and the painter a miserable dabbler. After pronouncing their verdict the monks withdrew from the church, and it was only with much difficulty that Van Dyck obtained payment for his labour. But his judges soon had reason to regret their decision, and the manner in which it had been expressed: the picture was seen by those who knew what is really a good work of Art, and who unhesitatingly declared this not only to be one of Van Dyck's finest, but a *chef-d'œuvre*: and so, by way of mitigating their offence, and of making some reparation for the injury inflicted, they resolved to order from the artist two other pictures for their church: he refused to comply with their request, and sent them word that there was a sufficient number of "daubers" at Courtray to answer their purpose.

We began by referring to the debt of obligation which the "old masters" owed to the legends of the Roman Church; and here is an example in Van Dyck's famous picture of the "Marriage of St. Catherine," for which George IV. paid the sum of 2500 guineas. St. Catherine of Alexandria is the lady represented: she was "the patron saint of philosophy and the schools." The pictures of her are almost innumerable—as patron, saint, or martyr.

This is undoubtedly a picture of the highest class, though it is deficient in some of those graces of form and character that distinguish the works of the great Italian painters. The influence of the bold conception of Rubens is evident in the outlines and forms of the figures, especially of the Infants, and in the "massings" of the draperies; but in colour it is more subdued than we are accustomed generally to see it in the works of Rubens and his followers. "The superlative beauty of the Virgin has long acquired for this picture the distinguishing appellation of *La plus belle des Vierges*."

It is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.





VAN DYCK. PINX.

W. BLOOMER. SCULPT.

THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION.







## PHOTOGRAPHY :

CONSIDERED IN RELATION TO ITS EDUCATIONAL AND PRACTICAL VALUE.

THE pages of the *Art-Journal* bear witness to the interest we have ever taken in the progress of this physico-chemical art. From its cradle,—when, as *photogenic* drawing, it first presented itself to the English public—up to its present state of maturity, we have watched its steps, and recorded, with all care, its rapid advances. We have not now to speak of any remarkable discovery, or to note even an especial achievement in photography. Of discoveries, we are not aware that there have of late been any; the scientific investigation ceased—or nearly so, as it always does—as soon as the art assumed that importance which makes it commercially valuable. All the manipulatory details have been carefully studied, and the causes of success or of failure worked out with the utmost diligence, until an exactness has been secured, in the hands of the skilful, which almost surpasses belief. Not merely can the good photographer depend upon every plate he prepares, but he can prepare them at his ease and at his leisure at home, pack them in his portfolio, travel without the encumbrance of chemicals, and develop his picture on his return. It was but recently that we witnessed such an experiment: thirty collodion plates had been prepared; these and the camera-obscura only were taken to the continent: thirty invisible pictures were brought home, every one of which proved, when developed, to be excellent photographs. Another advance, dependent entirely upon careful manipulation, has been made. We have long possessed beautiful views of cities, of temples, and of palaces—but they were lifeless. The plague may have passed like a destroying angel, leaving the streets of the city desolate, turning the temples into tombs, and making the palaces the sad abodes of solitude and silence. These pictures are like the poet's Greece—

"So coldly sweet, so deadly fair,—  
We start, for soul is wanting there.  
Theirs is the loveliness in death,  
That parts not quite with parting breath;  
But beauty, with that fearful bloom,  
The hue which haunts it to the tomb—  
Expression's last receding ray,  
A gilded halo hovering round decay."

Pictures have now been taken of a London thoroughfare with its noonday crowd: we have realized what Daguerre vainly hoped he had accomplished when, in 1841, he informed the writer of this article that, "*by means of my new process, it shall be possible to fix the images of objects in motion, such as public ceremonies, market-places covered with people, cattle, &c.*"

This has now been effected by the collodion process. In one half of a second the prepared plate has been impressed with all the thousand details of the buildings and their adornments; and life has been given to the picture—men, women, and children, cabriolets, omnibuses, carts and horses, have all left their impressions on the tablet. The human eyelids open and close less rapidly than the screen in front of the lens of the camera-obscura; in each case a picture of every external object is formed upon the retina of the eye, and upon what we may call the retina of the camera: a physical effect in one case, and a chemical effect in the other, gives to the mind a correct impression of everything which the sun has rendered visible. Add to this the use of the STEREOSCOPE, and we may reproduce in all solidity each object in nature. Such is the position in which we find photography at the present moment: let us consider its real value, first to Art, and then to the Arts.

THE ARTIST, looking at a photographic picture, may learn some of the mysteries of light and shadow, which cannot be arrived at by

any other study. If, especially, he examine the sun-picture with a lens, he will discover that the effect of solidity is given on a plane,—in a manner which it is the perfection of Art to imitate,—by a simple graduation of shadow. If he brings the stereoscope to his aid, he then calls into play some physiological phenomena, with which it is not our purpose at present to deal. The simple, single photographic picture teaches the combination of infinitely minute detail with that which we technically call "breadth of effect." Although we have a thousand objects faithfully represented, there is no sense of littleness, such as meets us in looking at many of our Pre-Raphaelite pictures. Everything is there, but no one object obtrudes itself upon the eye. A tree is represented with all its leaves, each leaf lying in a different position relative to the incident light; and the result is not an assemblage of leaves, but a tree, in all its unity, and a tree, too, which we can at once declare to be either an oak, or an ash, an elm, or some special member of the vegetable kingdom. There is no doubt about a photographic tree; we would that we could say so about many artistic ones. Sir William Newton, an artist and a photographer, says, in a paper which appears in the first number of the *Journal of the Photographic Society*,—"I consider it to be a sort of duty, as an artist, to recommend the student in Art *not* to take up the camera-obscura as a means of advancement in his profession until he has made himself well acquainted with the true principles of his art, as well as acquired considerable power of hand, with a view to draw with ease and correctness the *outline* of any object he may wish to represent. If, however, any student should imagine that the camera will help him to this desirable attainment, without the requisite study on his part, he will find himself much mistaken, when, perhaps, it may be too late to repair the injury. I am the more desirous of directing the student in Art to the foregoing observations, because I am well aware of the seductive nature of the practice of photography, and how it is calculated to divert him from his principal object in the earlier part of his studies." There is much truth in these remarks, and the want of attention to such advice is clearly showing itself in the productions of our young artists; and, indeed, there is evidence of its influence upon some of the pictures of our older *landscape* painters. There is a winning charm about the productions of photography which may well seduce the artist from his true path. The photographic picture of even the rotten stump of an ancient tree is so true—moss, fungus, ligneous structure, bark and all, are represented with so much fidelity, and all effected by light and shadow only—that the more we examine it the more we are delighted with the result. We perfectly understand the desire of the young artist to imitate so perfect a production, and in this desire is the danger which should be avoided.

The result of taking a photographic study as a guide in the production of a work of Art is, that however perfect the finished picture may be, it will want the evidence of MIND. No picture was ever painted—no matter how great the mechanical dexterity may have been by which it was produced—which could live as a work of Art, unless it bore the impress of thought. It is a marvellous power, but it is ever manifest; the mind makes itself felt through the works of the hand. Two pictures painted by the same hand, one a study from nature, in which the mind of the artist has been busy, and the other a copy from the most exquisite photographic picture, will present striking differences; one would represent living nature, and the other nature—dead. As

a means for directing the mind to observe the minute details of Nature's works, and to study how she produces her beautiful effects, nothing can be more useful than photography. There is, however, that disposition to indolence in human nature, that men will be led to copy direct from the photographic picture, rather than to study it, and then copy from nature: and here is the mischief which photography is doing to Art. The landscape-painter, using his camera-obscura properly, may greatly advance his art; the historical painter may catch the best expressions of his model ere yet they have time to fade, and from these advance to the study of the life, with the finest effects; and using photography so far, and no farther, will lead eventually to highest excellence.

THE ENGRAVER, whether upon copper or on wood, should find in photography a most important aid. The processes of etching upon the steel plate; of preparing the lithographic stone; of precipitating by the electrotype process a copper-plate on a matrix; of cutting through the drawing upon wood, which has been produced by photography in the first stage, cannot yet be regarded as successful. We have, in the *Art-Journal*, duly recorded from time to time the particulars of these attempts, which appear to us to have fallen into a state of slumber, from which we believe the art may be awakened to the production of the best results. Something has been done in the directions indicated, but in either of them the study of an observant mind is yet required to secure the desired perfection.

THE SCULPTOR, by the aid of photography, may secure within his portfolio all the marbles of the Vatican, and the rich treasures of our own museums. By the aid of the stereoscope he may study these in all the roundness of reality, and trace those delicate touches which, giving the semblance of life to stone, declare the greatness of the artist's mind.

THE ARCHITECT especially should be a student of the art of photography. It enables him to preserve examples of every fragment of ancient or of modern skill within a space comparatively small. The recent photographic exhibitions have shown us the perfection with which Egyptian temples and tombs, with their myriads of hieroglyphic characters, can be copied: those of Greece, and of Rome, in like manner, are brought home to us by photographic travellers; and those remains "of hood and cowl devotion," sacred to us from the memories which crowd their moss-bemantled walls, and which are at the present time the favourite studies of the ecclesiastical architect, may be secured with the utmost fidelity, and preserved in portfolios for daily reference.

THE ENGINEER has in many different ways availed himself of the advantages of photography. The Royal Engineers have, by means of the camera-obscura, secured drawings of the land and coast fortifications of different countries; and these have been obtained under such conditions that an exact measurement may be made from the photograph of every, or any part of the stronghold, which is sufficiently correct for all military or naval purposes. The rule for this is a simple one. You have a picture of a fort or a tower, which is, on your paper, we will say, one inch high; this has been obtained at the distance of twelve inches from the lens, and the camera has been three hundred yards from the object. Now if twelve inches give one inch, what will three hundred yards give? resolves the problem. At the recent Photographic Exhibition, the staff of engineers exhibited the results of photography in their well practised hands. The progress of great military works was regularly recorded, the camera-obscura supplying a report in every way superior to any report from a clerk of the



works. At the Ordnance Map Office, under the direction of Colonel James, the reduction of maps from the six-inch to the one-inch scale is effected by photography, saving many thousands annually to the nation in the expense of reduction by the ordinary processes.

The civil engineer has, in like manner, used this art to aid him in his works; and since Mr. Vignoles and the late Emperor of Russia employed the camera-obscura to register the progress of the work at the suspension bridge of Kieff, others have had recourse to the same means of recording the advances of large undertakings in which they have been engaged.

Machinery is now frequently copied by photographic means; thus, by one impulse, in a few minutes, the most elaborate system of wheels, cranks, piston-rods, &c., can be copied, which would occupy the ordinary draughtsman days, or even weeks. Patterns of parts of machines are also copied by the camera, and, as these can be sent by post, time and money are economised.

THE WEAVER and CALICO-PRINTER may not only employ photography to multiply their patterns, but there is a prospect that the art itself may be made available for purposes of ornamentation. The use of the bichromate of potash for producing copies of natural objects upon cotton and silk, has been on several occasions advocated, and some very promising results have been exhibited. Attention has been confined to the salts of silver; but several of the salts of iron and other metals are susceptible of photographic change, and capable of being permanently fixed, while by their use a considerable variety of colours might be obtained.

THE SCHOOLMASTER—regarding that functionary as the public educator in the largest sense of the word—will find in photography numerous useful aids to study. Botanical specimens may be copied with a fidelity which cannot by any other means be obtained; the minute down upon the stalk, every delicate veneration of the leaf,—the structure of every part, can be shown and studied with a facility which is only excelled by the natural object itself. We have recently seen selected specimens of minerals copied by the stereoscopic camera, and inspected them with the stereoscope. It was difficult to believe that real crystals of quartz, of fluor spar, and baryta were not before you, so true were they in form, in colour, and in transparency. These and similar examples of fossil remains were intended for the use of schools. The three kingdoms of nature, in all their infinite variety, admit of being thus treated, and they might thus be used with the best effect for purposes of instruction.

With the *stereomonoscope* of Mr. Claudet these results of high relief can be shown upon a ground glass to a class of any number. "I was led to think," say Mr. Claudet, "that it would be possible to construct a new stereoscope, in which, looking with both eyes at once upon a ground glass at the point of coalescence of the two images of a stereoscopic slide, each refracted by a separate lens, we could see it on that surface in the same relief which is produced by the common stereoscope." This result has been obtained in the most satisfactory manner, and no doubt, in a short time, we shall find this new form of stereoscope in very general use for such purposes as those suggested.

Those who have examined the beautiful pictures of Mr. Lake Price—"The Rod" and "The Gun"—fish and game—cannot but have been struck with the perfection of every part. The truth to nature is really a marvellous proof of the power of photography in the hands of a skilful operator. Some recent travellers in the East have brought home a great number of casts of the faces of the different native tribes

of the Himalayan range and Thibetan valleys. The difficulty of transporting those has been very great. If these men had been instructed in the use of the camera, they would have equally served the science of ethnology, by obtaining and preserving photographic portraits of the peoples amongst whom they had travelled.

THE ASTRONOMER points the camera-obscura to the heavens. The sun instantaneously impresses his image, and marks with all distinctness those wondrous black spots which are so strangely connected with the temperature, and the magnetism of our earth. The moon faithfully draws, by her own rays, those mountains and valleys which mark her surface, indicating a period of terrific disturbance long since past away. All is now quiet; but the grandeur of the rock-piled hills, and the terror of the deep chasms and vast gorges tell the tale of convulsions, such as those which are indicated to the geological student upon this planet. Photography, too, promises to lead to the solution of the problem—Has the moon an atmosphere? is she fitted to be the abode of organised beings? It is thought that the photographic moon indicates an atmospheric stratum of considerable density. The planets have also been pictured by means of photography, and some new facts have been observed, which had hitherto escaped attention.

THE PHYSICIST—we have no other word in the English language than this sibilating French derivative to express this class of natural philosopher—has employed photography to register the ever varying temperature of the day, and the year: the rise and fall of the barometer are in like manner recorded; and the variations of the earth's magnetic intensity, however slight, are, by the agency of light and a chemically prepared paper, detected and registered for every minute of the day.

Such are the numerous purposes to which photography has been applied. There are many others.

It is scarcely necessary to mention the ordinary process of portraiture, now so very common, but the extraordinary one of making the camera-obscura a detective officer, must not pass without a word. The portraits of convicted thieves are now regularly taken, and preserved in a gallery, to which constant reference can be had. Thus every criminal leaves in the hands of the police unmistakable evidence against himself, to be used on a future occasion if necessary. Photographic pictures may be adapted to the magic-lantern, but we may soon expect to see the stereomonoscope employed with a similar object, and made an instrument similarly adapted to educational purposes. The solar rays fall upon the surface of the earth, and give rise to all the wonderful organizations which live and move, and have their being, upon the surface. Those rays are the supporters of life, and the developers of beauty, in form and colour. Not only do they, under the Supreme cause, create organic forms, but they give to man the means of copying these creations in all their truthfulness. When the alchemist first noticed that Horn Silver (*the chloride of silver*), blackened by exposure to the light, he little dreamed that he had made a discovery which was to lead to the great ends which now mark the photographic art. A few only of its useful and educational applications have been named. A brief contemplation of those few will prove instructive, showing the great importance of noting the most simple, apparently, new facts, and proving that no new fact can be born into this world, however abstract it may appear to be, without its becoming, sooner or later, in various ways, of the greatest use to the arts of industry, and to the purposes of advancing the human mind.

ROBERT HUNT.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

In a recent number of this Journal, we gave some brief account of the interesting additions which have just been made to the national collection. But in reference to the purpose with which such works have been selected for our public gallery, much remains to be said; especially as the catalogue begins to assume dimensions which, at its present rate of increase, will, in a few years, describe the contents of a gallery in every way worthy of the epithet—"national." With respect to the site of the collection—are we to receive the glazing of the most precious works as an admission that they cannot be more advantageously situated than they are at present? If so, the uselessly debated question of situation thus receives its solution. Protected by glass, and secured from damp, these pictures will, a thousand years hence, yet be in fine preservation.

These recent acquisitions, selected from the Lombardi-Baldi collection at Florence, occupy the small room on the right, at the top of the stairs, which is sufficiently well lighted for works that have been principally executed for interior ecclesiastical decoration. To the light of this room, in reference to such works, we simply allude because in the larger rooms the best places have long been filled. In those rooms, when the question is the exhibition of the best pictures of the maturity of the art, we feel at once that there are degrees of light—differences which ought not to exist in an edifice erected expressly for the purpose of showing works of Art. In a design for such an erection as the new Palace at Westminster, the rule of selection was perhaps to entertain that proposition which, with due nobility of structure, combined the most signal fitness for the contemplated end. The so-called houses, with the multitudinous halls, corridors, and chambers, have been planned in obedience to a taste which affects the sacredness of subdued light. The expenditure upon Art has already been lavish in the Houses of Parliament; but there is not light enough to enable us to estimate accurately whether the money has been worthily bestowed—a negative advantage in certain cases, as sparing the spectator pain and the artist condemnation. Although more should have been done for the display of the interior decorations of the houses, yet the exhibition of Art was not in those edifices a primary condition of their erection; but, in the case of the National Gallery, every architectural crochecet should yield to the best means of lighting the pictures. The consideration of this subject is forced upon us whenever we enter the National Gallery, for it contains no works which will not stand the test of the most overt exposure. These late accessions to the public catalogue suggest the question—"In what way is it proposed to class the works, so as to realize the proposed history of Art?" The question is not now premature, since the collection of materials for the earliest chapters of the history will soon be, if not ample, at least exemplary and suggestive. All the great collections of Europe are disjointed into an affectation of "schools"—an arrangement suitable to the meagre acquisitions of connoisseurs who speak freely of "schools" and "styles," but who have never penetrated into principles. The arrangement of a gallery in schools presupposes a certain knowledge of Art in the visitor; and we know of none of the public galleries in Europe, thus disposed, that are not labyrinths of dire confusion; we are led

"From Dutch to Roman—Roman back to Dutch;  
Compare Teniers with Raphael, touch for touch."

In all the German galleries the school arrangement prevails. In Dresden the works are not better lighted than those in Marlborough House, and the classified confusion is most embarrassing; at Berlin the lighting is somewhat better, but the arrangements are equally objectionable. At Munich, much might have been expected; but even there inveterate tradition holds its own; and as to lighting, there also the enthusiast will be disappointed. The Tribune at Florence is a casket of inappreciable gems; yet the composition of its contents is an outrage on the school system professed throughout the rest of the collection. From all of these we turn with pleasure to the splendid mixture in the Pitti, in which there is no affectation of order. The arrangement of our own collection has hitherto been simply that of temporary expediency, and must continue so



until a sufficient edifice shall be appointed for its reception. Before such a desideratum be supplied, it is probable that the catalogue will be much extended, and the collection will be assuming the importance necessary to the end kept in view in making the selections—that is, a history of Art as circumstantial as can be set forth in a series of pictures. But we trust that the arrangement will be intelligible to the masses of visitors, who do not inquire to what school Leonardo da Vinci belonged, but in what year he lived, and who were his contemporaries. To persons possessing a considerable knowledge of Art the school arrangement is often very embarrassing, as the appreciation of any given painter in respect of his contemporaries can only be effected by visiting it may be half-a-dozen different rooms. And many gratuitous difficulties will stand in the way of such inquiries in any arrangement that is not in chronological series. The walls or rooms should be divided into centuries, which might be again subdivided into halves and quarters, showing the works of all the estimable masters who lived or flourished within those periods; and on an ornamented frieze above should appear their names, the dates of their birth and death respectively, and the schools to which they belonged. Such an arrangement would show the progress of painting, and would afford the means of directly comparing the feeling of different schools—would signalize the culmination of the art in the Italian and other schools, and also mark its decrepitude and decadence. If the classification of the works be not in chronological succession, we know not how a narrative is to be extracted from the canvas. If the same care be exercised which has hitherto prevailed in the selection of the pictures; we shall possess the purest, —the least questionable, of the public collections of Europe.

The "Madonna and Infant Christ," by Margaritone d'Arezzo, will by no means be commonly understood as a valuable addition to the collection. By that section of the public that is not curious as to the infancy of painting, it will be regarded as a grotesque and puerile essay; yet in the work there is a self-possessed touch as firm as the conventional decision of Egyptian outline. The most potent and revered of the divinities of the pagan world are always found, as to their construction, to be the farthest removed from the human form; and to the pious community for whom Margaritone painted, anything more nearly approaching humanity might not have been acceptable. The superstitious tenacity with which the lower classes in some parts of Italy have clung to what we may now safely call the hideous traditions of Byzantine Art, can only be explained according to that principle which induced the Egyptian hierarchy to promulgate the law preserving their kings and deities in one form, lest the sculptors, as they progressed in the cunning of their Art, should improve upon their gods, and give them eventually the vulgar forms of men to worship. The merit of Byzantine Art was its essential coarseness; and that has been held in superstitious reverence by the lower classes in Italy through good and evil report—from the suppression of Byzantine practice by the study of nature, until the glorious meridian of painting, and yet also through the twilight by which it was succeeded. If the wretched Madonnas exhibited at shop doors were not greener than those of the early painters who drew their inspirations from the expatriated Greeks, they were unacceptable for worship, as differing from the first beatific patterns. But Margaritone's Madonna is in complexion a brunette—honest light red seems to have been his favourite pigment—used, perhaps, with too much feeling for the black and tan. Of the drawing of the features we have nothing to say—save that in his day (inasmuch as there is nothing in the modelling of the heads and hands that a person using a brush for the first time might not do) any one might have become a painter if such works constituted a claim to the distinction. There is in the Church of St. Agatha, in Florence, a very early example of the works of the Greek artists—not less than the work of Margaritone, suggestive of simple reflections and plain questions. There are in the same church tolerable works by Matteo Rosselli, by Allori, Passignano, and members of the school of Ghirlandaio; and when we see such performances under the same roof with the works of these masters, we marvel greatly that they should

have been preserved through periods, the productions of which have put them so utterly to shame. Yet these works have a certain value—they illustrate the meagre base on which the superstructure of the revival was reared.

In the work under consideration, the Virgin and Infant Saviour form the centrepiece, and on each side there are four incidents from Scripture—St. John in the Cauldron of Boiling Oil, the Martyrdom of St. Catherine, St. Nicholas in the Ship, St. John and Drusiana, St. Benedict upon a Bed of Thorns, St. Nicholas of Bari liberating Captives, and St. Margaret Swallowed and Disgorged by a Dragon. If the painter himself did not select these subjects, they have been well selected for him; for, although between them there is no relation, yet, being pointed, they subserve well the end of impressing pious and superstitious minds with the patience of the saints and martyrs. Each of these compositions is explained by a legend of straggling and slovenly characters, which the painter might have executed much more neatly, since we must recognise him rather as an ornamentist than a figure-painter. The face of the Virgin is long, with the eyes close together, and all the features made out with the rudest markings. The hands are painted without any attempt at imitation of the natural outlines of the fingers; but, on the other hand, the folds and ornament of the lower drapery are drawn with the utmost nicety of detail. Margaritone is said to be the inventor of the practice of gilding with leaf-gold upon Armenian bole, and there is every evidence that he piqued himself more on ornamentation than figure-painting. The upper part of the principal figure is enveloped in a heavy black mantle, and she wears a crown ornamented with lilies—the same forms being also pendant from the sides. The Infant Christ wears a brown vesture; the right hand is raised in the action of blessing, and the left grasps a scroll—the *volumen* of the ancients—the yet incomplete *Evangelium*, but already bearing the symbol of the Cross. The first of the descriptive legends to which we have alluded runs thus—"IHC BEAT. JONES. EVG. A FERORE OLEI LIBERATUR." The work is mentioned by Vasari as having ornamented the altar of the Church of the Sisters of St. Margaret, at Florence. In reference to the reputation of the painter, it is amusing to see the panegyrics of his biographers. With respect to colour, the work is of the second phase of Byzantine Art. In the first period, the flesh tints were orange, which was succeeded by the red-brown of Margaritone's work; and lastly, the green tint which we see in the pictures by Duccio da Siena. It is executed in tempera, or water-colour, and bears the signature of the painter—"MARGARIT. DE. ARITIO. ME. FECIT." It is now glazed, and, considering that it has been exposed during six centuries, is in fair condition for tempera. The large Madonna by Cimabue, who was four years the junior of Margaritone, affords a striking contrast to the work of the latter. According to the advance of the times, it represents the progress of half a century. It is represented as the same picture which Vasari mentions having been in Santa Croce, at Florence; the absence of which leaves Santa Croce, if our memory be faithful, without any work by Cimabue, although there is a Madonna and other works by Giotto. Cimabue's famous Madonna surrounded by Angels, which was borne in procession to the Church of Santa Maria Novella, forms one of the ornaments, and the most remarkable, of the Eighth Chapel. It were difficult to believe that this picture, and that of Margaritone, were by contemporaries, if we were not well assured of the fact. The features are modelled into roundness and relief, the general flesh-tint is low toned and grey, with an appearance of having faded. The painter has consulted nature, but has not been assisted to the accurate conclusions at which his successors have had the means of arriving. The Virgin is seated, and holds the Saviour before her, and on each side three angels are represented in adoration. The drapery is blue, covering a red robe beneath, and telling against the gilt background of the time. We are fortunate in the possession of this picture, for, in execution and feeling, it is equal to anything remaining by the artist. The most remarkable works of this artist are the embellishments of the Church of St. Francis, at Assisi, the roof of which consists of five square compartments,

the first, third, and fifth of which contain figures, but the second and fourth only stars upon a blue ground; and, in one of the minor spaces, there is a Madonna closely resembling that in Santa Maria Novella; and yet more interesting than these are—"The Apprehension of Christ," "Joseph and his Brethren," "The Marriage of Cana," and others less perfect.

The work of Duccio da Siena is a small triptych, of which the centre presents a Madonna and Infant Christ. The principal figure, at half length, wears a light blue mantle and hood, and the Saviour is attired in white and purple. On the wings, which open with hinges, are two saints—St. Dominic, and a female saint wearing a crown, St. Catherine. The proportions, draperies, and attitudes of these figures are unexceptionable. Duccio was a contemporary of Cimabue, and was established in Siena in 1282, where, in 1308, he undertook his greatest work, the embellishment of the cathedral. His productions resemble those of Cimabue, but they are more advanced; the drawing and painting of the two saints are of a superior character.

The Coronation of the Virgin, said to be of the school of Giotto, is a performance so excellent for its time that there ought to be no difficulty in assigning it. The high quality of the picture could only be arrived at by study and lengthened practice, and there must therefore be many productions by the same hand. It is ascertained to have been painted about 1330. Both figures are seated, and the Saviour is in the act of placing the crown on the head of the Virgin. The robes of both figures are blue, over which falls a white mantle studded with gold stars. Below are four angels, two giving incense, and two worshipping; and a similar arrangement of colour is here observable—two wearing green mantles and two pink. In the treatment of the subject, there is an extraordinary lightness and tenderness. In many public collections, this work would be unhesitatingly and at once assigned to some famous name; but it is much more creditable to have it anonymous than to attribute it unauthoritatively.

Over the door of the room is hung the remarkable crucifix by Segna di Buonaventura, who painted in 1305 and 1319. The cross on which the figure is painted is black, with a gilt moulded border. At the extremities of the arms of the cross are panels, on which are painted the Virgin and St. John; and on a corresponding panel at the top is the usual inscription. That portion of the cross on which the body is painted is widened into a panel chequered with red and blue fields alternately, bearing stars formed of the symbol of the Trinity duplicated transversely. This painter was of the school of Duccio da Siena, and ventures, in some respects, further from the conventionalities of Byzantine Art than his master. There are indications of study of the figure. The are formed by the sternum and the points of the ribs is indicated in a manner which declares the figure to have been studied from nature, and the emaciation of the person bespeaks an essay after death: the drawing is extremely timid. The model, however, has not been well selected, and the colour of nature being so indifferently imitated, it is probable that the picture has been executed from a sketch on paper. The nimbus is brought forward by a carved projection, so as to shade the head. We recognise in this work the same tendencies as in those of Duccio, whose great works, "Christ's Entry into Jerusalem," "The Holy Women at the Tomb," &c., he had studied, and no doubt aided in executing.

Taddeo Gaddi, the pupil of Giotto, who was also his godfather, is represented by an altar-piece, the principal theme of which is the Baptism of the Saviour. The Almighty is seen above, and the dove appears between these passages of the composition. Gaddi does not subscribe to the idea of representing the Deity by an aged figure; the impersonation here is comparatively youthful. This centre is supported on the right and left by St. Peter and St. Paul, one on each side; and in continuation of the narrative, there are above, again, the Deity and subordinate figures of the Virgin and Isaiah. Taddeo Gaddi was born in 1300, and was living in 1366; and yet, during the century which we may assume that painting had been advancing in Italy, the ornamental Byzantine still prevailed over the study of nature. The neces-



sity of reference to the human form is recognised, but relief and effect are entirely superseded by the gilded fields on which the figures are placed. In this work there is a fragmentary landscape essay, with all the faults of the most youthful practice. On the predella are painted incidents from the life of the Baptist, as the Birth, the Supper, Salome Dancing, and the Decapitation; Herodias receiving from her daughter the Head of the Baptist; and on the right and left are supplementary figures of St. Benedict and St. Romuald.

Of Andrea Orcagna there are numerous examples, all in high preservation. The most important of these is The Coronation of the Virgin, distributed in three compartments; the Saviour and the Virgin occupying the principal, and the flanking panels showing numerous companies of saints and martyrs adoringly contemplating the act. The Saviour and the Virgin are attired in white robes, and below them are angels assisting with music at the ceremony, the instruments being those popular in the time of the artist, such as the lute, dulcimer, and even the Italian bagpipe. The throng of saints on each side, with faces upturned, witnessing the ceremony, are grouped as if kneeling on a graduated platform, the heads thus appearing in rows above each other, but without any appearance of the manner in which they are supported. The picture is a remarkable instance of the fine preservation in which are maintained so many of the most ancient works of Art throughout Italy; it is everywhere clear and definite, the surface being in the most perfect condition. A period of nearly five centuries has elapsed since it was executed, but it is in better order than many of the productions of our own school which have not yet been fifty years in existence. There are mannerisms in the work which must strike every observer, showing that Orcagna was satisfied with his knowledge of human form. All the noses approach the aquiline cast of the Byzantine remains, and the eyes derive an extremely sinister expression from being half closed, and having the pupil retracted in a point, and opposed by a very sharp touch of white, to represent the white of the eye. But this centre, with its lateral compartments, was only part of a great work executed by Orcagna for the Church of San Pietro Maggiore, at Florence. The supplementary pictures formerly placed above the "Coronation," are the Holy Trinity and Adoring Angels, the Nativity, the Adoration of the Magi, the Resurrection, the Three Marys at the Sepulchre, the Ascension, and the Descent of the Holy Ghost; and all these, which belong to this great altar-piece, are hung in different parts of the room: but we cannot believe that this distribution is intended to be permanent, for this great work by Orcagna affords an opportunity of exhibiting that system of theological narrative in Art which impressed—more deeply than any other method of recital—the public mind in the middle ages. Here is a rehearsal of certain of the great truths of our evangelical faith complete, as it appeared to the devout frequenters of the Church of San Pietro; and we trust that when an opportunity serves, that the whole will again be re-united as it stood over the high altar. The church in which this great work adorned was destroyed in 1783. Orcagna painted in the latter half of the fourteenth century, and died in 1376. He was the son of the Florentine sculptor Cione: his Christian name was Andrea, and the surname by which he was known, Orcagna, or more correctly Arcaigno, is a corruption of Arcaignolo. This artist was a sculptor as well as a painter, and his name is associated with that portion of the public buildings in the Piazza del Granduca known as the Loggia dell' Orcagna, or dei Lanzi.

The three saints, St. John the Baptist, St. John the Evangelist, and St. James the Greater, by Spinello Aretino, exemplify an advance on the method of study practised by Orcagna, inasmuch as in the three heads there is a diversity of character, each impersonation having been studied from the life. The draperies are as effectively painted as they were centuries after, and the simplicity of the treatment of each figure bespeaks a closer reference to nature. By a glance at these three figures, we learn that the powers of Spinello were of an order to vanquish the difficulties which had opposed the advance of those who preceded him. He was a pupil of Jacopo di Casentino, but at the age of twenty he excelled his master.

The large altar-piece by Jacopo di Casentino is an extensive gathering of incidents from the "Golden Legend." There are, as usual, three principal divisions—the centre one of which shows St. John the Evangelist raised from the grave by the Saviour and a company of prophets and holy men. The saint, now an old man, wears that ceremonial vestment of the Catholic Church called a chasuble. The figure being raised from above by the hands being drawn upwards, the pose of the figure is not the most graceful; and the lines of the arms and those of the drapery yield endless repetitions, in triumphant violation of the laws of composition. Beneath the ascending figure is the grave from which he has been raised, and he ascends upon a gilded cloud, as the figures above rest upon clouds also gilded. The right-hand compartment contains four saints—St. Peter, St. Romuald, St. Catherine, and St. Jerome; and in the left are St. Bernard, St. Benedict, St. Scholastica, and St. John the Baptist; the figures in both groups standing close together. Over each of these compositions the frame forms a Roman arch, within which is laid a dentated sprig. Each of these arches supports a supplementary panel sunk in its frame. The centre subject is the Trinity, the Father, the Son crucified, and the descending Dove. The two others taken together illustrate the Annunciation, as one contains the Angel Gabriel and the other the Virgin Mary. Above the principal compartment, in small figures and distributively, is the narrative of the Saviour's triumph over death, and a direct allusion to the Redemption. In the centre of the predella we see St. John sleeping in the island of Patmos; the two lateral incidents being St. John in the act of baptizing, and St. John in the cauldron of oil. The frame containing this work has lateral columns pierced, so as to contain numerous medallions and supplementary figures of saints.

Examined as a whole, we find this work executed still under the regimen of the Byzantine school; every space vacant of figures being filled up with gilding, and much more attention being given to enrichment than natural form. The hands of some of the principal figures are ridiculously small, a fault which by any of those early painters might have been obviated by a very slight inquiry into personal proportion, but the rules of the Byzantine school placed the representation of the human form as subordinate to gorgeous ornament.

The amiable Fra Beato Angelico da Fiesole is not represented by a picture to which his name attaches, and of which the subject is the Adoration of the Magi. It is small, and although yet brilliant, not in good condition. Angelico da Fiesole was a brother of the Monastery of St. Mark, at Florence, and it is there where some of his noblest works are to be seen; especially a crucifix, before which a company of saints are worshipping—the features of whom describe a variety of emotions with an intensity of expression far beyond the essays of all who had gone before this painter. There is also in the gallery of the Uffizi a large tabernacle, on the doors of which are saints of the size of life—also in the Louvre a Coronation of the Virgin, at which is present a throng of saints and martyrs. The name of this eminent painter was Giovanni Guido, to which Il Beato Angelico was prefixed in token of his purity of life. He might have lived in the world, honoured and wealthy, but he preferred the seclusion of the house of St. Mark, where he practised painting—not for money, but in sincere devotion to the Art.

The next work of which we shall speak illustrates a "profane" subject, said to be "The Rape of Helen," and attributed to Benozzo Gozzoli. It was formerly ascribed to Gentile da Fabriano, and was then called "The Brides of Venice." The theme and the painter are, therefore, equally uncertain. It is a small composition, in which appears an edifice something like the portico of a Greek temple, within which is an assemblage of women, all richly attired in the costume of the fifteenth century. The feeling of the picture is perhaps rather that of Benozzo, but he did not acquire from his master, Beato Angelico, his taste for subject-matter of this kind. One of the women is borne off towards a ship that is moored in a creek by one of the men wearing scarlet hose, while a second carries off another, and a third within the building is selecting a lady from the crowd of beauties assembled therein. On the left there is a group of men, of whom one wears a suit of

armour, mixed plate and mail; the others wear the civil costume of the time, but all are armed. The background of the composition consists of cliffs rising immediately from the water's edge. In these days it causes a smile to see a Rape of Helen effected by gentlemen in hose of scarlet and parti-colour, with belted tunics and peaked beavers; but if this be really the subject, who are the other gentlemen, who, following the example of Paris, are also helping themselves to ladies? There is no resistance; the principal figure—the victim of him in the scarlet hose—seems to say, like the French marquis, "Faites comme vous voudrez, mais ne me chiffonnez pas;" and, by a mutual arrangement, the dress is tenderly treated. The subject cannot be "The Brides of Venice," *quoad* their abstraction from Venice, because the scene is not Venice; but it may be "The Brides of Venice," as to their rescue, notwithstanding the Greek building on the right.

The large picture by Paolo Uccello, representing the Battle of Saint Egidio, fought in 1416, presents on the left an advance of knights armed cap-à-pie in suits of mixed plate and mail; there are, however, two uncovered heads—those of Carlo Malatesta and his nephew Galeazzo, who were made prisoners at the battle. The armour is all very carefully drawn, and the plates have been overlaid with silver-leaf, which, where necessary, has been glazed into shade. The pieces of mail chain armour are marvellously painted, and the variously patterned helmets and crests distinguish their owners. The ground is strewn with fragments of broken lances and helmets, and there is one dead man—a very bold essay at foreshortening. But the horses are the least satisfactory portion of the picture, inasmuch as they all look as if they had been painted from bad wooden models; and the false scale of shade in the drawing is yet more prejudicial to the effect. The sky has become green and dark. The appearance of the whole is exceedingly heavy—the figures realize James I.'s idea of men in panoply; the action of the horses is spiritless, and the lances and other weapons are ponderous to the last degree; but, nevertheless, the picture is an interesting curiosity. The subjects treated by Uccello are principally sacred, the execution, therefore, of this picture is doubtless due to a commission.

The altar-piece by Filippo Lippi is divided into three parts, the centre containing the Virgin and the Infant Jesus. Below, are two angels, one playing the guitar, and the other the violin. On the left are St. Nicholas of Tolentino and St. Augustine, and on the other side are St. Monica and St. Bartholomew. There is by the same master another picture, also a Madonna and Infant Christ, painted in a manner to show that art was now emancipated from the superstitions by which it had been entrammelled: the gilding, which was a substitute for want of power, is now dismissed, and we find perspective advancing, and the figures relieved by backgrounds descriptive of locality. By some member of the school of Lippi there are two pictures, formed of two groups of figures—the two saints, John the Baptist and the Evangelist, and St. Mark and St. Augustine; and by Filippino Lippi there is an Adoration of the Magi, anticipating very much of the technical excellence upon which was founded the reputation of some of the most eminent of his successors. Cosimo Tura is but little known; the example, however, of his feeling that is numbered in the list of these acquisitions, shows that the time is now come when every legitimate means of Art will be made available. The subject is an Entombment, in which the body of the Saviour is supported by Joseph of Arimathea and John the Baptist. The Madonna and Infant by Lorenzo di Credi, of exquisite finish, evidences the tendency to that bulky form in the Infant which we see imitated by other painters, and even by Raphael. Nothing can be more brilliant than the two heads by Quintin Matsys—the Salvator Mundi and the Virgin, especially the latter; and not less beautiful, though in a different manner, is the so-called portrait of Isotta da Rimini, by Piero della Francesca. Of these last-named works we shall take occasion to speak more fully in a future article on the wants of the National Gallery. A genuine Byzantine specimen, representing Saints Cosmas and Damianus, by the Priest Emmanuel, of the seventeenth century, completes the list of new pictures lately added to the national collection.



BRITISH ARTISTS:  
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,  
WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXVIII.—HENRY LE JEUNE.



NATURE endows the great family of mankind with a diversity of gifts; seldom, however, allowing many to be accumulated by one individual, but dispersing them wisely and beneficently among her favoured children, so that each may enjoy what appears to be his rightful possession. For example, it is rare to see an artist great in two distinct characters or qualities of Art; he has an intuitive perception of what nature intended to make him, and follows, generally, the path marked out for him as the only one in which he can hope to be successful. We do not believe that Raffaele could have painted the "Last Judgment" as

Michael Angelo painted it on the wall of the Sistine Chapel, nor that Michael Angelo could have produced such a picture as Raffaele's "Transfiguration;" and, to come down to our own time, no one would expect to see a "Village Choir," like Webster's, by the President of the Royal Academy, nor a picture like "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," from the pencil of Webster: the artist-mind has limits assigned to it which Nature rarely permits it to pass in its operations.

When such a result is the inevitable consequence of uncontrollable laws, and is almost universally felt and recognised, it would appear to be useless to point out special instances: but the recollection of the pictures painted by Mr. Le Jenne forces the fact so strongly upon the mind that we could not do less than advert to it, even though the reference is to an absolute truism. We will not say that his art is altogether engrossed by his love of children, but they certainly occupy a very large portion of his ideas, and, there

is little doubt, form the most numerous class of models in his studio; they are the most pleasant and welcome fancies of his Art-dreams—the beings with whom his waking thoughts are in close and delightful companionship, and in whom he constantly discovers something "ever changing, ever new." In looking back, however, on what this artist has produced, we shall see that he has often, like Gulliver, broken away from the cords with which the Liliputians have tied him down, and has found other scenes and other models to engage his pencil: in the earlier part of his career this was especially the case.

Henry Le Jenne was born in London, in 1820: his name would favour the idea that he is of French extraction: possibly this may be the case: his father, who is still living, and his brothers, are in the musical profession. Evincing at an early age an earnest desire to become an artist, he was sent to study in the British Museum. In 1834 he was admitted a student in the Royal Academy, where he obtained, in succession, four silver medals, and finally, in 1841, the "gold" medal, the subject of the picture being "Samson bursting his bonds." Writing of the gold medal recalls to mind an observation made to us not very long since, that of all the names now on the list of the Royal Academy, both academicians and associates, three only, those of Mr. MacIse, Mr. Frost, and Mr. Hook, are mentioned as having won this honour: we believe this to be a fact, though we do not speak with absolute certainty; if it be so, it is singular, yet it verifies the scriptural declaration that "the race is not always to the swift." In 1845 Mr. Le Jenne was appointed head-master of the morning class at the Government School of Design, which he resigned in 1848; in the latter year he was nominated to the curatorship of the "Painting School" of the Academy, which now includes the duty of instruction in painting. This appointment he still holds.

Mr. Le Jenne's first picture, exhibited publicly, appeared at the Academy in 1840, the subject, "Joseph interpreting the Dream of Pharaoh's Butler;" but the earliest of his works in our recollection was that which gained the prize of the gold medal, the "Samson" just referred to: this was sent to the British Institution in 1842; it was an ambitious, and, in many points, a very meritorious painting, showing, however, as might be expected, more of academic study than of original conception and treatment. "Una and the Lion," a later production, we presume, but exhibited at the Academy in the same year, 1842, manifested maturer powers, and elicited from us the remark,—“the artist takes at once high ground, and we do not see that he



Engraved by J

THE PLOUGH.

J. Cooper.

has mistaken his position." Again, writing of one of three pictures in the Academy exhibition of 1843, "Prince Arthur's Dream," we said:—"This is a remarkable picture, and betokens clearly a degree of progress in its author. We are looking to him anxiously for great things." A canvas of comparatively small dimensions, sent to the British Institution in 1844, represented an incident in the poet's story of "Prospero and Miranda," with unaffected simplicity and originality.

Leaving for a time Spenser and Shakspeare, we find Mr. Le Jenne, in 1845, referring to the pages of Scripture for subjects: at the British Institution he exhibited a scene suggested by the verse in the gospel of St. Matthew—"But they shall sit every man under his vine and under his fig-tree." It is not a picture of uniform excellence, one group of figures showing far greater def-

iciency of power in conception and execution than the others. His "Ruth and Boaz," the only picture he sent to the Academy, is a beautiful and graceful composition, one that would confer honour upon a veteran in Art. The same remarks will apply to another work exhibited in the Academy the following year, the title of which was supplied by a passage from the book of Samuel,—“Ye daughters of Israel, weep over Saul, who clothed you in scarlet.” &c. The composition, drawing, and colouring of this picture could scarcely be surpassed, while the feeling or sentiment thrown into the figures no one could mistake, it was so obvious. At the British Institution, in 1847, he exhibited "Bassanio choosing the Casket;" a small composition of only two figures, but conceived and realized with the most exquisite feeling and masterly power. . . . Of this little picture we have, in a few



words, to observe that it is painted in a taste which few living painters could evince;" such was our record after seeing it in the gallery in Pall Mall. At the Academy in the same year hung the most ambitious work the artist had hitherto attempted, the "Liberation of the Slaves:" this picture was purchased by the Prince Consort. Mr. Jeens has made considerable progress in his engraving from it for our series of "Royal Pictures," and as we hope before very long to introduce the print into the *Art-Journal*, we postpone any comment on the painting till the engraving is published. Mr. Le Jeune's contributions to the British Institution, in 1848, were—"Pan teaching Apollo;" and a little picture entitled "Hush!" a young mother with her infant child: the latter is a gem that shows the highest qualities of Art. To the Academy he contributed "Ferdinand and Miranda."

Of his two pictures in the British Institution in 1849, "Una," a small, half-length figure, and "Ophelia," hanging wreaths upon the boughs, the latter pleases us most: it is more freely painted than the majority of the works pro-

duced by the artist up to this period. "Lear and Cordelia," exhibited the same year in the Academy, is a picture of great excellence, replete with tenderness and filial emotion.

There was a beautiful little picture by Mr. Le Jeune in the British Institution in 1850; it was called the "Hour-Glass," the running sands of which were intensely watched by two children. The beads of the children are most forcibly painted, and the composition is altogether full of poetical feeling. In the exhibition of the Academy that year, his "Martha Reproved" presented the scriptural narrative in a style remarkable for its simplicity, and refined taste: wisely rejecting any presumed advantages derivable from brilliant colouring and auxiliary introductions to give interest to the composition, the artist's aim seems to have been to develop in the countenances of the figures the expression each would be expected to portray; and in this he has completely succeeded. "Blackberry Gatherers"—a boy and a girl—a small painting in the Academy the same year, is a bright, sunshiny "bit" of nature, very carefully finished.



Engraved by]

RUSTIC MUSIC.

J. Cooper.

Another work, something akin to this in style and subject, was exhibited at the British Institution in 1851; it had no title appended, but it represents a boy half-stretched on a grassy bank, and attempting to catch a pair of butterflies, that have come within the reach of the hat he holds in his hand: it is admirably painted. "Anglers" and "Archers," a pair of pictures exhibited at the Academy in that year, introduce the spectator to groups of children occupied as expressed in the titles: these charming little works—so true and natural—have been excellently engraved by Mr. Joubert, and are consequently well known to the public. A subject of far more elevated character was hung at the same time—"The Sermon on the Mount," a picture manifesting very considerable power as regards expression and feeling, but deficient in individuality, and restrained in the arrangement of the figures. A large engraving, by Jackson, has been published from this picture, under the title of "The Lily of the Field."

In 1852, Mr. Le Jeune sent two pictures to the British Institution; one he called "Rush Gatherers:" three children have collected a quantity of bull-

rushes, two of them are employed in binding their water-side "harvest" into a sheaf, while the third stands by, holding a single rush in the hand; the group is arranged and painted with exceeding taste and delicacy. The other subject was a "Lady and Child:" it forcibly recalled to mind, by its sweetness of expression and simplicity of composition, some of the pictures that Guido and other Italian artists of that school, were accustomed to paint. His contribution to the Academy this year was a scriptural subject: it bore no title, or rather the verses from the gospel of St. Mark, that suggested the work, took the place of a title—Christ's answer to the rich young man, who asked, "Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life?" The interest of the composition rests chiefly with these two principal figures; but there are others introduced with much skill and judgment, to carry out the instructive lesson which the history teaches. We scarcely remember any picture by this artist that so well evidences his power as a colourist: the effects are produced less by light and shade than by opposition of tints combining brilliancy with harmony.



The "Spirit's Flight" is the title given to a small picture exhibited at the British Institution in the following year. "Infant Prayer," and a "Scene in a Green Lane," were hung at the Academy in 1853; both unpretending works, but of a character to render them valuable and pleasing additions to any cabinet collection.

In 1854, Mr. Le Jeune exhibited at the Royal Academy only, to which he sent two pictures: one, "THE PLOUGH," engraved on a preceding page. We can offer no other remarks on this charmingly playful and truthful design than those we wrote after seeing it at the Academy:—"The manner in which this artist paints children is unique. The plough is a forked branch of a tree, which is held by one little fellow, as ploughman, while two other children, a boy and girl, draw it along as horses. In the features of these children there is a refined and elevated sentiment that is by no means of the every-day world. Their amusement is that of children as they are ever before us, and their dress is humble, but there is yet a tone in them which separates them from their play. The picture in colour and feeling is most felicitous." How scientifically the ploughboy holds his implement, as if he had served an apprenticeship on the farm, his hair streaming back, from the rapidity with which the "team" has descended the slope, turning up the grass, but not the clods: that sturdy

young horse, too, on the near side, how bravely he "clings to his collar," as the learned in those matters say, pulling with all his infantine strength, while his more delicate companion "in harness," who appears not thoroughly broken in yet, is a willing, but somewhat wild, worker—one whom the plougher evidently finds it difficult to keep in a straight line. A very different subject is the other picture of this date—"Christ blessing little Children," a subject that always seems to provoke comparison; yet Mr. Le Jeune's composition will stand the test of anything of a similar character, so far as we know, that could be brought into competition with it.

"See-saw"—another of those representations of child life which this painter always renders so captivating—was exhibited at the Academy in 1855. It is painted to a lower "key" of colour than is usual with him, but loses nothing in value on such account: it is a sweet little picture. This, and several other pictures by Mr. Le Jeune, "The Bulrush Gatherers," the "Plough," "On the Look-out," with some that have not been publicly exhibited, are in the possession of Alfred Brooks, Esq., Finchley.

Between 1853 and 1856 Mr. Le Jeune was absent from the British Institution: in the latter year, however, he sent "Little Gretchen," the name given to a young child, represented half-length, sitting with a book on her knee. "The



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CHILDREN GATHERING WATER-LILIES.

[J. Cooper

face is Dutch, and the feeling of the picture is entirely Rembrandtesque. There is no straining after poetic beauty, it is a purely natural essay; the flesh is soft, warm, and yielding, and the expression life-like and intelligent." "Mary Magdalen at the Sepulchre," and "On the Look-out," were his contributions to the Academy this year. Regarding the pictures in an artistic point of view, we prefer the latter, it is so unaffectedly simple and truthful: the subject shows a boy and girl seated on a cannon by the sea-side; the boy holds a small telescope to his eye,—and this is "On the Look-out." In 1857, he sent to the British Institution a small painting of Christ's agony in the garden, to which he gave the title of "Thy will be done:" it is a work that only an artist of elevated mind could have produced. "The Vision of Queen Katherine," from the text of Shakspeare, was hung at the Academy: unquestionably a clever picture, yet it interested us less perhaps than any other work from the same hand.

This year Mr. Le Jeune was again unrepresented at the British Institution, but at the Academy he had "The early days of Timothy," and "CHILDREN GATHERING WATER-LILIES," the latter engraved on this page: our comments on these works have been so recent that it is unnecessary to refer to them again.

The enumeration we have thus given of the pictures by this artist will, perhaps, induce some of our readers to ask why, at the commencement of our remarks, we associated his art so especially with children, seeing that very many of his works are of a different character. To this we reply, that whatever merits his other pictures possess, his real strength lies in his representations of those "small folk:" here he stands without an equal among our living school of artists, for truth, beauty, and natural expression; there is in them—we mean the children—nothing commonplace and rude, nor, on the other hand, do they convey the idea of being "dressed up for their portraits;" they are of the aristocracy of nature, ere, as it would seem, intercourse with the world has robbed them of their innocence and vulgarised their manners. But in all that Mr. Le Jeune produces there is abundant evidence of elevated sentiment, refined taste, and high purpose, resulting from a well-ordered and accomplished mind: by his art he is a sound, eloquent, and most interesting teacher of moral and religious truths, and as such is entitled to our respect and esteem. Moreover, apart from the subject-matter of his works, he is thoroughly conversant with, and practises, those principles on which good Art is based, and which alone constitute its true value.



## TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 8.—RICHARD COSWAY, R.A.

ANCIENT ART seems to have known no such persons as "fashionable painters;" men followed Art then because they felt their genius impel them to the course; and they were rewarded by fame or fortune, as their works compelled patrons to reverence the talent they displayed. Their genius made the laws which all others have followed; and how powerful they were in their strength of mind, and pure independence of action, our museums and galleries of Art can show. "Fashionable" artists, butterflies of an era, are of a totally different genus; called into practice by the sickly taste of over-refinement, they trim nature as a Dutch gardener does his trees, with a foolish notion of improving her; yet although their errors often are solely on the side of elegance, they are offensive to educated tastes by an exaggeration of refinement and beauty, and their works consequently do not possess the vigour and vitality which can carry them beyond the patronage of their own day.

Cosway, with much ability, and with a host of friends among the titled and wealthy—commanding the highest prices, and living as luxuriously as a prince, is already more than half forgotten. A refined draughtsman, and a patient manipulator, his works suited the boudoir of the beauty, or the cabinet of the *dilettanti*; but the people of this world are fashioned in a rougher mould, and the "faultless monsters" of the pencil, with their conventional prettiness, must endure the fate of other "Cynthias of the minute;" they are to Art what the rhymes of a "Rosa Matilda" are to poetry—insipidity is the most fatal quality in either art; the errors of power are more readily forgiven by the world than those of weakness. Between Barry and Cosway how great is the distance; yet the former starved over his great works, while the latter lived nobly on his little ones. They pass from the scene of their trials or their pleasures, and an unbiassed justice reverses the doom under which they lived.

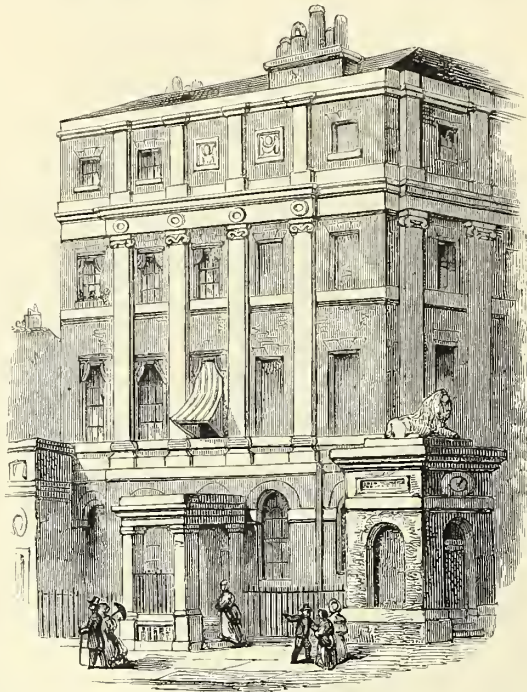
It must not, however, be imagined that Cosway's talent is here denied—he had much; but he had not that higher gift of genius that will give enduring fame to an artist's work after his death, though it obtain for him friends and fortune during his life. These remarks more naturally arise when speaking of him, because his position was so eminently above other and greater English artists. His career was a remarkable one, and might have secured enduring fame had he been less self-satisfied, and less under the influence of the false "refinements" of a taste that strove to "throw a perfume o'er the violet." Brought up in Devonshire, he seems to have led the life of an ordinary country lad; neglecting the teaching of his father, a schoolmaster at Tiverton (where Richard was born in 1740), and taking to drawing at all opportunities, by the time he had reached the age of thirteen he had shown so much ability that he was placed under Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the expense being defrayed by a rich uncle until he was enabled to obtain employment, which soon came, for his drawings were always possessed of that refinement of *chiaroscuro* and minuteness of finish that chiefly delight the half-educated patrons of Art. He was employed to make drawings of heads for shops, fancy miniatures, subjects for snuff-boxes, for the jewellers; "and," says J. T. Smith, "from the money he gained, and the gaiety of the company he kept, he rose from one of the dirtiest of boys to one of the smartest of men."

Life was henceforth one long success to him. He studied no more of Art than would enable him to please the tastes of his patrons, and they came in never-ceasing succession. Wealth followed rapidly to the courtly artist, and he spent it lavishly on his establishment, which soon rivalled that of a nobleman. He delighted in dress to an extent that made him the subject of caricature.\* Smith has left us his remembrance of Cosway, "full dressed, in his sword and bag, with a small three-cornered hat on the

top of his powdered *toupee*, and a mulberry silk coat profusely embroidered with scarlet strawberries."

His marriage with a lady born in Italy\* increased his taste for display; for she gave large parties, to which the nobility and the heir-apparent came. She was herself an excellent artist, on a par with her husband, and, like him, attached solely to the extreme refinements of Art. Their house is described

as most luxuriously furnished, overloaded with burl and marqueterie, carpeted and hung with the best products from the looms of Persia and France; sculpture, bronzes, china, and choice articles of *vertu* crowded the tables and cabinets. At this time he lived at the corner of Stratford Place, Oxford Street, in what was then considered one of the best London mansions. To give effect to the entrance to this



COSWAY'S HOUSE.

stately group of houses, the architect had placed figures of lions on each side of the street; this gave occasion to some wicked wit to draw an unpleasant comparison between the painter inside, and the lion outside his residence, in these rhymes:—

"When a man to a fair for a show brings a lion,  
'Tis usual a monkey the sign-post to tie on;  
But here the old custom reversed is seen,  
For the lion's without, and the monkey's within."

Cosway was not happy in all his splendour. He felt the sneers of his brother artists, who, possessing much greater ability, never secured a tithe of his patronage. As he grew older, he became querulous, and his vanity increased so greatly that he reported imaginary conversations he fancied he held with the great of old, who came to compliment his genius. He desired to be buried with Rubens, at Antwerp, as the only artist in talent and princely tastes



COSWAY'S MONUMENTAL TABLET.

worthy to be his fellow in the grave; but fate ordered otherwise, and he lies in the vaults of Mary-bone Church. His death occurred in 1821, while taking a drive in a carriage, in his eightieth year. A monument was erected to his memory by his

widow, who soon afterwards left England for her native Italy. The sculpture represents a medallion of Cosway, surrounded by figures of genius, emblematic of Art, Taste, and Genius, thus alluded to in the lines beneath:—

"Art weeps, Taste mourns, and Genius drops the tear,  
O'er him so long they loved, who slumbers here.  
While colours last, and time allows to give  
The all-resembling grace, his name shall live."

F. W. FAIRHOLT.

\* The best of these were drawn by Dighton, engraved in mezzotint by Earlom, and published by Bowles and Carver, then the most popular print-publishers. It is called "The Macaroni Painter," and represents Cosway in the most fashionable costume of the day, as worn by that class of fops then called "Macaronis" (from a style of dress imported by a silly English nobleman from Italy), employed on the portrait of another fop even more extravagantly dressed.

\* Her maiden name was Maria Hadfield, and her parents were English hotelkeepers, who had become wealthy. On the death of her father, her mother returned to England, and introduced her daughter to Angelica Kauffman, and thus she became known to Cosway; at his death she returned to Italy, and kept a ladies' school at Lodi.

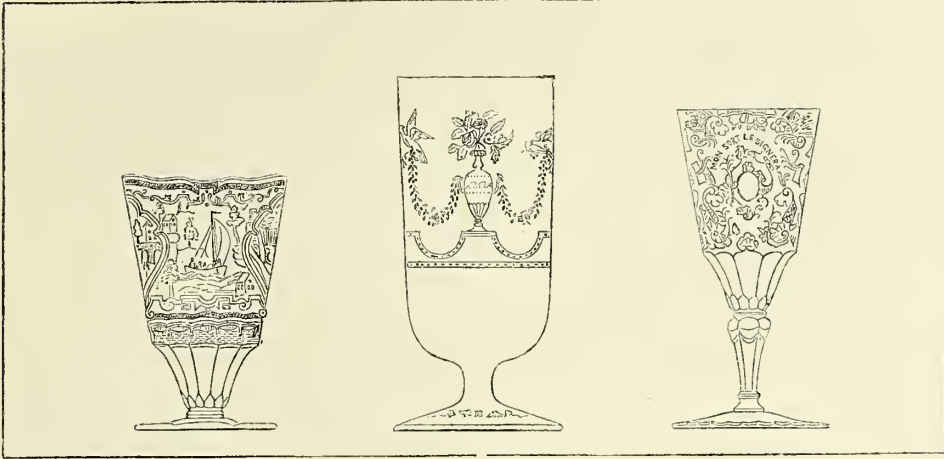


## SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

## OBJECTS OF DECORATIVE ART SUGGESTIVE TO DESIGNERS AND MANUFACTURERS.

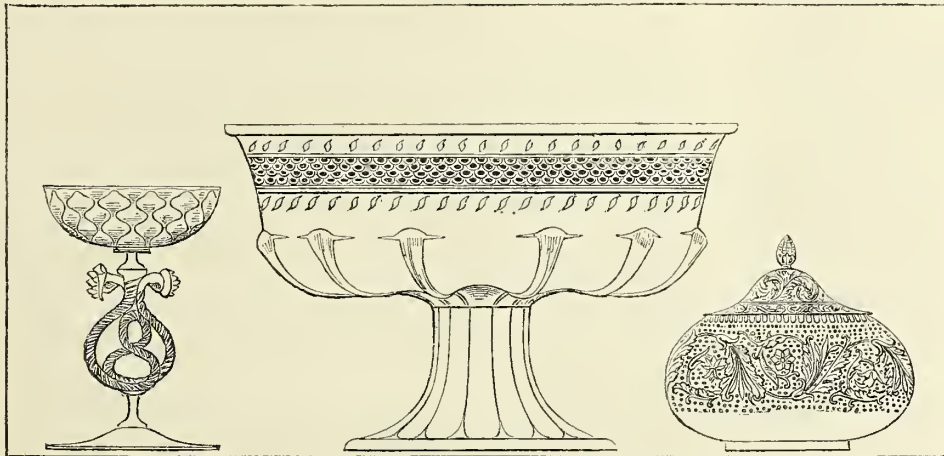
In resuming our illustrations of works in this not less important than popular collection, the engravings first in order are of glass ware, of which a very

numerous and complete series has been brought together at South Kensington; the nucleus of this, as of so many other sections, having been furnished by acquisitions from the Bernal sale. The glass goblet in the centre of the first cut is of French origin, of the period of Louis XVI.; the ornamentation engraved or cut. The other two are of earlier date, and probably of old Bohemian work, and are



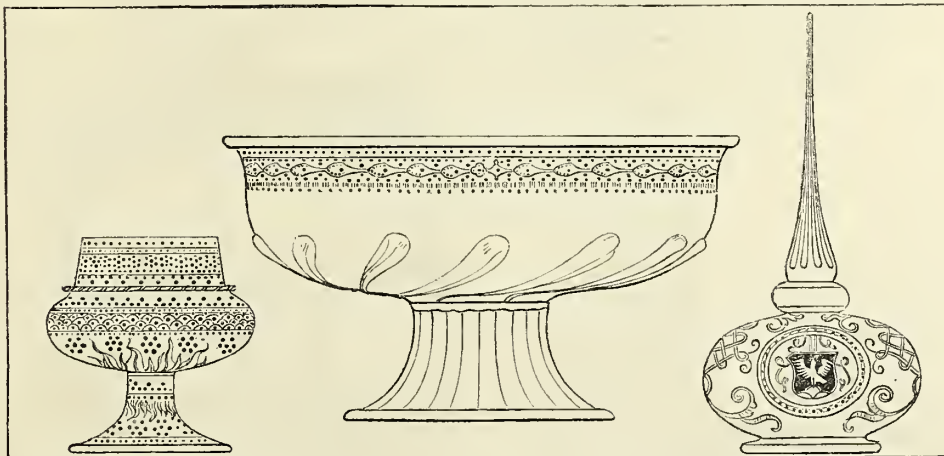
admirable specimens of the florid style of cutting of the early eighteenth-century German glass. The three next in order belong to a different school and period; these were fabricated in the world-renowned workshops of Murano, as were likewise the three

following specimens. The piece on the left, with a diamond-moulded bowl, and twisted, involuted stem, is the most modern of the series of Venetian glasses; it is certainly not older than the second half of the sixteenth century, and more probably belongs to



the succeeding century: it is of elegant and tasteful design, very suitable for modern reproduction as a champagne glass, the width of the cord pattern in the stem rendering it a convenient glass to hold. The large bowl, or tazza, in the centre,

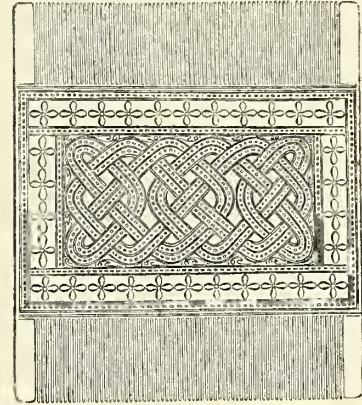
and the one beneath, of very similar design, are of a much earlier period, and are characteristic types of a numerous class; they date towards the latter end of the fifteenth, or beginning of the sixteenth century. The use of these bowls is not very



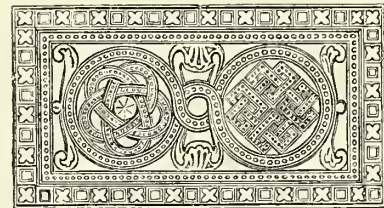
obvious; very possibly, however, they were "fruit-tiere," or centrepieces for dessert: both these specimens are enriched with gilding and enamelled ornaments, the latter consisting of a scale-work pattern, and small beads or dots of vari-coloured

enamel, intended to imitate jewels. The small globular vessel, on the right of the upper bowl, is of dark purple glass, enriched with a bold and elegantly designed band of scroll foliage in white enamel: the cover of this piece is in chased silver.

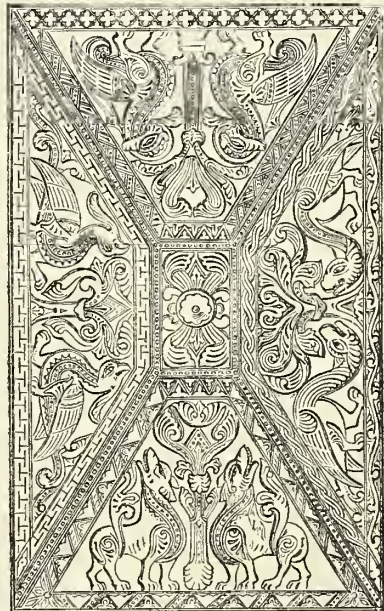
This exquisite and most valuable specimen is also of early date, perhaps before 1500. Of the small pieces in the lower cut, the one on the right is probably a rose-water sprinkler; it is finely decorated with enamelled ornamentation. The small low goblet is likewise a good specimen of the peculiar style of enamel decoration in use at Murano during the Quatre and Cinque-cento period. The gilded and



jewelled ornaments are here seen very characteristically applied. Our next illustration is of an ancient ivory comb, probably intended as a present: it is believed to be of Indian work, most likely of the sixteenth or seventeenth century, and a Dutch or Portuguese importation to Europe. The elegant interlaced pattern offers a valuable motive for reproduction; and it is not a little singular that it



very closely resembles in character the interlaced knot-work seen in the next engraving, which is nevertheless of an entirely different period and origin. The latter cut represents the end of a carved and painted wooden box of Byzantine Greek work, dating as early as the tenth or eleventh century. The analogy alluded to, however, is easily accounted for when it is considered that Byzantine Art was

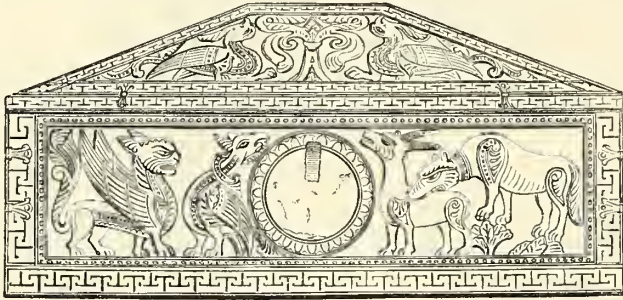


radically tinged with an oriental bias, and that in the East decorative motives have a prescriptive permanency, giving them currency for centuries. The box in question is represented geometrically in three different views: first the end view already alluded to, next the lid or cover, which is slightly raised, as will be best shown by the third view, a side



elevation. It was formerly in the well-known collection of M. Leven, of Cologne, and probably was originally deposited as a receptacle for relics in some one of the numerous churches of that city: it is one of the most ancient monuments in wood

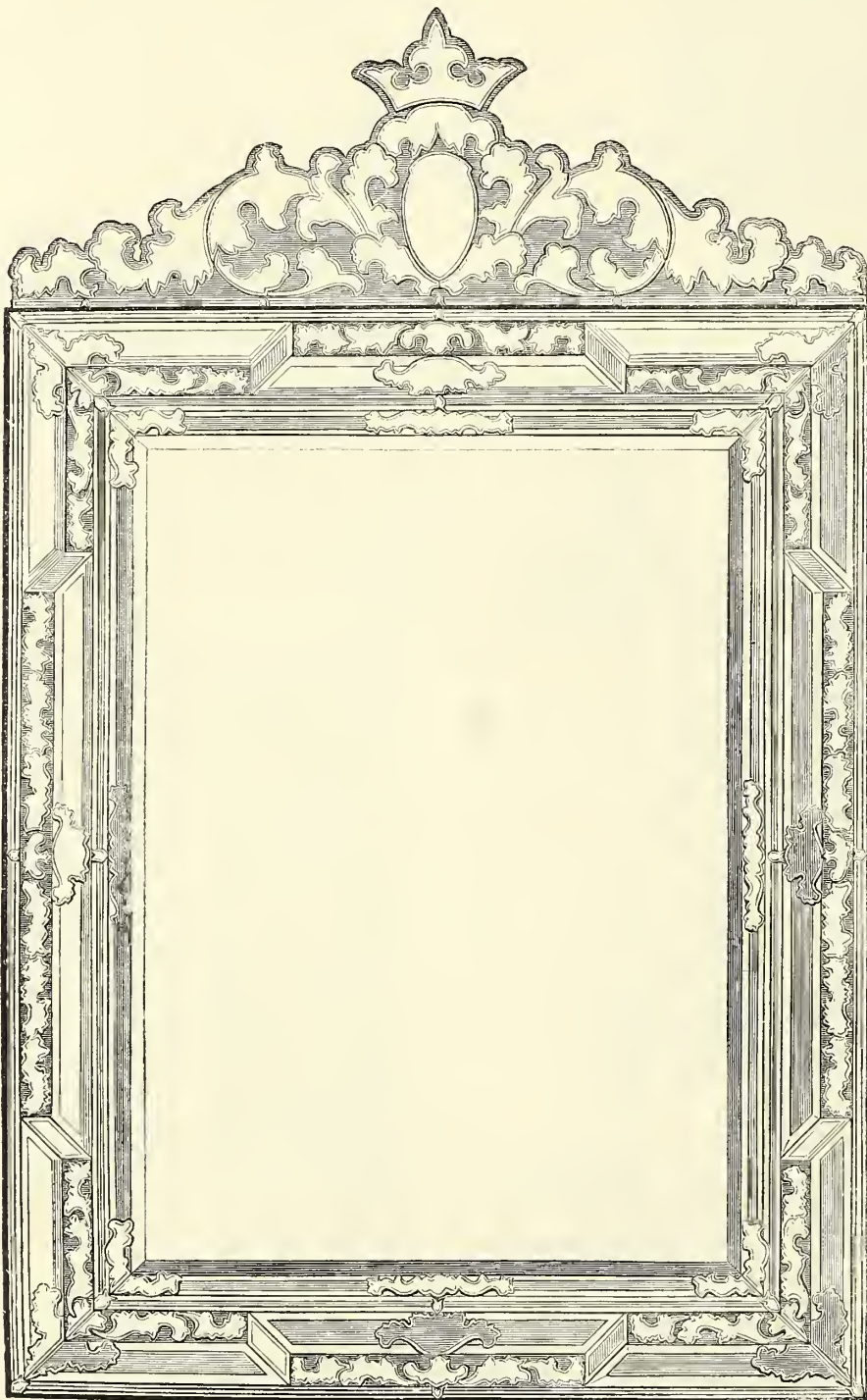
now extant, and, on the whole, is in extraordinary preservation. The ornaments are carved with great precision in low relief, and elaborately pricked out in colours and gilding, the original tints of which may still be well discerned. The grotesque animals



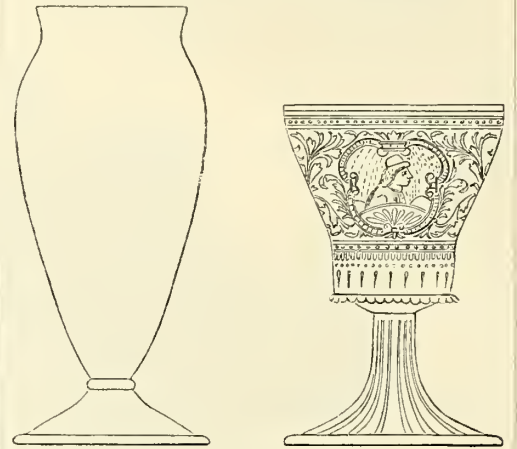
flanking a species of tree is another example of prescription in oriental Art: this singular type, which had originally a symbolical meaning, is first seen in the ancient Babylonian sculptures; it is the one characteristic representation of Sarranian Art, and was

evidently continued in the East for centuries after its original signification had been lost sight of.

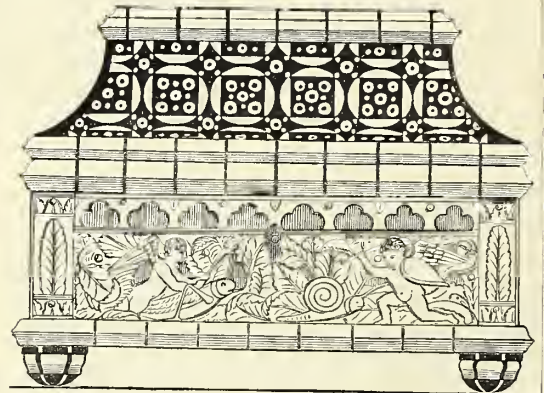
The mirror represented beneath is entirely in plate glass, including the frame or border, and ornamental pediment; it is of Venetian seventeenth-



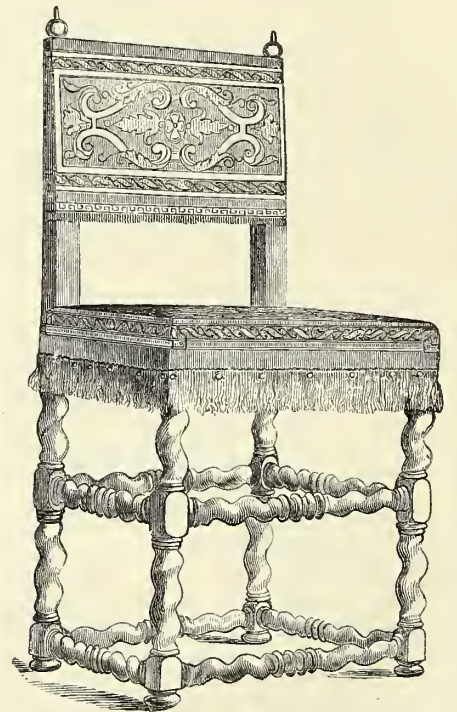
century work, and is a very chaste and elegant specimen of its kind. Here, again, is a valuable hint for modern adaptation; mirrors of this description are of a highly decorative character, the prismatic hues reflected from the numerous angles and



polished faces of the glass varying, it is scarcely necessary to say, with every change of position of the spectator. Of the two Venetian drinking glasses next engraved, the one on the right is a most im-



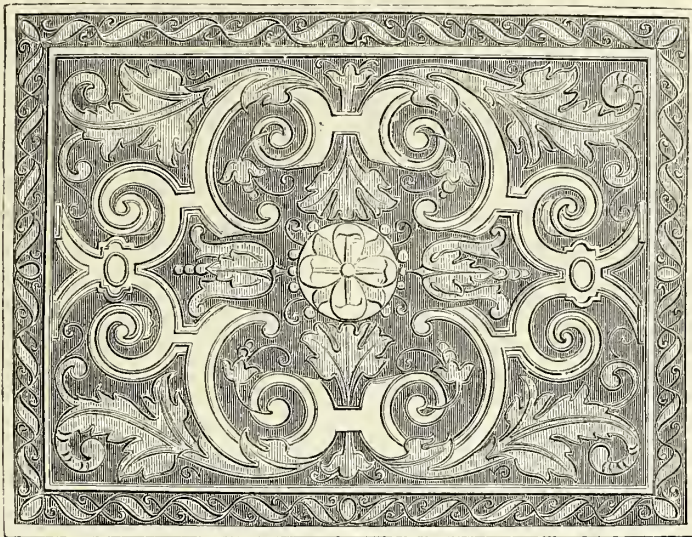
portant specimen of a fifteenth-century Venetian enamelled gift—a marriage glass; the glass itself is dark green, and the ornamentation in gold and enamels.



The coffer beneath was probably also originally intended as a wedding present; it is of Italian fifteenth-century work, in bone, the cover inlaid with a mosaic of dark wood. The last cut in the



page shows a quaint and simple model of a Flemish sixteenth-century chair; and on the next leaf the embroidered pattern of the seat or cushion cover is drawn geometrically; the design is executed in



oblique work and silk cord, on a ground of crimson velvet. We have next a medallion in high relief, in silver, the engraving being of the full size of the original object; it is a fine specimen of German



cast and chiseled work, and is known to be from the hand of a celebrated old German medallist and goldsmith, Heinrich Reitz, of Leipsic, who flourished during the first half of the sixteenth century. The



concluding example is a frieze in carved alabaster, also of sixteenth-century work. The purity of

style exhibited in this fragment would lead one to suppose it to be of Italian work, were it not known to have been brought from the Abbey of Tongerlo, in Flanders; it is, however, doubtless the work of one of the early Italianised Flemings of the Bernard van Orley school.

Our series is now for the present concluded: it is hoped that the increased publicity given to so many admirable specimens of Art, by their reproduction in our columns, will induce our readers to pay more frequent visits to the very remarkable collection of which the originals form part. It had been long a reproach to this country that we had no national collection on the same footing as the Hotel de Cluny in Paris, the Green Vaults at Dresden, the Kunst Kammer at Berlin, &c. Now, however, this reproach can be no longer urged; indeed, so vigorously and successfully has the work of forming the South Kensington collection proceeded, that it is now doubtful if—in real importance to the Art-student or the manufacturer, or indeed in the actual extent and variety of its acquisitions—this, the newest of our national Art-collections, is not already entitled to a first rank amongst the museums of Europe.

#### BIOGRAPHICAL NOTICE OF ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D.



[We have received from a valued correspondent in New York (B. J. Lossing, Esq., the distinguished author of the "Field Book of the Revolution," and other works) the following interesting memoir of a veteran in Art—the pioneer in whose steps so many gifted men have followed; it will be read by many, in the Old World as well as in the New, with much interest, and may be regarded as a contribution to the Art-history of America of no inconsiderable importance. The Arts have indeed made very great advances in the United States since this veteran commenced his career; happily, he is living to witness the progress his country has made, not only in the comparatively subordinate art of the engraver, but in that of the sculptor and the painter. The artists of America are assuming a position of entire equality with their brethren in Europe: and we cannot doubt that the generation which is to succeed such labourers as Dr. Anderson, will have their full share of glory in the triumphs of their countrymen. A time will come—perhaps is already come—when the artist, whose name now honours our pages, will be classed among that of the worthies who have made a country GREAT.]

ALEXANDER ANDERSON, M.D., the pioneer engraver on wood in America,—indeed, the virtual inventor of the art on this side of the Atlantic,—is yet with us, full of physical and mental vigour, and engaged daily in his vocation as an engraver, by which for almost three score and ten years he has earned his bread. His name has been familiar to booksellers and readers in the United States from the commencement of the present century; and the mysterious little monogram "A.A." in the corners of woodcuts in educational books has attracted the attention of millions of children in school-rooms and at firesides, many of whom have been, and many more are now, great in their countrymen's esteem.

Dr. Anderson was born near Beckman's Slip, in New York, on the 21st of April, 1775, two days after the first flames of the old war for American



independence were kindled at Lexington and Concord. His father, a native of Scotland, and differing in politics from most of his countrymen in America, was then the printer of a republican newspaper called *The Constitutional Gazette*, and continued to publish it in opposition to the ministerial papers of Rivington and Gaine, until the autumn of 1776, when the British army took possession of New York city. The "rebel printer" was then compelled to fly with his press, his types, and his books, nearly all of which were lost on the way before he reached a place of absolute safety in Connecticut.

From his earliest years, Alexander evinced a love for Art, and at the age of twelve years he began to use the graver for his own amusement. He was a timid lad, and gained by stealth and silent observation what others acquire by asking questions. He learned the manner of using the engraver's implements by peeping into the shop windows of silversmiths when they were lettering spoons and other articles; and he procured copper for engraving by having cents rolled out into thin plates. General science was also very attractive to his young mind, and especially that branch which explains the economy of man's physical life. Some of his earliest efforts in Art were in making copies of anatomical figures from medical books. Perceiving this proclivity, and rather deprecating the lad's manifest love of Art, his father allowed him to prepare for the profession of a physician; and in May, 1796, at the age of twenty-one years, he received the degree of Doctor of Physic, from the medical faculty of Columbia College, in New York.

The subject of his inaugural dissertation, on that occasion, was *Chronic Mania*, and the theories and opinions he presented concerning its causes and cure have long been established facts in medical science.

At the age of about seventeen years, soon after he commenced his medical studies, young Anderson, who had made rapid advances in Art, considering his opportunities, was employed by William Durell, a bookseller, to copy the illustrations of the popular little work, well known to English readers, called "The Looking Glass." Those illustrations were made by Bewick, the father of modern wood engraving. Up to this time Alexander's engravings for newspapers had been on type metal, and he had no idea that wood was used for the purpose. When he had completed about half the illustrations, he was informed that Bewick's pictures were engraved on box-wood. He immediately procured some, invented proper tools, and, to his great joy, he found that material more agreeable to work upon, and more easily managed, than type metal. Two of these wood blocks, the first ever engraved in America, are in my possession, somewhat worn by use, cleeotypes of which are herewith communi-



ated. The first, representing a beggar at a door, is at the head of the little story in "The Looking Glass," entitled "The Destructive Consequences of Dissipation and Luxury." The second illustrates a part of the story of "William and Amelia."

At the commencement of his practice of medicine, Dr. Anderson drew and engraved on wood, in an admirable manner, a full-length human skeleton from Albinus's "Anatomy," which he enlarged to the length of three feet. This, I believe, is the largest fine and carefully elaborated engraving on wood ever attempted, and has never been excelled in accuracy of drawing and characteristic execution.

When he was twenty-three years of age, Dr.

Anderson's family all died, and he made a voyage to the West Indies to visit his paternal uncle, Alexander Anderson, who was the king's botanist at St.



Vincent. On his return he resolved to abandon the medical profession, and devote himself to engraving, for which he had conceived an irrepressible passion. At that time John Roberts, an eccentric Scotch artist, who painted miniatures, etched and engraved on copper, was a clever musician and mathematician, and a competent draughtsman, was in New York, and Dr. Anderson placed himself under his instruction. His preference was for wood engraving, but with Roberts he soon became proficient as an engraver on copper. That proficiency is well attested by the frontispiece to Robertson's "History of Charles V.," and a portrait of Francis I., which he engraved, and which were published in that work in New York, by Hopkins, in the year 1800. But he did not remain long with Roberts because of his irregularities; that artist's intemperance compelling Dr. Anderson to give up the advantages he might have derived from his practical instructions.

Soon after leaving Roberts, Dr. Anderson established himself as an engraver, and up to the year 1820 he used both wood and metal, as occasions required. He illustrated one of the earlier editions of Webster's "Spelling Book," which for more than fifty years has been the leading elementary book in the common schools of the United States. It still has an enormous sale, amounting to almost a million a year; and very recently a more fully illustrated edition has been published, the engravings having been executed by Dr. Anderson, from drawings by Morgan, one of his early pupils, who is now about seventy-five years of age.

During his long and busy life, Dr. Anderson has engraved many thousands of subjects. Fifty years ago he engraved on wood sixty or seventy illustrations for an American edition of Bell's "Anatomy," which he copied from the originals etched by Bell himself. Ten years earlier he executed several large copper-plates for Josephus's history. His last engraving on copper was made between thirty and forty years ago, to illustrate a quarto Bible. The subject was "The Last Supper," from an English design. Since then he has engraved on wood exclusively, and has found continual employment until the present hour. Within the past three or four years he has engraved for Coledge and Brother, the publishers of Webster's "Spelling Book," forty octavo and forty smaller illustrations of Shakspeare's Plays, from original designs. They are executed in the substantial and characteristic style of the best English woodcuts thirty years ago.

Dr. Anderson is now in his eighty-fourth year. In person he is a little below the medium height, rather thick set, and has a countenance full of benevolence and kindly feeling. He is extremely regular and temperate in his habits, genial in thought and conversation, and uncommonly modest and retiring. He consented to engrave his own portrait, and place his name upon it, only as a special favour to the writer, because it seemed to him like egotism, a quality that never found a congenial resting-place in his character. The likeness is excellent, and in the three pictures that illustrate this brief memoir the reader sees a specimen of the earliest and latest productions of the American pioneer wood engraver, having an interval of more than sixty-five years.

B. J. L.

NEW YORK.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE FARM AT LACKEN.

Rubens, Painter.

A. Willmore, Engraver.

Size of the Picture, 4 ft. 2½ in. by 2 ft. 10 in.

FEW, if any, artists, whether ancient or modern, have left behind them so many and such diversified proofs of their genius as Rubens—"the consummate painter, the enlightened scholar, the skilful diplomatist, and the accomplished man of the world;" he painted history, portraits, landscapes, animals, fruit, and flowers; and it would be difficult to decide in which he most excelled. In the nine pictures by him that form so noble a feature in our national collection, are examples of these respective sections of Art, either as primary subjects themselves, or as accessories in compositions of another character, which evidence the variety and fullness of his powers. Born of parents who were in a position to afford him every educational advantage, and who were able, personally, to mould his taste and direct his mental pursuits—introduced at an early age into the society and service of the Flemish aristocracy, it is almost a wonder that the world should ever have known him but as a distinguished cavalier or burgomaster, ably fulfilling the duties of office: in the former of these characters his merits are almost forgotten; they have been absorbed by the glory which surrounds his name as a great artist.

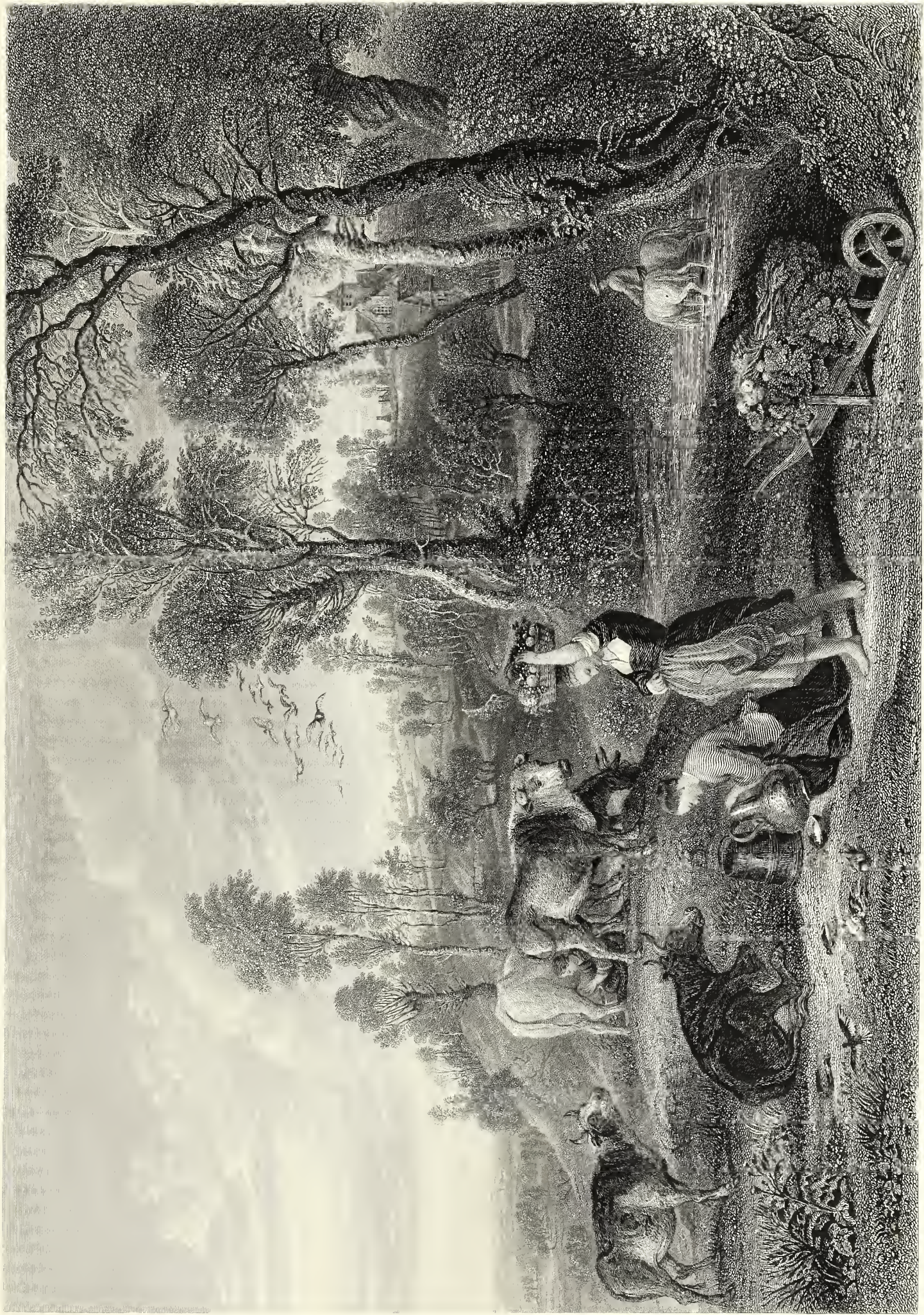
"From his birth," says one of his biographers, "Rubens evinced a lively, elevated, and universal genius; and he had enriched his mind with an extensive and intimate acquaintance with history, poetry, and the *belles lettres*. With the possession of such resources, he invented with facility; and his incessant practice gave him an unexampled dexterity of execution. Of the fertile powers of his imagination, regulated by learning and taste, he has given abundant demonstration in his admirable series of allegories in the Gallery of the Luxembourg. His genius was adapted to the grandest compositions; and his powers appear to have expanded themselves in proportion to the scale on which they were called upon to act."

What a catalogue of great artists may be formed of those who laboured in the studio of Rubens, and learned there the principles and practice of the master in every department of his art: Van Dyck, Jordaens, Van Hock, De Vos, Snyder, Wildens, Van Uden, Mompers, &c. &c.; these were among his numerous pupils, and there is no doubt that many of the pictures ascribed to him were in great part the work of those whom he instructed,—painted under his direction, and from sketches or designs furnished by himself; but it may also be assumed that the master's hand, no less than his mind, had some share in their production. Without such aid, how would it be possible to account for the vast number of paintings which he is said to have left behind him,—amounting to about eighteen hundred, according to Smith's Catalogue. Rubens practised nearly forty years, which would give an average of forty-five pictures produced annually: what should we think of the industry of an artist of our own time, who every year sent out even a fourth part of such pictures as are assigned to Rubens?

The landscapes of Rubens are not among the least remarkable of his works; we shall have something to say of them when noticing another picture of the same class, which is now being engraved for this series. The "Farm at Lacken" is deservedly considered one of the best; it was in the possession of the artist at his death, and descended in the family, from one of whom it was purchased by George IV., at a large cost. Dr. Waagen says of it, "No landscape Rubens ever painted can compare with this in the power, brilliancy, and delicious freshness of the colouring." The subject is full of materials, arranged with undoubted skill. We have an idea that the site of the "Farm" is that on which the summer-palace, built in 1782, by the Archduke Albert, now stands: the situation is fine, commanding a view of Brussels—from which it is about nine miles distant, on the Antwerp road—and the adjacent country. Possibly Rubens, or some of his family, held possession of this farm; his own principal residence was in Antwerp.

The picture is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.





J. W. H. M. G. 1847

# THE FARM IN JACKSON

THE FARM IN JACKSON IS THE PROPERTY OF THE AUTHOR

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## PHOTOGRAPHY FOR PORTRAITS.

A DIALOGUE HELD IN AN ARTIST'S STUDIO.

## ANALYSIS.

[The object of this essay is to show that the *body* of photography is incompetent to maintain its existence in antagonism with the *soul* of Art: that no mechanical process can long supersede the living agency of man's mind: that there could have been no jealous anticipation of the discovery of photography in Sir Joshua Reynolds's hypothetical allusion to the "*littleness and meanness*" of "a view of nature represented with all the truth of the camera-obscura,"—photography not having been even dreamt of till more than half a century after his death; besides, that the camera reflects nature in all her rainbow hues, instead of the colourless stains which photography produces: that as well might the heart-strings of a Paganini's violin be emulated by the revolving cylinders of a patent music-box, or the ephemeral wax beauties in a barber's window vie with the sculptures of Michael Angelo, as photography's pretensions, in arbitrating for itself the noble rank of *equality* with the *arts*, be able to maintain it in possession of the usurpation which it now assumes; for it is nothing—and never can be anything—more than "a servant of servants;" and, lastly, that all the extraordinary expertness and parade of literal detail which delight the common people, are just the very objects which the educated painter studies to conceal; "for," says Reynolds, "if the excellence of a painter consisted only in this kind of imitation, painting must lose its rank, and be no longer considered as a liberal art, and sister to poetry, this imitation being merely mechanical, in which the slowest intellect is always sure to succeed best, for the painter of genius cannot stoop to drudgery, in which the understanding has no part; and what pretence has the art to claim kindred with poetry, but its power over the imagination? To this power the painter of genius directs his aim; in this sense he studies nature, and often arrives at his end even by being unnatural, in the confined sense of the word. . . . To mingle the Dutch with the Italian school is to join contrarieties which cannot subsist together, and which destroy the efficacy of each other. The Italian attends only to the invariable, the great, and general ideas which are fixed and inherent in universal nature; the Dutch, on the contrary, to literal detail, as I may say of nature modified by accident. The attention to these petty peculiarities is the very cause of this naturalness so much admired in the Dutch pictures, which, if we suppose to be a beauty, is certainly of a lower order, that ought to give place to a beauty of a superior kind, *since one cannot be obtained but by departing from the other.*"—R. C.]

## The Studio.

(A knock at the door.)

Artist. Come in.

Mr. Dogberry (in apparent haste). You take off portraits here?

A. I paint portraits.

D. You do them always from the photograph, of course?

A. No.

(Mr. Dogberry looks at the artist, and, with a nod of surprise, protests, "they cannot be very correct.")

A. My aim is not that they should be literally correct, but that they should be real.

D. How can they be real if they are not correct?

A. If they were correct according to your view of the case, they would not be real; that is, they would not be good portraits.

D. (with smiling self-complacency). I do not understand you, sir.

A. I know you do not; you must be taught a good deal before you do: it is a difficult subject, and, without meaning to disparage your insight, I think you have not studied it deeply.

D. I see nothing so very deep; I suppose anybody with an eye in his head can judge if a likeness be correct or not.

A. Your being unable to see its depth only implies that it is too much beneath you to admit of your being able to see it; truth lies in a well. It is certainly a popular aphorism, that anybody with common sense, and half an eye, can see a likeness in proportion to its merits. But even upon this very low view of the question, there are difficulties to be solved. People evidently do not see alike, or with the same eyes, otherwise our perceptions would coincide; whereas we find the opinions and criticisms upon any proposed subject greatly at variance. An eye for resemblance in portraiture, is equivalent to an ear for melody in music: as some ears are incapable of distinguishing one tune from another, so we find obtuseness of various degrees in the simplest subjects of common vision; the incapability of drawing a straight line, for example.

D. I don't think you could find such a case.

A. O yes, I have seen several instances; such as that of a good landscape painter, to whom the drawing of anything consisting of perpendicular walls

was an utter impossibility: and I have known highly-educated musicians, gifted with every capability for exquisite singing, except the certainty of always being in tune. There are also persons whose organs of vision seem well developed, except in the faculty of distinguishing colours.

D. I've heard of that; but I think any one could tell a likeness.

A. I think there are few who could fail to recognise a portrait of Wellington, or of Lord Brongham, however execrable it might be:—anybody, with such materials as their noses being provided, could be taught to draw an unmistakable likeness with a few touches of the pencil. Methinks it would require no very extraordinary acuteness to be able to point out the leader at the head of a flock of sheep; his horns would be an infallible guide; but it would need some observation, and a good deal of practice, to distinguish the face of one sheep from another.

D. I think it would be impossible. There is little or no difference in the faces of a flock of sheep, where their colour is alike.

A. I believe the difference is obvious to the eye of an intelligent shepherd; he knows the individual face of every sheep in his flock, and so does his dog.

D. (with a shrewd grin of incredulity). Well, I think I know enough of the world to differ from you there; if you had said a herd of Niggers instead of a flock of sheep, I would have agreed with you. When I first went out to Surinam, I had some hundreds of them to oversee, and I couldn't see the least chance of ever being able to tell one from another; but I hadn't been over them long when I began to perceive a considerable difference, and now I could tell them as easily as if they were the real sort of men.

A. I quite coincide with your illustration, only I cannot see that they are not as much real men as you or I. But you are refuting your own argument.

D. I don't see it. I come to you and say,—“Now, sir, I want a portrait of myself, that my dog, or anybody else will know; and if you can't do that, you are not likely to reach my standard.” For the sake of argument, we'll suppose a case of life and death. I must have it correctly reported, exactly as I see it. I want none of your perspective—none of your imaginary lights and polishings off; I want the story of my face told as it is: no fact of the case omitted or smoothed down. To please me, you must state every point and portion of it with *equal* and perfect precision; none of your *reserve*, as you call it; no part of the price kept back; you must speak the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, otherwise you cannot arrive at a true conclusion. Moreover, what you would consider a vast heightener of my appearance, perhaps I should think the very reverse.

A. By adopting *your* conceptions, I think we should *not* arrive at the true conclusion; it would be the death instead of the life of the case.

D. I have no wish to come to that conclusion prematurely; and when I must come to it, I shall not ask you to paint my phiz.

A. You are taking a low view of things; “rejoicing,” as the wise king says, “in thy youth, and walking in the sight of thine eyes.” Youth and inexperience are twins. You wish me to paint you, not as I see you, but as you see yourself. But you never did, and never can see yourself; you only see an inverted copy of your outward form. You see yourself dimly as in a glass, or photograph—your right eye being transferred to the wrong side, and your right hand identified with your left. Whereas I *do* see you in some degree; that is, I see you under one or other of those various aspects of light and circumstance which colour and influence you; just as a landscape is seen under the prevailing sky, changing, as it does, with every passing cloud, from the morning's dawn till the shades of night descend and cover it with gloom and darkness; or leave it visible under the pale light of stars, or the softening beams of an unclouded moon. You have heard of hills and vales rejoicing, and of trees of the field clapping their hands (*Aside*—I am not sure that he has thought). Suppose one of them to remonstrate thus with the painter, whose province it is to point out and interpret the meaning of their ever-varying beauties,—“Come now, paint me as I am; none of your perspective—your arrangements of chiaroscuro—your harmonies of colour and

form, and so forth; just take me as you find me—you cannot improve me.” The painter would modestly reply,—“Pardon me, divine creature, I should never think of turning my pencil to so servile a use; I am only poring over your exquisite leaves that I may read and manifest to others the mystery of beauty and of love which it is your high vocation to reveal. Were I to copy you, I should only counterfeit you.”

D. Now, sir, do you expect me to comprehend a rhapsody like that? I hate poetry; and more, I don't believe in it. But I'm wasting your time.

A. Pray do not say so; time is never wasted in helping one another to see what we have either never looked at, or misunderstood. You are a stranger to me only in the usual sense—not on the common ground—of humanity. Your patience has already proved greater than I expected; here is an easy chair for you: I will try and make myself more intelligible.

D. Only let me smoke a cigar, and I'll listen to you for an hour.

(The artist endures this kind proposal of Mr. Dogberry with great equanimity, and tries to make him comfortable).

D. Well, you are very civil, after all; and I don't mind what you say now: but I cannot see what you mean about copies being counterfeits!—take a cigar, won't you?

(Strange to say, this artist never smokes.)

D. What! don't smoke!—I'm sorry for you, that's all.—But, as I was going to tell you, I saw a sweetly pretty thing the other day in Cheapside—a female's face, done in coloured lithography; I bought it for the matter of a few shillings,—and I can assure you it's better done, and looks fifty per cent. more natural than that seventy or eighty guinea girl's head I saw at the Old Water-Colour Exhibition the other day, by some Frenchman called Carl Haag. And those landscapes, good heavens! that they make such a talk about, by a man—what's his name now—Fox, or Cox, or something. I wouldn't disfigure my drawing-room walls with such dirty-looking splashes—mad pictures, painted for mad people! I saw an old man looking at them as if he was enchanted:—I call that the height of an insane imagination. He couldn't have thought them natural; I never saw anything like them, either in nature, or anywhere else, except in the land of Nod: they are like night-mares, or as confused, at least, as the confusion of dreams. But the strangest fact about them is that people actually buy them. I saw ‘sold,’ upon every one of them. Will you tell me what beauty you see in such things?—it must be something very deep, I suppose.

A. It would be as impossible for me to communicate to your mind any conception of what I see in those pictures, as to make a man who was born stone-blind comprehend what the moon is like. You must first get eyes, and then you must patiently learn to see with them. The mere forms of nature are as literally painted upon the retina of an infant's eye, when it is first opened to the light of heaven, as in yours or mine; but the infant's mind sees little of those shapes and colours, which are given alike to the perfect mirror of every eye made for the light. The organs of vision, in passive silence, exhibit a series of pictures to the mind; but how differently those pictures are seen, or read! The eye itself reads nothing; its function is only to hold up those pictures to the perusal of other faculties, just as it does the pages of a book impressed with letter types.

D. If I understand you rightly, you are complimentary now.

A. I am complimentary, and yet you do not understand me; it is impossible you can understand me; and yet I am not deep as you suppose; I am talking of some of the simplest things in philosophy,—its first principles. It seems to me that your reflections have been confined to the dross of earth; to the mere refuse and dregs of things. You must try and *think*: people do not like the trouble of thinking;—besides, it awakens responsibilities. If you knew better how to estimate the real value of things, and could judge of them according to their comparative merits, you would see yourself, as I now see you, in the aspect of one of those savages who prefer a sixpenny string of coloured glass beads, to a bracelet of orient pearls. You will perhaps retort by telling me that the intrinsic value of such a bracelet is really no greater than that of the glass beads;



and so, by the same kind of reasoning, that a copy—a paste representation—of an empress's brilliants, would be quite as good as the real ones. In short, that the difference between a lie or counterfeit of any kind, and sterling truth, is merely fictitious,—that it all *lies* in the name.

D. Oh, to be sure! I am only one of those savages—I don't pretend to know anything about the deep rules you speak of; I am only one of the ignorant public:—but—I know what pleases myself,—and I think I have as sharp an eye perhaps as you have,—at least everybody says so: I suppose what everybody says must be true. I only pretend to be a member of that ignorant rabble, the public, whose opinions notwithstanding their *profound ignorance, cause and govern* every tide in the affairs of men. What have you to say to that?

A. I have simply to say that, with one exception, your premises are as unsound as your deductions are illogical. I deny the very existence of public opinion! There is no such thing! Under the feet of that richly apparelled automaton, whose brains lie in his stomach, I see the real man that moves the machine. The game is played by various candidates, but the finger of that fictitious figure is certainly not one of them. The real chess-players are poor fellows enough, if we may judge of them by their hat and coat, or their toeless boots: Rousseau, for instance:—one or two of his moves wrapped the French empire in flames, and guillotined a good many who tried to escape!

In the second place, I deny that what everybody says must be true: there is *no truth* in what everybody says:—'tis a mere soulless image of truth set up, the instant it obtains universal suffrage. Let the prototype of that idol, whose excellence is the rage of every ignoramus, only come amongst the multitude again with his threadbare cloak, and his salt herring, as he first appeared, and see how he will be received!

You very modestly disclaim all knowledge of the subject you are debating upon; and sum up your argument by the facts that "you know what pleases yourself, and that your eye is as sharp as mine;" in both these points I certainly concur with you,—especially the latter, which is much sharper than mine, or it would not cut so quickly.—I had a little Scotch terrier, whose greatest sport was cutting holes in my carpets; he once made an unnatural breakfast upon one of my children's caps, and the sleeve of a great coat. I gave him away. The little brute had no heart; he adopted his new master just as readily as he relinquished his former one. The only heroic action he ever did was putting the finishing stroke to the life of a poor bird that a prowling cat had caught, and was playing with its anguish. The terrier, having more powerful jaws, seized the poor fluttering creature—no doubt, to put it out of pain—and bore it off triumphantly. Nothing could induce him to part from it all that day, which he spent carrying it about, and showing his prowess to all the other little dogs he could find.

But in regard to your too generous admission, that you do not pretend to know anything about the art of painting, and that you only profess to be one of the ignorant public,—does it not occur to you that there is some discrepancy between that profession, and your assurance that the coloured lithograph, or photograph, or whatever it may be, which you said you had purchased for a few shillings, is as well done, and more natural than the "Bürgermeister's Tochter," of the highly-gifted artist (he is not French) Carl Haag?—Or the audacity of opening such an uncompromising volley of criticism upon the works of David Cox?

D. I don't see it. I only say I wouldn't disfigure my walls with such rubbish; and I'll get ten thousand people to say the same thing, against every unfortunate enthusiast who will take your view of the question.

A. True; at least ten thousand—"whose praise," as Milton says, would be "no small dispraise."

D. Well, the truth is, I do not understand Milton a bit more than I do Mr. Cox—though, I suppose it's all right. I cannot get through Milton; he's too dry for my taste. I've tried him twice—that's giving him a fair chance, is it not? but I can't get on with those angels of his—not to speak of the devils, and all the rest of it:—well, I suppose I mustn't say anything against the like of Milton, but I'll leave him on the book-shelves.

A. Poesy is an angelic language, little spoken or understood where the crowds and tongues of Babel prevail. Its various forms, or dialects, are those graceful sisters we call Painting, Music, Sculpture; they are not denizens of the plain,—but dwell among the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples of an ideal world which the swarms of vegetative men see not, immured in brick walls, and inhaling the malaria of swamps and cesspools. Man's eye does not readily take in the forms, nor his ear perceive the harmonies that descend from the inaccessible regions of light, in sympathy with the divine instincts of man's living soul. We must wait upon them.

Historical, or photographie, truth, which is supposed to consist of *facts*, is at best only true to the letter—not to the spirit of truth; whereas, Poesy is *not* true to the letter, but is true to the spirit. Historical truth is the mere spawn of fallen humanity. No mind in any degree erected above itself is satisfied with things as they now exist. The educated artist endeavours, by his readings and illustrations, to manifest the absolute certainty that in the wide universe there exists not even an unredeemed blade of grass; and that Solomon, in all his artificial glory, was not arrayed like one of these simple beauties of the field.

A good portrait is not a piece of cunning flattery, to excite jealousy by the assumption that mine is a prettier piece of flesh than yours:—it rather aims at representing humanity disrobed of its own filthy rags, and arrayed in garments impervious to moths and sensual stains. The illiterate man of sense is offended with this attempt, and cries out—"Why, he has made a lord of you! It is very like, I can't deny it—but *you* never looked half so well as that! Come, we won't have you set up in this style."

Does it not, I say, occur to you that whilst you profess yourself utterly ignorant of the fundamental principles of the grammar of this language, you are actually assuming the attitude of an adept, competent to probe into the very roots of its verbal criticism,—like the musical gentleman who told me that he did not give it as a mere opinion, but as an unquestionable fact, that Henry Rivell was a greater composer than Beethoven. "What correct ear," said he, "could endure those wild German dissonances? No man likes a discord, whatever he may pretend, for the sake of being thought critical. Take Henry Rivell's beautiful song 'To the North,' and compare it, for instance, with the 'Adeleide,' of Beethoven: you can make sense of the one, but as for the other, why, I can perceive no air in it at all! no tune whatever. And then its harmony, which connoisseurs pretend, or persuade themselves, is so transcendent—what is it?—a high-flown progression of dissonances and concords, so heterogeneously jumbled up, that it sounds like the grumbling of an orchestra while the various instruments are blowing and scratching themselves into tune. The idea of two contiguous notes, C and D, for example, played together in one chord! Horrible! Give me plain sweet harmonies—such as thirds, fifths, and octaves; I'll leave all the rest to the eritics, and the Germans. But I can show you a few of the popular airs of Germany, which, now that I have corrected them, and made common sense of them by changing or throwing out those grating conceits of dissonances, (my ear is too good to stand jarring sounds of any sort); but now, as I say, that I've made them fit for a Christian, I like them uncommonly well.—I can catch the *air* of them,—that's what pleases people; and, let me tell you, that's the secret why Rivell is so popular; everybody can whistle his songs;—'To the North, to the North'—beautiful! I could never get tired of that."

D. Who was it said all this? he must have been a conceited goose, whoever he was.

A. I believe he was considered, in his rank, a good judge; he told me he could play upon almost any instrument he had ever seen. No, he was no goose; his ideas upon the subject of musical composition were just what yours are upon painting. His ear was as sharp as your eye; he could instantly detect a discordant assemblage of notes—and he wouldn't have them.

D. O, I assure you he knew nothing about it! Rivell's songs are all very well for barrel organs, and moukies to dance to, but I wouldn't give a penny for them.

A. Perhaps, neither would he give a penny for the coloured photograph you think so excellent; for, strange to say, he drew well, in a small way; and seemed to think nothing of his drawings after all—upon *that* point he had no conceit, and was always delighted when an artist "condescended" as he said, to point anything out to him. I first saw him a few days ago at the Water-Colour Exhibition. He had a book in his hand, and was looking up intently at a little picture by David Cox, the general effect of which he was trying to jot down in his sketch-book. I happened to say:—"I am glad, sir, to see your good taste so far matured." He responded with a pleasing smile, evidently happy to find some one who could sympathize with him. I pointed out several beauties which he had not quite comprehended. He was much pleased, and offered to accompany me part of the way to my studio. We got upon the subject of music in consequence of my having praised some of his little pencil sketches. "Oh," said he, "they are nothing—I am thought a very bad draughtsman by all at home; but they say I *do* understand something about music, and so I have quite given up my drawing, and taken vigorously to music." He then gave me those hints which I have just rehearsed to you.

D. Well, I shouldn't like to be as ignorant of painting as he is of music; I can't see wherein I'm wrong, it seems to me all very simple.

A. Yes, as simple as the science of harmony is to him.

D. But can you give me a good *reason* why a coloured print should not be as fine, and the paints as well laid on, as in what you call a real picture? Explain it so that I can understand you.

A. I cannot promise to do that; but I can make certain assertions which you may consider at your leisure, and you are welcome to come and see me again; perhaps after the castigation of a few weeks you may begin to see a shade of possibility that the toil and arduous research of thirty years have at least given me a little more insight than you probably have attained, who never thought about it at all. . . . A coloured photograph is, at best, no more like a painting, than a coloured print is—and a coloured print bears no better comparison with a picture of merit, than a paste diamond to a real gem; the *life* is wanting, as a jeweller would say, in both. I do not speak to the million, but to the educated and intelligent thousand, more especially to a select portion of it. Even the million are beginning to open their eyes to the simple truth that mechanical painting is no more capable of speaking to man's introverted perceptions, than mechanical music is able to appeal to the human heart. Language, to touch the heart, must emanate from the heart. Poetry and all her lovely sisters—Painting, Music, Statuary, Architecture—are unknown tongues to the million. I knew a child, so passionately fond of music that he would sometimes wait through the sultry hours of a whole summer day, listening, in ecstasy, to the unmitigated grinding of a street organ; but as his faculties gradually expanded under the influence of culture, the same child was forming progressively a higher and yet higher standard of the science of harmonious sounds, its beauties, and its powers.

I do not wish to disparage the camera picture, nor the street organ; they are each, within its own sphere, a public boon, but beyond that sphere, they are much less than inadequate, they are utterly incapable of satisfying the cultivated mind—or even pleasing the natural feelings of good taste—however laboriously finished the sun picture, or accurately constructed the poor Italian boy's organ may be.

You have probably seen Madame Tousseau's famous exhibition of wax figures. They are not only cleverly modelled—but they are correct representations—nay, indisputable likenesses of their originals; Michael Angelo or Canova's sculptures are incomparably less *literally* true. Those wax figures are, indeed, remarkable for their historical accuracy, without the defects of photographie inversion, false perspective, shadow representation of the ethereal vermeil of a lady's cheeks and lips, together with various other inevitable impediments that obviate the promises and pretensions of photography as a substitute for portraiture. In short, it promises you facts, while it is utterly incapable of fulfilling them. But even if it were possible to fulfil them to the very letter, and to "suppose," as Sir Joshua says, "a view of nature represented with all the truth of the camera-



obscura, and the same scene represented by a great artist, how little and mean will the one appear in comparison of the other, when no superiority is supposed from the choice of the subject." Reynolds again says, "If our judgment is to be directed by narrow, vulgar, untaught, or rather ill-taught, reason, we must prefer a portrait by Denner, or any other high finisher, to those of Titian or Vandyck; and a landscape of Vanderheyden to those of Titian, or Rubens, for they are certainly more exact representations of nature." But the man whose perceptions of truth depend upon a mere reference to facts, does not see nature, he only looks into the mean details of circumstance, which inevitably tend to shackle and pervert his judgment. The painter of genius does not depart from truth when he throws into eloquent silence whatever is unnecessary to give a fair representation of his subject. Incapability of any such reserve is the very boast of photography. All that is earthly, sensual, and devilish in humanity is, with unscrupulous detail, wrung out by this inquisitorial process, just as the inherent deformities of the human heart are confessed into the ear of the priest. It is not the material and sensuous that should be held up and handed to posterity. Man's body is a glorious temple. I have eyes to see something regal in you—that is, in your humanity—which you do not see, and which I am now striving to point out to your inward sight. All that you have hitherto been cognizant of is a pretty piece of flesh, to paint which would not be painting you, but only what you are at present able to appreciate. We all wish to be judged and reported with lenity, not as the Pharisee describes his brother man, but with that charity which looks with a kindred eye upon every countenance, and is able in some measure to discriminate those essential attributes which, impressed upon the features of the "human face divine" leave, in various degrees, the records of moral beauty, or intellectual power. The painter's vocation is to read and delineate those qualities, for it is within their province alone that the elements of his art are to be found.

D. That's all very well, but it's seldom one finds those indications; and what are you to do with a face where there is no trace of them to be seen?

A. A face without some trace of good, however slight, would not be a human face, but that of a demon. Man's soul, during every moment of his existence on this side of the grave, has either an upward or a downward tendency. It either rises at the call of conscience, or gravitates down, in obedience to the insatiable desires that boil within the centre of our flesh, and feed upon our vital powers, as earth's central fires prey upon and devour her tortured bowels. Divest a man's face of every element of virtue, and you have remaining nothing but the diabolical countenance of the despairing Judas—the liar, thief, murderer. A good portrait is, therefore, an elevation of humanity more to what it should be, than what it literally is. It represents the rising upwards, not the sinking downwards. A man in looking at a good portrait of himself, sees certain indications of a higher and nobler destiny than he generally realizes. He sees some reference to the pristine character of unfallen nature, and says to himself, "I feel that there is something here pointing to higher powers and capabilities than the grovelling resources that so often keep us wallowing in the mire. I will try and always look like that." In short, a good portrait is a kind of didactic epigram which one addresses to one's self, and with which we are at least never offended.

It is the latent poetry, which exists in the commonest productions of nature, that the painter is to elicit and manifest. This is why his imitations are not copies. In every real picture there is some lesson inculcated—some central philosophy to which all the other incidents are subsidiary merely, and consequently, subordinate.

The animal-man, with his external marks, is all that the swineherd sees or is cognizant of in humanity: the spiritual, which is the essential existence, he knows nothing of. He looks at a flower with a similar view and feeling—it is of no use; a cabbage he can understand—he can put it in his pot; but he sees nothing in the flower—it awakens no emotion!

Coleridge says:—"It is a poor compliment to pay to a painter to tell him that his figure stands out of the canvas, or that you start at the likeness of the

portrait. Take almost any daub, cut it out of the canvas, and place the figure looking into or out of a window, and one may take it for life. Or take one of Mrs. Salmon's wax queens, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy, as they are, and an imitation of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be. Look at that flower vase of Van Hysum, and at these wax or stone peaches and apricots! The last are likeliest to their original, but what pleasure do they give? None, except to children."

D. "Copy, as they are, and an imitation, as a good portrait ought to be." Now, I call that palpable nonsense! I don't care who says it, if he were as big as Goliath, I call it nonsense. Copy—imitation—why, they are the same thing! Gold-ridge, or whatever you call him, is making out a flat contradiction.

A. He will tell you what the difference is. "Imitation," says he, "is the mesothesis of Likeness and Difference. The difference is as essential to it as the likeness, for without the difference it would be copy or facsimile. But, to borrow a term from astronomy, it is a librating mesothesis; for it may verge more to likeness, as in painting, or more to difference, as in sculpture."

D. (shaking his head). I don't understand a word of it!

A. I knew that before you told me so.

D. What was the use of telling it me, then?

A. In hope that some spark of emulation may just make your darkness so vaguely visible that you shall begin to suspect the possibility of its existence. And now I will conclude my present illustrations by showing you two passages to prove that I can adduce more recent evidence in favour of my argument than the opinions of Reynolds and Coleridge.

Alluding to the falling off in number of the miniatures at the Royal Academy last year, a writer in the *Illustrated London News* says:—"There will, however, probably be to some extent a reaction when the real character and unavoidable short-comings of photographic portraiture (as so ably explained in an article in the last number—CCII.—of the *Quarterly Review*) are better understood; and, above all, when more general good taste eschews those nondescript productions—coloured photographs—productions which have neither the beauty of Art nor the approximate truth of science, which are neither picture nor photograph, and whose dauby meretriciousness fades in a few months from the chemically-prepared surface which it covers."

One passage from the article referred to in the *Quarterly Review*. "But while ingenuity and industry—the efforts of hundreds working as one—have thus enlarged the scope of the new agent, and rendered it available for the most active, as well as for the merest still-life, has it gained in an artistic sense in like proportion? Our answer is not in the affirmative, nor is it possible that it should be so. Far from holding up the mirror to nature, which is an assertion usually as triumphant as it is erroneous, it holds up that which, however beautiful, ingenious, and valuable in powers of reflection, is yet subject to certain distortions and deficiencies for which there is no remedy. The science, therefore, which has developed the resources of photography, has but more glaringly betrayed its defects. For the more perfect you render an imperfect machine the more must its imperfections come to light; it is superfluous, therefore, to ask whether Art has been benefited, where nature, its only source and model, has been but more accurately falsified. . . . For these reasons it is almost needless to say that we sympathize cordially with Sir William Newton, who at one time created no little scandal in the Photographic Society by propounding the heresy that pictures taken slightly out of focus, that is, with slightly uncertain and undefined forms, 'though less chemically, would be found more artistically beautiful.' Much as photography is supposed to inspire its votaries with æsthetic instincts, this excellent artist could hardly have chosen an audience less fitted to endure such a proposition. As soon could an accountant admit the morality of a false balance, or a sempstress the neatness of a puckered seam, as your merely scientific photographer be made to comprehend the possible beauty of 'a slight blur.' His mind proud Science never taught to doubt the closest connexion between cause and effect, and the

suggestion that the worse photography could be the better Art, was not only strange to him but discordant. It was hard too to disturb his faith in his newly-acquired powers. Holding, as he believed, the keys of imitation in his camera, he had tasted for once something of the intoxicating dreams of the artist; gloating over the pictures as they developed beneath his gaze, he had said in his heart '*anch'io son pittore*.' Indeed, there is no lack of evidence in the *Photographic Journal* of his believing that Art had hitherto been but a blundering groping after truth, which the cleanest and precisest photography in his hands was now destined to reveal. . . .

"But let us examine a little more closely those advances which photography owes to science—we mean in an artistic sense. We turn to the portraits, our *premiers amours*, now taken under every appliance of facility both for sitter and operator. Far greater detail and precision accordingly appear. Every button is seen—piles of stratified flounces in most accurate drawing are there,—what was at first only suggestion is now all careful making out,—but the likeness to Rembrandt and Reynolds is gone! There is no mystery in this. The first principle in Art is that the most important part of a picture should be best done. Here, on the contrary, while the dress has been rendered worthy of a fashion-book, the face has remained, if not so unfinished as before, yet more unfinished in proportion to the rest. Without referring to Mr. Claudet's well-known experiment of a falsely-coloured female face, it may be averred that, of all the surfaces a few inches square, the sun looks upon, none offers more difficulty, artistically speaking, to the photographer than a smooth, blooming, clean-washed, and carefully combed human head. The high lights which gleam on this delicate epidermis so spread and magnify themselves, that all sharpness and nicety of modelling is obliterated—the fineness of skin peculiar to the under lip reflects so much light, that in spite of its deep colour it presents a light projection, instead of a dark one—the spectrum or intense point of light on the eye is magnified to a thing like a cataract. If the cheek be very brilliant in colour, it is as often as not represented by a dark stain. If the eye be blue, it turns out as colourless as water; if the hair be golden or red, it looks as if it had been dyed; if very glossy, it is cut up into lines of light as big as ropes. This is what a fair young girl has to expect from the tender mercies of photography. . . . Generally speaking, the inspection of a set of faces, subject to the usual conditions of humanity and the camera, leaves us with the impression that a photographic portrait, however valuable to relative or friend, has ceased to remind us of a work of Art at all.

"And, if further proof were wanted of the artistic inaptitude of this agent for the delineation of the human countenance, we should find it in those magnified portraits which ambitious operators occasionally exhibit to our ungrateful gaze. Rightly considered, a human head, the size of life, of average intelligence, and in perfect drawing, may be expected, however roughly finished, to recall an old Florentine fresco of four centuries ago. But '*ex nihilo nihil fit*,' the best magnifying lenses can in this case only impoverish in proportion as they enlarge, till the flat and empty Magog which is born by this process is an insult, even in remotest comparison, with the pencil of a Masaccio."

D. That's good; I can understand that better than any thing you have yet said. I always thought those overgrown photographs rather "too much of a good thing:" when they rise to that climax they ought to speak out at once, and assert all the prerogatives of *live* portraits; a sliding pair of eye-balls, flexible jaws, and a man at a shilling a day to pull the strings, would perfect the conceit. But in regard to the fading of the colours, I don't see so very much objection to that; you know, the man behind with the strings could occasionally add a touch of new paint to freshen the face up a bit!

(The darkness being now visible to Mr. Dogberry's mind, he takes his leave of the artist, promising to return to the studio to see him again ere long—assuring him at the same time, that he now begins to feel considerable interest in the subject of painting).

A. When a man will only take the trouble to think, the interest is sure to follow.

RONALD CAMPBELL.



## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—On the 13th of July last the following notice was in the *Moniteur*:—"The director of the Imperial Museum informs the artists that there is to be an exhibition of the works of living artists in 1859. This exhibition is to be opened on the 15th of April, and closed on the 30th of June following. The artists are to send their works to the palace of the Champs Elysées from the 15th of February to the 1st of March, 1859." The number of works is not to be limited.—A sum of money had been voted to purchase several fine pictures of the Soult Gallery remaining unsold. We hope soon to see at the Louvre the following:—"Nativity of the Virgin," and "Miracle of St. Diego," by Murillo; "St. Peter and St. Raymond," and "Funeral of a Bishop," by Zurbaran; "St. Basil," by Herrera, Sen.—An exhibition of sculpture by M. A. Lechesne, in the Champs Elysées, has been very successful. The minister of state has purchased a group in bronze—a "hunting piece"—by order of the Emperor.—The magnificent Hotel of the Prefecture at Evreux has just been restored by order of the town council.—A Gallo-Roman burial-place has been discovered at Chambons (Corrèze): in it have been found several most interesting objects: ninety earthen vessels have been dug out.—The different provincial exhibitions in France are exerting themselves to encourage Art: many works have been purchased, thereby setting an example to the capital, which it would do well to follow.—Several statues of celebrated men have been lately executed: one of Marshal Jourdan, by M. E. Robert; of Inguibert, Bishop of Carpentras, by M. Daumas; and of Rossini, by Dantan, Jun., for the Academy of Music.—We expect to see ere long at the Louvre the celebrated "Descent from the Cross," by Daniel de Volterre. Thus, by degrees, the *chef-d'œuvres* of Italy find their way northward.

DRESDEN.—The staircase of the new museum is ornamented with a gypsum frieze, containing compositions illustrative of the history of Art. The right side is devoted to the history of painting in Italy, after designs by Knauer, a sculptor of Leipzig. The embellishment of the left side was confided to Professor Hähnel, who postponed the execution of the work, and in consequence of other important commissions, engaged his pupil Schilling to carry it out. The whole is now completed, and the history of the German schools, and that of the Low Countries, is set forth in panels by the following subjects:—six large and four small. The subjects illustrating the Romanesque style are: 1. Charlemagne commissions a monk to execute a fresco—Miniature painting among the monks. 2. King Henry I. commands the painting of his palace at Merseburg. 3. An artist named Heinrich paints, for Henry the Lion, a fresco at Brunswick.—The period of the German style is illustrated by the following subjects: 1. Henry II. causes the edict in reference to falconry to be ornamented by miniatures. 2. The Emperor Charles IV. employs many artists. 3. William of Cologne, and also Stephen of Cologne, are represented at their respective works.—The early Flemish school: 1. The Van Eycks busied with the preparation of oil colours. 2. Antonella and Messina come to John Van Eyck as pupils. 3. Margaret Van Eyck—so devoted to her art that she never married—she dismisses a suitor. 4. Hemling paints the hospital of St. John at Bruges. 5. Quentin Matsys, the smith, becomes an artist, through love of a painter's daughter.—The old German style comprehends: 1. Lucas Cranach painting Charles V. as a child. 2. Albert Dürer in his studio, and with him his friend Willibald Perckheimer, visited by Melancthon, Ulrich Van Utten, and Hans Sachs. 3. Hans Holbein exhibiting his Madonna.—The Netherlands: 1. Mabuse travels to Rome. 2. Peter Breughel among the Boors. 3. Rubens in his studio. 4. Van Dyck paints Charles I. 5. Rembrandt paints his wife.—And, lastly, is illustrated the new movement in the German school, wherein are celebrated—Veit, Schnorr, Carolsfeld, Hess, Overbeck, Cornelius, King Louis of Bavaria, King Frederick William IV. of Prussia, together with the busts of numerous celebrities connected with Art.

MUNICH.—It was intended to open the newly restored court theatre on the king's birthday; but it is feared that there is not time sufficient to prepare it. This theatre was built a hundred years ago, in the time of Maximilian Joseph I. by the French architect, Couvillers, and was in use until about thirty years ago. In 1852, the king commanded the architect Ludwig Foltz to prepare estimates for the restoration of the theatre. The project, however, remained in abeyance until 1857, when it was again entertained, and carried out with extraordinary diligence, inasmuch as to have afforded a hope that it might be opened on the occasion above mentioned. The original designs were all Rococo, and the restoration has been effected in the same style.

COLOGNE.—Opposite to the ancient Frankish station, Xanten, some poor fishermen have discovered, in the bed of the river, an antique bronze statue, representing a boy with a wreath of corn ears and flowers and fruit, of exquisite design, which, with the elegant proportion—the free and natural motion of the figure, bespeak it a work of Greek design. It is perfect, with the exception of an arm and the pupil of one of the eyes, which may have been of silver or some precious stone. It is premature to speculate either as to the history of the statue, or its future abiding place.

## ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—At the last annual general meeting of the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland, the Report stated that the amount of subscriptions for the current year was £5444, an increase of £10 over the preceding year. The committee had purchased seventy-one works of Art—a notice of which appeared in our July number—at a cost of £2,680, being £271 beyond the amount so expended last year. It is expected that the pictures which have at various times been acquired by the Association for the Edinburgh National Gallery, and which are at present temporarily placed in the galleries of the Royal Institution, will, ere long, be permanently deposited in the former edifice, under the provisions of the royal charter of incorporation.

STIRLING.—At the recent half-yearly examination of the pupils in the High School of Stirling, the productions of the drawing-classes, which are under the superintendence and instruction of Mr. Leonard Baker, attracted well-merited attention. The drawings and oil-paintings of Miss L. Drummond—who gained the first prize, for a head in oil—of Miss Thomson, Miss McPherson, and Miss J. Reid, were especially noticed for their excellence. One of the local papers says:—"Mr. Baker is a credit to the High School, and our hope is, that he may be long in connection with it; although such a thing can hardly be expected if he be not better supported than he has yet been. It will hardly be believed by friends at a distance that this accomplished teacher of drawing and painting is allowed to labour on without a farthing of salary, while in other departments, only equally important, good salaries are given, and no end of assistants. Mr. Baker is not in need of assistance. He is an industrious artist and an enthusiastic teacher, and perfectly fit for his work; but we submit that he ought at least to be remunerated for his work somewhat like the other teachers." We take leave to add that Mr. Baker's position, as it is thus described, is not very creditable to the "gude folk" of Stirling, and ought not to remain as it now is.

DUBLIN.—The fifth annual exhibition of the Irish Institution was opened a short time since. The society was founded in 1853, with the object of securing a collection of pictures for, and promoting the establishment of, a National Gallery for Ireland. The rooms in Baginbun Street, where the exhibition is now held, are quite inadequate to its purpose, and it was, we believe, with reference to the erection of a larger and more suitable edifice, that a sum of £5000 was recently voted by the House of Commons. This sum is in addition to previous parliamentary grants amounting to £6000, and also to the £5000 collected for the "Dargan Fund." About £900 have been received towards the purchase of works of Art; so there seems a probability that Ireland will, ere long, have a National Gallery to which she may point with satisfaction, if not with exultation.

BELFAST.—A correspondent in this town has written to us to complain of some remarks we made in our July number, with reference to the closing of the School of Design: he intimates that our notice "seems to convey a censure on the committee, and also on the inhabitants of the town, for not exerting themselves with greater success in making the institution self-supporting; and comparisons are drawn between this and other provincial towns where schools are, greatly to our disadvantage. It argues if schools can be established and maintained in less important places, there can be no good reason why so improving a town as Belfast cannot support one also." Now our correspondent must have read our observations with a glass of large magnifying powers, for we neither said nor intimated one half of that we are charged with. After stating in a very few words that the committee had determined to close the school, and assigning the reasons, borrowed from the Report read at the last meeting, which have led to such a step, we added—"This state of things is not very creditable to Belfast!" a

remark which we beg leave again to repeat, for it is unquestionably "not very creditable" to a large and flourishing town like Belfast, that it will not free the institution from "an accumulation of debts" amounting to the large sum of £180, which debts are the chief cause of the dissolution of the establishment. It appears that with the exception of Cork—where the inhabitants have a self-imposed rate in support of their school—and Belfast, all the Irish schools of Art "live rent-free." The Belfast school pays £75 annually for its premises: this dead weight—which the supporters of the institution think, and justly, as we consider, ought not to lie upon them—is another cause of the decay of the school. Would it not be "creditible" to the inhabitants if they followed the example of the Cork people, and taxed themselves? Their unwillingness to do this justifies our previous comment.

BIRMINGHAM.—A special meeting of the subscribers to the Society of Arts and School of Art has been recently held, to consider the desirability of incorporating the society under the Joint Stock Companies' Limited Liability Act; and also to enable the society to enter into agreement for tenancy with the Midland Institute and the Society of Artists. The agreement with the Midland Institute provides that this body is to find accommodation for the School of Art, free of rent or taxes. Resolutions to these effects were moved and adopted.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The School of Art here appears to be making good progress; the number of pupils has increased during the last sessional year, and their improvement under Mr. Baker, the master, has been considerable. The total number of pupils who have been under instruction both at the chief school, and the various branches, one of which has been recently opened at Romsey, is 655, during the last twelve months.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The annual meeting of the subscribers to the School of Art in this town was held in July. We ascertain from the Report that the income of the institution during the past year, including £160 13s. 6d. from students' fees, and £120 14s. from annual subscriptions and donations, amounted to £317 4s. 6d.; while the expenses, including salaries, interest on mortgage, &c., were £372 18s. 8d.; leaving a balance against the treasurer of £55 14s. 2d. Mr. Chittenden, head master, has resigned his post, and has been succeeded by Mr. W. J. Blackley, who filled the same office at the Bilston school.

MIDLAND COUNTIES.—The following table shows the number of persons receiving instruction in drawing in the Schools of Art in the Midland Counties for the years ending June 30th, and also the amount received in fees from the students:—

	1856.	1857.
Birmingham, with branches at Smethwick (Spon Lane), and Cape . . . . .	1451	1536
Burslem . . . . .	167	164
Coventry . . . . .	284	561
Dudley . . . . .	752	809
Hanley . . . . .	122	259
Newcastle-under-Lyne . . . . .	195	180
Stoke-on-Trent . . . . .	188	293
Stourbridge . . . . .	542	436
Wolverhampton . . . . .	250	349
Worcester . . . . .	698	730

The results of the competition last year for the local and national medals were, that Birmingham carried off twenty-four local and three national medals; Burslem, thirteen local and four national; Coventry, eighteen local and three national; Dudley, five local; Hanley, seven local and four national; Newcastle-under-Lyne, six local and two national; Stoke, twenty-two local and seven national; Stourbridge, three local and one national; Wolverhampton, seven local; and Worcester, twenty-five local and three national.

SCARBOROUGH.—The exhibition of paintings by modern artists was opened on the 1st of last month: we trust it may be so far encouraged as to warrant its annual continuance. The collection, numbering upwards of 300 pictures, contains many excellent works, several of which are by well-known artists.

LEEDS.—The new town-hall, though not complete, will, it is expected, be sufficiently advanced to admit of its inauguration on the 7th of this month. The Queen has expressed her intention to honour the ceremony with her presence. The building is of a character that will make it the principal ornament of the town, and not less so of the county. Its tower will be of an elevation to render it distinguishable at a considerable distance.

LLANFAFF.—The ancient cathedral of this city is now undergoing restoration: the arcade is to be repaired, the clerestory reconstructed, the walls of the side aisles rebuilt, as well as a portion of the southern tower, and the old timber in the roof of the nave will be replaced by new. The entire cost of the proposed works is set down at £3425.

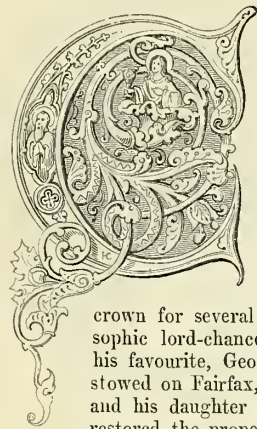


## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

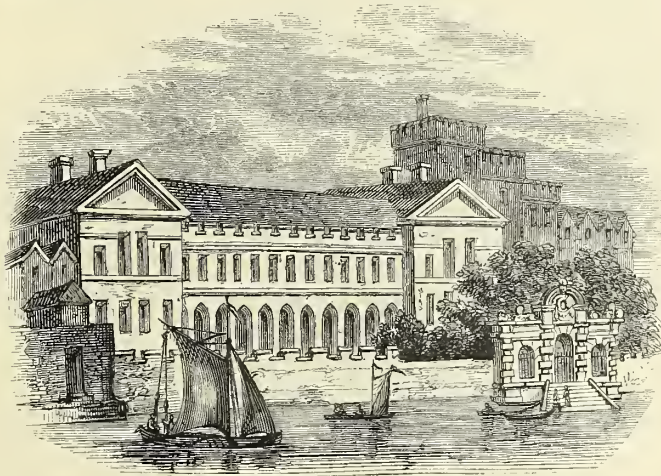
FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XXI.

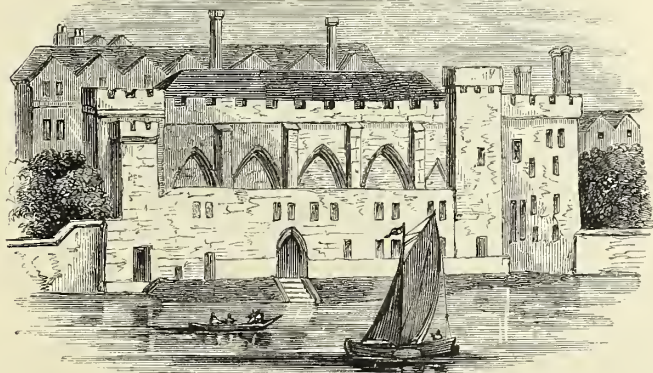


CONTINUING our course towards the City from Hungerford Bridge, we briefly describe the olden glories of the Thames banks, when the space between the river and the Strand was occupied by the palaces of the nobility. Close beside the bridge, on the site of the present Buckingham Street, stood York House, which we engrave from Hollar's view. It was anciently the town residence of the bishops of Norwich, and obtained its name from the exchange made with the archbishops of York, who adopted it as their palace in London, until Archbishop Mathew, in the reign of James I., exchanged it with the crown for several manors. It was afterwards granted to the philosophic lord-chancellor, Bacon, and, in the reign of Charles I., to his favourite, George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. It was bestowed on Fairfax, the parliamentary general, in the great civil war; and his daughter marrying the second Duke of Buckingham, thus restored the property to its earlier owner, who resided here after the Restoration; but his dissipated habits led to a necessity for its sale: it was then pulled down, and various streets were built on the site, which preserve his worthless name in the titles "George Street, Villiers Street, Duke Street, Of Alley,



YORK HOUSE.

and Buckingham Street." The house was a noble building, remarkable for the sumptuous character of its internal fittings, as well as for the fine antiques the duke had purchased from Rubens. The stairs which led to the river were surmounted by Inigo Jones's celebrated water-gate, still standing at the end of Buckingham Street, one of the most interesting and beautiful relics of ancient architecture in the metropolis. The garden joined that of Durham House.



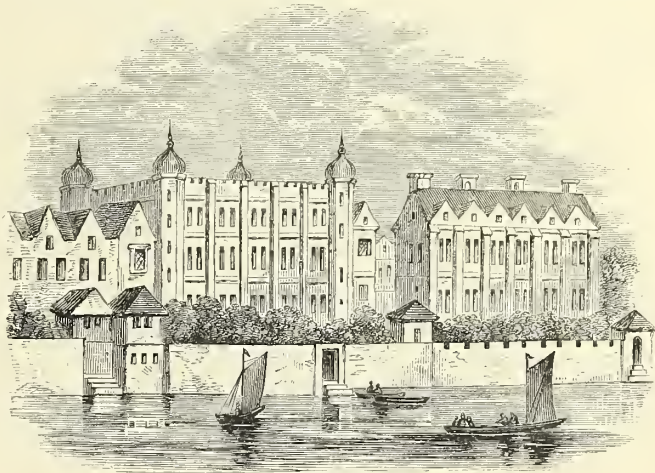
DURHAM HOUSE.

Durham House, which stood on the site of the present Durham Yard, and occupied that portion of ground now covered by the Adelphi,\* possessed very

\* The Adelphi was built by the brothers Adam, and named from the Greek word (*αδελφοι*, *brothers*), in compliment to them, because of the difficulties they had surmounted in erecting the important structure on what was bad and unprofitable ground—a muddy deposit from the Thames. It is constructed on vast arches, celebrated as the "night residence" of houseless and abandoned persons, the "Pariahs" of London life.

great historic interest, and preserved some antique features when Hollar drew the sketch (about the year 1640) from which our engraving is copied. The strong walls of stone, the pointed arches, and the fortress-like towers, which appear to have been incorporated with more modern work, seem to be portions of the old work of the bishops of Durham, whose town residence was fixed here as early as the reign of Edward I. Bishop Tonstal surrendered it to Henry VIII., who converted it into a royal palace, giving in exchange the building known as "Cold Harbour," in Thames Street. Edward VI. granted Durham House to his sister Elizabeth as a temporary residence, but Mary, on her accession to the throne, returned it to the see of Durham. Elizabeth afterwards gave the use of the house to the great Sir Walter Raleigh, but he was obliged, after her decease, to restore it to the episcopal see. The mansion was not long tenanted by the bishops, but was purchased in 1640 by the Earl of Pembroke; it was pulled down in the early part of the last century, and the ground covered with houses.

Salisbury House was separated from it only by a small garden, and was built in the reign of James I. by his treasurer and secretary, Robert Cecil, Earl of

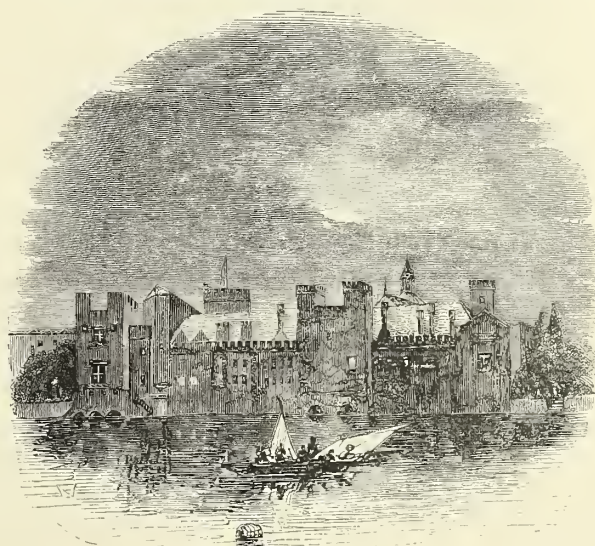


SALISBURY AND WORCESTER HOUSES.

Salisbury. It was a massive rectangular building, with turrets at the angles, and presented an imposing frontage to the Thames. After the earl's death it was divided into two mansions, and then sub-divided; ultimately converted into an exchange, but having no success through all changes, it was purchased by builders, and Salisbury and Cecil Streets were erected on its site.

Close beside Salisbury, stood Worcester, House, which, in the reign of Henry VIII., belonged to the see of Carlisle, but then passed into the hands of the earls of Bedford, and from them to the earls of Worcester, the last of whom died here in 1627. His son being created Duke of Beaufort, it then changed its name to Beaufort House; and the space of ground it once occupied is still marked by Beaufort Buildings in the Strand, erected after its destruction by fire through the carelessness of a servant. Pennant informs us that the great Earl of Clarendon lived in it before he built his celebrated mansion in Piccadilly, paying for it at the extravagant rate of £500 per year, a sum fully equal to £1200 at present.

The old palace called the Savoy was the next important residence on the riverbank. It was a fortress-like building close upon the stream, and without the



THE SAVOY.

intervening garden which characterized the others. It was originally founded by the Earl of Savoy in the reign of Henry III., and rebuilt by Henry, Duke of Lancaster. Here was imprisoned John, King of France, who died within its

The centre house of the terrace, No. 5, was occupied by Garrick, who died in it, Jan. 20, 1779, and there "lay in state" previous to his interment at Westminster. His widow also resided there, dying in the same room as her husband, in 1822.

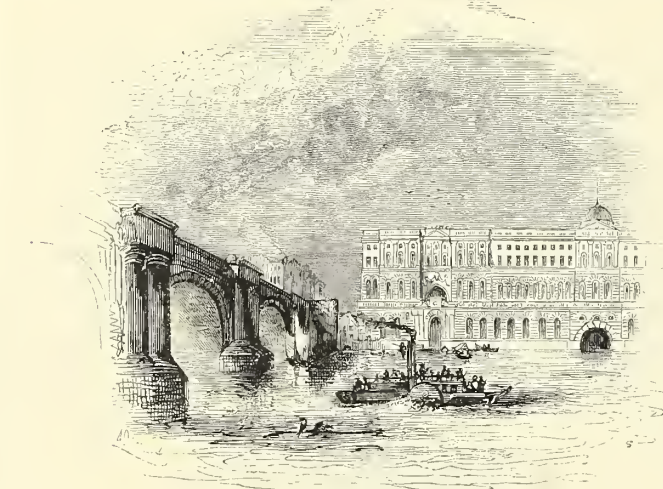


walls. It was burnt by the "rabble rout" who followed Wat Tyler, afterwards restored as a hospital by Henry VII., suppressed by Edward VI., re-endowed by Queen Mary, and continued as a hospital and sanctuary, "a nursery of rogues and masterless men throughout that century." Strype describes the old building as "very ruinous" in 1720. It was patched up, and chiefly used as a barrack for soldiers and a prison, until its final destruction in 1816 to form the approaches to Waterloo Bridge. The old chapel, once within the walls, remains, and is a curious relic, containing many old monuments.

The Surrey bank of the river between Westminster and Hungerford Bridges comprises the district known as "Pedlar's Acre," a piece of ground given to the parish of Lambeth, and situated on the verge of the Thames. Popular tradition asserts the gift to have been made by a pedlar, who owned the land, on condition that himself and his dog should be commemorated on one of the church windows. We engrave this far-famed piece of glass-painting, which is certainly of the time of Elizabeth; but there is no record in the parish accounts to justify the old tale.\*

The Lion Brewery and the great Shot Tower are the most conspicuous objects past Hungerford Bridge. The latter is of cylindrical form, a hundred feet in height. The shot is formed by pouring molten lead from the upper part through small perforations, the drops rounding as they fall to the bottom in water. The whole of this district was formerly known as Lambeth Marsh, an unwholesome and unprofitable locality, frequently overflowed in high tides. The buildings on this bank have all been erected since the opening of Waterloo Bridge in 1817.

Waterloo Bridge, long celebrated as the finest over the Thames, and praised by Canova, as "the noblest bridge in the world," was constructed by Rennie, at the expense of a public company. It cost £400,000; the approaches, &c., making up the sum to nearly a million.† Close to the foot of the bridge, on the City side, is Somerset House: it is a noble pile, now entirely devoted to



WATERLOO BRIDGE AND SOMERSET HOUSE.

government offices.‡ It was built by Sir William Chambers, and is his finest work. The Thames front is 800 feet in length, and is provided with a terrace, supported on arches, 50 feet above the bed of the river; and is the same number of feet in advance of the main walls. This terrace forms a noble promenade; it is much to be regretted that the public are excluded from what was once an agreeable airing-place for London. Immediately adjoining Somerset House is the modern building, King's College.

The Old Palace of the Protector Somerset, uncle to Edward VI., stood upon this site, and gave name to the present structure; it was a picturesque brick and stone edifice, erected for him from the designs of John of Padua. When the "proud Somerset" was beheaded in 1552, the house devolved to the crown; Edward VI. assigned it to his sister, the Princess (afterwards Queen) Elizabeth; and James I. settled it on his queen, who named it Denmark House, in compliment to her native country. By this time Inigo Jones had added new buildings to it, and this is the condition of the building as exhibited in our view. Here lived Henrietta Maria, Queen of Charles I., and here she founded a convent; here Oliver Cromwell "lay in state," so also did General Monk. It seems to have been considered the private property of the Queens Consort of England, but in 1775 Buckingham House was given to Queen Charlotte in lieu of it.

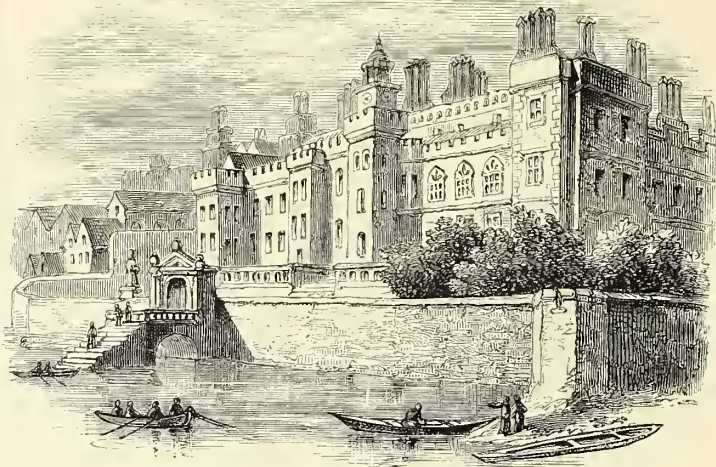
Between this place and the Temple there is now nothing of importance to arrest the attention of the voyager. In the old time the ground was chiefly

\* Some writers believe the glass is a rebus on the name *Chapman*. "Pedlar's Acre" was not called by that name till the end of the seventeenth century: its old name was Church Hopes.

† Owing to the heavy rate of its tolls, it was for a long time unprofitable to the shareholders; so great was its loneliness, that it was almost unsafe at night, and the scene of frequent suicides.

‡ Except the rooms granted to the Antiquarian, Astronomical, and Geological Societies.

occupied by two noble mansions and their gardens, the first being Arundel House; the home of Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, whose classic tastes



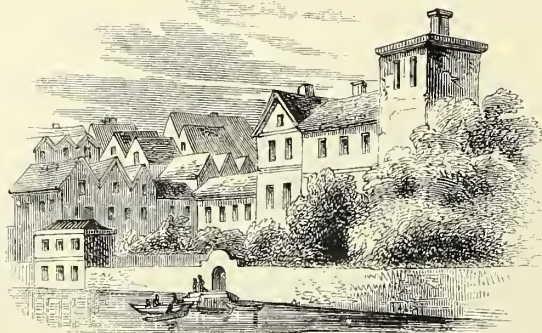
OLD SOMERSET HOUSE.

made the mansion celebrated in the days of James and Charles I., for the rare collection of marbles and gems of all kinds he here collected. At the instigation of Evelyn, the grandson of the earl gave his library to the Royal Society; the marbles being sent to Oxford, where they are still celebrated.\*



ARUNDEL HOUSE.

Essex House, adjoining, obtained its name from Queen Elizabeth's unfortunate favourite; and from it he made his unsuccessful attempt to excite a revolt in the city, which led him to the scaffold. It has been well described by Pepys, as "a large yet ugly house;" but it was continuously inhabited by a



ESSEX HOUSE.

series of noble residents until the close of the 17th century, soon after which period it was destroyed for building purposes.

We now arrive at the Temple Stairs, and admire the group of trees which still surround the little fountain that inspired the muse of L.E.L. Close to it is the noble old Hall, remarkable as the only building remaining in which a play of Shakspeare's was acted by his contemporaries,† as part of their Christmas revels. The fine old Garden on the river's bank, has been a garden from the days when the chiefs of the White and Red Rose factions plucked their flowers here as badges for their adherents—a scene so vividly rendered in Shakspeare's "Henry VI." The present gardener has restored the glories of

\* In 1646 Hollar engraved the view of London from the roof of this house, which we have copied above.

† It is recorded in the Diary of John Manningham, a student here, as follows:—"Feb. 2, 1601. At our feast we had a play called 'Twelfth Night; or, What you Will.'"



the old garden as well as such glories can be restored to a place in "populous city pent." The show of summer flowers is generally good, but that of chrysanthemums at the close of last year attracted and gratified thousands; the beds being masses of variegated flowers. The picturesque group, called "New Paper Buildings," of red brick and stone, forming so striking a feature at the eastern side, was erected by Sidney Smirke, A.R.A., in 1848. The memories that are associated with this spot, the early home of the Knights Templars of London, the solemn old church, where their effigies still lie, and where such men as Selden and Oliver Goldsmith repose, demand a volume for their due description. Between the Temple and Blackfriars Bridge, was the old lawless district known as "Alsatia," celebrated by Scott in his "Fortunes of Nigel;" he there gives a vivid and true picture of the loose characters by whom it was inhabited. Its proper name was "Whitefriars," from the church of the Carmelites, originally founded in the 13th century, which, with the monastic establishment, were destroyed at the Reformation; but the privileges of sanctuary continued, until it became a nest of ruffians, fraudulent debtors, and the worst members of society, who crowded into the narrow lanes, where the law had no power. It ultimately became so dangerous a nuisance that its privileges were abolished, and the district is now principally occupied by factories and gas-works.

The Southwark side of the river, originally low marsh land, is now thickly covered with houses; the river-bank presenting a continued series of wharves, where may be constantly seen groups of barges, such as are depicted in our cut.



BARGES AT BLACKFRIARS.

They have discharged their cargoes, and are waiting for high water, to be "off" with the next ebb. The principal vessel in the cut is one of the old fashioned, square bowed, flat-bottom barges, having a large hatchway in the centre for the cargo, with the small bunk, or cabin, for the crew. She also carries ingenious weather-boards, to prevent the great amount of lee way a vessel without a keel would make beating in a fresh breeze. The sails consist of a spreet, foresail, and mizen, and her mast lowers down by the forestay, during the passage under bridges. The crew consists of a captain and three or four men.



FLEET BRIDGE.

On the Surrey side of the river, and exactly opposite Somerset House, was a celebrated old place of amusement, known as Cuper's Gardens. They were formed by a gardener of that name, who had been servant to the Earls of Arundel; and he laid them out in shady walks, arbours, and flower-beds, decorating them with such antique fragments as the earl was willing to spare him. Some few of these were afterwards found in the Thames, and excited much curiosity. The gardens, which ultimately obtained a bad repute, were closed in 1753.

Blackfriars Bridge, the third bridge built in London, was erected by Robert Mylne, and opened for general traffic in 1769. The bridge and approaches cost the City £273,000. It has been since repaired at a cost of £74,000. Close beside the bridge (on the west of the London end) is a large arched sewer, which

is all that now represents the old river Fleet, thus converted into an immense drain; but in the olden time it was a stream wide enough to allow barges to go inland as far as Holborn, and spanned by a bridge near the Thames, "after the manner of the Rialto, at Venice." There is preserved in the library at Guildhall, a curious painting, executed at the early part of the last century (attributed to Canaletti, but most probably by Hogarth's friend Scott), which preserves a view of the "River Wells," as it was anciently called, but which had obtained an unsavoury reputation at that time, not a little aided by the severe lines of Pope, who summoned the heroes of his "Dunciad"—

"Where Fleet ditch, with disemboing streams,  
Rolls the large tribute of dead dogs to Thames."



ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.

The number of church steeples that now crowd above the city wharves, compared with the few seen farther west, brings to memory the remark of Sir Roger de Coverley, who argued therefrom on the morality of the two districts. Grandly above all, rises St. Paul's Cathedral, the noble work of Sir Christopher Wren, to whose genius we are also indebted for the greater number of the church steeples that also invite attention. The river-banks are lined with tall warehouses, where once stood Baynard's Castle, an antique edifice, so called from a follower of William of Normandy, its original occupant. It was a strong but gloomy pile, the occasional residence of many remarkable people, and the scene of some few historic events, one of which is immortalised by Shakspeare, in his "Richard III." On many occasions of formality it was used as a royal palace,



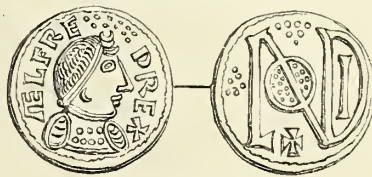
BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

until the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and was ultimately destroyed in the great fire of London, although it still gives its name to the Ward\* in which it stood.

A short distance onward and we arrive at the old haven known as Queenhithe.† It retains more of the characteristic features of the Thames bank during the last century than are to be seen in any other part of London. The

\* The City of London is divided into twenty-six wards, each governed by an Alderman and one or more deputies; the Mayor is chosen from the Aldermen; he must be a member of one of the twelve great livery companies of merchantmen or traders.

† We engrave a penny of Alfred the Great, found in the mud of the Thames near this spot, and which is of immediate interest here, as it is his "London type," and contains on the obverse, the monogram "Londinium," the letters forming part of each other—a convenient mode of getting a long name in a small compass. These early coins, though excessively rude, are of value in history; and tell of the very low state of general art at the era when they were executed; many are remarkable for their rude imitation of the superior works of the Romans.



COIN OF ALFRED.



old wooden wharves, the boats in the little dock, the high steps leading from the water, and the picturesque tree overshadowing them, seem to belong to the days of Anne, when the traffic in boats on the river was considerable, and the rich

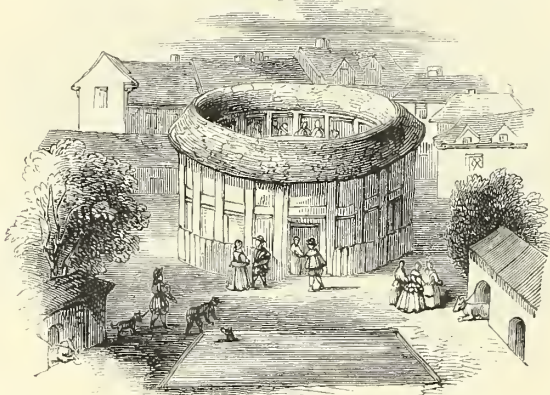


QUEENHITHE.

citizen and his wife would "take water" here for Vauxhall or Ranelagh. It probably obtains its name from the gift of it by King John to his mother, Eleanor, queen of Henry II.; but it was known in Saxon times as "Edrid's hithe," and has been a common quay for nearly nine hundred years.

A short distance further and we reach Southwark Bridge, designed by Rennie, and built by a company at a cost of £800,000. It has only three cast-iron arches, the span of the central one being 240 feet, that of each side arch being 210 feet; the piers and abutments are of stone. It was opened March 22, 1819.

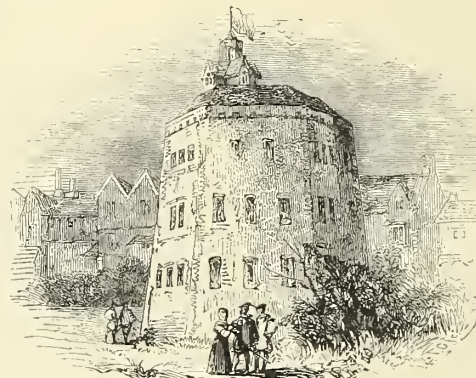
We must now describe the Surrey bank from Blackfriars Bridge, for the most interesting points of its early history are comprised between these two bridges. This side of the water was a gay scene during the reign of Elizabeth, the Londoners being ferried across to the places of popular amusement there thickly located. The Blackfriars Road now passes over the site of "Paris Garden," where bear and bull-baiting rejoiced the citizens, the gala days being usually Sundays. Our cut is copied from the rare woodcut map of London in the time of Henry VIII., in the library at Guildhall, and exhibits in the foreground the kennels for the dogs, and the tanks in which they were washed. A graphic description of the place has been left by Paul Hentzner, a German, who visited it in 1598. He says it was "built in the form of a theatre, for the baiting of bulls and bears: they are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bull-dogs; but not without great risk to the



PARIS GARDEN.

dogs, from the horns of the one, and the teeth of the other; and it sometimes happens they are killed upon the spot: fresh ones are immediately supplied in the place of those that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often follows that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, standing circularly with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain. He defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all who come within his reach, and are not active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands, and breaking them. At these spectacles, and everywhere else, the English are constantly smoking tobacco. Fruits, such as apples, pears, and nuts, according to the season, are carried about to be sold, as well as ale and wine." The same author mentions the theatres for dramatic representation on this side the water: the most westerly was the Swan, which seems to have gone to decay in the early part of the 17th century. Near that part of Southwark crossed by the road from the iron bridge, stood the most famous of all—THE GLOBE, of which Shakspeare was part proprietor, and for which he wrote his

grandest plays. Its aspect will be best understood from our cut, copied from Visscher's map, 1616. Beside it stood the Rose and the Hope theatres, all receiving their titles from the signs or figures painted or sculptured over their doors. Rose Alley and Hope Alley still mark the sites of these theatres: the more celebrated "Globe," is believed to have stood where the iron-works of Messrs. Sheeres are now located, close beside the bridge.



THE GLOBE THEATRE.

Crossing to the London side of the bridge, our attention may only be directed to the busy wharves and the trading boats near them; one of these we engrave, of peculiar kind; it is termed a "Billy-boy,"—the sailors' name for a round bow and stern coasting schooner: they are excellent sea boats, and, from their box-like form, carry a large cargo. These vessels frequently come from Yorkshire, but are generally found on most parts of the English coast: their masts lower like the London barges for going beneath bridges.



THE "BILLY-BOY."

We meet with no important building until we arrive at the Fishmongers' Hall, at the foot of London Bridge. It is a modern structure, built on the site of the old hall, in 1831. We engrave the original stone-fronted hall that



FISHMONGERS' HALL.

existed on the same spot before the great fire of London, as depicted by Hollar, in 1647, including also some of the wharves and buildings of that era, to complete as near as possible our picture of the banks of the Thames.

We have thus arrived at London Bridge, having been compelled to limit our descriptions to a mere enumeration of the various objects of interest the voyager will meet on his way.



## MONUMENTAL COMMEMORATIONS.

THE genius of monumental commemoration is so active in our day, that to keep pace with its doings demands from us the service of a continuous record. The months, as they succeed each other, yield all something in the way of narrative or of suggestion to that page of our Journal which undertakes to keep complete the chronicle of its doings. That page, amongst the variety of our Art-records, has an especial interest of its own, which it draws from foreign fountains. The laurel and the eypress that meet above a great man's grave yield their lofty morals and elegiac strain to its other illustrations; and the chapter in question of our Journal is a record at once of departed greatness and of the Art that enshrines it.

First, let us record, with great satisfaction, that Mr. Foley's noble statue of

VISCOUNT HARDINGE, recently exhibited in the courtyard of Burlington House, seems likely, amongst its other merits, to have the merit of uprooting a government heresy. There has appeared to be a sort of opinion entertained by persons in authority, that an equestrian statue was a thing not to be expected from an English sculptor,—and that, if the want of such an illustration should happen to arise amongst us, we should have, of necessity, to fall back upon the Baron Marochetti. On what ground the first of these propositions founds, certainly does not appear; but, to sustain the second, the Baron's statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion has been perseveringly put forward. It would seem as if, by a capricious logic, of the kind which is rather apt to grow in the air of authority, the merit in that particular work had been taken as implying the absence of merit elsewhere. A more emphatic refutation of a false dialectic never came out of the schools than has issued, in the instance before us, from Mr. Foley's studio. Our readers know, that we have not, for ourselves, been slow to recognise the merit of the Baron Marochetti's work; but the most adventurous of that artist's supporters will not, we fancy, risk bringing it into competition with this great sculpture composition of Mr. Foley's. From the courtyard of Burlington House, a very striking lesson has been read to our native Government, as to what the English sculptor can perform when he has the opportunity given to him. It is very probable, that a feeling that this is so may have operated as one of the stimulants to a movement which has been making in the profession itself,—but which, to our knowledge, has nobler motives also, that do great honour to the body of English artists. Perhaps the highest testimonial that a sculptor can achieve, is, a testimonial from his brethren; and the professional movement in reference to Mr. Foley's work, while it takes the character of a testimonial to himself, forms a moral testimonial of a very pleasing kind in favour of those who make it. A number of his brother sculptors, and of the artist body generally, have been bestirring themselves to obtain signatures for an application to the Government, with a view to securing a copy, in bronze or in marble, of the great work in question, to be erected on some conspicuous site in this metropolis.\*

\* Our advertising sheet, to which we would direct the attention of our readers, will show the nature of the movement referred to in the text above. The document in question is the most remarkable of its kind that has ever appeared in this country: nearly one hundred and fifty artists and gentlemen—painters, sculptors, architects, engineers, and engravers—have entered into a confederation to do honour to a brother artist, primarily, and, secondarily, to a distinguished soldier.

Looking down the list of signatures appended to the document, we find in it the names of twenty-four Royal Academicians; including that of the President, out of thirty-nine—the number of that body at present; fifteen out of twenty-five Associates; the Presidents of the two Water-Colour Societies, and a long array of the majority of the most distinguished men in the united professions. Baron Marochetti, too, of *Cœur-de-Lion* fame, also dons his hat to the representation of the more recent English warrior; and Signor Monti, whose eye is filled with the graces of Italian sculpture, finds under our less sunny skies something he would fain keep in sight. At the preliminary meeting, which was held on the 24th of June, its object was set forth in the following words:—"The manifestation of public

It is affecting to observe the efforts that are everywhere making, by all who can set up pretensions of any kind, to appropriate to themselves some share in that rich inheritance of glory which

SIR HENRY HAVELOCK leaves behind him. Wherever a community can establish a title of kinship, in any kind or degree, to the illustrious soldier who wore out his great heart in the struggle to get at the beleaguered women and children of England, and lies dead in the scene of the rescue,—a claim is advanced to an especial legacy of honour derivable out of the greatness. Among other claimants of the kind, the Carthusians have bethought them that it is something praiseworthy, as it were, to have drunk at the same educational fountains with the chief, and in virtue of that common baptism, have determined to have a monument of their own. The sentiment of brotherhood, thus aroused to a special end, has swept into its purview—as it is in the nature of generous sentiment always to do—whatever else appealed to it on kindred grounds; and memories of all whom the Charterhouse has sent out to die for their country gather round this memory of the noblest of them all. A subscription has been set on foot, with a view to perpetuating the names of Sir Henry Havelock and such other naval and military officers as, having been educated at the school in question, have fallen in the service of their country in the Russian and Indian wars; and it is intended, that, to the Art-monument to be erected within the walls of the building, shall be added such other memorial, in the form of a prize or otherwise, as the amount of funds will permit.—For the statue of GENERAL HAVELOCK which is to match with that of General Napier in Trafalgar Square, the artists of the country are invited into competition:—and, as competition seems to be the rule now for works of this description,—instead of the exception in such especial cases as might appear to justify, or to demand, it,—we think the particular instance before us suggests a few words of comment. We have already pointed out, on former occasions, the very serious character, where works of the finest Art are concerned, of a practice which sets in motion ten times the amount of labour that is meant to be employed, and summons a multitude of Art-creations where one only will be paid for. It is quite clear, that by just so much as genius may have given a speciality of character, in conformity with the object demanded, to any one of these rejected works, such work will be unfit for any other application, and will incur the risk of being wholly lost to its author. The tendency of such consideration, very obviously, is, to beget a tameness of design, which is one of the worst forms of mediocrity. Men who are never commissioned, but summoned constantly into competition, will be apt to turn the power that is in them to the elaboration of showy groups, which may not have an individuality of expression so pronounced as to prevent their serving some other turn, with a new label, should they miss the one that summoned them. The struggle of genius with the subject itself, is exchanged for the struggle of talent against

opinion in favour of the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, by Mr. Foley, as a work of Art, and the feeling of regret at the same time, that, being destined for India, it will be lost to this country, are the motives of the undersigned artists to recommend the raising of the means, by subscription or otherwise, for obtaining another east in bronze, for the ornament of this metropolis, as well as to do honour to the Arts of this country as to the illustrious commander-in-chief commemorated by this work." The artists have, in a manner most honourable to them, taken the initiative in this proceeding; and there is little doubt of their following it up zealously; but it must rest with the public generally to give efficient aid, to bring the matter to a successful issue. What has been done since the preliminary meeting, we know not for certainty; but we are satisfied that as soon as it is known where subscriptions may be paid, money will be flowing in. The present time, when all the world is away, is not the most auspicious time for collecting; still a beginning should be made at once. We have heard of many anxious to subscribe, who are only waiting to know where their contributions will be received. The object is national, especially as regards the Arts of the country. Let us have at least one statue in the public highway of London, which we can point out to the stranger with pride and exultation. We have no doubt that the Hon. Sec., Professor Donaldson, will attend to any communications he may receive.

a host of competitors; and a certain uniformity of design inevitably results, which in itself announces the abdication of that high and prerogative power that has produced the masterpieces of Art. It is certainly of the tendency of competition to kill the crowning sculpture grace, emphasis.—Well, now, let us see how this tendency towards non-originality has been carefully improved on in the instance before us, and observe well whether this habitual use of competition is leading us. No great artist should wrong himself by working under such conditions as are laid down for this Havelock memorial. At the south-west corner of Trafalgar Square there stands, on a granite pedestal, a bronze statue of Sir Charles Napier; and the bronze statue of Sir Henry Havelock is to occupy a granite pedestal at the south-east corner, and to match the other in every respect. It is to be of exactly the same height as its predecessor; and some geometrical necessity of absolute correspondence is so strongly apprehended, that we feel, as we read the directions, that the model would be most likely to succeed which should adopt Mr. Adams's very pose, and square in all respects with his work, like the figures in a fire-grate. To inculcate this suggestion, and secure this effect, a drawing of the Napier statue is sent round with the circular inviting artists to compete and prescribing the terms of competition:—and altogether, an impression is created that the impossibility of matching the Napier nose (of which Mr. Adams has made the most) will inevitably detract from the contentment of this committee with any work which they are likely to obtain.—Then, having set Art to work in a straight-waistcoat, the committee call on artists to work cheaply.—"The designs are required to be made to a scale of two inches to the foot; and to be forwarded to the secretary on or before the 1st of October next, with an estimate of the cost of the work, including all expense of erection, and such inscription as the committee may desire."—That is, the sculptors having striven against each other for who can best copy Mr. Adams's statue in a Havelock figure, are to bid against each other for who will do it at the lowest price. The artists are summoned to work to pattern, and to offer their work by tender. The whole advertisement is after the fashion of those inviting contracts for the supply of shoes for the army or shirts for the navy. High Art ean, of course, not be had on these conditions. Under such a dispensation, should it finally prevail, our sculptors must inevitably degenerate into statuaries and stonemasons.—Meantime, a letter from a British officer stationed at the Alumbagh informs us, that the narrow strip of ground in the compound there which forms the great soldier's grave is not to be his final resting-place. In the Report of a Lunacy Commission which sat some weeks ago, one of the delusions ascribed to the subject of the inquiry was, a wild belief that General Havelock was not dead. "They buried him, it is true," said the unfortunate gentleman; "but he rang his bell in the grave, and they took him out, and he is coming to England." Well, something like this, in a sense less wild, is taking place in fact. Out of that eastern grave, marked only with its "scathed and withered tree," the fame of this soldier has rung through the world, till it is felt that his fitting place of mortal repose can be only amongst England's illustrious dead. At the expense of the officers who followed his "monarch march," as this writer calls it, to the rescue for which he paid his life, his body is to be disinterred, and it "is coming to England."—"If ever I return," says the writer of the letter, himself a subscriber to the fund for the object in question, "the tomb of Havelock in Westminster Abbey will be visited by me with no common feelings."

In the same spirit as that of the Carthusians, the men of Rugby have determined to memorialise, as their own especial heroes, the soldiers who went out from amongst themselves to find graves on Russian soil. By way of monument to—

THE RUGBEIANS IN THE CRIMEA, a window of stained glass, by Hardman, of Birmingham, offering a representation of the Centurion at the foot of the Cross, has been recently placed in the chapel of Rugby School. A tablet of brass, let in to the wall, immediately beneath the sill of the memorial window, is inscribed with a legend recording the names of thirty-three men "of that House" who fell in the different actions in the Crimea.



Under the influence of the same sentiment, subscriptions have been likewise entered into for a

**CRIMEAN MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER.**—The contributors are, for the most part, gentlemen who have received their education at Westminster School, —and the parties to be commemorated are those, who, having shared with them this incident, fell in battle or by disease, in the campaign of the Crimea. On a monument which is to be of granite, sixty feet in height, a set of tablets will be engraven with the names, naval or military, of those who thus died, and with, in each case, a statement of the manner of the death:—and for this memorial a space of ground near Westminster Abbey, and adjoining the entrance to the schools, has been assigned by Her Majesty's Commissioners of Works. It is immediately opposite "THE WESTMINSTER PALACE HOTEL."

From Lucknow to Cawnpore, is now a summer morning's ride; but into every inch of the way between these henceforth historic sites is trodden immortal memories,—and that dreadful road, at one end of which a mortal terror sat not many months ago, as the shadow of the horror which sat at the other, was daily and hourly, in that terrible time, traversed by the throbbing and trembling heart of England. With the losses sustained in this latter scene, which our heroes reached too late for rescue, there mingle no consoling thoughts of any kind that can be gathered on mortal ground; and the first idea, therefore, with a view to consecrating perhaps the bitterest memory that our country preserves, was to hand over the well which it haunts to the keeping of religion. It was originally designed that a—

**MEMORIAL CHURCH AT CAWNPORE** should arise over the very grave of the martyrs; but it is found now, that the distance of the well from the mission station, and other considerations, render it ineligible as the actual site of the sacred edifice. It has been determined, therefore, to mark the dreadful spot itself by some suitable monument of a simple, though lasting, kind,—and to build the church (which, though it need not be large, must, from its monumental character, be of good architecture, and therefore expensive), in connection with the mission buildings already existing near the native town. The simple piety of soldiers on the spot had anticipated the former portion of this new design, by rearing a cross near the well;—and the resident chaplain has already taken steps for expanding this mark into a memorial of greater monumental pretension, on the precise spot. The committee propose, therefore, to associate themselves with him in carrying out this part of the design to its completion:—and they announce, further, their desire to promote the views of those who, having—like many of themselves, they say—lost friends at Cawnpore, or elsewhere in this Indian war, may wish to raise special monuments connected with the architecture of the church.

Let the great soldier lie where he may at last,—the grave of Havelock in the compound at Lucknow will, like the Memorial Church at Cawnpore, ever be a shrine:—and this brings us to speak of another great soldier, though of a far other type, whose mortal remains also underwent funeral translation, and in respect to whom steps are now taking to save and consecrate the memories that hang about the sepulchre in which they were originally laid. The land forming the site of Longwood, and that, in Napoleon's Vale, which holds the tomb of the first—

**EMPEROR NAPOLEON**, had passed into private hands; and these lands have been recently purchased by the British crown, at a cost of £5100, for transfer to the present Emperor of the French, and his heirs in perpetuity. The legislative corps of France has voted a sum of 180,000 francs to carry out the objects contemplated. One of those objects is, we presume, the repayment of the purchase price to the crown of England.

Let us see, however, whether our own monumental doings at home will not furnish us with some more cheerful materials than those with which we have last been dealing, before we bring this article to a close.—Our readers have seen, with gratification doubtless, that, almost at the very moment while we were uttering our recent lament over the disgrace which the British Lion has sustained in Trafalgar Square,—and as if it were in answer to our pleading on his behalf,—the cause of the royal animal was revived in the House of Commons, and a minister was found with the spirit to

promise him redress. It was frankly admitted by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, that the unfinished condition of the monument on this site to the greatest of England's naval chiefs, and the piece-meal fashion in which it had struggled into such life as it has, were a discredit to the nation;—and *that* discredit, so far as is now possible, he undertakes that the nation shall repair. After what we have said on the subject, we are bound, of course, to admit, that something of poetry is lost by this change in the noble beast's fortunes. The desolate grandeur which we found in the theme not many weeks ago, is gone:—but then, the lion recovers his honours,—which is a better thing. Caius Marius sitting among the ruins of Carthage, was a fine poetic figure;—but his friends would rather have seen him Dictator at Rome. We will be thankful for the lions, even at the cost of discrediting a prophecy of our own. For the—

**NELSON LIONS**, which are to be executed in bronze, a vote of £6000 has been taken: and Sir Edwin Landseer is understood to have undertaken the duty of seeing that the aspects and anatomy of the lord of the forest are truly rendered.\*

We see, at the same time, from some proceedings in the same House of Commons, and with the satisfaction due to the theme, that the disposition to utilise our public Art monuments, which began with the town of Chelmsford when it put Judge Tindale on the pump,—and which the great commercial city of Manchester shows a disposition to carry out in the true economic spirit, and after a fashion of its own,—is spreading to the metropolis, in conformity with a previous suggestion which we take credit for having ourselves made. Like all striking innovations, this one meets with its opponents,—and the metropolitan demonstration in its favour has received a check. Our readers should know, however, that there *has* been an idea entertained, in high quarters, of making the—

**MARBLE ARCH** carry a clock:—and they will hardly have forgotten, we trust, our own suggestion, in reference to this very spot, when there was a proposal made for erecting here the statue of Richard Cœur-de-Lion,—that the Crusader should lift up a gas-light on his lance. We take a natural pride in thinking, that the Board of Works has caught the spirit of our suggestion.—To Lord Elcho's proposal, however, for putting a timepiece in the cocked-hat of the Duke of Wellington's equestrian statue, at Hyde Park Corner, we object at once,—but also on the economic ground.

Some time ago, as our readers will remember, a subscription was set on foot by the persons employed in the service of the Bridgewater trustees, and promoted by the friends of—

**THE LATE LORD ELLESMERE**, with the object of erecting a memorial of that liberal and accomplished nobleman on a rising ground, not far from Worsley Church, forming a conspicuous object from the Manchester and Liverpool Railway. It is now stated, that the monument is to be a tower, of the transition Gothic character, executed in stone, brick, and marble. The main member will be, an octagon shaft, climbed by a spiral belt of coloured tiles, and rising from an elaborate square basement, which will cover forty-nine feet of ground. The height of the tower, from the ground line to the finial, is to be 132 feet.

In the adjacent county the men of Salford have been inaugurating their monument to—

**THE LATE MR. BROTHERTON**:—which, after all the display of utilitarian ingenuity elaborated for the behoof of the good and busy borough with a view to this memorial, ends, satisfactorily, in the simple Art achievement of a full-length statue, in bronze, from the model of Mr. Noble. The statue

stands in the Peel Park; and out of a sum of £2550, which was collected towards this memorial purpose, a remaining balance of £800 is to be invested as a fund, the interest of which will be applied annually to the purchase of books for dividing between the Peel Park Free Library, the Working Men's College, and the Pendleton Mechanics' Institute. The statue is nine feet five inches in height; and is said to represent well the gentleman who, as the inscription on the pedestal records, was "the first, and for upwards of twenty-four successive years the faithful, representative of the borough of Salford in the House of Commons." The Bishop of Manchester, in a very striking tribute to the memory of the deceased member, well observed, that it is a proud period in the history of a country when those of her sons who have cultivated the civil arts receive the full honours that a people has to bestow:—and, for ourselves, we will take leave to congratulate the town of Salford, that, while paying their debt of gratitude and commemoration to a practical man, his townsmen have felt that it could be appropriately paid in an Art form. It is among the somewhat rough realities of communities like this, that we earnestly desire to see the Art feeling run clear and unadulterated. In the metropolis, the Art circulation in the long run, is safe enough;—our anxiety is, that it should flow in a healthy current along all the arteries, and pronounce itself wholesomely at all the extremities of the national body. The town of Salford has rejected some very strange nostrums that were offered to her, on this occasion, by the Art-quackeries of the day; and, much to the gratification of her friends, has taken excellent ground in the matter of this Brotherton monument.

## OBITUARY.

MRS. LOUDON.

THE month of July took from us one of that sisterhood of writers, whose contributions to many departments of our literature have given to the sex so honourable a place in the authorship of the thirty years of our century last past. Mrs. Loudon—the widow of the late Mr. J. C. Loudon, the well known writer on floriculture and on English forest trees—belongs, like her husband, by the subject of her books, to a class whose appeal lies outside our department as journalists,—but she has a claim to special record in our columns by virtue of their form. Her various publications for the instruction of ladies in the practice of gardening are made elegant and attractive by not less than some fifteen hundred coloured illustrations of flowers, in their wild or in their cultivated condition. By means of these illustrations, they form drawing-room and boudoir books of great beauty; while they will long hold their place as directors to the sex in one of the recreations, scientific and sentimental, best suited to the refined and sensitive nature of feminine taste.—Of encouragement to those by whom the subject, as a graceful and intelligent pursuit, may have been neglected, Mrs. Loudon's own history supplies the example. She came first into the literary circles in which she met her future husband, as Miss Webb, the authoress of a three-volume novel called "The Mummy;" and at the time of her marriage knew as little of the language of flowers, in any other sense than the poetical one, as a mummy might. But, catching the spirit of the atmosphere into which marriage had introduced her, her desire for a knowledge of its secrets was cultivated by her husband to a result, of which the six quarto volumes of Flower Books bearing her name remain as an abiding fruit.—Mrs. Loudon's individual instincts were of that social kind which led her into wide personal intercourse with the literary circles of her time. On the death of her husband, the Government of the day recognised his claim and her own by an annual pension to her of one hundred pounds; and her death, at the age of fifty-eight, somewhat prematurely relieves, to that extent, the not over-ample funds applicable, where needed, to the acknowledgment and reward of intellectual labour.

\* We hear that the models of the lions have been completed,—but not "by authority," we presume,—by Mr. Milnes, who has copied them from the life; the *Times*, in a somewhat recent notice of the intended completion of the column, asserts that "six of our leading artists prepared models (some of which are of the highest order of merit)," and that they were sent in to the President of the Board of Works, who returned them, with the "cut intimation that the execution of these gigantic pieces of sculpture had been entrusted to Sir Edwin Landseer." We have not been able to ascertain whether the facts are really as they are thus stated; but if so, they seem to be something like what has taken place with regard to the Wellington Monument; and that just now those in exalted official stations are carrying matters with a high hand as regards our national monuments. We cannot suppose that Sir Edwin Landseer undertook the task of executing the work.



## THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

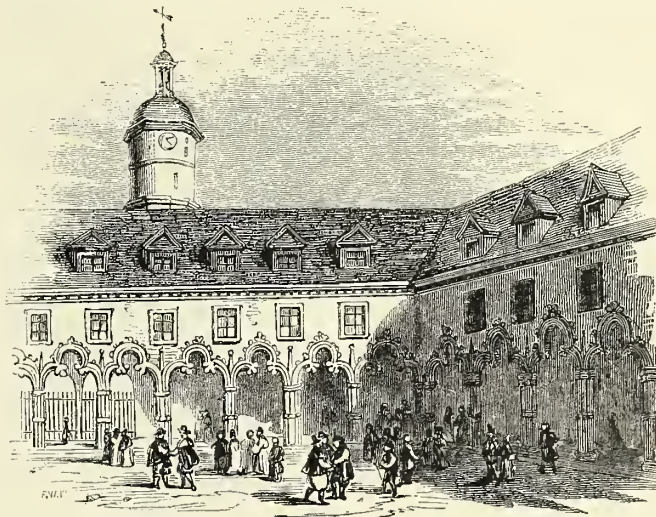
THE close of the exhibitions is as usual succeeded by the exposition, in Suffolk Street, of the works selected by the prizeholders of the Art-Union. Notwithstanding the depression that, during the past year, has weighed upon the commercial world, the subscription for the year amounted to 11,658*l.*, of which 5309*l.* have been expended in the purchase of pictures and drawings, in number one hundred and ten. The council of the society have extended the variety of the prizes by the addition of three hundred volumes of photographs, each of which contains twelve pictures—five by Mr. Fenton, four by Messrs. Cundall and Howlett, one by Frith, one by Thompson, and one by Caldesi and Montecchi. With respect to bronzes, the council have confined themselves to the distribution of works executed in former years. These cabinet bronzes we never contemplate without admiration, and regret that for such works there is not existing among us a more extensive taste. If, however, this branch of Art grow in public favour, it must not be forgotten that the Art-Union of London has effected much towards that desirable end. In addition to the pictures and the photographs we have mentioned, there will be distributed also to prizeholders one bronze, 'Mercury on the Battle Field'; five bronzes, 'Her Majesty on Horseback'; forty porcelain groups, 'Venus and Cupid'; thirty porcelain statuettes, 'The Stepping Stones'; ten vases in iron, fifty tazzas in iron, thirty-two silver medals of Banks the sculptor, two hundred and thirty volumes of etchings; seventy-two proofs, 'Tyndale translating the Bible'; and one hundred proofs, 'The Crucifixion,' after Hilton: in the whole nine hundred and eighty prizes. Turner's picture, 'Bellini's works conveyed to the Church of the Redentore, Venice,' has been engraved by Willmore, and is in the possession of a proportion of the subscribers; and another work by Turner is in the hands of the engraver for a future year, and the engraving, by Sharp, from Frith's picture, entitled, 'Life at the Sea-side,' but more commonly known as 'Ramsgate Sands,' will be distributed to the prizeholders of the current year. One of the most interesting features of the exhibition in Suffolk Street is the progressive series of medals, struck in memory of celebrated men; the obverse and reverse of each presenting the profile of the man and his greatest work; as Reynolds, 'The infant Hercules'; Wren, 'St. Paul's Cathedral'; Vanburgh, 'Blenheim'; and in like manner, Hogarth, Chambers, Flaxman, Inigo Jones, Wyon, Banks, and Gainsborough. Too much praise cannot be given to the Art-Union for its encouragement of medalling, since, in the recent state of the art, it is probable, that in the event of a national medal being required, we should have been compelled to have recourse to a foreign artist. The highest prize drawn is two hundred pounds. We have made our readers already familiar with nearly all the picture prizes; and the principal selections we have also enumerated. To go over the subject again is therefore needless, neither is it necessary to comment on the now notorious fact, that prize-gainers have no chance of obtaining good pictures: consequently the collection is—as under existing circumstances it ever will be, and cannot fail to be—below mediocrity.

## THE ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

THE annual exhibition in London of the prizes of the Art-Union of Glasgow was opened on the 7th of August, at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The catalogue enumerates ninety-eight pictures, many of which we have already seen and noticed: but there are many others which have never been publicly seen, having been transferred directly from the studio of the painter to the society. We regret that we cannot find space to describe this collection, which is really excellent; giving continued assurance of the supremacy of the Scottish school—for from that school chiefly the prizes are obtained. The print for the year is from Webster's picture, 'The Play-Ground,' engraved by Joubert: proofs of the prize-plates of former years are also exhibited, adding to the attractions of this really interesting collection.

## THE ANTWERP BOURSE.

AN old historic building, of interest alike to Belgium and England, has recently ceased to exist. The Exchange, or "Bourse" of Antwerp, erected in 1531, after outliving many perils by siege and fire in the vicissitudes of fortune through which the city has passed, was utterly destroyed a few weeks ago by an accidental fire. The documents which were connected with the trade history of this, the most important mercantile town of the middle ages, and which were of the utmost value,



THE BOURSE, ANTWERP.

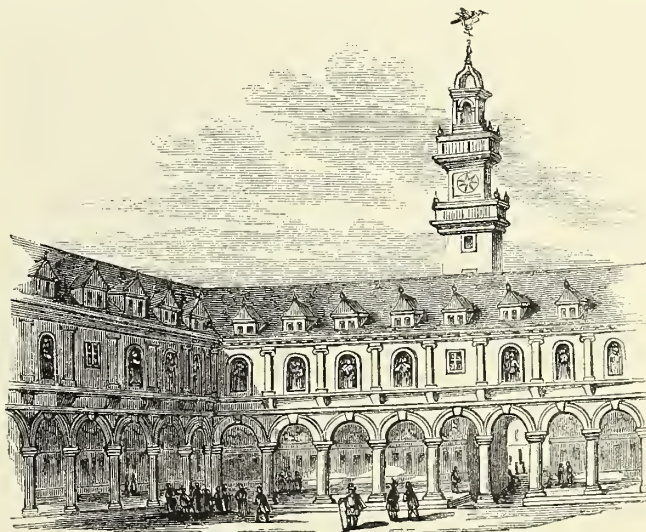
it the name of "The Royal Exchange," which it has retained to the present day.

The Antwerp Bourse was a quaint and highly enriched old building, resting on pillars of blue marble, each decorated with sculptured ornament of intricate pattern, varying in each pillar; the roof was covered with interlaced bands equally fanciful in arrangement. This supported a floor devoted to public offices, and containing historic documents—now, as stated above, totally destroyed—but which must have been of the greatest value, as containing the history of the early commerce of Antwerp, as well as that of our great merchants, such as Sir

were also burned. The Antwerp Bourse, with its cloistered square for the protection of the merchants in foul weather, first gave the idea to our Sir Thomas Gresham for a similar building in London: our merchants at that time met in the open street in all weathers; and Sir Thomas, who resided as British agent in Antwerp for some years, determined to provide his fellow-citizens with a place of business like that at Antwerp, which was the earliest erection of the kind. When he perfected his London building, he called it "Britain's Bourse," thus retaining the name of his prototype; but when Queen Elizabeth visited the place in 1571, she gave

Thomas Gresham, who were established in "the English House" still shown in the old city. The upper floor of the roof was devoted to secondary offices, and, above all, rose the old clock tower. Our sketch shows the interior of the quadrangle as it existed a few years since, when it still preserved unaltered its original features. About four years ago, this quadrangle was entirely covered with glass in an ornamental framework of iron, which gave it the aspect of a large conservatory; and although the old building was untouched, it entirely destroyed its original effect.

The Antwerp Bourse was the origin of all others,



THE ROYAL EXCHANGE, AS BUILT BY GRESHAM.

the first copy being Gresham's; the next was at Amsterdam; and they were succeeded by many a Bourse, Bolsa, and Exchange, in Europe and America. Gresham's original building we also introduce; and the close character of the copy, in its general arrangements, will be at once detected. Gresham's arcades were simpler than those at Antwerp, and there is more of *classic*, and less of *renaissance* in the general style of architecture adopted by our great citizen. The arrangement of the upper floors was entirely similar to the Antwerp original; the tower differs, being square, with external balconies; and the vane surmounted by his crest—

the grasshopper. This building was destroyed in the great fire of 1666. That which succeeded it was subjected to the same fate in 1838, to be again succeeded by the present noble structure.

The Bourse at Antwerp was a monument which all visitors to the quaint old city revered. Its walls spoke eloquently to the historic student. It typified the world's progress in the middle ages, when the freedom reluctantly forced on the narrow policies of the day advanced with difficulty to its great culminating point, over the ruins of feudal restriction: its destruction is, therefore, on many accounts to be regretted.



## THE YOUNG HUSSAR.

(LORD FITZGIBBON).

FROM THE STATUE BY P. MACDOWELL, R.A.

THIS is a statue of the late Lord Viscount Fitzgibbon, of the 8th Hussars (Royal Irish), "executed in bronze, for the city of Limerick, and erected to the memory of his lordship, and that of his brave companions in arms, natives of the county and city of Limerick, who fell at Balaklava." A model of the statue was exhibited at the Royal Academy during the season just closed.

Viscount Fitzgibbon was eldest son and heir of Richard Robert Fitzgibbon, Earl of Clare, Lord-Lieutenant and *Custos Rotulorum* of the county of Limerick, by Diana, daughter of the late Charles Woodcock, Esq.; he was born in 1829, and had scarcely reached his twenty-fifth year at the time of his death. He entered the army at an early age, obtaining a cornetcy, we believe, in the 8th Hussars, with which, as lieutenant, he went out to the Crimea. In the memorable cavalry charge at Balaklava, on the 25th of October, 1854, he fell desperately wounded, and died shortly afterwards.

Events that have since occurred in our Eastern empire now cling so closely to our memory, that we seem almost to have forgotten those exploits which, during the Russian war, filled the heart of every Englishman with wonder and delight, and of England's foe—one worthy of him—with dismay:—

"Old men forget, yet shall not all forget  
The deeds they did that day,"

when the light cavalry brigade—"the gallant six hundred," as Tennyson calls them—swept over the valley on the artillery of the Russians, and returned with their force diminished by two-thirds. Leouidas, at Thermopylae, old Dentatus, with his back against the rock, each fighting against overwhelming numbers, offers no brighter example of indomitable valour, and willing self-sacrifice, than every one of that gallant band who rushed forward to almost certain death at the sound of the trumpet's voice: it seems a miracle that a man lived to tell how the battle was "lost and won."

We had written thus far when a copy of the *Times*, of November 14, 1854, containing an account of the engagement, came into our hands: the leading article, in referring to it, contains the following eloquent passage:—"There is something in the pomp and solemnity of this fatal exploit which takes it out of ordinary war, and makes it a grand national sacrifice. The Roman citizen hardly rode more gallantly, more deliberately, than those devoted six hundred rushed to the place of their glorious doom. They went as fanatics seek the death that is to save them, and as heroes have sought death in the thick of the fight, when they could no longer hope to conquer. But this was something more than individual prowess or the enthusiasm of a crowd. There was organization and military skill, at least enough to enable the chiefs to know the terrible nature of the deed. They saw that in the execution of the order in their hands they would have to run the gauntlet of batteries, ambuscades, reserves, enough for the destruction of an army; but they went with their eyes open, as if under a spell. It was a skilful, murderous, and powerful foe that prepared the path for their destruction, and yet at that challenge they went on and persevered to their doom. This was not war, as the French general said; it was a spectacle, and one worthy of the 'cloud of witnesses' that encompassed the performers. When our first horror and admiration have subsided, one feels a species of mystery in the deed which interests us even more than the more important tidings that are now pouring in. What is the meaning of a spectacle so strange, so terrific, so disastrous, and yet so grand?"

The mystery never has, and now never can be, satisfactorily cleared up; it must suffice that the story is indelibly engraven on one of the most glorious pages of British history. "Peace to the souls of the heroes! their deeds were great in war," says the son of Fingal: honour to those who survive.

Mr. MacDowell's statue has already been described in the *Art-Journal*—in the January part.

## THE WELLINGTON MONUMENT.

AN attempt was made, before the House of Commons rose for the recess, to apply the censorship of the collective wisdom to the strange unconnected drama of this Monument, and obtain, if possible, a new last Act. A catastrophe which detaches itself completely from all the grounds and motives previously laid, is too daring a violation of the unities to be sanctioned even in a poet like Lord John Manners,—and Mr. Stuart Wortley sought to extract from the House a declaration that a Chief Commissioner of Works has no authority thus to defy Aristotle. But, the rule was moved too late in the session. The House was in a hurry,—and had little disposition for criticism, and none for competition. From the stubble fields of England the messengers of the season had been crowding in, and the distant whirr of the partridge was a summons not to be resisted by the sons of St. Stephen. The floor of the House was already strewn with bills laid out for packing up,—and here and there a chipped or a broken measure showed the haste employed. Through all their pre-occupation, however, the members saw, that there was something in Mr. Stuart Wortley's dogma,—but they had no time left for dealing with it. The character of the House was to be saved,—but so was the shooting season. Lord John Manners's last act could not possibly receive the *imprimatur* of Parliament,—but there was not leisure for amending it. In this dilemma, the members bethought them of a well-accustomed parliamentary resource—and the House, *more suo*, fell back on compromise.

The moral of Mr. Stuart Wortley's motion is clear and simple enough. He puts it thus.—A large sum of money is in hand, for a monument to the Duke of Wellington, which, both because of the importance of the object and the greatness of scale on which the funds admit of its being carried out, should be, at the same time, a monument of the nation's Art. The Art-opportunity is one which the country has rarely at its command, and cannot afford to see thrown away. A fourth-rate monument to the Duke of Wellington must, under such conditions as the nation has just now at its disposal, stand, to the foreigner and to the future, as an admission of Art-incapacity in our country and time. The case is emphatically one of those which will not bear tampering with by red-tape *dilettantism*, or huddling up at the caprice of a minister.—Well, then, it is pointed out, that a body of artists have been invited to compete for the work under conditions which are not the conditions of the work now to be executed. The designs submitted by them were designs fitted to incidents which are withdrawn as unfavourable ones, and restrained by limitations arbitrarily removed after they have done their office of restraint. Models wrought under express prescription for an arch in the nave of St. Paul's, are to stand rejected now because they have not been wrought to suit its Consistory Court. Lord John Manners goes into Westminster Hall to see which model will best furnish the new locality, by himself arbitrarily assigned, in consequence of its being worst fitted for the particular locality to which Sir Benjamin Hall had specifically required that it should be adapted. The logic is curious. The ground of failure in the competition becomes the ground of recognition in the work:—unfitness is accepted as qualification! For, there will be no doubt whatever among artists, or among those who give any study to the principles of Art in its architectonic relations, that the change of site *does* change some of the essential conditions of design;—and Sir Benjamin Hall well expressed himself as very forcibly struck with the consideration, "that the model which had been prepared for one part of the building could not with any propriety be put up in another part of the building, for which it was in no way adapted." But Lord John Manners considers, that this particular model, *because* it was conspicuously deficient in the qualities which could have recommended it to that "part of the building" of which Sir Benjamin Hall speaks, may be most readily doctored so as to "be with propriety put up" in that "other part of the building" which he himself has appropriated to it *ex post facto*. Having taken on himself arbitrarily to change the site,—on very good grounds, we admit, if he had made that change

the ground of an entirely new proceeding,—Lord John Manners takes also on himself arbitrarily to determine the manner in which that site shall be occupied, and the man who shall carry out some new and unknown design of his, Lord John's, own.—To this Mr. Stuart Wortley asks Parliament to say, "No!" The Wellington Monument must not be jobbed:—nor must Lord John Manners have the national £20,000 to fit up, for anything that parliament knows, a toy-shop. Let Lord John Manners be as mediæval as he likes,—but not in honour of the great soldier of the nineteenth century, and not at the public cost. Mr. Stuart Wortley's propositions, then, are these. We have this large sum,—we want a fine Art-monument for it,—and the site of that monument, it is now determined, shall be, the Consistory Court of St. Paul's. To this site the great artists of the country have never had their attention called. Till that shall have been done, there is no reason whatever why we should consider ourselves as driven to patch-work. "It is therefore expedient," he moves the House to declare, "that a limited number of distinguished artists should be further employed by Her Majesty's Government to furnish models with special reference to the new site and altered circumstances,—and that these artists should be remunerated for their labour, and their models purchased for the country."

As we have said, the motion was driven by circumstances to a period of the session too late for its sufficient entertainment. The House was winding up its business for adjournment,—and glad to escape into compromise. It having been suggested by some one that the matter should remain in a provisional state,—that condition, we have to repeat again and again, so dear to our legislators,—the House caught at the suggestion:—*and so did the minister*. As at present arranged between the high contracting parties, the matter stands thus. Mr. Stephens is to erect a full-sized model of his proposed monument in the Consistory Court,—that we may see how we like it. If the model be not then approved by the nation, we can pass into better hands. The House felt that it had solved a problem. It had got rid of a troublesome motion, without committing itself to a false course in the matter of the monument:—and it carried a clear conscience out into the stubble. Unhappily, we have certain memories which do not permit us to acquiesce in that state of contentedness, as regards this matter, which is now walking the furrows, gun in hand, as an Irish member might say. We have paid for this form of the provisional before, and know its tendency to become the permanent. It is in the nature of things, to take root where they are once planted. Our readers know the bronze ogre, that, to the dismay of the artists of the world, stood, after the proper prescription of fairy lore, right in the path by which, in 1851, the nations had to approach the enchanted palace in the park,—and stands there still; and they will scarcely have forgotten the discreditable trick by which that specimen of jobbing in Art obtained its "bad eminence." That figure was to be set up just to see if we liked it,—and to come down if we did not. We have never yet, for ourselves, met with the men who did like it. We tried hard, we remember, to persuade our neighbours that it was a joke; but they put on serious faces, and hinted that it was too practical a joke for a nation making pretensions to a love of Art. There, however, as we have said, the monstrosity stands to this day:—and the arguments which kept it there, are susceptible of being repeated. There was something very suspicious in Lord John Manners's eagerness to accept the truce offered by a member of the House. The plea of work done, and of a footing conceded, tells always with a practical nation. The thing will need closely watching:—and shall not want ours. If Parliament, when it again meets, will, on its part, redeem honourably, and enforce rigidly, the terms of the compromise into which it has been persuaded to enter, the nation may yet hope to have a Wellington Monument worthy at once of the chief commemorated and of the art which it has summoned to the commemoration. Meanwhile,—

THE WELLINGTON SARCOPHAGUS may now be seen by the public, in the crypt of St. Paul's Cathedral appropriated to the remains of the great duke. The coffin which it encloses has, since the day of the funeral, borrowed, until now, a resting place from the tomb of his brother in greatness, Baron Nelson





THE YOUNG HUSSAR

(THE HUSSAR'S FIDELITY)

DESIGNED BY W. M. G. L. FROM THE SCULPTURE BY L. M. DOWELL







of the Nile. The duke has at length a sepulchre of his own; but the two temples of the immortal mortals stand close together,—and each of the chiefs contributes a portion of his memorial greatness to the other. The dark brown mass of Cornish porphyry which forms the new sarcophagus, relieved by the yellow markings that symbolise decay, carries two inscriptions; the one recording only the name, the other only the birth and death dates, of the illustrious sleeper. The sarcophagus rests on a granite base, with lion-heads watching, in stone, at the corners. The chamber is floored with Minton's tiles, and seen by light streaming from candelabra of granite. There is no ornament on the sarcophagus but the herald's cross.—On three days of the week, Mondays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, the public are admitted into this sepulchral chamber free: a charge of sixpence on the other days defrays the expense of lights and attendants.

### THE LAW OF ART-COPYRIGHT.

THE questions connected with an enlargement of the terms and an improvement in the protection to be given to property in works of Fine Art,—into the consideration of which we entered largely in our number for the 1st of July last,—were brought before the House of Lords, by Lord Lyndhurst, on the 26th of that same month. His lordship's introduction of the matter took the form of petitions from the Society of Arts, from the Royal Institution of British Artists, and from a large body of practising artists, including the president and members of the Royal Academy. The subject is thus, during the recess, formally as regards the one house and incidentally as regards the other, under the consideration of those who will have to deal finally with it: and we trust earnestly, that in that sufficient interval there will be a careful examination of the principles by which legislation in respect of Art property should be governed. By this question, and by some others that are tending surely now to an early solution, the Arts of this country are in a period of crisis,—and measures of more kinds than one that are about to be almost immediately taken, will affect the condition of their professors amongst us for many years to come. In the interests of that body whose cause is our own, we anxiously solicit the attention of those members of both Houses who feel an interest in Art to the arguments which we have felt it our duty to advance, for the purpose of averting, so far as *our* warning can extend, the imminent peril in which, according to our view, the artists now appealing to Parliament stand. There is no mischief so incurable as that which is done under the misapplication of a true principle. The *denial* of the principle will right itself. Men answer certainly to its appeal at last, and rise in its favour. But that which is done under the authority of the principle itself, is done for many years to come,—and society cannot constantly be reopening questions so sanctioned. A mistaken position achieved for themselves under the banner of a right to be now asserted, the artists will probably find themselves powerless to retrace during this their generation. The time for the wise and wholesome course is *now*, while the questions are all open:—and really the questions, themselves, are so plain and practical, that, once more, we ask only a serious consideration of our own statement of them, on the part of the artist body, and of those who will have to decide ultimately for them.

To a certain extent, Lord Lyndhurst supplemented the omission of which we complained against the Society of Arts, when they declined to give publicity to the individual instances of fraudulent, or otherwise wrongful, invasion of copyright, which, nevertheless, they had collected as the basis of their argument for its protection. The evidence relating to these cases the society have, however, now laid before Lyndhurst; and this evidence,—forming, as his lordship says, “a mass which is most extraordinary,”—he will bring before the select committee which he has obtained to consider these copyright questions during the recess.—“One gentleman with whom I have communicated upon the subject,” he states, “says that he has known as many as seventeen copies made from one picture.—A noble marquis purchased from the exhibition a picture of some

merit, called ‘Second Class—The Departure,’ for which he paid a considerable sum. He was asked to allow it to be engraved, and, with his usual kindness and fondness for the Arts, he consented. Some time afterwards, he found, that, while it had been in the hands of the engraver, it had been copied, and the copy sold as the original at a sale in London. At that sale it was described as a very popular work, and the evidence of its popularity was that it had actually been engraved.—The painter, Morland, made a contract with a dealer to go to his shop every morning at a certain time, and work for a certain number of hours each day until he had completed two or three pictures. At the same time the dealer engaged two inferior artists, who, as soon as Morland left, assumed his place, and copied the work which had been done during the day; so that, when the picture had been completed, instead of two or three, five or six came into circulation.—Another story is of this description:—A naval officer, whose novels and writings of that sort are very popular, sent two pictures to be lined. They were detained a long time; and when he went to inquire after them, the man to whom he had entrusted them said that his workshop was not there,—it was at a place some miles off. The officer went to this workshop, but he did not find his pictures. The servant there said they were at another place a mile or two off; but, seeing a ladder slung under a trap-door, he ran up it, opened the door, and in the loft to which it gave access found his pictures, surrounded by copies, three or four of which were completed, and two or three more still in progress.”

The list of cases might be extended to almost any length desired, and, so as to form a very amusing anecdotal chapter in the history of fraudulent contrivance. But there is one case mentioned by Lord Lyndhurst, not coming exactly under the category of wilful wrong, to which we must allude,—because it is very difficult indeed to draw the moral distinction,—because the intending pirate may well plead such cases in countenance of his own wrong,—because the principle involved is one of those to which we earnestly called attention in our article on the subject of copyright, to which we have alluded [see *Art-Journal*, No. XLIII, p. 205], and because the artist in this case has come forward to defend the principle, with most conspicuous ill-success.—“A lady of very large fortune,” says Lord Lyndhurst, “who is remarkable for the admirable manner in which she applies it, purchased a picture from an artist for £600, on the understanding that it should not be copied; and she was very much astonished, on going to the Manchester Exhibition a few years afterwards, to find there a painting which, with the exception of some of the subordinate details, was an exact copy of her own.” Now, Mr. Faed having underwritten this anecdote with his name, we need have no delicacy in the matter:—but, indeed, our readers know that we are not in the habit of allowing any presumptions of delicacy to stand between what we consider artistic wrong and our exposure of it. We have formerly said, that we know the practice thus denounced by Lord Lyndhurst, and previously by ourselves, to be a common one; and Mr. Faed undoubtedly has, in this matter,—as he claims to have,—the support of honourable names. But, we must grieve that any artist of character should find himself involved in a kind of dealing, whose defence leads him into such helpless meshes of special-pleading as those wherein Mr. Faed is entangled on the present occasion. The lady alluded to as the purchaser of the picture in question, is Miss Coutts; and something like a misstatement is charged on her, or on Lord Lyndhurst, in respect of the assertion, that any understanding whatever existed against the picture being copied. “I cannot account,” says Mr. Faed, “for Lord Lyndhurst's statement, unless from the fact, that on the 20th of August, 1856, I requested Miss Coutts's permission to have a water-colour copy made for publishing purposes. Correspondence on this subject led to a *voluntary statement* on my part, to the effect that *I never made copies of my pictures in oils.*” So far as we can understand Mr. Faed, he would seem to propose, for the public acceptance, some moral difference between the obligation of a *voluntary* undertaking not to copy a picture and an undertaking *demanding*:—but what, at any rate, we do not understand, is, how *that* can properly be called

a *voluntary* engagement, which explains the artist's own practice in a justificatory way, as an answer to the correspondence which had questioned it.—Fallacy No. 1, Mr. Faed!—In any case, the engagement was good and binding, however suggested. Most certainly, if Mr. Faed assured Miss Coutts that he “*never* made copies of his pictures in oils,” Miss Coutts was entitled to infer that he had not made, and would not make, a copy of *this particular one*. The greater includes the less, [see *Elementary Logic*, for the use of Schools]:—and Miss Coutts was safe, it would have seemed, under the *never*. Mr. Faed's dialectic breaks down, in a way which should warn his brother artists against rushing into print in a bad cause.—But, “the small picture Miss Coutts saw in Manchester, was,” it appears, “*not a copy.*” “It was my original sketch, worked on and finished by me, *some time prior to my letter above referred to.*” Here, the case becomes very bad indeed. Then, the “letter above referred to,” takes a character on which we do not like to dwell,—because there is no doubt at all as to what understanding Miss Coutts would draw, and must have been intended to draw, from its terms. Surely, the letter which was written to re-assure Miss Coutts as to the amount of the artist's dealing in this express matter,—and in reply to expressed misgiving on the subject,—could not have omitted the fact of the work that had been done from the original sketch, but by design.—As for the dialectic which suggests that, *that* is not a copy of a picture sold which is copied, not from the picture sold, but from the original sketch from which the picture sold was copied:—fallacy, No. 2, Mr. Faed! Things which are copies of the same original, are copies of one another, (see *Elementary Logic*, for the use of Schools).—As we have said, the practice of such evasion is not peculiar to Mr. Faed,—and his excuse may be, that he has been led into a questionable transaction by the bad customs of his profession. It is *his* peculiar offence, however, that he has defended the transaction, and the custom.—The particular case may serve our own general argument, as an individual example of the peril in which the artists as a body will stand, should the principle of this transaction be incalized by legislation:—we ask the artist seriously to consider, if he thinks Miss Coutts is likely ever again to buy a picture from Mr. Faed?

### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE NEW NATIONAL GALLERY.—If we are not in all cases satisfied—and in some, our readers know, we are very far from it—with the direction which the zeal is taking, we are, at all events, glad to recognise that there *is* a zeal in Art-matters among the present ministers, which promises an early settlement of more than one that has too long stood over for solution. The enlargement of the National Gallery, in such manner as to admit of an enlargement of its scheme, is one of these. The question of site is settled:—not to our taste, it is true, but it is something that it is *settled*. The Chancellor of the Exchequer appears to have considered himself bound by the last decision of the House of Commons in the matter; and though we do not think he selected the best of the decisions at his disposal to anchor by, it is any way gain that we are to be no longer at sea. Our readers know, that there have been a variety of commissions and a conflict of decisions; and had the Chancellor of the Exchequer worked the question arithmetically, he would have obtained a different result. But then, Lord Elcho would have asked for another commission; and the Chancellor of the Exchequer felt that the time had come for a finality of some kind,—and, considered, we suppose, that such finality would most properly take its colour from the commission that stood nearest to it. After such an unreasonable amount of talk as there has been, action of any kind was better than *no* action; and whatever course may be the right one, any further continuance of the provisional *must* be the wrong. Lord Elcho's views and ours in the matter of the National Gallery are generally much farther apart than can be measured by the distance between Trafalgar Square and Kensington Gore,—but, for the moment, they have met. We are persuaded, that, even if a



mistake has been made, a worse mistake yet would have been further standing still.—We were glad, then, to find Lord Derby, before he dismissed parliament, announcing his intention to give immediate effect to the resolution at which the house had arrived,—however much we may wish it had resolved otherwise. “The question of providing new and fitting accommodation for the exhibition of the various treasures of Art possessed by the country, would,” his lordship said, “occupy the attention of the government as soon as they were released from the pressure of legislative business.” We believe, it is intended, that on the present site a building shall early arise worthy of the object and of the nation:—though we have been a little amused at an argument used in reference to this result, by a zeal of the kind that “o'erleaps itself, and falls o' the other side.” To the new edifice, as our readers know, the Royal Academy, the barracks in the rear, and St. Martin's workhouse, will have to contribute their spaces; and for the barracks and the workhouse it is urged,—by what must surely be an oversight, considering who are they who urge it,—that, *more healthy sites can easily be obtained!* To us, this seems rather a significant plea against a certain “foregone conclusion:”—but we will not re-open the question.—In answer to Lord St. Leonards, Lord Derby said, that the national obligation to Turner would be kept in view,—and that the housing of his bequest would constitute a part of the general arrangements intended. Of course, that is satisfactory as a single fact; but the logical deduction is, to point directly to one unsatisfactory fact into which the country has been betrayed by the present retrograde movement. The Sheepshanks collection, which, of course, should also be a part of the national collection, must exist as a fragment elsewhere; because, by the terms of the deed of gift, it *must* go to Kensington,—whence the national collection has broken loose. This fact, which to the national collection means incompleteness, to the Sheepshanks collection means want of due relation and support.—Meantime, it is much more satisfactory to be the reporters of a pledge which Mr. Duncombe obtained from the Chancellor of the Exchequer, previous to the rising of the House,—and which is but a just corollary from some of the arguments that were used for keeping the National Gallery where it is. The honourable member reminded Mr. Disraeli that within the last few years arrangements had been very extensively made by merchants and tradesmen in the metropolis for giving to their clerks and servants a half holiday on the Saturdays; and, if it be true that the people employ their spare hours in visiting this institution, and should for that reason have it close beside them,—the institution is kept shut against them exactly at the time when some fifty thousand persons are ready to make their only considerable use of its advantages. The Chancellor of the Exchequer admitted the force of the argument, and promised to “see what could be done” towards making the popular opportunity coincide with the popular leisure. The public may reckon, we think, on seeing the National Gallery open on the Saturday afternoons, at no distant period.\*

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—To the list of portraits which we gave in our number of last month, as having come oddly together, in Great George Street, to lay the foundations of the new national collection, is now, we believe, to be added a portrait of the poet, Robert Burns, which the trustees are said to have accepted as a gift:—we have not heard it stated from whom. The addition of this portrait—the subject, an unquestionably fit one for either acceptance from others, or selection by the trustees in their character of purchasers—suggests one ground of caution which the public will certainly expect that body to keep steadily in mind, but on which it had not occurred to ourselves that it could be necessary, at this commencing period of their proceedings, to insist. If the estimate of Art-values is not amongst the functions especially committed to these trustees the estimate

of authenticity is. Fidelity is the very essence of the value in this collection. There should be no questioning of the truth of the portraits, original or copied, found in the National Portrait Gallery. The very fact of a picture being *there*, should be in itself a title of authentication. Such title, however, is not to be obtained on a principle similar to that which is recognised in an Encumbered Estates Court. The function of the trustees is not to supplement by their own authority a defective title. Their duty will consist in seeing so absolutely that the previous title is good, that it will never afterwards be necessary to look further back than their certification.—Now, the authenticity of this Burns portrait is questioned. Perhaps the questioning can be answered,—and the trustees may have with the work a sufficient pedigree for their satisfaction: but it has, certainly, been understood, that the only genuine portrait of the Scottish minstrel existing, was that which Nasmyth painted, and which is still in the possession of the poet's family. The matter should be put beyond a doubt.—Besides this Burns portrait we hear of one or two more additions that have been recently made to the gallery. These include, a miniature of Wilkie, painted by himself, in oils,—a portrait, by Dawe, of the Princess Charlotte, when she was a young girl,—portraits of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons, by Hopner and his pupil Stuart, presented by Mr. Delane,—and a portrait of General Wolfe, presented by the King of the Belgians.—The Government has decided on the purchase of Sir George Hayter's large picture of the first House of Commons that assembled under the Reform Bill. This picture is an historic document whose interest is essentially that of portrait. Other grounds of interest, no doubt, the work presents, that would make it a worthy feature in more than one of the national collections; but the large body of contemporary portraits which it contains—many being of the men whose mark is on our institutions—is the one great characteristic of the picture as a public record. Lord John Russell, the colleague of all the originals, and author of the Reform Bill itself, is one of the committee by which this national purchase has been recommended:—and so, the likenesses are certified on the best authority.—It is, therefore, gratifying to know that the Government has presented this work to the National Portrait Gallery; and that the payment for it will not be deducted from the annual grant.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY has found an advocate in the venerable Lord Lyndhurst, himself the son of an artist, and of one who was “anciently” a member of that body. He has given notice in the House of Lords that early next session he will direct the attention of Parliament to the claims of the institution on the country. Meanwhile, its members are beginning to awaken from their long-indulged apathy, and are making preparations for battle: *preparing*—when their adversaries have occupied the ground, and are strong in the assurance of victory. What the Academy is now doing ought to have been done many years ago: “better late than never.” Any protest against the rough treatment they have received will not have the effect of changing the resolve of the House of Commons, based as it is upon the admitted necessity of more space for the national collection, and suggested, as it undoubtedly has been, by personal feeling, amounting almost to inconsiderate animosity. But it is none the less a duty of the society to show, by incontrovertible proofs—which certainly they can do—that they have not partaken of the public bounty for nearly a century, and have given nothing in return. The document they are framing, and which they will not, we trust, delay to issue, will no doubt surprise many who fancy that the Royal Academy has been all these years levying an annual tax on the nation, and expending the same entirely and exclusively for their own advantage. We shall await its publication, and then bring the whole subject under the consideration of our readers. Meanwhile, it is a melancholy fact that as yet no single voice has been raised anywhere in its behalf; that throughout the press, with our own solitary exception, there has been a shout of joy that its days are numbered in so far as the always grudging “liberality” of “the country” is concerned. Instead of regarding as a calamity the threatened ruin of this institution, there seems to be a general belief that its loss will be a gain to the Arts, and a disposition

nearly as general to drive the members from their dwelling with insult added to injury. Nothing can be more unjust; that it is so will be made clear when the statement of the Academy is in the hands of the public. But how injudiciously and how ill must they have managed, to create a sentiment so universal. Perhaps no body ever existed who seemed so studiously to scorn that public opinion which gives vigour, if not life: its faults have been many; its arrogance large; its narrow and selfish policy manifest; it has held back on nearly all occasions when it was bound to go forward; its concessions have been ever ungraceful if not reluctant; it has failed to obtain even the respect of those it served; while it has truckled to aristocracy, it has been oblivious of intellectual rank, or acknowledging it only when associated with wealth or power. The natural consequence has followed: where are its friends, its upholders, its advocates, when its enemies are in force everywhere? But to deny that it has done much good—aiding and advancing Art, promoting its best professors, and giving to the profession a status in England which the nation has never given to it—is to commit an act of injustice which we expect ere long to see admitted universally when “both sides have been heard.”

THE SOIRÉE AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY took place at the close of the exhibition, and was, as usual, attended by a large number of artists, all exhibitors being entitled to admission on such occasions. There was also a fair “sprinkling” of the aristocracy and men of letters. No doubt when the Academy has its own Art-palace—somewhere!—care will be taken that refreshments shall not be given out in the cellars. “Want of space” at present compels a course so utterly undignified. It will not be necessary when members give entertainments in their own rooms.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY EXHIBITION of this year has, it is affirmed, added a larger sum to the funds of the institution than any preceding season since its foundation. Nine thousand pounds, we understand, were taken at the doors, and paid by one hundred and eighty thousand visitors: the exhibition continued open for seventy-two days, consequently the daily attendance would be, on an average, two thousand five hundred persons.

THE PICTURE GALLERY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The collection of paintings by British and foreign artists and the old masters has been removed from the rooms it occupied at the “further end” of the building, and placed in the north-east gallery, at the Crystal Palace. It is now under the care of Mr. J. W. Wass, a gentleman of much knowledge and experience, and fully able to aid and “work out” the project of the Directors to make in this way the establishment both interesting and useful. In some respects the removal is an advantage: the new gallery is more accessible, more compact; its contents are more easily inspected; the light is not so good; the pictures are not seen to so much advantage; but in all such cases we must take the benefits as sets off against the drawbacks; and, on the whole, assuredly the change is an improvement. The collection is very varied, and certainly instructive. A large proportion of the pictures are mediocre, some unequivocally bad, but there are several good works—several admirable paintings; and the majority are of such a character as at once to satisfy and to gratify the visitors for whom the gallery has been formed—the uninstructed many rather than the enlightened few. We know there is a determination to keep perpetually weeding. It was better perhaps to fill it entirely at first; to half fill a gallery is to give it a miserable look. We do not doubt that in the course of three or four months a large number of the inferior works will disappear, and their places be supplied by productions of unquestionable merit; indeed, much of this was done during the three weeks between our first and our latest visit to the collection; and we have the assurance of Mr. Wass, that arrangements are in progress for giving to it that completeness of excellence, to the necessity of which he is fully alive. Contributors may be assured that pictures placed here are in positions of entire safety. The arrangements for supplying free and sufficient currents of air between the roof and the walls are perfect; the works are not placed high; while the line is some three feet from the ground. Care is taken to avoid as far as possible all danger from dust; while an active and continual super-

\* Since the above was written, we have heard that the National Gallery will, after the vacation terminates in October next, be opened to the public in future on Saturday, and closed, except to students, on Thursday: this alteration of days has been acceded to from consideration that the afternoon of Saturday being a sort of general holiday, a large number of persons released from their ordinary occupations may have opportunities of visiting the gallery.



intendence is exercised to prevent any evils that might be created by a crowd. We may, therefore, and do, recommend this gallery as an important and valuable acquisition to Art, and a very desirable auxiliary to artists. It will be an agreeable duty on the part of collectors to assist in rendering it useful as a public teacher. There are many who can easily spare a few works, which may be well placed here to aid the great cause of progress. Of the collection generally we shall report more fully when a few months have passed, and the "weeding" to which we have alluded has been effected.

**THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.**—This society is now formed; and Mr. Thomas Battam, F.S.A., its "managing director," has succeeded in submitting to the public a list of patrons, presidents, and council, which may be received as a guarantee not only for the honourable conduct of proceedings, but as security for the judgment, liberality, and good taste of the issues in Art and in Art-industry. Certainly such an institution in the metropolis is imperatively demanded: the Art-Union of London has done its work, but it has become effete; and while we are grateful for its past, we have no confidence in its future, so long as it perseveringly adheres to "rules" which prevent progress. The Art-manufacture association of Edinburgh has done service to the cause, but it is local in power and in its appliances, and is not likely to make a permanent home in London. The Crystal Palace possesses advantages for the establishment of an Art-Union such as could be found nowhere else: its exhibitions *must* be seen daily by thousands; it has a competent "staff" for carrying out all requisite arrangements; the superintendent, and a large majority of the council, are familiar with the capabilities of Art in its various ramifications; and, moreover, all the operations of the society, while on the one hand they will receive continual publicity from the press as a part of its duty in reporting progress at the Crystal Palace, will, on the other hand, be subjected to continual criticism and careful guardianship. We believe, therefore, the Crystal Palace Art-Union may be, and will be, a most important and valuable medium for circulating a knowledge and love of Art by distributing Art only in its purity and excellence. We shall, probably, next month be enabled to report more fully the several circumstances under which this society applies for the large public support it anticipates, and will receive.

**HERR MÜNDLER.**—Sir Charles Eastlake has addressed a letter to the Lords of the Treasury, the main object of which is to obtain compensation for the late travelling agent of the National Gallery, "for having been abruptly dismissed without inquiry;" the office having been "suppressed," in consequence of his salary being "disallowed." There is no question that this gentleman has been harshly and unfairly dealt with: no servant, public or private, ought to be summarily dismissed without evidence of wrong done or contemplated: and it is not even alleged that Herr Müндler has been guilty of any act not authorised by his position or instructions. It may be that the appointment was useless or prejudicial; but it was made: possibly evil may have arisen out of it: but it is neither proved nor inferred that such evil was the result of carelessness, ignorance, or cupidity. We do not believe that Lord Elcho, when he carried the motion which has led to Herr Müндler's retirement—and was perhaps equivalent to a dismissal—anticipated so sudden a consequence of his appeal to Parliament: for injustice in so high a quarter is a public wrong and a national dishonour. Herr Müндler is, therefore, entitled to the compensation demanded for him by Sir Charles Eastlake: he has a moral right to it: but it is also a legal claim, and will be undoubtedly conceded. In common fairness to this gentleman, we publish the testimony of Sir Charles Eastlake in his behalf:—

"I beg leave to state, that I have never had any reason to question his veracity or integrity; that I have always found him active and zealous, and that he has regularly fulfilled his prescribed duties. He was, in my opinion, singularly fitted for the office he held, speaking and writing the principal European languages well; versed in observation and study in the history of pictures, and a constantly improving connoisseur. His diaries, to which allusion was made in Parliament, as they contain notices of eligible pictures, are at present for the sole use of the trustees; but a time may come when those diaries may be referred to as containing abundant and accurate details which may be useful for the history of Art."

**ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.**—From the last report of this excellent and well-conducted institution, read at the annual meeting on the 4th of August, we are pleased to find it in a very favourable condition, though still requiring the earnest aid of all who can sympathise with the distressed and suffering artist. During the past year the claims on the society have been fewer in number than usual, particularly in urgent cases, of which only four were submitted to the council. The receipts for the year amounted to £1250 10s. 5d., to which must be added the sum of £77 6s. 8d., arising out of the sale, by Messrs. Graves & Co., of the engravings of the "Wreck of the Minotaur," and of the "Vintage of Macon," the liberal donations of the Earl of Yarborough, making a total of £1321 12s. 1d.

The funded property now consists of—		
New 3 per Cents. ....	£11,660	13 5
3 per Cent. Consols. ....	5,485	5 1
3 per Cent. Reduced, the Jernegan } Bequest.....	404	6 8
£17,550 5 2		

Relief has been granted during the year to 56 cases at the half yearly meetings, by

Sums amounting to.....	£764
To 4 urgent cases.....	105
In one case under the Jernegan Bequest Fund	15
£884	

and the whole of the balance was appropriated to the relief of cases in July 1858. Among the many cases of distress, the following are worthy of especial notice:—A sculptor, an inmate of St. Luke's, with a wife and four children, a fourth donation of 20l.; a miniature painter, 62 years of age, a donation of 20l.; the four orphans of a painter on glass, a donation of 30l.; a sculptor who was labouring under great temporary difficulties, arising from ill health—the relief of 30l. supported him through the winter, and enabled him to finish works which have procured him important commissions; an engraver, eminent in his profession, in great distress, and 75 years of age, a donation of 40l.; a distinguished subject and portrait painter, aged 80, a second donation of 30l.; an historical and portrait painter, under mental imbecility, with a widow and three children, a third donation of 20l.; a landscape and architectural painter, a fifth donation of 20l.; a painter of rural and sentimental subjects, aged 72 years, a sixth donation of 20l.; a landscape painter, from defect in sight, 20l.; an architect, 77 years of age, 40l.; an architect and surveyor, aged 76, under a distraint for rent, a seventh donation of 35l.

Thomas Creswick, Esq., R.A., was nominated a vice-president, in lieu of the late Thomas Uwins, Esq., R.A.; and James Lahee Esq., William Gate, Esq., Henry Twining, Esq., Carl Haag, Esq., Ernest Gambart, Esq., Deelinus Burton, Esq., Philip Charles Hardwick, Esq., and John Phillip, Esq., A.R.A., were elected directors, in lieu of the eight senior directors, who go out by rotation.

Surely no words of ours are necessary in order to enlist the kindly feelings of others on behalf of this charity; the above facts speak for themselves.

**MR. E. H. BAILY, the sculptor.**—We learn, with pleasure, that the Royal Academy of the Fine Arts, at Antwerp, has elected this distinguished English academician to be also a member of its academic body.

**THE FRENCH GALLERY** in Pall Mall has recently been hung, for a few days, with some works of Art which are being engraved for Mr. Gambart. First, Mr. Millais's "Proscribed Royalist" claims attention, the engraving from which, by Mr. W. H. Simmons, is very far advanced, and promises to be among the most striking prints of modern times. Then Mr. Holman Hunt's "Light of the World" has been commenced by, we understand, the same engraver. We have not seen these two pictures since they were exhibited at the Royal Academy; they look now much richer in colour than on their first appearance: the talent that originated and designed them, the deep thought and poetical imagination they express, and the unwearied assiduity which executed them, cannot be withheld, especially from the latter; but the only impression they leave on the mind—at least on ours—is far more painful than pleasant. A series of small landscapes of American scenery, by Mr. Cropsey, a transatlantic artist now resident here, show many points of rare excellence: these are to be reproduced in lithography, and cannot fail to be interesting as well as valuable, as another link between us and our brethren of America. And lastly, a number of etchings, "Illustrations of Hood's Poems," by the Junior Etching Club, will, when published, be a work many would desire to possess: several of those exhibited were in an unfinished state. In all there is sufficient evidence of the taste and skill of the various contributors.

**NEW ACT ON ART-UNION SOCIETIES.**—The act passed at the close of the session was merely to discharge from liabilities certain societies—that especially which distributes objects of Art-manufacture—not contemplated when the original act was passed. It provides no new enactment.

**PRIZE PLATE.**—Something more must be said in favour of our national sports and pastimes than that they give a vigorous, healthy, and manly tone to the social and physical character of the people, when we see the benefits to Art which arise from them. A very elegant sideboard salver, designed and executed by Messrs. E. and E. Emanuel, of Portsmouth and Portsea, has been recently brought to our notice: it is the prize presented by J. T. Turner, Esq., to the successful competitor of the "Royal Victoria Yacht Club," and was "sailed for" on the 16th of last month. The salver is of highly burnished silver, with a border of oak leaves and acorns: round the interior are three oval panels, which may be removed to insert glass fruit-dishes. The first panel has for a design "The attiring of Venus by Sea-nymphs and attendants;" the next, "Britannia crowned Queen of the Ocean by infant Sea-deities," the emblems of Peace and Plenty being introduced; the third, "Europa carried over the Sea by Jupiter in the form of a Bull." These designs are in very bold relief, the composition is effective, and the modelling careful and correct: the weight of the salver is upwards of 180 ounces. C. Weld, Esq., is now the possessor of this valuable and beautiful work of Art-manufacture, as well as, we may be sure, a fine specimen of the yacht-builder's art—the "Lulworth," the winner of the race.

## REVIEWS.

**MEMOIRS AND LETTERS OF THE LATE THOMAS SEDDON, Artist.** By his BROTHER. Published by NISBET and Co., London.

When, nearly two years ago, the grave closed over the mortal remains of Thomas Seddon under the burning skies of Egypt, it shut out for ever from the busy world a true artist,—and, better still, a true Christian; a man who, had his life been prolonged, would in either character have commanded the respect of his fellow-countrymen in an eminent degree: it was otherwise ordered, however; he was taken away almost suddenly, at a comparatively early age, but not till he had lived long enough to win the affection of a large number of friends for his moral worth, and the approbation of a considerable section of the public for his talents as an artist.

The story of the painter's not uneventful life is related by his brother with modesty and propriety. Thomas Seddon, born in 1821, was the son of a gentleman, whose family, for nearly a century, carried on the well-known, extensive cabinet manufactory in Aldersgate Street, and afterwards in Gray's Inn Lane. His father intended him for his own business, and, with a right regard to filial duty, the youth endeavoured to master its details, but the work was distasteful to him. In 1841 his father sent him to Paris to study ornamental Art, hoping thereby to render the knowledge he might acquire professionally useful, while he was gratifying his son's love of drawing. To some extent the plan succeeded: he worked diligently in Paris, and after remaining there a year, returned home and pursued his studies in every available way; devoting the day to business, and the evening to the acquisition of Art-knowledge of a kind far more congenial with his feelings, first as a student with Mr. C. Lucy, and afterwards in the Clipstone Street School. In 1849 he visited North Wales, where several well-known artists were at the same time; and it was there he seems to have acquired a feeling for that Pre-Raffaellitic manner of working that subsequently won for him the favour of Mr. Ruskin's good opinion. A year or two afterwards he set on foot a school for the instruction of workmen in drawing, and personally exerted himself to secure the co-operation of a number of gentlemen to aid him in the scheme, while he actively canvassed the streets of St. Pancras parish to invite the attendance of the artisans: his exertions were amply rewarded by the success which followed them.

It was not, however, till he had reached his thirtieth year, that either he or his friends had seriously made up their minds that business was to be abandoned, and the profession of an artist to be followed. Family circumstances combined to justify the latter course, and he ardently entered upon it. The first work he undertook was the comple-



tion of a picture commenced some time previously, the subject "Penelope;" it was sent to the Academy in 1852, but hung so high as almost to escape notice. In 1853 he sent a small landscape—"A Valley in Brittany;" and in the year following, "Leon from Mount Parnasse, Brittany;" the latter was purchased by Mr. W. Leaf.

Towards the end of the same year he started on his first visit to the East, where Mr. Holman Hunt joined him. In the early part of 1855 he returned with several finished pictures, and a large number of advanced sketches, which were open to exhibition by private tickets in Bond Street, in the summer of 1856. At the end of the year he was again en route to Egypt, where he was destined to find a grave. He reached Cairo about the 26th of October, after a miserable passage from Marseilles, during which he suffered severely from unwholesome diet and want of comfort in the vessel, combined with very boisterous weather. An attack of dysentery was the result, and on the 23rd of November he sunk under the disorder. A marble slab, on which is inscribed his name, profession, the date of his death, and a verse from scripture testifying to his Christian faith, marks the spot where his remains lie in the small cemetery at Cairo.

The little volume which a brother's love and admiration have given to his memory is chiefly made up of letters written by the artist to his family and friends, from youth to manhood, and from the different parts of the world where he was at various times located. There is in them less appertaining to Art than of descriptive narrative, but they are instructive and amusing; they show, too, how enthusiasm in the work of his profession and a rational enjoyment of the blessings and pleasures which circumstances gather round us are not incompatible with—rather are heightened by—deep consciousness of future responsibility, and an earnest desire to exemplify the beauty of the true Christian character.

The majority of our readers will doubtless recollect the movement made after the death of Mr. Seddon to acquire for the National Gallery his large picture of "Jerusalem," now at Marlborough House; it was the highest compliment that could be paid to his talent and his moral worth. We believe that the latter was as influential a mainspring of action in that movement as the former, and that the result would scarcely have been obtained unless there had been a combination of the two qualities in the deceased artist. This remark must not be taken as any depreciation—not even the least—of the picture, which is most worthy of the honourable place it has reached.

**THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY."** Engraved by JOHN BURNET, from the picture by J. M. W. TURNER, in the Gallery at Greenwich. Publishers H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Perhaps there is no picture by the great artist of the age the engraving of which is a more desirable boon to the public. It is one of the chief treasures of our naval gallery in the palace-hospital, having been placed where it ought to be—at once a stimulus and a reward to the sailors who have fought, and those who are ready to fight, the battles of their country on the element which it is no fiction to say "Britannia rules." The incident commemorated by the painter is famous in British history; it was the last message of the bravest of our naval heroes, and no doubt contributed much to the victory which gave to a nation so much of sorrow mingled with joy. It was simply a call throughout the fleet to "duty," stirring up no sudden ebullition of enthusiasm, stimulating to no momentary excitement—not even exciting to a love of glory: the mariners of England were summoned by their great captain to "do their duty," and nobly they did it. The signal was seen by "every man," from the admiral to the meanest cabin-boy; and it is seen as much to-day as it was fifty-three years ago—still acting, as it will long continue to act, upon the minds and hearts, and thence sinews, of British seamen. To circulate a work like this is, therefore, a high duty of Art; Art is thus made a teacher: the picture is at once a glorious memory and a holy prompter. The print is, moreover, a fine work: the artist selected the moment when the signal was given—the flags making the sentence complete—"England expects every man to do his duty." The huge ship is seen in the immediate foreground, surrounded by the several sea-accessories, dismal or grand. The excellent engraver has performed his part of the task with much ability. There is a large portion of the public who will like better the free and "artistic" manner he has adopted, than the style, more finished and refined, to which we have been perhaps too much accustomed in publications of the class. The engraving is, therefore, "historic," commemorating one of the leading glories of our

country, and very valuable as a work of Art. Its merits should be known throughout the service; and it would be a benefit of no common order if a framed copy were placed in every cabin of every ship in our navy.

**THE ORIGIN OF INTERLACED ORNAMENTATION.** By G. J. FRENCH, of Bolton. Published by SIMMS, Manchester.

In this agreeable brochure, Mr. French, who is well known in his own artistic walk, has endeavoured to establish a theory of the origin of that most elaborately interlaced style of decoration so very constantly seen on the ancient sculptured stones of Scotland, Ireland, and the Isle of Man, as well as in illuminated manuscripts, such as "The Durham Book," in the British Museum. He labours to prove that the basket-work, for which the ancient Britons were celebrated, was the origin of this involved enrichment. The Romans fully appreciated the neatness and beauty of the baskets made by our rude forefathers, and it became a fashion with the noble ladies of Italy to place among their luxurious furniture the *bascauda Britannica*. Our author then shows that the earliest monastic foundations were such fabrics as a basket-maker would build, and notes that St. Columba, the great apostle of the Scots, "sent forth his monks to gather twigs to build their hospice," and that Glastonbury, supposed to have been the earliest Christian church in England, was, on the authority of William of Malmesbury, "a mean structure of wattle-work." He also shows that as late as 1630, the celebrated island in Lough Derg, known as "St. Patrick's Purgatory," had upon the altar of its church a cross made of interwoven twigs: from all this the author seeks to prove the origin of the very elaborate conventional ornament, sometimes termed "runie knots," which is so common on early stone crosses, and which he thinks was retained from old association. The question is a curious one, and deserving attention, even if it be not so fully established as its author might incline to think it. We cannot so completely assign a British origin to the style, for we find the prototypes of all these crosses and monuments in Denmark and Norway; and some given by our author have runic inscriptions upon them. We dissent also from the "basket-work" theory of the ornamentation of British urns. By dwelling on one theory solely, an author is frequently led to deductions which others cannot see. There is an affinity in the enrichments of all barbaric nations; the South Sea Islanders and the Britons were not very dissimilar in Art-workmanship. Every addition to a comparative history of decorative Art is welcome.

**A HANDBOOK FOR VISITORS TO OXFORD.** Illustrated by one hundred and twenty-eight woodcuts by Jewitt, and twenty-eight steel plates by Le Keux. Published by J. H. & J. PARKER, Oxford.

A new edition this, of a work that has for some years been the standard guide-book to Oxford, a city which strangers and foreigners visit for its picturesque beauty and its reputation as one of the great European schools of learning, just as they visit Liverpool to see docks, and quays, and gigantic steamers, the result of our commercial enterprise, and Birmingham and Manchester as the centres of our unceasing manufacturing industry. But can any contrast be stronger than that presented between the maritime town and those allied with it in the social scale, and the city that almost appears to sleep on the banks of the gently-flowing Isis?—this, solemn, silent, and venerable,—trees and towers mingling with each other, and all inviting to thought and study; those, active, bustling, dingy, unpoetical, unsuggestive of everything but "weariness of the flesh," its wants and necessities, the persevering energy and toil of the head and hand in providing the comforts and luxuries of life.

We reverence Oxford because it is beautiful in its old age—its towers and its spires, like hoary hairs on the head of an octogenarian, are a crown of glory; and because there have risen up in it, and gone forth from it, men that have proved burning and shining lights to the world. It is a relief to steal away from the overpowering noise and activity of our huge metropolis,

"With all its cares, its toils, its pains,"

and to pass a few days in strolling about the quadrangles of the ancient colleges and halls, and through the shady walks, where they have loitered whose names are enrolled in the archives of their country. Strangers to the university, who purpose paying it a visit during the "long,"—an undergraduate rarely takes the trouble to add "vacation,"—and do not happen to know any of the residents, should supply themselves with Messrs. Parkers' intelligent

and comprehensive handbook; it will tell them more than the most indefatigable lioniser among the gowmsmen can tell of what is worth seeing and knowing about the place.

**THE MEDIEVAL ARCHITECTURE OF CHESTER.** By J. H. PARKER, F.S.A. Published by ROBERTS, CATHERALL & PRITCHARD, Chester.

Chester is a city so well known for its interest that it requires no note here to enforce its claim on the attention of all who love such localities. This little volume is a good handbook for the visitor who would wish to more fully comprehend the age and peculiarities of its ecclesiastical architecture, which has been cleverly dissected by Mr. Parker, with his usual acumen. It is to be regretted, however, that the old buildings of the town devoted to secular purposes have been so very slightly noted. The origin of "the Rows," or open arcades which occupy the first floors of the houses, is accounted for on the supposition that after some great fire it was most convenient to make the footway on the top of the cellars of the houses, and so give up the narrow roadway entirely to carriages; but we think the author's own work on the domestic architecture of the middle ages sufficient to prove the general custom of building arcaded streets; and there are many continental towns at the present day like Chester in arrangement, though that city is the most perfect example in England. A most interesting book might be compiled on the secular architecture of this place, and we hope some Chester publisher may see his way to do it. This book, except that it be a little dry in style, will be a good example for him to follow.

**THE TRIUMPH OF JULIUS CÆSAR.** A Series of Outlines from the Original Pictures at Hampton Court Palace, by ANDREA MANTEGNA. Drawn on Stone by HENRY DUKE. Published by ROWNEY & Co., London.

How few among the thousands who annually visit the picture galleries at Hampton Court, stop to look at these noble cartoons, second in interest only to those by Raffaele. There is, however, a valid reason for the neglect or indifference shown towards them, for they are in such a dilapidated state that examination, for almost any other purpose than to satisfy a vague curiosity, or to raise a feeling of deep regret, would be useless; and yet for these works Mantegna received the honour of knighthood—no small compliment at a time when such a distinction was the ambition of the chivalry of Europe. One has only to look carefully through these outline plates, nine in number, which Mr. Duke has lithographed, to see how much luxuriant invention, richness of composition, and powerful expression, the old painter threw into his designs, and what an abundance of valuable matter for an artist to study do they supply. Mr. Duke has done good service to Art by the production of his work, for although a series of engravings from the cartoons is in existence, they are so rare as to be little known, and almost inaccessible to the public: these engravings, or rather woodcuts, were executed by Andreani, about the end of the sixteenth century. Mr. Duke's outlines are boldly and correctly drawn, but if the lines that show the anatomy of the figures and the folds of the draperies had been rather more delicate, the general appearance of the plates would have been improved; the subjects are so crowded with figures they require some modification of lines, or some "shading" to disconnect them: to get at the outline of a single figure without carefully tracing it with the eye is not easy.

**A HANDBOOK OF DORKING.** Published by JOHN ROWE, Dorking.

There have been few prettier guide-books than this; it is very neatly printed and bound. A mass of useful and interesting information has been brought skilfully together, and it is very beautifully illustrated by "numerous engravings" on wood and steel, from drawings by "John Rowe"—we presume the publisher. Surrey is one of the most charming counties of England, and the scenery about Dorking is its pride; but the neighbourhood has other attractions: its antiquities are of the rarest order; and some of the best of our great men have there flourished. Wotton and Deepdene have high places in history. The letterpress is exceedingly well done. The writer has felt his subject; his heart has been in it; yet, although an enthusiast in his theme, there is nothing in the style either exaggerated or overstrained. It is full of illustrative anecdote, as well as of elegant description; and, altogether, as a book for the locality, and at the same time worthy of the library, there are few publications of its class so altogether good.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1858.

## EARLY ARTISTS OF FLORENCE.



EVEN when first we descended the Alps towards the plains of Italy, the anticipation of visiting Florence, the intended term of our excursion, divided our thoughts delightfully with the impressions arising from the exquisite landscapes around us. It was in the Val Anzasca, that most beautiful, and, they say, the happiest of the Piedmontese vales, which extends from the very roots of Monte Rosa, a long day's walk, down to Vogogna, on the verge of the Ausonian lowlands. One of the fullest and noblest manifestations of that mountain crowns its upper end, and, as you proceed, still appears at the end of the long vista of lofty steeps, clothed with woods of various leaf, in wonderful magnificence. Lawns green as an emerald lie immediately around you, sprinkled with flowers and flitting insects no less gay—red grasshoppers and pale blue butterflies; descending rills abound at every turn, whose younger progress you see gleaming among those higher forests above the fleecy clouds; and the superb trees frequently embowering the path are vigorous in stem, and umbrageous in leafage, as any Orlando or Tancréd ever hung their shields on whilst restfully musing in their errant wanderings. And Monte Rosa still is there, shining through the branches like a fair white summer cloud; and glacier ridges gleam above Erminia's bowers in this Alpine Ausonian Arcady. It was an Elysian evening when we reached that part of the valley where the heights no longer bear an Alpine character. They part asunder, in smoother shapes; and then it is you begin to notice the terraced vineyards ranged along their sides, and the white oratories shining aloft, beside their green paths and platforms; and tall, slender campanili rise amongst villages seated in the middle of the valley, where the convergent steeps meet, or crest some sunny sylvan eminence afar. And this eastward vista of slopes, more smooth and retiring, is closed by a remote group of mountains of a mild form, quite *Apennine* in seeming, as we thought. Their peaks, as we well knew, discern, on the other side, the multitudinous heights of Como and Lugano, and the Milanese plain itself; then, perhaps, in the tender cloudless distance, resembling the last of the skyey vapours, sinking and dying away in the horizon—vanishing with exquisite, to-heaven-exhaling calmness.

"Italy! Italy!" we exclaimed with delight, with voices as *serene* and *joyous*, at least, as the little bird's then trilling from the thicket in that light air. It was our first picture of Italy; and those far heights seemed to us as *Etrurian* hills. Even then (so enamoured are we of the Arts, and of the associations connected with the fair city to which all that ennobles and

refines our earthly life is so much indebted), the delightful expectation of visiting Florence frequently prevailed, brightening almost to visions, and enhancing the unruffled happiness of that hour, when paradise-like objects and a paradise-like air, woke us to paradise-like feelings. Bliss absolute it was, that walk down from Ceppo Morelli to Vanzone, the hoarded memory of which has brightened many an else dull hour.

On such another evening, not many days afterwards, with these pleasing anticipations no way lessened, but rather quickened, we drew near the haven of our wishes, as fast as the railway from Leghorn well could carry us. Pisa was hidden behind trees; only just the tip of her leaning tower appearing over the tall flags of the Indian corn. But, by-and-by, the landscape opened, and beyond the festoons of the vine hanging from tree to tree, and forming the only hedge between the luxuriant little fields,—they were festoons which the fancy is apt to turn into a swing for a frisky Bacchante,—we beheld before us what Guiccardini calls the granary of Tuscany, bordered by a line of mild and sunny hills, their skirts scattered at various heights with bright dwellings. Empoli, one cluster of them, was passed, where, in the parliament of the victorious Ghibellines, Farinata degli Uberti, one of the haughtiest spirits Dante encountered in the *Inferno*, by his sole voice saved Florence from being swept from the earth; for which good service the patriotic Dante might at least have given him a tolerable berth in purgatory, instead of that cruel, red-hot tomb in the infernal regions, from which he saw him rear his indignant form so proudly that he seemed to scorn hell itself. Further in the evening, Monte Lupo shone amidst hills covered with whole groves of the stone pine. They extend over the country far and wide, around heights crowned by convents, and by castles famous in the early wars of Florence. I remembered it was from these groves Benvenuto Cellini obtained the loads of pine-wood for that marvellous casting of his Perseus, which he describes so boastfully, but with such a plenitude of life and vigour, that any little disapprobation of his vanity soon escapes from the rising corners of one's mouth in a smile of satisfaction at that potential lustiness of spirit which often bore him through his troubles so bravely. Magnificent, crowning appropriately a truly Italian landscape, are these extensive groves, running over rock, and hill, and dale, of the round-topped, umbrella-shaped pines, with their ruddy shafts, quite rosy in the evening light, and their rich velvet-green, close-matted foliage, forming the most antiquesque poetical of shades; the very umbrage under which the bashful nymphs sought shelter from the too fervid oglings of Apollo in the earlier golden days. We make no doubt whatever that Polypheme, glowing within and broiled without, carried one of them about uprooted in his hand by way of parasol, when he sought the immovably cold Galatea, by bawling his compliments, in a voice like a whole herd of bears, at the mouth of all the *Ætnean* grottoes, or margin of the thickets round the Hybla fields. Pleasantly we bowed along; the engine emitting swift curls of purest fleecy white vapour, which rose wreathing themselves under the golden evening hills as gracefully as if they had been Naiads, who, having started from their silvery beds in the morning to attend the blazing car of Phoebus, were now about to descend again in filmy dews, at this sweet resting sacred hour. Pleasantly we rattled on, we repeat; the long train of almost open carriages quite full of lively passengers—English tourists, with *portemonnaie* and wideawake amongst the rest, and ladies and gentlemen of the land, looking *strangely civilized*, and conversing with that animated fluency, that ever-active, courteous

sympathy, that positive enjoyment of their conversation, that downright luxury in it to which, alas! we are so little accustomed in our own country. But meanwhile the olive slopes and the villas scattered at the bases of the neighbouring hills were sinking in twilight shades, and a group of domes and towers in front, extending beyond a few lighted lamps, looked faint and unsubstantial as wandering shapes of mist. In fact, the end of all this is, we did not reach Florence before dark.

Next morning we sallied forth on our peregrinations Florentine, with our spirits as full of sunshine as a certain pair of little white clouds, the only ones in the serene azure, which we saw hurrying past Giotto's various-coloured marble belfry-tower, as we approached it. Beside it, as we rounded a corner, the whole cathedral suddenly shone on us—a pile of a strange nondescript style. Not Gothic externally, except in doors and windows, nor distinctly resembling anything antique, it may, nevertheless, be said to have prepared the way for the transition from the Pointed style to the classical Renaissance, of which Brunelleschi, who added the dome, was the great promoter. With white marble is the vast pile encrusted, variegated by rows of oblong-square panel borders, dusky red, green, and black, composing a decoration flat, formally square, and wholly unmeaning, with something of the character of stiff old cabinet-work, of Brobdignagian dimensions. It does not, in any way, illustrate construction. There is little other ornament on the surface generally; these architects in marble much relying on the costliness and colour of their materials for magnificence of effect. Nevertheless, on drawing near, one has to admire in those portals and tall narrow windows many Gothic details softly translated into Tuscan, in a very delicate and fascinating manner. Conspicuous amongst them are the most slender spiral columns, so characteristic of these Ausonian versions of northern ideas, and also the fig-leaf borders of the doors, charged with little living creatures of various kinds; every object presenting some new feature, and chiselled with as much beauty and finish as if the sculptor thought the chief interest of the pile was to be looked for here. Thus do the Italians, by their matchless delicacy and refinement as carvers and mosaicists, no less than by their unapproachable genius as fresco-painters, commonly atone for the barrenness and flatness of their invention as architects. Lifting your eyes far up from these minuter beauties again and again, they return to expatiate with delight on the dome, the largest, and, perhaps, after all, the most beautiful in the world; not so finished and ornamented as its Michael Angelesque daughter at Rome; more in the rough, indeed, in parts, but of delightful shape and proportions. What a satisfying ease and fulness in its curves, descending to the octagonal drum (Brunelleschi's unrivalled triumph), with the lesser half domes crowning the apses beneath; these last, like little children grouped round their parent, repeating the lines of the vast cupola above, with a continuous harmony of composition which is one of the happiest features of the whole. Truly one thinks Michael Angelo may have been right when he said he could not surpass this. It is a fabric which, as one of the noblest ever reared for the highest purpose, the sun, no doubt, is glad to salute solely with his first fair rosy beams, before they descend on any other structure in Florence; or in the evening, when he says adieu beyond the Carrara Mountains, is no less pleased to honour with a crown of ethereal gold, even after twilight has thrown a solemn meditative robe of shadows over every neighbouring object.

In the earlier parts of the church we see a partial attempt to follow the Gothic; but it is an exotic which did not take firm root here.



In the ruder northern countries, where there was little or nothing for it to supplant, and where it was in harmony with the robust, daring, and active spirit of the people, it flourished with all vigour and native beauty. But here an architecture descended, with whatever degeneracy, from the glorious antique, and perhaps in itself more congenial with the calmer and more cheerful Italian mind, still retained a distinct possession. The time-honoured classical traditions were too deeply and proudly interwoven in the Italian memory and heart to be eradicated; and so, like the old Roman language, the old Roman art made head against the ultramontane invaders, and, before long, entirely prevailed over them. We see it here, even at its feeblest period, maintaining itself in the long horizontal leading lines, unbroken by Gothic aspirings of pinnacles or other vertical form, and triumphing outright in the simple calmness of the later dome. Forcefully is illustrated in the marble the extent of the influence of the northern mind over the southern, the temporary struggle between the two, and the speedy victory in its own land of the latter over the former.

The bright consummate flower of this Tuscanized Gothic is, however, the adjacent Campanile; for there the Italian mind has modified the northern conceptions into harmony with its own more quiet, sunny, and femininely graceful feeling, with the most finished elegance and completeness. The northern buildings are restless with upward strivings; but this seems rather the work of serenest beings, who have already attained the object of their aspirations. The Gothic, after its long impetuous wanderings, here reposes on the banks of the Arno. Here it rests, in slenderest shafts, like stems entwined with parasites, and quieter flowerings and enwreathings, worthy indeed of some angelic bower. Were not Dante's Paradise altogether spiritual, this tower, designed by his friend, is such a one as he might have seen there, raised for a monument of St. Barbara's tower-precipitated martyrdom. Exquisite are its windows, some of which Giotto copied from the Duomo, with their rich Gothic borders, translated into flat mosaic of different coloured marbles, and their separate stars and rosettes, not repeated mechanically, but each differing in some way, and so proving itself to be an object of separate thought, and loving invention. These lovely decorations rise almost beyond your sight, yet are evidently as delicately finished to the top as ever; as if the fabric were intended for the contemplation of the airy intelligences, not for man only. And beautiful is the colour. The white marble groundwork, and the green and dusky red borders and backings-out of similar costly materials, have a cool silvery harmony. Rising, when first we saw it, in the blue air, which it reflected delicately in its pale shadows—the spiry edges of slenderest shafts and flower-like crockets just catching the sunshine, like dewy frostwork—the pile wore an aerial look, as if it had more affinity with that pure sky, than with the earth on which it is founded.

A highly intelligent critic, Mr. Fergusson, finds fault with its utter straightness, its strongly-marked horizontal divisions, and "the false character of its ornamentation." In the two first objections we think he overlooks the *sui generis* poetical virtue of the pile; the calmness and chasteness of which seem to us much owing to the peculiarities he complains of. With regard to the superficiality of the marble ornamentation, is not that sufficiently vindicated by its costliness and exceeding beauty? Nor should the sculptures be here forgotten—the reliefs designed by Giotto and in part executed by him, representing the discovery of all the Arts, productions full of thought and imagination—the Virtues, the

Works of Mercy, the Beatitudes, the Sacraments. There are also round the base of the structure numerous statues by Donatello, Luca della Robbia, and others, "Sons of the Morning," those admirable sculptors who freed their art from mediæval ignorance and weakness. Pursuing the course begun by Nicholas of Pisa and his school, they studied the newly-found antique with simplicity for its truthfulness and purity of form, and always in due subordination to their own independent inspirations, and to Nature, which they loved with a true and guileless fervour not often rivalled; and yet retaining a reverence for the old faith, they could, with their fresh and vigorous naturalism, produce saints and angels which will veritably pass muster as such. There are but few indeed of any time to whom Art is so much indebted as to these bold and single-hearted men.

A more complete contrast to the minute delicacy of the Campanile cannot be, than the vastness, the utter plainness, and bareness of the inside of the cathedral itself. In general plan it has been styled one of the grandest of churches. The heightening of the effect till you reach the vast dome at the other end, with its apsidal recesses, has rarely been equalled; but in details, in all that gives interest and beauty to separate parts, it is utterly wanting. The nave has, simply, four immense excessively broad pointed arches on each side, having large clumsy keystones with armorial bearings, and some few other most flat and incongruous attempts at decoration; and the venerable and solemn character of the whole is now grievously impaired by a drab coat of paint, such as spoils so many Italian churches. In that excessive gloom, which the brightest sun never dispels, the small narrow stained windows, however, designed by Ghiberti and Donatello, are strikingly rich and brilliant; their colours being arranged in unusually broad masses and melting gradations, for large effect, and not sacrificed to the figures by being much broken and scattered amongst them. At the end, the vast concave of the dome soars above you into a shade which happily much obscures that miserable fresco of the "Last Judgment," painted on it by Vasari. The choir, which is under the dome, and corresponds with it in size and shape, is surrounded by a marble dado, or barrier, only three or four feet high, sculptured in relief with saints by that much abused artist Baccio Bandinelli. They are, nevertheless, very praiseworthy figures, executed in a masterly style, and with fine drapery.

In a remarkable dearth of tombs and monuments, the eye pauses for a moment on a stiff and inanimate old portrait of Dante, placed there by public decree. It just serves to remind one a little of his wrongs, and of his tomb elsewhere, in the land of exile. The monuments of Giotto and Brunelleschi are near each other. Of all whose lives Vasari wrote, none are rendered more interesting by their moral and intellectual energy than Brunelleschi. Like Giotto, he is described as an ugly and insignificant-looking little man, but kindly and generous, and of the utmost vigour and perseverance in his calling. "You have crucified a clown," said he, looking at Donatello's "Dying Saviour." "Make one thyself," was the retort. Brunelleschi said not a word, but before long suddenly produced a figure which so astonished Donatello, that he dropped from his apron the eggs he had brought for their joint dinner, and acknowledged the inferiority of his own work. When Donatello described a beautiful antique vase he had met with at Cortona, Brunelleschi became moved with so ardent a desire to see it, that he set off immediately, just as he was, in his rough attire, hood, and wooden shoes, and proceeded on foot to Cortona, unable to rest until he had

satisfied his curiosity; and Donatello, who thought he had merely gone to his ordinary work, was greatly astonished when, a day or two afterwards, he returned with a careful drawing of the admirable relic, to which he had called his attention. For years Brunelleschi meditated one great scheme, to raise, and on a far grander scale than had previously been designed, the cupola of the cathedral, which from the unprecedented vastness of the space to be over-arched, had been left undone since the death of the first architect of the pile, Arnolfo, a century before; and on a visit to Rome, he minutely studied the ancient vaultings there to qualify him for the task. At length the wardens of S. Maria del Fiore, and the Guild of Woolworkers, determined to raise the cupola, and, by Brunelleschi's own advice, they convened a meeting of architects from the several more civilized countries of Europe, at which many strange and absurd contrivances were propounded; Brunelleschi alone contending that the work could be raised without columns, or other costly and cumbrous supports. But his audience only laughed at his daring theories; and on his becoming more heated, voluble, and demonstrative, they ordered him out of the room, and the indomitable little man refusing to go, they actually had him carried out by the ushers forcibly. Filippo, nevertheless, though now pointed at in the streets, was not long discouraged. He set himself to talk over privately one by one those who had treated him so uncere- moniously. And at length they placed the work in his hands; though much to his mortification, Ghiberti was associated with him as some check on his supposed extravagances and rashness. The work then proceeded, but with extreme annoyance to Brunelleschi, who soon found the credit of his inventions in great part attributed to his colleague, notwithstanding Ghiberti's very inferior ability in architecture generally, and his total ignorance of the principles of the particular design in progress. Unable to endure this protracted irritation, he conceived a plan for getting rid of him altogether. He pretended illness, and took to his bed. The builders then, of course, had to apply for orders to Ghiberti, who, not having been permitted even to see the model, and indeed knowing very little about the matter, was unable to conceal his inefficiency much longer. So soon as this was fully proved by a dead stop; and a loud murmur arose against Ghiberti for receiving his salary without equivalent services, Brunelleschi recovered; and after a little more jobbing against him, he was appointed sole director of the building for life. He displayed extraordinary energy in its progress, inexhaustible ingenuity in combating every difficulty as it rose, untiring industry in superintending the execution of every part, even to apparently trivial details, which in his care for beauty and still more for durability, he frequently wrought laboriously with his own hands.

After listening to a story which places Ghiberti in a somewhat unfavourable light, we should lose no time in crossing over to the Baptistery, to raise our admiration of him before his immortal gates. Of the three pairs of bronze doors to that building, the first was begun in 1331, by Andrea of Pisa, after a design by Giotto. Andrea may be said to have first brought fair Sculpture with him to Florence from his native city, early in the fourteenth century. She had been born anew in the latter place, nearly a century before, to Niccola of Pisa, of a Greek mother, and was cradled beside the door of the Duomo there, in the well-known antique sarcophagus, brought in a Pisan ship from the classic shores: and she was there baptized by her sire, and consecrated to the Christian religion; and now, only about a hundred years old, her body had still something of the meagre stiffness so frequently charac-



teristics of early girlhood (one should not be surprised at it); but her *spirit*, full of guileless faith and deep feeling, was lovely, touching, edifying—breathing sacred enchantments from her cold hard habitations of stone and bronze. In this her early achievement, the southern door of the Baptistery, the subjects, in twenty small compartments, are from the life of the Baptist, the guardian saint of Florence, with eight allegorical figures beneath. Merely as a door, the design is perhaps better than Ghiberti's; the small reliefs forming panels more subordinated to the object they ornament; whereas Ghiberti's designs (though peerless in themselves) are simply ten pictures in bronze, hung close together in most exquisite frames. Indeed, in other respects, Andrea's gate has been far too much eclipsed by its neighbour. The design is true, are essentially Gothic in manner, but that elegance in the air of the figures, and in the beautiful chaste flow of the draperies, so often met with in the best mediæval work, is very conspicuous in them; and the lively dramatic expression of action, and above all, the simple and solemn earnestness and pathos in certain of the groups, are highly admirable. In this last respect they possess a venerable charm which Ghiberti's gate, with all its superior art, leaves unrivalled. We know no design more solemnly beautiful than that of the figures bearing the body of St. John the Baptist to the grave. In the next group of the mourners bending over him, the unity of action reminds one especially of Giotto. One figure repeats exactly the attitude of that before it, quite in his emphatic manner. This is impressive, pathetic, significantly true to nature. The deepest passions make us like each other, bring us all to the same level, and tend to efface for the moment those individual distinctions of character and manner which prevail independently under less overwhelming circumstances. But though thus far, by all accounts, and according to all appearances, only carrying out the design of Giotto, it is noticeable that Andrea, in knowledge of form and power of rendering it, is far superior to him, and indeed to every other painter before Masolino and Masaccio. Nor, of course, is this surprising, since the more complex art, Painting, which requires much various science for its development, is ever of later and more gradual growth than Sculpture. Neither had Giotto inestimable relics of antiquity to help him in his art, such as those which taught the Pisan to express his designs with more refined and finished truth than he himself could have given them.

Specially Giottoesque, too, are the allegorical figures on this gate, much resembling those wrought at Padua, when Dante was at the painter's elbow, and probably suggested some of the highly ingenious and significant fancies with which they abound. On this Florentine portal we have, in the same spirit, Temperance sheathing a sword; Prudence holding fast a snake, which seems endeavouring to free itself; Hope, youthful and winged, raising her hands towards a heavenly crown, and other similar devices. These Virtues are ranged beneath the Scripture events. It is pleasing to see it here hinted that the instruction to be derived from the latter must be based in some knowledge and practice of the former. Fortitude, Temperance, Justice, and Prudence, are placed at the bottom of all, as fundamentals, as the very anchors of the mind, as our refuge in extreme disturbance and despondency, as the aids through which we are graced with calmness, judgment, and a perception of the *juste milieu* in all things. Above them sit Hope, Faith, Charity, and Humility, whom they will protect and guard against fanatical and foolish excesses. This is wise, and eminently "suggestive:" too wise perhaps for the intemperate,

unjust, bigot Dante; and a pregnant hint for certain wealthily-worded but thin-ideaed teachers amongst us, who would goad and whine us into a hair-brained notion of religion, in which such of these virtues as are the very ballast of the mind (Temperance and Justice especially), are as wholly overlooked and ignored as things of which they have no notion whatsoever.

Having made ourselves sufficiently acquainted with this admirable gate by Andrea the Pisan, it were well to proceed in order to the neighbouring Church of Or' San Michele, to examine a work by his scholar Orcagna, finished in 1357, twenty years afterwards, and the next great achievement in architectural decoration and sculpture produced in Florence. We allude now, of course, to the famed "Tabernacle" for the miracle-working picture of the Virgin. If Ghiberti's gates are worthy of Paradise, this work of Orcagna's may be said to be beautiful enough to enshadow some of the almost Saintly Spirits on the breezy summit of the Purgatorial mountain, when they read there, even for their information and enlightenment, some tender tragic poem of the heart, or gently humorous essay, or other lovely record, of this sweet human planet, which they so purblindly disparaged when they were on it,—a serious foible they have now to expiate. They find that with unvenial dogmatism, they misunderstood the scriptural word "the World," and kept from Love herself that liberal freedom needful to her health and sanity. The fabric to which we would now draw attention is as elegant,—in its Gothic way, that is,—and as elaborately magnificent as the other we have just alluded to. At all events Dante, had he lived later, might have seen the fair Matelda garlanding such a pavilion with the flowers she had just gathered on the banks of Lethe; or Beatrice might have stood under a similar canopy, perhaps, when she reproved her Poet for forgetting her after her death, prolonging her reproaches till his compunctious sighs and tears ended in a deadly swoon, poor man!—And yet, after all, the architecture is not stiff and cramped enough to be worthy of association with her most prudish and exceptionable doctrines. It is a square isolated structure of marble, that once upon a time was white, but is now soft ivory-tinted, having an arch on each side, crowned by a Gothic gable, and a dome surmounted by a statue of St. Michael, which rises nearly to the roof of the church. Like a true Italian, Orcagna here prefers the round arch, though the main spirit of his design is Teutonic. The Gothic, then descending from the grand and free poetical imaginings of its best period,—the latter part of the thirteenth century,—had lately become more circumspectly elegant, previous to its vainly-constructural and florid decline; and between the times when St. Oueu, and Cologne, and Winchester, were perfecting their graces, this small Italian fabric arose, rich and beautiful too, in its far lesser kind, and tempered to the spirit of those who reared it, by a strong infusion of Romanesque details. Beautiful in themselves, these are here additionally pleasing, inasmuch as they impart something of that national character which is generally so acceptable. The numerous wavy spiral columns, much resembling those in the cloisters of St. John Lateran, in San Clemente, Ara Coeli, and other early churches at Rome, are inlaid with coloured and glittering mosaic; and octagon compartments are backed out by starry-work in gold and azure, and marbles, and shining metal and glass of brilliant hues, sometimes in patterns almost classical in style. The simple cockle-shells (like memorials of pilgrimage), studding the white marble framework, form a beautiful and significant ornament. But the most important feature in this romantic little pavilion (in which Goffredo would have liked to hang up and dedicate his victorious arms, or

Edward the Black Prince, for it was begun the year after the battle of Crecy) remains to be alluded to: the alto-relievi of the lower part of the structure. These are, we believe, the only *authentic* productions of Orcagna's chisel now known to exist. They are weak and incapable in *drawing*; so far, as well as in spirit and dramatic power, much inferior to the work of his own master Andrea the Pisan; yet a pure and noble Gothic grace, of a tranquil kind, distinguishes the best of them. The "Marriage of the Virgin" has much of this. Mr. Ruskin, speaking of the "Christ disputing with the Doctors," says the story is marvellously told. This cannot by any means be said; but at all events the compartment is highly attractive from its extreme simplicity and picturesqueness. The divine Child stands half way up a staircase; and a bearded elder, under an arch at the top of it, holds up his hand in astonishment; whilst Mary and Joseph appear below, at the side of the stairs. These larger reliefs are from the life of the Virgin. The smaller traceries are embellished with the usual "Virtues," conceived quite in Giotto's manner.

The whole was constructed out of the offerings made in the Church of Or' San Michele during the great plague of 1348, described by Boccaccio. Petrarch twice visited Florence during the progress of the work. Very likely—at least, it is a *peradventure*—he may have called in upon the artist whilst he was employed on it; and may, even to the verge of a sonnet, have conceived that it would have made a charming and truly amiable tomb for his Laura, who was indeed released from the trammels of her spotless flesh by the self-same pestilence, the remission of which this tabernacle commemorates. When we turn from the delicacy of its architecture and sculptures to those grand and vigorous motives in the frescoes of "Death's Victory" and the "Final Judgment," so rudely scored in youth by the same hands, on the walls of the Pisan Campo Santo, we must needs admire the power and versatility of this artist, and begin to comprehend why he was surnamed *Arcagnolo*, the Archangel, or, more briefly, Orcagna. Yet we entertain no doubt that the name of this so-styled Michael Angelo of the fourteenth century has recently been far too much exalted. The grandeur and force of the conceptions in the Pisan frescoes just alluded to are indisputable: yet even these have been made too much of by ardent discoverers in criticism. For the most part, Orcagna's remaining pictures are lifeless, flat, and most mediævally conventional; distinguished, indeed, by a certain Gothic elegance in the air and attire of the figures, but displaying a rudeness of Art not satisfactory, not altogether creditable, in the scholar of Andrea the Pisan, and a poverty of invention which excludes all comparison with Giotto, excepting Giotto's mannerisms, the most ungainly of which Orcagna (like all his immediate contemporaries) very ploddingly adheres to, and painstakingly perpetuates.

The windows of Or' San Michele were also designed by him in an original style, which remains peculiar to this building. The arches are circular; and the foliated traceries of singular elegance, minute and delicate, even like the filagree-work of the *orifice*, and reminding one that the inventor, like so many of his Florentine fellow artists, was a member of that craft, as well as poet, architect, sculptor, and painter.

After the completion of his Tabernacle, little or no progress was made in sculpture at Florence till some forty years afterwards, when those most vigorous geniuses, Brunelleschi, Ghiberti, and Donatello arose, and rapidly carried the art forward to an excellence which they paused for the august coming of Michael Angelo. Ghiberti, especially, took the lead in that which gives the most refined ideal beauty and elegance



to the productions of the chisel. The advance in this respect, even in the first of his Baptistery Gates, begun in 1401, is remarkable.

This first gate was commenced more than seventy years after the completion of Andrea's. The Signoria of Florence, and the Guild of Merchants, resolving to add another door of a similar kind, decreed that all the eminent artists throughout Italy should be invited to a competition. Then it was that the worthy goldsmith, Bartoluccio Ghiberti, eagerly wrote to his son-in-law, Lorenzo, a member of the same craft, at that time working at Pesaro, urging him to hasten back, since there was a glorious opportunity for raising them both above the necessity of making "pears" (earrings, that is) for the rest of their days. Lorenzo immediately responded to the call, and presented himself, with the other candidates, at that ever celebrated Passage of Arts; and out of the whole number, the judges selected seven, as the best qualified; amongst whom were Brunelleschi, Donatello, Jacopo della Quercia of Siena, and Ghiberti. Each of these was required, in the first instance, to produce, within a year, as a specimen of his powers, a work in bronze, suited for one of the compartments of the door. The masters, thus set to work, concealed their labours with the usual narrow-thoughted prudence, all but Ghiberti, who, with a more liberal and wiser courage, permitted every one to see his work, inviting all who visited his *bottega* to declare their opinions freely. The result was a specimen with which no one could find fault. Even Brunelleschi and Donatello, though their own designs stood next in estimation, disinterestedly declared their preference for it, and recommended that the work should be given to Ghiberti. Art, they added, would be wronged by any other decision; so that this gate is a monument not only of the genius of Lorenzo, but of the high-mindedness of those two competitors. It contains twenty subjects from the New Testament, expressive, beautiful designs, lively, vigorous, simply pathetic, and in style (as in chronological position) something between Andrea the Pisan's admirable door, and his own later masterpiece, which has far too much eclipsed it in renown, as it has also the production of the Pisan. It is interesting to see how, in adopting Andrea's general plan, Ghiberti has improved upon it. The panels which enclose his reliefs are of the same Gothic form; but for lions' heads at every corner he has substituted human heads in constant variety; and for mere lozenges and rosettes, a border of ivy leaves and berries, with lively creatures on them, executed with the freshest truth and spirit—a distinct prophecy, certainly, of the unequalled Art-victory which he achieved over such objects afterwards.

The commission to execute the third door, the Old Testament Door,—the door,—was given to him spontaneously twenty-three years later; and the work was twenty-eight years in progress. In this, few of the imperfections of the earlier manner remain. It is wonderfully in advance of every other work of the age in grace and beauty, and in richness of design and composition. The ablest of the contemporary sculptors, admirable as they are, remain behind him in these respects, exhibiting in their productions instances far more numerous and conspicuous of inaccurate or ill-chosen form: and as for painting, it was scarcely emerging from the archaisms of Spinello Aretino and Lorenzo de' Bicci, into the uncouth and almost laughable attempts at naturalism of Paolo Uccello. No other compositions before Raphael (or indeed after him, we may add) are so nobly and beautifully *Raphael-esque* as those of Ghiberti's second gate; and to them was Raphael perhaps more deeply indebted than to any other works he studied at Florence during his youthful visits there. In vigour of drawing, and manly dignity of character, he learned much from Masaccio; but

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To begin with the border in our inspection of it. Its plants, flowers and fruits, bearing birds and little animals, and succeeding each other in bunches, with all the happy abundance and freedom of nature, seem to wave, rustle, and flourish in the bronze, as in their own gardens, woods, and sweet fresh fields. Here are squirrels cracking the bearded filberts, owls perched upon pineapples, peas traceable in their pods, birds pecking exuberant corn, and a truly marvellous variety and luxuriance of similar things. And nothing in Art, at least so far as we know, combines lively expressiveness with ease, grace, and elegance, more perfectly than the beautiful little figures abounding in the ten panels, or bossy pictures, thus surrounded; of which it is especially noticeable that they are clad in drapery of such grace and beauty of line and mass, that linen itself (so to speak) is made lovely. In the first panel, or rather the first chapter of this Bible History in relief, the whole story of our first parents smiles out on you, delightfully as the first lively sunbeam breaking forth over a landscape. The Almighty is paternally raising Adam from the dust, as He alone has raised his children ever since. In the middle of the composition (the place of honour) Eve floats upwards from his side, an emanation of beauty and joy, supported by love-like little cherubs, and crowned, as it were, by a circling choir of them. The Gathering of the Fruit, and the loud-lamenting Expulsion, are also seen in the self-same panel, which, for high poetic invention, is perhaps the finest. Michael Angelo was not slightly indebted to it in his Sistine frescoes of the Creation. Shem walking away with the drooping head of shame from his inebriate father, a fervid little Abraham kneeling before three dignified and flourishing-winged young angels, next greet you in the bronze. The wives of Esau, grieving over the issue of his brother's fraud, have a lovely envying grace in their forms and sinuous draperies, on which the youthful Raphael must long have dwelt with envious determinations, when he stood before them. This panel, including every circumstance relating to Jacob's unfriendly device, is conspicuous for a certain domestic grace and quiet beauty. But in other compartments stirring and energetic acts and emotions are represented with high powers of expression and the liveliest animation; as—the anguish of Jacob's brethren, tearing their garments when they find the cup in one of their sacks—admirably given; the astonishment and terror of the Israelites whilst the Lord is delivering the tables to Moses; their hosts marching across the Jordan, and bearing clately the stones which were to be the monuments of the miracle. Neither may we forget those little heads in the inner border, starting forth from the circlets with wonderful truth, variety, and animation; some of them being portraits, and of a piquant and humorous individuality. Nor the small full-length figures in niches between them, let us overlook, since they are exquisite indeed for poetic feeling and character, and minute beauty of form and execution. Such is a slight glance at this incomparable work, just touching on some few of its innumerable incidents and beauties. No length of application seems to have had power to impair the freshness and animation of the artist's thoughts; and when all is done, with what a charming humility and modesty he alludes to his work, in his own manuscript account of it, now in the Magliabechian Library; saying that "he had done his best in all respects to imitate nature, so far as was in his power. All had been done with his best diligence."\*

\* To be continued.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE OLD MILL.

Hobbema, Painter. J. Cousen, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 6½ in. by 2 ft. 9¼ in.

MINDERHOUT HOBBEEMA is another of those foreign painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools whom English collectors have brought into special notice, and thereby given a pecuniary value to their works which otherwise they never would have obtained. The place and time of his birth are unknown. Pilkington supposes Hobbema to have been born at Antwerp, in or about the year 1611: Bryan says—"This conjecture becomes, however, extremely disputable, when we consider the style of his pictures, and the scenery they represent. It is much more probable that he was a native of Haarlem, or that he resided there, as his landscapes are faithful transcripts of the views in Haarlem wood, and the environs of that place." We do not find that any of the Flemish writers upon Art claim him as their own. Mr. Nieuwenhuys, the latest, and a living, authority upon the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters, remarks that "Houbraken makes no mention of Hobbema, neither is anything positively known of his private life;" and positively contradicts the assertion made by Pilkington that he was born at Antwerp, and that Ostade and Teniers painted the figures in the majority of his pictures. "I have known many well-informed Dutch amateurs and painters, many of them of advanced age, who have assured me that in their youth they were told by old people that Hobbema was born at Coeverden; and such is the general belief in Holland. Still nothing positively can be asserted, for some have said that he was a native of Vriesland, others that he was a Noord Hollander."\* We are told that nine cities contended for the birthplace of Homer; now, although we do not find that any such honour is paid to Hobbema, we are quite sure that a far larger number of places have contended for the possession of his works.

The principal argument for classing him with the Dutch school is, that his pictures, both in subject and treatment, bear greater resemblance to this than to the Flemish: the landscapes of Rubens, Teniers, Artois, Wildens, Huysman, Van Uden, and other Flemings, are readily to be distinguished from those of Ruysdael, or Ruysdael, Both, and Berghem, the great masters of Dutch landscape, and also from the works of Hobbema, whom some biographers and critics suppose to have been the pupil of Ruysdael. "It is certain that these two great men were upon friendly terms, and there is not the slightest doubt they travelled together over picturesque countries, in order to sketch and paint the scenery most adapted to their studies. In consequence of this circumstance the same subjects are often repeated by them, and they even frequently delighted in imitating each other's style. We have seen productions of Ruysdael that remind us forcibly of Hobbema; but, notwithstanding, there is always a perceptible difference: the pencil of Ruysdael, and the touch of his foliage, are more defined by his triangular handling; Hobbema is richer in colour, and his style of execution more magically harmonious. . . . It is to be traced in Hobbema's works that he was on friendly terms with Jacob Ruysdael; and it appears certain that the two painters were already finished artists when they made each other's acquaintance, which probably took place at Amsterdam, where Hobbema resided. He reckoned also as his friends several other eminent painters of his time, among whom were Nicholas Berghem, Adrian Van de Velde, John Lingelbach, Wyntrank, and others, who adorned his beautiful landscapes with figures and animals."†

No collection of pictures by the painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools is considered to be complete without an example of this charming and natural painter. Lord Hatherton is said to possess the finest specimen, for which he has refused an offer of £3000. Dr. Waagen is of opinion that it is unsurpassed by any landscape in the world. The "Old Mill," in the Royal Collection, is a good picture, very carefully painted, and doubtless, at one time, was sunny and brilliant in colour, but the shadows have become very dark.

It is painted on panel, and is in Buckingham Palace.

\* "Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters." By C. J. Nieuwenhuys.  
† Idem.







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Size of the Picture, 2 ft. 6½ in. by 2 ft. 9¼ in.

MINDERHOUT HOBBEEMA is another of those foreign painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools whom English collectors have brought into special notice, and thereby given a pecuniary value to their works which otherwise they never would have obtained. The place and time of his birth are unknown. Pilkington *supposes* Hobbema to have been born at Antwerp, in or about the year 1611: Bryan says—"This conjecture becomes, however, extremely disputable, when we consider the style of his pictures, and the scenery they represent." It is much more probable that he was a native of Haarlem, or that he resided there, as his landscapes are faithful transcripts of the views in Haarlem wood, and the environs of that place." We do not find that any of the Flemish writers upon Art claim him as their own. Mr. Nieuwenhuys, the latest, and a living, authority upon the works of the Dutch and Flemish painters, remarks that "Houbraken makes no mention of Hobbema, neither is anything positively known of his private life;" and positively contradicts the assertion made by Pilkington that he was born at Antwerp, and that Ostade and Teniers painted the figures in the majority of his pictures. "I have known many well-informed Dutch amateurs and painters, many of them of advanced age, who have assured me that in their youth they were told by old people that Hobbemawas born at *Coeverden*; and such is the general belief in Holland. Still nothing positively can be asserted, for some have said that he was a native of Vriesland, others that he was a Noord Hollander."\* We are told that nine cities contended for the birthplace of Homer; now, although we do not find that any such honour is paid to Hobbema, we are quite sure that a far larger number of places have contended for the possession of his works.

The principal argument for classing him with the Dutch school is, that his pictures, both in subject and treatment, bear greater resemblance to this than to the Flemish: the landscapes of Rubens, Teniers, Artois, Wildens, Huysman, Van Uden, and other Flemings, are readily to be distinguished from those of Ruysdael, or Ruysdael, Both, and Berghem, the great masters of Dutch landscape, and also from the works of Hobbema, whom some biographers and critics suppose to have been the pupil of Ruysdael. "It is certain that these two great men were upon friendly terms, and there is not the slightest doubt they travelled together over picturesque countries, in order to sketch and paint the scenery most adapted to their studies. In consequence of this circumstance the same subjects are often repeated by them, and they even frequently delighted in imitating each other's style. We have seen productions of Ruysdael that remind us forcibly of Hobbema; but, notwithstanding, there is always a perceptible difference: the pencil of Ruysdael, and the touch of his foliage, are more defined by his triangular handling; Hobbema is richer in colour, and his style of execution more magically harmonious. . . . It is to be traced in Hobbema's works that he was on friendly terms with Jacob Ruysdael; and it appears certain that the two painters were already finished artists when they made each other's acquaintance, which probably took place at Amsterdam, where Hobbema resided. He reckoned also as his friends several other eminent painters of his time, among whom were Nicholas Berghem, Adriaen Van de Velde, John Lingelbach, Wyntrank, and others, who adorned his beautiful landscapes with figures and animals."†

No collection of pictures by the painters of the Dutch and Flemish schools is considered to be complete without an example of this charming and natural painter. Lord Hatherton is said to possess the finest specimen, for which he has refused an offer of £3000. Dr. Waagen is of opinion that it is unsurpassed by any landscape in the world. The "Old Mill," in the Royal Collection, is a good picture, very carefully painted, and doubtless, at one time, was sunny and brilliant in colour, but the shadows have become very dark.

It is painted on panel, and is in Buckingham Palace.

\* "Review of the Lives and Works of some of the most Eminent Painters." By C. J. Nieuwenhuys.

† Idem.



JOHN R. COOPER

THE OLD MILL

FROM THE BROTHERS IN THE HOUSE COLLECTION

THE BROTHERS IN THE HOUSE

HOBBS & PINX









## BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.  
BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,  
LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SCIENCE AND ART.

## PART IX.

IN these papers we have, at some length, noticed botany as adapted to the Ornamental Arts, and consequently have noted the forms of the various vegetable organs, and the different works which they are called upon to accomplish, as well as the principles upon which they are constructed. As, however, man is an intellectual being, it is obvious that he is not destined to be a mere copyist, but is gifted with high faculties of origination, which he is called upon to exercise. Nevertheless, although man is in possession of these creative powers, the extent of their exercise is limited; and although he is apt to learn, quick to imbibe even faintly revealed principles, and to remould so as to adapt to his particular purpose, yet his faculties are materially exhilarated and enlarged by continual reference to the works of a perfect hand; and he, by his quick perception and active appropriating and remoulding powers, imbibes the feeling, appropriates the principle, and creates new images adapted to his purposes, yet, in many points, possessed of the feeling and beauty of the master's hand. It is in this light which we now wish to view botany, viz.,

as suggestive of ideas or principles: we shall, therefore, term it *suggestive botany*.

No lengthened treatise is necessary in order to show that botany, or rather botanical subjects, have been used by ornamentists in all lands, and in all ages, in this light, or for this purpose. That they furnished the Egyptians with ideas is certain, as also the Greeks, the Romans, and the mediæval artists, and even the most modern: therefore, we naturally expect that, rightly understood, they will lend us also individually this aid, for the fountain is yet unexhausted,—yea, it is only within about this last century that botany has to any extent opened its vast ornamental treasury, and few ornamentists have yet reviewed its contents; so it still contains its great riches.

Whether certain characteristic forms of given Art epochs were derived from vegetable products or not, it is not the object of these pages to inquire; whether the Greeks derived their anthemion from

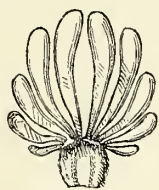


Fig. 127.

the Honeysuckle, or whether it was the result of a pure imaginative faculty, we know not. This, however, we do say, that vegetable objects might readily have suggested it, in verification of which we here figure one petal of the common garden Mignonette, the *Reseda odorata* (Fig. 127).

That Gothic tracery might have been originally suggested by trees is more than probable, the prin-

method of penetrating the resistable medium in which they are called to develop; by growth they also multiply themselves by generating lateral arms, and this accomplishes, necessarily, a two-fold end, namely, that of imbibing more nourishment, and of fixing the plant by a secure tie in the desired position. This branching is carried to an unlimited extent, till ultimately, by generation and multiplication, an extended, complex web is formed beneath the earth's surface, varying in depth and in strength according to the size of the organism which it has to support, which furnishes the means required for the support of the plant. In order, therefore, to overthrow one of these structures an extremely extended series of fibres must be snapped, or that mass of earth, through which the roots are anastomosed, must be disturbed and raised.

The branching of the root is not the only means found to exist in the vegetable world in order to secure plants in their required vertical position; this is also accomplished by the distension of certain portions of the root's fibres, which fact we shall now notice. We have already shown that certain roots are diversely distended by nourishing matter being aggregated in their interior, either through their entire length or at given points: this accumulation of food not only serves to nourish the future plant, but, also, by producing a distension, becomes one of the most secure means of support to the structure. Fibres are first generated by the root or axis, in which, after they have attained a given magnitude, these depositions take place; therefore the formation of these protuberances is an after work. Now it is obvious that when these enlargements are situated at intervals upon a fibre, that the difficulty of extracting that fibre by force is much increased, these distensions having the same effect, necessarily, as placing knots on a rope in order to enable a more secure grip to be sustained. The root of the *Spiræa* is a direct illustration of this principle, which was figured in our fifth paper; and the *Dahlia* root is one of its modifications, also figured in paper five. The conical root, as that of the Carrot, and the globular, as that of the Turnip, do not contract, on behalf of the plant, a more secure tie than a more cylindrical form of root, such roots never being situated entirely beneath the surface of the ground; but we must not lose sight of the fact that these are, to a very great extent, the result of cultivation, and are, therefore, not what we may consider as purely natural: these, however, even in their cultivated state, are possessed of small lateral expansions, which, to a considerable extent, secure the vegetable in its vertical position. The extent of this adhesion can readily be experienced by drawing one of the roots in question from the earth. These latter forms of root, we must also notice, are never possessed by large structures.

We not only discover a constructive principle in the root, but also in the ascending axis, with its ramifications. Thus the arrangement of the arms, or lateral developments, must not only be such as will give an equal weight on all sides of the structure, but also such as will transmit the weight to the centre of the mass, or central axis, and this must be accomplished by the smaller arms also. This is a consideration prominently manifest in certain small structures, where each axis is surmounted by a comparatively large head of flowers, as an illustration of which the Sweet William may be given.

Without pursuing this subject further, space not permitting, we proceed to notice the manner in which constructive principle is revealed in the union of the leaf with the stem: on this part of our subject we shall, however, be enabled to offer but one or two examples. Leaf-stalks, which are of a succulent, and, hence, of a weak or feeble nature, and which have to sustain large leafy developments, are frequently of a triangular sectional form, the apex of the triangle being directed downwards, and this is connected with the axis by a curve, which gives necessarily great strength, as is at once obvious; and the grasp of the upper margins of the leaf-stalk is often of the most secure character, as our figures at once reveal (Figs. 129, 130).

One particular instance, in which the constructive principle is beautifully revealed, we must here notice; it is found in the Cow Parsnep (*Heracleum sphondylium*). This plant is furnished with very large foliaceous developments, thereby necessitating

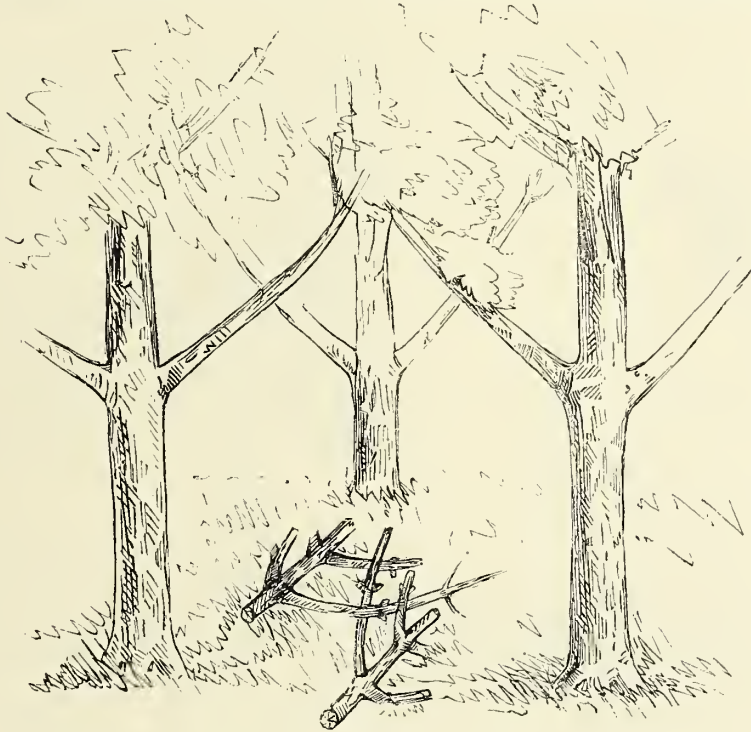


Fig. 128.

ciple of which our figure will readily explain (Fig. 128), but without dwelling longer on this, we proceed to show that the varied parts and combinations of vegetable organs are suggestive of an infinite variety of forms and treatments. In these investigations we shall in no ease give literal copies.

The manner in which vegetable organisms suggest ideas is various; they may suggest principles of diverse characters, as of construction, or of aggregation or arrangement, or they may suggest certain forms or combinations of lines; or from the perfect fitness which an object or treatment may seem to possess for a given position, it may suggest the adaptation of a similar object or treatment to the required position.

First we shall notice botany, or rather botanical structures, as suggestive of constructive principles.

"Construction" is rendered of the highest importance to the ornamentist as well as to the architect; for man, either instinctively, from necessity or from desire, dwells in edifices which he has to raise, and a civilised people have many and varied requirements. To the architect a knowledge of "construction" is absolutely necessary, in order to enable him

to raise edifices upon such a principle as shall ensure firmness and security, for a building cannot stand unless its constructive principle is such as will secure a given amount of strength. To the ornamentist a knowledge of construction is necessary in order to enable him pleasingly to decorate the raised edifice,—for no decoration can be agreeable which is not in harmony with, or that does not take cognizance of, the structure. In this assertion we are borne out by Mr. Owen Jones in that proposition where he says that "construction must be decorated; decoration should never be purposely constructed;" in which sentiment we cordially acquiesce; and this principle, as we have before intimated, is fully and beautifully carried out in vegetable nature.

Relative to constructive principle we notice first, that, from the very nature of the higher vegetable organisms, a secure attachment to the earth, or surface from which they rise, is necessary, this being imperatively demanded by their vertical position. The means by which this union between the lower portion of the organism and the earth is sustained, is of high interest. Roots by growth elongate at their extremities, which is obviously the most easy



the leaf-stalk to be of considerable magnitude; however, the lower extremity of the leaf-stalk becomes so expanded or flattened as to be reduced to

little more than a membrane: nevertheless, by a certain treatment of this expansion, and a certain attachment of this membrane to the axis, the large

are similar. They also suggest this grouping by the arrangement of buds round a flower, or by the arrangement of flowers round buds (Fig. 133).

Plants, as we have before said, not only suggest structure and the grouping of parts, but also individual forms and unions of lines. Relative to the forms which they suggest we can say nothing, as forms cannot be described, but must leave each with a knowledge of the fact that the forms suggested by the membranous, or leafy expansions alone, are almost infinite.



Fig. 133.

Also in reference to combination of lines we can only make one or two remarks. It is a point worthy of notice, that a harmony, or pleasing contrast of line, seems to exist between all the parts of one structure, as between the form of the flower and the contour of the leaf; but as this relation is not understood, or has not been reduced to normal rules, we must satisfy ourselves with merely calling attention to the fact: this, however, is obvious, that certain groups of lines harmonize, that is to say, that there are a number of plants which develop leaves with similar boundary lines, and yet have flowers of diverse contours; thus the lines of these various flowers harmonize with the form of the leaves. We must make one other remark, which may also serve to correct a popular error. It has been said that a certain combination of lines which occurs in architecture, viz., two arcs or quadrants one superposed on and springing from the other, cannot be found in the vegetable world. It is found both in certain of the Alhambra and the mediæval arches. This combination, however, occurs in the vegetable world in several plants, one of which is an orchidaceous plant, which develops young plants from an old stalk: it also occurs abundantly in certain ferns called *proliferous*, on account of their generating young plants from the old fronds.

Nature also offers other suggestions, as the covering of joints, or the unions of lines, with diverse expansions (stipules), or the adorning of joints, by the judicious arrangement of certain protrusions and membranes, as in the *Impatiens glandulifera* and *Scrophularia nodosa* (Fig. 129). It also suggests the branching of lines and the union of the straight with the curve, which may often be judiciously employed in ornament. Without here entering further into this subject, we must notice

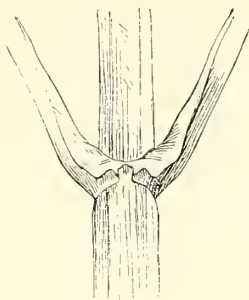


Fig. 129.

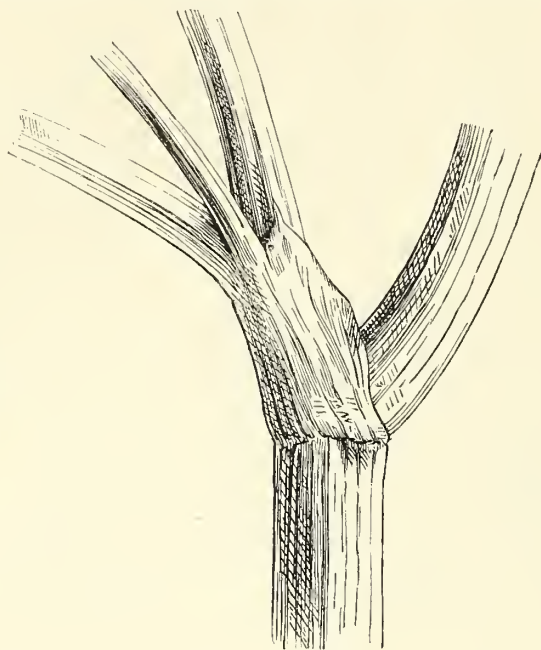


Fig. 130.

foliage of this structure is supported. It will be observed from our sketch (Figs. 131, 132) that the union between this expansion and the axis takes place around the entire circumference of the stem,



Fig. 131.

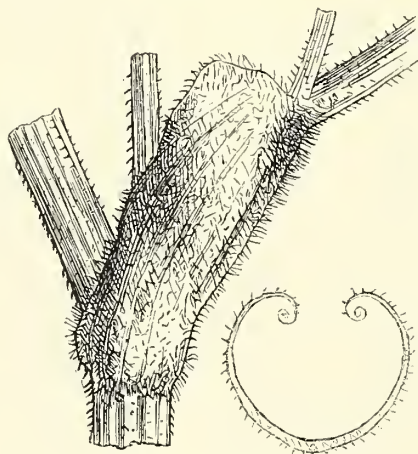


Fig. 132.

this necessarily giving the greatest possible amount of strength; but, added to this, the margins of this sheath are incurved, forming a volute or spiral, which obviously gives even greater strength than that of a tube, on which principle the axis to which it unites is constructed.

Having briefly noticed construction as exhibited in vegetable organisms, we proceed to notice botanic structures as suggestive of principles of ornamental grouping.

We stated, in the commencement of these papers, that the top view of all vegetable structures was that of a circular ornament, that is to say, that there is a given centre from which all the members radiate; and upon the arrangement of the various lateral appendages will depend the character of the composition: thus, if the members are arranged spirally (the top or upper developments necessarily being the smaller) a regular spiral ornament is produced; thus we say that the spiral principle is suggested, therefore we may use what form we please to enable us to produce a given effect, and yet borrow and appropriate this arrangement: thus nature suggests a spiral centrifugal disposition of parts. It also suggests that a series of parts or members of equal magnitude should be arranged round a fixed point by such developments as produce their leaves in rings surrounding the stem, and by such flowers as the Pink and Buttercup, and such aggregations of flowers as the Daisy. Vegetable developments also suggest radiating ornaments, which are accented in given directions: thus we

have the triangular arrangement, as well as the square, pentagonal, hexagonal, and so on, by leaves being arranged upon these principles, as well as the parts of the flowers: thus in the Spiderwort we have a triangular composition, in the Wallflower a square, in the Pink a pentagonal, and the Lily an hexagonal.

Vegetable products not only suggest radiating or circular compositions, but vertical or long aggregations. Thus they suggest the arrangement of solitary members in a given order upon an elongated axis; and this order or disposition may be constructed upon the spiral principle, in which two, three, or more members may form one unit of the spiral; and this spiral may revolve once, twice, or many times, in order to complete one unit of the arrangement of the parts, or to arrive at the repeat. These diverse arrangements are also suggested; but these are not all, for plants also suggest that members shall be placed opposite to each other upon the axis, or in whorls; and that these pairs, or whorls, should be placed over each other, or alternating with, or crossing each other.

Without entering upon the almost infinite varieties of modifications of these arrangements, we notice that vegetable developments suggest not only the aggregation or disposition of parts of similar forms and magnitudes in these diverse arrangements, but also these groupings of parts of diverse characters: thus the first leaves developed by a plant differ from the normal leaves, and they again from the last, although the arrangements of all

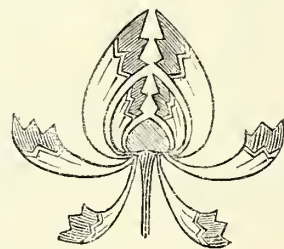


Fig. 134.



Fig. 135.

that ornaments of diverse characters are suggested by the various parts of vegetable structures, that is, that a leaf-bud presents certain general

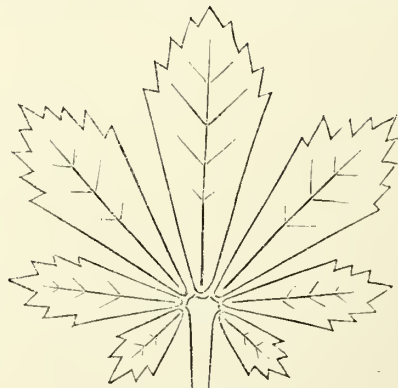


Fig. 136.

characters which suggest the embodiment of similar general principles in varied detail, and which



nevertheless produce a similar effect, owing to the presence of the primary characters, which may be furnished by the structure, or the aggregation, or disposition of the parts. We here present two or three ornaments suggested by the developing leaf-bud (Figs. 134, 135). Let it be clearly understood, however, that we do not put these forth with any pretensions to beauty: we offer them merely to show the principle, and leave it for ornamentists individually to appropriate the principle, and develop their richer compositions.

We next offer a few treatments of leaves, which embody their characteristic features. The characteristic point of the Horse-chestnut leaf (Fig. 136) is, that it is composed of seven somewhat elongated segments, radiating from a common centre. Of the

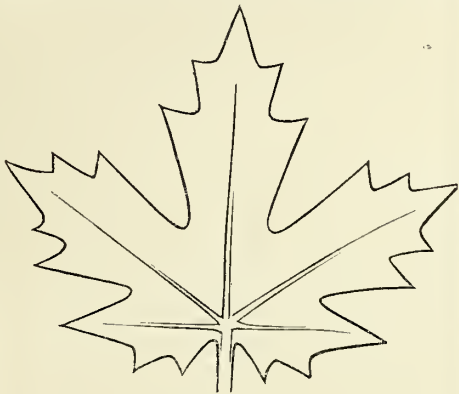


Fig. 137.

Sycamore (Fig. 137), that the leaf is not divided into disunited segments, but is characterized by having five lobes; our sketch, to an extent, gives these points.

We next take cognizance of the effects produced by certain flower-heads. We here offer one or two



Fig. 138.

sketches containing some of the characters of the Thistle-head (Fig. 138), the Heliotrope (Fig. 139),



Fig. 140.

and the Scabious (Fig. 140); then we have the ar-



Fig. 141.

rangement of the flower of the Onion (Fig. 141).

Most of these are, however, sectional, and have therefore been suggested by sections.



Fig. 142.

The root also seems to suggest certain treatments

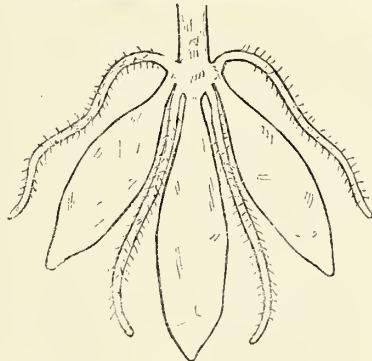


Fig. 143.

or characters which the ornamentist would do well

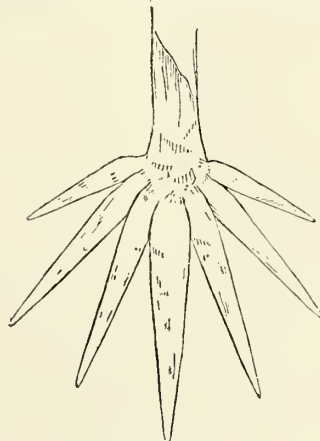


Fig. 144.

to notice. We here give ornamental treatments,

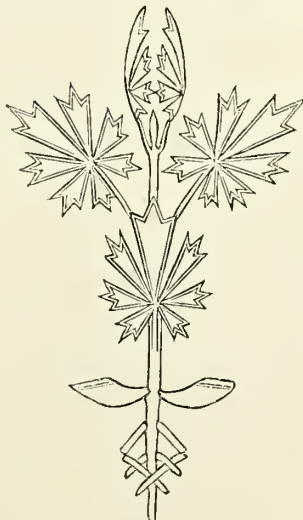


Fig. 145.

derived from the roots which we have before figured (Figs. 142, 143, 144). We also add a figure derived

from a young plant which has just issued from the seed (Fig. 145).

One or two other points demand notice before leaving this subject, one of which is, that, in the vegetable organism, every part is treated ornamentally; therefore this suggests that all parts of our composition should be treated thus also. When we take a spray from a plant, there is a little characteristic end to the branch, which is susceptible and suggestive of an ornamental treatment; and as all parts are treated in this spirit in the vegetable, we may certainly treat this thus for our purposes. We subjoin two treatments (Figs. 146, 147) of this extremity of the branch (Fig. 148).

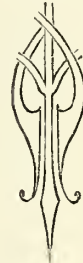


Fig. 146.



Fig. 147.



Fig. 148.

Further, vegetable structures suggest that every part of a structure should be employed for ornamental purposes, for some plants develop their roots in the air, which appears to demonstrate that they, in combination with other parts, are truly ornamental; and this we do say, that if a complete drawing is made of a plant which has been undisturbed in its growth, the result will be a true ornament.

Certain principles which have doubtless originally been suggested by vegetable structures, are so universally felt, that they now appear to be required instinctively. Thus the law of the alternation of parts, discoverable in almost every flower, appears to be universally required in all ornaments which even approach the floral form. The examples here

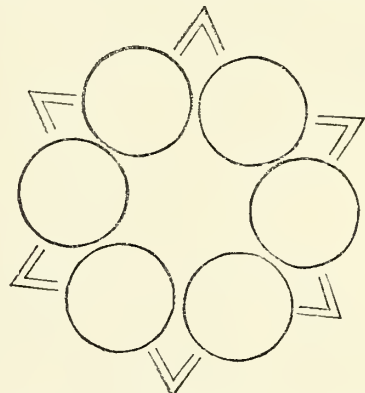


Fig. 149.

figured (Figs. 149, 150) we have procured from an ancient warming-pan, and it will be at once seen

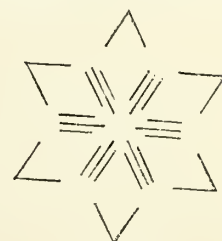


Fig. 150.

that, although the means of working these ornaments was merely by punching, yet the principle of alternation has been felt, for these little strokes were placed between the circles, &c., to give the required effect.

We cannot now enter more deeply into our present subject, but strongly suggest the propriety of searching the inexhaustible mine of nature for ideas—for it is rich in suggestions, and it is ever willing to impart them to the earnest searcher.



## THE ART-SEASON OF 1858.

WHEREAS Art in other capitals is celebrated by one universal gathering, it is with ourselves a festival of many courses, from February until the "season" expires of sheer fatigue. We commence with the Exhibition of the British Institution, upon which follow that of the National Institution and of the British Artists; then come the Water-Colour Societies, who surround us with their twinkling lights as with showers of asteroids; and in May the Academy opens its doors, when we may behold that which we have once seen, but eschewed ever after,—the crowd of non-academical contributors waiting at the doors for their admission-tickets. We have at the same time an exhibition of French pictures, and, perhaps, a German collection; and a notable addition to the category in the shape of an exposition of the essays of the newly-established Society of Lady-Artists. Necessarily, the last in the field are the various Art-Unions, whose authorities invite a public inspection of their selections of prizes; and, finally, we gird ourselves up, resigned to the rigid canons of high Art, for an examination of the year's progress in the Houses of Parliament, for therein is our only exhibition in which "high Art" forms the important element. Although so well abused thereanent, we have as much of exalted quality in painting as our neighbours; for, "mark it Cesario," their highest aspirations, like ours, are prompted by public patronage, and the words "Cabinet picture," designate a thing by no means of British growth. If of the 1160 paintings hung on the walls of the Academy this year there were six conceived in the full spirit of our lecturers, which be they? Alas! we have given to the winds the pithy aphorisms of these steaming orations, which now for eighty-nine years have been so impressively delivered in Somerset House, and in Trafalgar Square. Reynolds, Fuseli, West, ye have preached and counselled in vain! Year by year we witness your conclusions reversed; we have in our time seen your most "incontrovertible" demonstrations shattered; for we live contemporaneously with a sect of splendid heretics, who prefer the adoration of Nature to the traditions of men. There needed not a glance at the exhibitions of this year to tell us that we have long since entered the era of the light literature of painting. It is an easy, idle kind of study, demanding no reading up, or drawing upon any musty stores of learning. Behold there!—look here!—*passim* we see charming pictures realized from frivolous subjects, and other gummy trifles that affect our inmost solitudes made up of no subjects at all; for, as Murillo, and that pompous Diego Velasquez, did long ago, so do our painters—that is, go forth into the streets and highways, and cull from the amenities and acerbities of every-day life. And with all our admiration of the grand style, we acknowledge warmly the domesticity of the popular material: and yet, are there not mighty professors who declaim against those citizens of the world, who condescend to anecdote in colours; who would pluck from the walls of every exhibition all minor incidents—

"—— All our pretty ones!  
Did they say all?  
—— at one fell swoop?"—

And were it so, there would be nothing left—so important a feature of our exhibitions does this class of subjects form. The "pictures of the season" in the recent exhibition of the Academy were not of high class as to subjects; indeed, as a rule, we have ever observed that the more ambitious the subjects, the more commonplace the treatment. "The Derby Day" is a popular subject with a large section of the English people, having its upper extremity in the drawing-rooms of Belgravia, and its lower in the darkest nooks of Whitechapel; and within these lie diversely-charactered and many-shaded varieties of society, which all contribute their quota on the Derby Day. That picture has very much augmented the receipts at the door this year; for the fame of the work attracted crowds from the country who understood the points of a race-horse—for these had been well cared for by J. F. Herring; men who fraternized at once with their acquaintances on the canvas, who had been so admirably studied by Frith: and to these visitors all the rest was unintelligible. But for the upper links of the chain there was—

"The glass of fashion and the mould of form"—

those for whom champagne is not good enough—those who live upon ortolans and Tokay—Frith has shown us that in this work he is more at home than in mediæval or even scenic story, and with a higher moral tone and concentration, he would effect something more profoundly impressive. O'Neil's picture was a surprise, and so essentially different is the work in conception and execution from everything which has before come from his hands, that we should have gone through the entire catalogue ere accusing him of such a work had we been left to divine the authorship. Not only do the simplicity and firmness of the painting show a marked antithesis to all antecedent manner, but the subject itself is a departure from the long series of prettinesses by which his name has been signalized. The subject is popular, well understood, and much more deeply felt than it would be two years hence—so much has proximate contemporaneity to do with the impression made by a work of Art. Paton's 'In Memoriam,' with all its Roman grandeur of character, was passed with a shudder, although qualified with an exaltation and a mechanical treatment in themselves sufficient to make a reputation. 'The Bluidic Tryste' was also unfortunate as to choice of subject; its marvellous perfection of painting made it interesting to artists. Egg's series—his narrative in three chapters—was also most infelicitous as a subject. Who is there as the head of a household that would maintain before the eyes of a rising family a history so hideous? Of such a picture we should be glad to learn the future destiny. He who seeks to possess such a work, must do so under suffering of some inward and yet open wound, for we cannot understand the taste that would dictate such a selection. But these subjects have ever been the highest in finish—an evidence of a most unwholesome idiosyncrasy, and in working out such narrative the painter suffers infinitely greater fatigue than in realizing any simpler tale, because the excitement is proportionably greater. Many of the most remarkable pictures of recent exhibitions have been of revolting character, rendered yet more repulsive by microscopic treatment. Hunt's 'Awakened Conscience' was of this class, as was also Wallis's 'Chatterton,' and yet more so his 'Stone-breaker' of this year. When, as in the case of O'Neil, there is offered in some particular work a strongly-marked contrast to all that have preceded it by the same hand, that contrast being the fruit of more earnest thought, the result will certainly enhance the reputation of the artist. But if we be told that there is in progress a landscape, or an interior, a battle-picture, or a dramatic composition from this or that famous painter, we know precisely what to expect; we can name beforehand the colours with which the trees will be painted; we can indicate their forms, and name the colours which shall prevail in the foreground; in the interior, also, the colours may be named, and the relative quantities of light and shade; and in the figure composition, the colours of the draperies, and the tints of the complexions: so much for confirmed and inevitable manner. And pictures thus painted are soon forgotten, being superseded in interest by any other in which nature has been grappled with. Mulready is, perhaps, the only one of our senior artists who yet works with the freshness of a student; his recent drawings from the figure are inimitable, but he has been a yearly improving painter for the last half century. No two waves have ever been exactly alike, but we see in exhibitions the same waves year after year; yet, for the sake of nature's varieties, it is not necessary to live patiently and watchfully at high-water mark. No two trees are precisely similar, yet the majority of painters have their own form for the poplar, and the like for the elm; still, for the sake of truth, it is not requisite to live in the woods, as did Mindert Hobbema, with a lark for his companion to wake him in the morning, yet it were better to take counsel of nature than thus year by year bestow their tediousness on a long-suffering public.

In figure pictures we look for something more than the picturesque; but in a great proportion of works which assist at all exhibitions this is the only quality we find. Who has not seen in the Shakspeare subjects of the last and the early part of the present century the everlasting doublet and hose given to every male figure of every period—from that of "Lear" to that of the "Merry Wives of Windsor?" And even had we possessed a school

as early as the commencement of the last century, the stage would not have stood alone in dressing Julius Cæsar in a peruke and embroidered satin waistcoat. The doublet and hose period was succeeded by the prevalence of the cavalier costume, and with such material, and the looser execution of twenty-five years ago, it was not difficult to make a picture; and while these two modes so entirely occupied attention, there was but little study of expression: the most successful that we remember in this particular was Newton's "Lovers' Quarrel." A relief to these were the studies of Italian peasant life, which have been repeated until the mere sight of the costume to the *habitué* of the exhibitions causes a revulsion which can only be calmed by turning to some sedate and thoughtful emanation. We are threatened with a continuation of the mere picturesque by an invasion of Spain; but what we have already seen of Spanish costume has almost exhausted the field, and should Spain be crowded by our artists as Italy has been, we shall have a lengthened period of the prevalence of Spanish costume as before, without variation—the eternal mantilla, high back comb, short petticoats, with pink and black supplementaries; then we have for the men the small round hat, dating from the sixteenth century, the jacket, the padded waistcoat, brown or blue continuations, and leather gaiters; with sheepskin for shepherds, and calfskin for herdsmen, with capricious variations, differing in little from the appointments of the raw Roman levies before they were drilled into legionaries. A consideration of such works shows at once their meagre merits, and how small a modicum of thought will suffice for the creation of a work of Art. The Fine Arts Commission has at length discovered those who, in the profession of painting, are the men of thought; but we know not whether we should declare ourselves indebted to it for so exclusively occupying them on the Houses of Parliament. Such men as Maclise and Herbert have painted something more than costume pictures; they do not feel it necessary to go to the Campagna or Grenada in search of the most vulgar element wherewithal an artist can invest his works. Of the 1160 pictures exhibited, members of the Academy have contributed 170 of all *genres*, though remarkably weak in landscape and what is called history; but it must always be remembered that Maclise, Herbert, and Dyce, did not exhibit. The absence of "history," however, is not so remarkable as the want of landscape, the decadence of which is striking in successors to such men as Richard Wilson, Gainsborough, and Constable. There were charming examples of pure landscape painting, but they were not by members of the Academy. It is the most praiseworthy passage in the history of the institution that its members should have exerted themselves to assist in removing the grounds of that reproach to which our school was so long exposed—we mean imperfection of drawing. It is just that they should recruit their body from their own school, and perhaps their elections are justified by merit; but pure landscape is certainly ignored as a branch of Academical Fine Art. Hart's "Athalie," and Leslie's subject from St. Mark, are the only two scriptural compositions by members. Alas! 'tis true, there is little demand among us for scriptural Art; a religious picture by the side of a well finished social subject, would have no more chance of popularity than a theatre for the representation of mediæval mysteries next door to a house at which the staple were vaudeville and ballets. George III. expended thousands of pounds in promoting what to him was the grand style, but in this he was not seconded by a capable agent: he was, however, disposed to do more for Art than his two immediate successors, and in his time it would have been easier to assist the cause than it is now, when profane Art charms so wisely with beauties incompatible with gravity of conception. National history is a national vanity, and it is, therefore, the duty of a public to celebrate its great men, and by communities only can this be worthily done. How enchantingly soever Sir Edwin Landseer might paint the fable of King Log and King Stork, the Houses of Parliament would be by no means a fitting place for the reception of such a picture; but an artist very inferior in every quality to Sir Edwin, might paint King Francis and King Henry in such a manner as to be accept-



able as an adornment of the palace at Westminster; and yet, setting entirely aside the vast difference in the reputation of the two men, we know full well which of the two, the fable or the history, would be the more coveted in the picture market. The public prefer light and amusing reading to a dull narrative of facts, however important; they yield their admiration at once to the pretty, the interesting, and the picturesque—the most facile and superficial of all pictorial qualities. An artist who paints repulsive subjects does so to please himself, and not his patrons; those who search out and adore the *memento mori* of Art, are an infinitesimal proportion of those who seek to gratify their tastes in picture galleries. O'Neil's and Frith's pictures are at once understood, the narrative in each is throughout perspicuous; but Egg's series is disqualified by two grave primary objections—firstly, a harrowing story; secondly, great obscurity in the paraphrase. A thousand different versions of the tale have been given, and there were thousands of persons who contemplated it as an enigma without a solution. Paton's picture is exalted by points of expression that have never been surpassed in the best times of Art; but these are not patent to the intelligence that is untutored in Art, while the appalling story oppressed with woe the heart of the spectator whose teaching had not extended to an appreciation of the highest power in painting. But, after all, we are not more unhappily conditioned in respect of "high Art" than other nations. While the governments of other countries have been doing everything for the highest class painting, our rulers did nothing until the new Houses of Parliament afforded an opportunity for that kind of patronage, without which the school of Munich had never existed—without which the great works of Kaulbach, at Berlin, had never been designed, nor the school of Düsseldorf heard of—and without which the French school had never risen to that degree of excellence by which it is distinguished.

But many are the sacrifices which have been made in the acquisition of public works. Versailles is a great museum of Art, but the palace contains, besides its works of merit, a large catalogue of productions, none of which we should be at all elate in possessing. There are, in our own first essays in the Poets' Hall, in the Houses of Parliament, certain of the series which are altogether unworthy of their position; and so it is wherever Art has received government protection. When Barry, Haydon, and Hilton, threw themselves into the breach and died there, how little knew they of the natural history of the human heart! each blindly believed that his enthusiasm was the stimulus of a regeneration. On looking round the great room in the Academy, the visitor is surprised to see such a diversity of style. The tendencies of our professors of the art show a wider range of manner and feeling than is to be observed in any other European exhibition. In the Louvre—that is, in the yearly expositions—everything is sealed with the impress of a school reflecting most vividly the national character. The limited varieties bear strong cognate relations, and the emanation of the whole is one school and one teaching. That this does not occur among ourselves there is the evidence; and that the "school" system has not been popular among us is, in truth, a matter of congratulation. Mr. Ruskin, in speaking of the section of painters calling themselves Pre-Raphaelites, alludes to them affectionately as "our school;" and perhaps the uniformity of their manner may entitle them to the designation; but those which are properly Pre-Raphaelite pictures, form so small an element of our exhibitions as only to afford one shade of these differences of which we speak. We have alluded to the past periods of the picturesque—those of the doublet and hose, and cavalier periods; upon these the curtain has fallen, and a new era, that of domestic story, has broken upon us: and in this the picturesque is not felt as wanting, because these subjects are treated with such sweetness of expression and masterly technicality as have been rarely instanced among us. These, therefore, are the days of small pictures, for such now are the essential of all our annual collections; and if the object be an estimation of the public taste, let the curious inquirer visit the various institutions where the works are marked "sold,"—he will, by a just process of calculation, arrive at a fair conclusion. This

is said to have been a season of great depression with respect to pictures, yet, as in seasons of prosperity, everything of any merit is disposed of. The sculptors have suffered much more than the painters from the absence of commissions. We know members of this department of the profession of Art who have not, during the last two years, executed any work of importance.

The other exhibitions partake of the complexion of the Royal Academy, the range of subjects comprehending everything but the religious and historical, and presenting a variety of small and very highly finished works. The works numbered in the catalogue of the Society of British Artists is 919; those in that of the National Institution, 576. At the New Water-Colour Exhibition were hung 333; and at the Senior Institution, perhaps a greater number; then there are the British Institution and the Society of Female Artists: making a total of works of Art exhibited this season by living British artists, of about 4400. As it is our duty to visit every exhibition, we have never missed one for the last twenty years, and on each succeeding season have Art-productions increased in number. They must find an abiding-place somewhere, and we marvel at the small number of pictures we have again seen that have made their first appearance at these exhibitions. The rule is, that we see them on the wall during their brief season, after which we see them no more. With respect to "high Art," we are circumstanced very similarly to our neighbours; but who will say that in these islands there is no encouragement for Art?

## KING LEAR, AND THE MERCHANT OF VENICE,

AT THE PRINCESS'S THEATRE.

THE brilliant succession of revivals at the Princess's Theatre, which, under the management of Mr. Charles Kean, have made of that house Shakspeare-classic ground, is drawing to its close. "The Merchant of Venice," recently produced there, is, we believe, the last of what in the more emphatic sense may be called the illustrated series. The fact is one which we cannot state without regret. It is a triumph in an especial sense, that, after such a line of triumphs, the parting one should in some particulars overtop them all;—and in the light of this concluding revival, we look lingeringly back on the long sequence that is so soon to be laid away among our other memories of lost stage glories. The review suggests to us certain considerations, which we cannot but state here, both because of the affecting character of their intrinsic truth, and because they strongly enforce the argument of that debt which the public owes to Mr. Kean for the labour, of many kinds, bestowed by him upon these great reproductions.

As our mind reverts to the character of the Art lavished on this succession of revivals—the matchless stage effects, whose charm as picture was made up of constituents every one of which was a teacher,—we are painfully struck by the evanescent nature of that to which so much of thought and genuine endeavour had been devoted, and out of which so much of heauty had been elaborated. In these reproductions, the Muses are invoked towards a creation which they endow with all their gifts save only a portion of their immortality. The resources of genius, of scholarship, and of taste are exhausted for a result, soon broken up, to make way for its triumphant, and as transitory, successor; and the whole brilliant series, after delighting and instructing the town for a fleeting time, passes irrecoverably away into the world of traditions. Next year, which will be the last of Mr. Charles Kean's lesseeship at the Princess's Theatre, it is, we believe, his intention to pass all these rich creations once more before the eyes of his audience; and then, they who come after will know only what that audience shall tell them of productions wrought out with the zeal and labour that men bestow when they hope they are working for eternity.—The thought is affecting; and leads the mind yet farther into reflection on the conditions of the actor's lot, taken in its general point of view.

Of all the children of genius, the actor is emphatically the one who out of the world of shadows to which he descends flings back only the shadow of a name. Things that he stamps with the visible characters of immortality, are yet as mortal as himself. His starry writing to his time dies out in its heaven of thought, like the seventh Pleiad. However far, in life, he may project the figure of his greatness,—he is unable to detach it by the graveside, and it goes down with him. To the actor are wanting all the material devices by which the other poets of the world have been able to give an abiding form to their creations,—to collect and concentrate the subtle essences of their minds for posterity. Spending his days in a prodigal outlay of fancy and of feeling,—flinging about his life-path the fine gold of his inspirations,—the actor yet makes no investment for immortality. The fire of his living genius brings out types that should be deathless, to die out for ever in the chill of the grave. The instrument is not invented which can photograph for eternity the crowding figures of his gifted heart. His intellectual shows "come like shadows, so depart." His gracious presentments, however substantive a body they may have worn to the men of his day, were yet "all spirits, and are melted into air,—into thin air."—The sage of Crotona was said to have the faculty of writing on the moon what might be read in far places, and through all times;—and, for the most part, the prerogative of genius is of this kind, and involves the spirit of this fable. The poet, the painter, and the sculptor leave each his work behind him, to justify to the ages the renown it won, and, in its "heauty," be "a joy for ever." The actor,—who, in a sense, is poet, painter, and sculptor, all in one,—has no evidence to either character in a form less fleeting than himself. However much he may possess to spend, he has nothing to bequeath. The stamp of his personal mortality is on all he does. The consummate flower of his rearing withers with the hand that reared it:—the fountain of his genius fertilizes only the narrow spot of time on which he stands. "*Stet nominis umbra*," is all the substance of the actor's record. To the men of our generation, Garrick is but a great name, and Roscius is the shadow of a shade.

In the case of none other of the candidates for fame is the return of fame so instant and direct as it is in that of the actor; and it is well this should be so, and that such return should be most ungrudgingly rendered, since his gift of fame is thus fleeting. The actor should have noble treatment, because of this touching condition of his genius. That just debt of appreciation which is not paid to him in his own day, none can pay hereafter. The titles of his genius must be admitted at once, or they are so never. Of the judicial wrong done him now there can be no reversal in time to come, because the documents which are evidence in the case are by death obliterated for ever.—It is, thus, obvious, that the affecting condition of the actor's being to which we have alluded is not limited to the shadowy nature of his fame, when that fame has been truly assigned,—but includes the risk of his missing it altogether. From the critical wrong done them during life, the other sons of genius have, as we have said, their appeal to posterity;—and the errors of criticism are, thus, to them of small comparative account. The witnesses in their cause are immortal;—and so, every fresh age is for them a court of reversal, and every sensitive heart that is born into the world is a judge of appeal. No great and abiding wrong can be done to the renown that can show always its own right. But the actor stands on oral evidence,—and his witness dies with him. For his place in the mere traditions of his Art,—which is all that his Art leaves him,—he must abide finally and irrevocably by the assessment of his contemporaries.

We have dwelt on this somewhat by repetition, because we think it has not been sufficiently considered,—and that the office of criticism has not, in our day, been administered, where the actor was concerned, with all the earnestness demanded of it. It has been scarcely felt as it should, that this office, rightly understood, has something of a retributive function,—and that the actor, for the reasons which we have given above, has, besides his plea of right, the plea of a more than common sympathy, bespeaking a large and generous appreciation at the



hands of the critic.—Not, we can confidently affirm, that any literary courts of ours are open to the charges of venality and corruption by which those of a neighbouring nation are dishonoured. The dramatic critic does not here traffic with the fame which he registers, as he does in France:—young Paris of the press taking a bite out of the apple ere he awards it. But, passion, and prejudice, and the indulgence of a fantastic mood, and incompetence in the judges commissioned, and other forms of irreverent or indifferent dealing with the theme, have all occasionally interfered with the frank and conscientious award of the honours due. From every one of these methods of wrong Mr. Charles Kean has been, himself, a sufferer, in the midst of efforts which should have enlisted the sympathies of all literary men in his behalf.—Now, it is to be observed, that, whatever moral difference there may be, the material difference to the actor is nothing between a careless verdict and a malicious one, if both be wrong:—that he suffers injustice as great from a false judgment accidentally, as from one wilfully delivered. The picture, as we have said, and the statue, and the poem, are each its own redresser,—to convict the carelessness and to confute the malice, with its undying tongue;—but no voice beyond the grave to which he has gone down pleads the player's protest to another generation, against the false or insufficient sentence passed upon his head in that fleeting period of time "when Roscius was an actor in Rome."

It is partly on considerations like these, as well as on the ground of the Art-constituents that make their especial appeal to columns like ours, that we have determined to make this Journal a complete record to the future of Mr. Kean's remarkable series of stage revivals. Since last we reported on these, the manager has added two new pieces to his repertory of Shakspeare reproductions,—the tragedy of "King Lear," and the play of "The Merchant of Venice."—he, himself, of course, playing in each case the leading part. In these two pieces, taken together, the method which governs Mr. Kean in his illustration of Shakspeare is clearly expressed,—and, taken severally, in each the success of the method is triumphantly vindicated. It is no mere picturesque and unreasoned form of scenic enhancement that Mr. Kean employs. The character and amount of the decoration are in each of the instances before us, as in others of this manager's revivals, expressly determined by the genius of the thing decorated:—prescribed, as it were, by Shakspeare himself. The scene-painter, though instructed to be profuse in his illustration, is yet placed under the immediate direction and restraint of the poet.—In "King Lear," the incidents of the tragedy, as Mr. Kean says, "are presumed to occur when the land was peopled with rude heathens, and the minds and hearts of men, as yet unreclaimed by the softening influences of Christianity, were barbarous and cruel. It would be useless," he observes, "to attempt any chronological representation of the costume and architecture of Great Britain about the period when, if we could possibly credit the strange relations of Geoffrey of Monmouth, Romulus was yet unborn, Nitocris ruled in Egypt, and Isaiah prophesied in Israel. I have, however," continues Mr. Kean, "deemed it advisable to fix upon some definite epoch as the supposed time of action, if only for the sake of uniformity of character in the accessories of this great drama. The Anglo-Saxon era of the eighth century has been selected for the regulation of the scenery and dresses, as affording a date sufficiently remote, while it is, at the same time, associated with British soil."—Here, the limitation of that species of actuality in illustration which Mr. Kean employs elsewhere, is applied by the poet himself, and recognized by the manager. In obedience to the law of the dim period to which the action of the piece is relegated, no attempt is made in this particular revival to give any vivid presentment of an actual particular life and time. There is no effort at a delineation of living and familiar manners, because the text itself has not furnished the sketches which at once prescribe the picture and are its material. The scenic facts are confined to the above archaeological details,—introduced only for the sake of a stage unity; and the wild poetry of motive and of action that triumphs through the grand old poem receives no other stage-interpretations than

the stage-realization of those natural voices to which the bard himself makes such magnificent appeal. Here, as elsewhere in these Shakspeare revivals, Mr. Kean speaks no language but Shakspeare's by the voice of his scene-painter.—In "The Merchant of Venice" the case stands differently,—and the same law of the text prescribes a more emphasised method of scenic enactment. Here, we are within the well-lighted historic time,—and its strong and clearly defined individualities are among the express motives of the piece. The characters of time and place are strongly insisted on by Shakspeare as dramatic means,—and their emphatic marking on the stage becomes a part of the duty of finished presentment. Towards this, our means are abundant. To the student Venice and its mediæval fashions are familiar,—while enough of what is peculiar to the City of the Sea remains unto the present day, to assist in their revival. The text of Shakspeare's play expressly plants us amongst a generation whose modes of life we know,—and Mr. Kean reproduces these modes, in honour of the text.—"In 'The Merchant of Venice,'" he says, "it has been my object, to combine with the poet's art a faithful representation of the picturesque city; to render it again palpable to the traveller who has actually gazed upon the seat of its departed glory; and, at the same time, to exhibit it to the student who has never visited this

—pleasant place of all festivity,  
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy."

The far-famed Place of St. Mark, with its ancient church, the Rialto and its bridge, the canals and gondolas, the historic columns, the Ducal Palace, and the Council Chamber, are successively presented to the spectator. Venice is re-peopled with the past, affording truth to the eye and reflection to the mind.—Accordingly, in this latest of Mr. Kean's great stage presentments, we are visibly in the city of the salt lagoons,—and the daily life of Venice flows along its tides and over its bridges. In the town whose streets are strips of the sea, men, on his stage, hail each other, in the dialogue of the piece, from their gondolas, as with us they would talk to each other from their cabriolets. The Place of St. Mark is filled with the many-coloured life of the south and of the east:—the nobles, citizens, merchants, and populace of Venice, and the strangers in her streets,—each engaged in such pursuit of business or of pleasure as is a comment on the place and on the period. Through its appropriate human and architectural accompaniments pours the procession of the Doge. The masquing groups constitute a scenic interpolation; but one which (introduced at the close of an act, where the text itself refers to the masquings as forthcoming) offers no interruption to the text, while it contributes strong local colour. And through all this throng and stir of a life intensely Venetian, walks, in his fitting relations and with the true back-ground, the great central figure of the mediæval Hebrew. Here, in this visible presentment of the island city, we have emphatically before us "the Jew whom Shakspeare drew:—the Jew who, in that middle-age time, haunted all communities, but mingled with none,—had his house in all the great marts of the world, but his home only in the far and desolate Jerusalem,—the Jew found everywhere, though everywhere solitary and a stranger,—but here, in his solitude and his strangeness, conforming to the peculiarities of that Venice wherein he is a merchant, and thrown into stronger Shakspeare-relief than ever till now on the stage by the accidents of locality with which Art has here surrounded him. Something of the heightening effect is conveyed at the Princess's which we fancy we might experience if we read "The Merchant of Venice" as we "swam in a gondola" on a Venetian canal. Since the famous episode scene in "King Richard II.,"—or before it,—there has been nothing like so successful an attempt to place on the stage the real life of a dramatic action:—and if Mr. Kean did really need an answer to the objections which have been urged against his illustrations of Shakspeare on the ground of their interference with the text, he has himself furnished it most emphatically and triumphantly by this final production of his illustrated series.

Under the sanction and safe guidance of the intelligent principle to which we have referred, no amount of illustration can, in fact, overlay the text of Shakspeare. They have very deficient reverence

for the poet, who imagine that the scene-painter can contend against him in a concurrence of expression. It might be so with meaner texts. That which we are not unwilling to see overlaid, it may be quite possible by profuse illustration to overlay. But, it should be observed, that, in the sense of these Kean illustrations—most entirely subordinated when they are most largely expressive—it is not common texts that can be illustrated. What is, of all things, most striking in these illustrations of Mr. Kean's is, the emphatic testimony which they bear to the poet's own marvellous power as a scene-painter. There is not any one of these pictures that is not, as we have said, a reflection of the bard's own immortal language. In the most elaborately picturesque of these presentments, Mr. Kean gives only what he finds. What page but Shakspeare's, for instance, could supply to the stage a scene like the episode scene in King Richard II.,—obtained for the scene-painter by the very closest rendering of the everlasting text? Mr. Kean, who himself speaks Shakspeare's great original language so well, is never more a worshipper than when he thus shows how marvellously that language will lend itself to translation. The reverent hand that hangs Art-garlands on the Shakspeare page, hides not with them so much as a letter of the undying inscription. The effect of these accessories of Mr. Kean's is, as it were, to point his text,—not supplement it. By their means, he does for the eye what a good reader does for the ear,—emphasises his theme. His illustrations are contributions to the clear reading out of what Shakspeare wrote.—Here, for instance, in "King Lear," Mr. Kean has elaborated his resources for the production of a stage storm such as never before shook the stage. Now, if the play in question is to be presented to the sense at all, it is clear that this stage war of the elements, whether more or less grandly imitated, is of the express prescription of the text. In the closet, the mind, left to herself, and sufficient to herself, will do her own work of interpretation,—and will hear the roar of the tempest through the everlasting verse. But the manager who tempts the student away from the closet to a sensible presentment of the drama, imperfectly replaces that which he disturbs if he cannot surround his auditor with hurricane.—How grandly, then, in the midst of Mr. Kean's stage storm, comes out the sublime egotism of the old man's great sorrow,—which identifies the passion of his own grief with the passion working in the nature around him, and arraigns the elements that are beating on his head as co-conspirators with the daughters who have struck against his heart!—So, with "The Merchant of Venice,"—as we have already said. In this last of Mr. Kean's Shakspeare revivals, the actual life of the city of the lagoons is produced with accessories which confer a wonderful vitality—not on the text itself, for there, as we have said, Mr. Kean found it—but on the stage reading of that text. The pictures painted by Messrs. Grieve and Telbin are of exceeding beauty as pictures; but their distinctive merit is, that, like everything else that helps them in the getting up of this piece, they are coloured by the genius of the place and time. The stage atmosphere is, we repeat, intensely Venetian,—and the merchant Jew of Venice is thrown out by it in a striking effect of *chiaroscuro*.

After what has incidentally transpired in the course of our examination into Mr. Kean's principles and methods of illustration, it is needless that we should dwell at further length on particular instances. It will be sufficient to say, that, in "King Lear," the Anglo-Saxon hall of state in which the aged monarch—surrounded by the picturesque incidents of his regal dignity, as constructed from existing delineations of the remote time supposed—enacts that strange, wild story of surrender and disinheritation, out of whose quaint circumstance as motive grows the wondrous and immortal drama,—the heath scenes, swept by the tempest through which the vexed spirit wanders, in the majesty of its grief,—and the coast views, with that cliff as a feature which poetry has consecrated into one of the famous peaks of the world,—and, in "The Merchant of Venice," the scenes already mentioned in St. Mark's Place and the Rialto Bridge, through which fluctuates the many-hued life of the city of the Adriatic,—with the Hall of Senators, set out for the trial on the bond,—the



Saloon of the Caskets in Portia's house at Belmont, filling with the trains of her princely suitors, restored by Mr. Charles Kean's version, from their stage banishment, to their places in Shakspeare's text,—and the avenue to the same house at Belmont, with the moonlight lying on the still lagoon, and the silence broken by lovers' whispers and "the touches of sweet harmony,"—all these are examples at once of the scene-painter's art in its best utterance, and of the manner in which that art is made ministrant at this house to the text of Shakspeare.—With the further remark, that we feel assured Shakspeare himself would have been well pleased to see the manner in which his matchless drama, in all these revivals, is expressed under the auspices of Mr. Charles Kean, we must bestow a few parting words on Mr. Kean's personal share as an actor in these latest two of his Shakspeare reproductions.

The first remark that we have to make on this subject,—and it certainly is a satisfaction to us that we can do so,—is, that we do not find in Mr. Kean's rendering of the Shakspeare meanings what some of our contemporaries profess to have found. We cannot agree, for instance, with one of them who discovers that Shakspeare has intended to paint King Lear as "a good-natured and rather stupid old man,"—or, that Mr. Kean so presents him. Neither is it our opinion, that in any part of his performance, it has been Mr. Kean's design to regard the character of the king "from an almost comic point of view." The "foolish, fond old man" of Shakspeare's text means a very different thing indeed to our apprehension from what this critic implies,—and so it does in Mr. Kean's rendering. Neither on any occasion when we have been present during Mr. Kean's performance of the part of Shylock, has he exhibited such an elaborate misapprehension of his author as is implied in the following bit of descriptive criticism:—"The suggestion that a surgeon ought to be in readiness to stop Antonio's wounds, coming as it does from the 'second Daniel,' puzzles him not a little. May such a provision be in the bond after all? He looks; he cannot find it, 'tis not in the bond,'—and confidence is restored."—As these criticisms come from an eminent quarter, it is right that we should inform any reader of ours who may, very reasonably, hereafter decline to see Mr. Kean, on their report, that he does no such thing. Shylock's search over the bond, in Mr. Kean's impersonation, is, our readers may take our assurance for it, the sneering and affected search that Shakspeare intended it to be. Mr. Kean makes no such mistakes as either of the above in his Shakspeare readings.

Mr. Charles Kean's conception of the great Shakspeare part of King Lear is clearly made out, and most emphatically pronounced. The besetting danger of the view which he takes is, that the emphasis may at particular points be too strong. While occasionally we, for ourselves, apprehend too great a strain on the leading string, yet it is undeniable that in his most violent expressions of the old man's moods, Mr. Kean is in harmony with his first and presiding intention,—and certain, that out of their strong colouring he gets an effect of contrast for some of the finest bits of psychological shading that the stage has to show. It seems to us that while, in this rendering of one of the most profound of all the Shakspeare conceptions of a moral nature in exceptional circumstances, Mr. Kean gives us grander revelations than any in his Hamlet,—he is, as regards the entire part, on the track of a study as perfect as his Hamlet now is, without having attained to the perfection. The key-note of Mr. Kean's reading of the part of Lear is struck in that very scene of disinheritance which has procured for the wayward monarch from certain critics the title of "a rather stupid old man." The passionate quality of the genial-hearted and fortune-spoilt old king has so overridden all the other parts of his nature, that his very egotism takes the character of a passion. Whatever chord in his heart is at the instant struck, rings passionately, and silences the suggestions of the rest. Hence it is, that, when a sudden blow is directed against his self-love, the very vibrations of a holier love, which are awakened at the same time, play in subjection to the chord that is master for the moment, and, under its influence, they actually contribute their part towards the infliction of the irrevocable wrong which becomes the great tragic motive of the piece. Out

of the key-note so struck, and so borrowing from chords more sacred than itself, grows the full diapason of the part. The wrong which love did to itself, makes a part of the pang which it suffers in view of the wrong done to it by others. The sense of outraged nature is in proportion to the passionate quality of the nature that has been outraged. The strength of the sentiment which had betrayed the hasty old man into weakness—as excess of light will induce momentary blindness—has in itself something sublime, which the word "stupid," as applied to its action, ill describes; and the strength and the weakness are alike portions of that mighty after-sorrow which the passionate spirit feeds till the mortal tenement is too narrow for its expiation, and it looks abroad to the nature without for its types and its exponents, and summons the universal elements as its witnesses and its avengers. The manner in which the wounded heart gradually loses the power, while it retains the habit, of self-reference,—in which the world within and the world without mingle their figures for the smitten brain,—in which the imaginative faculty that had enhanced the pang from the first, gilds it afterwards with illustrations,—while fragments of a wisdom most profound, and snatches of a kindness most affecting, turn up, amid the wreck of the mind, to testify to the wealth of its original freight,—all this constitutes one of the grandest mental pictures that the page of Shakspeare yields,—and was interpreted by Mr. Kean in a way that for the most part was of the highest art, and at points attained to the sublime in presentment. The growth of the sorrow, and the growth of the madness in which it ends, are alike psychologically explained in Mr. Kean's acting; while ever and anon, through an occasional break in the mental cloud, he gives us glimpses into the native gentleness of the spirit that had been overcast.—The nature of the old man, too, has become solemnized by its suffering. The grief which came at first, in conformity with his own quick instincts, like a sharp and intolerable sting, has sublimed into a great and regal sorrow, that sends the injured monarch out into the tempest, wearing it as his tragic crown. The old white-headed king talking with the storm, not shrinking beneath it,—or from out the visible shadow on his mind uttering oracular truth,—has put on the air and aspect of a prophet. The transitions, too, from the wilful passion that nourished itself, to the mental helplessness that played with straws, were most finely marked. So were the partial re-awakenings from this epilepsy of the mind,—and the limit shown to the re-awakening. We are made to see quite clearly, that no after-sunshine could ever again have lighted all the corners of that clouded heart.—If we were to hint objections, where we have so much for which we are thankful, we would warn Mr. Kean against the resort to emphasis of another kind than that to which we have already alluded,—emphasis in small matters, where it is not worth while,—over-elaboration of minute points, which his detractors will be sure to produce against him and his system.

A few words are all that we can afford to bestow on Mr. Kean's Shylock,—and, fortunately, a few words are sufficient. We have already shown, that the manner in which the play that includes this part is put on the stage, throws the particular Jew of the time and the place and the action into strongly prominent relief,—and of this prominence Mr. Kean marks all the points. If we had more space for expatiation than we have, we would yet refuse to follow the critics into the search after motives for the character of Shakspeare's Venetian Jew more subtle and recondite than the few and simple ones which, to our reading, are clearly expressed in Shakspeare's own text. The enmity of race, intensified by the enmity of commercial rivalry,—the first embittered by Antonio's scorn, and the last by his active and personal opposition,—are general motive enough. The two enmities in question, be it remembered, are passions in the breast of a mediæval Jew, by the circumstances of their birth. The enmity of race is in him the child of centuries of exile and persecution,—and the thirst after gold, which begets the other enmity, is the only outlet permitted to a heart which in all things else is shut up in the distant Jerusalem. Add to this, a strong idiosyncrasy, which none of Shakspeare's great characters want, working below the

surface to give subtlety to the malice, but surging up with the occasion to give energy to the revenge,—and we have the sufficient constituents, general and individual, of a character which Shakspeare has so modelled with his master-hand as actually to take away their air of improbability from the strange form and nature of the legendary action. To say, that Mr. Kean interprets Shakspeare clearly, and reads him emphatically,—letting all these springs of motive appear in their order, and powerfully exhibiting the jets of passion which they throw up, is to say that he is here master of his art. Perhaps in no Shakspeare reading of his has he marked this mastery more clearly, save only in his Hamlet,—where, the motive being more complex and obscure, and the reading more subtle and speculative, a finer apprehension is implied, though not a higher histrionic power.

The finished manner in which the by-play of this great drama is conducted at the Princess's Theatre, adds powerfully to the effect of the illusion. Of the numerous figures with which Mr. Kean fills his stage, none are dummies. In the Hall of Senators, for instance, the stage audience, in all their various groups, are visibly swayed, as they would be in real life, by the emotions that follow the fluctuating issue,—while Mrs. Kean, standing, as the disguised Portia, in the centre of a hall strikingly arranged both as picture and for dramatic effect, conducts, with admirable elocution and fine solemn emphasis, the magnificent moral argument, and the sharp legal one, on which the catastrophe hangs.—But Mrs. Kean's contributions to the perfection of this representation are of many kinds. The romance of the drama belonging to the tale of Portia and the caskets, which relieves and beautifies the darker portions of the piece, while it is so skilfully connected with them by the trial scene,—and the comedy scenes to which it leads, bringing the yet lighter mood of laughter into the earnestness of the romance,—each, in their turn and kind, develop a separate stage grace in this accomplished performer. All the various interests of the piece, in some shape or time, meet at Belmont,—and Mrs. Kean, in her easy mastery, meets each with the mood that befits it.—It would be unjust, in this enumeration of the points of the play, to overlook a very fine thing done by Mr. Ryder, as Bassanio. We allude to the manner in which he read, at Portia's request, the letter wherein Antonio announces the perilous predicament in which he stands. The thing was a novelty, so far as we know,—and made a separate point of its own.—In a word, never before, on the stage, were all the many Shakspeare meanings that crowd this marvellous play so clearly made out:—and, we repeat, Mr. Kean has contrived to exhibit this last production of his Shakspeare series as the crowning triumph of that series, and of his system.

It is now, we believe, eight years since Mr. Kean assumed, at the Princess's Theatre, that management of which the coming season is to see the close. The first part of that management was distinguished, our readers will not have forgotten, by an honourable attempt on his part to restore to the stage the legitimate drama through the original works of its modern cultivators. If the public refused to follow on the path by which then he led, the fault must lie at any other door rather than Mr. Kean's.—True to the mission which he had undertaken, he then determined to fight the battle of legitimacy by means of its highest expression; and, that he might do so with effect in a sophisticated time, he appealed in its cause to the other and more popular tastes of the day. The means were, these great illustrated Shakspeare revivals:—the result has been, the re-awakening of a Shakspeare taste in the play-going public. Out of this renewed allegiance to the legitimate Muse, let the modern playwright make his profit, if he have the genius.—To Mr. Kean himself the gain has been great. Contrary to the manner of his craft, but in the true spirit of his worship, he had the courage to sacrifice, as we have heretofore remarked, a portion of his own prominence. His reward is, that what he gave up in its meanness, comes back to him in its nobler form. He retires from his management at the Princess's Theatre incomparably the greatest actor of his later time,—and leaves to the traditions of his Art, besides his name as a great actor, his name in connection with one of the most striking chapters in the history of the modern English stage.



## OBITUARY.

RICHARD FORD, ESQ.

MANY of our readers, we feel assured, have shared our deep regret to hear of the death, on the first of last month, of this gentleman, whose name has been for many years associated with the world of Art in the metropolis. We abridge, from the columns of the *Times*, the following biographical notice.

Mr. Ford was born in Sloane Street, Chelsea, in 1796: his father, Sir Richard Ford, descended from an ancient Sussex family, was for a long time chief police magistrate of London, and in the year 1789, was elected member of Parliament for East Grinstead. Richard, his eldest son, was educated at Winchester, entered Trinity College, Oxford, and was called to the bar in Lincoln's Inn, yet without any intention of following the law as a profession. "The prospects of hereditary affluence enabled him to indulge in foreign travel, which extended over several years and the greater part of Europe. He began very early to develop his taste for the Fine Arts, and to lay the foundation of his choice library and his rich collection of drawings and engravings. In 1830, he visited Spain, where he passed several years, wintering in the south, and spending the summer in rambles over the provinces of the Peninsula—lands, at that time, rarely trodden by the tourist. A long residence in the Alhambra of Granada, and his winters at Seville, enabled him to digest the information acquired during his wanderings, and fixed the direction of those studies which were to employ his future leisure and adorn the literature of this country. On his return to England, after an absence of about three years, he settled in Devonshire, at Heavitree, near Exeter, where he built himself a charming residence, and surrounded it with gardens and terraces, which he adorned with graceful Moorish buildings, and planted with pines and cypresses from historic groves by the Xenil and Guadalquivir." Mr. Ford now became a tolerably regular contributor to the *Quarterly Review*, the subjects engaging his pen being generally those which related to the life, literature, and Art of Spain. In 1837, he published a small work, or rather a long pamphlet, full of powerful argument, entitled "An Historical Inquiry into the Unchangeable Character of a Spanish War." A year or two afterwards he went to Italy, passing the winter of 1839-40 at Rome, where he added largely to his Art-treasures, especially to his cabinet of majolica; the greater part of the latter collection was subsequently sold by Messrs. Christie and Manson; some of these gems found their way into the hands of the late Mr. Bernal.

At the request of his friend Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street, Mr. Ford undertook the task of writing the "Hand-book for Spain," a work of very considerable literary labour: it was published in two volumes, in 1845, and most deservedly met with a hearty welcome: the first edition, of two thousand copies, was sold within the year, though the price, thirty shillings, was considerable: the *Times* says truly, that it "has taken its place among the best books of travel, humour, and history, social, literary, political, and artistic, in the English language." A second edition, greatly abridged, and published in one volume, appeared in 1847; this also had a large sale: and another edition, as the first, in two volumes, was brought out in 1855. This was Mr. Ford's greatest literary work; but the various articles written by him for periodical publications, would, if collected together, swell into a voluminous and most valuable book.

In the Fine Arts his knowledge, his skill, and his judgment were remarkable. Had he not been an eminent writer, he might have achieved success as a painter. His portfolios were stored with admirable sketches of Spain and Italy; and these portfolios were always at the service of his literary and artistic friends. From his sketches were made some of the beautiful drawings by Mr. D. Roberts, so popular in the 'Landscape Annuals' of other days. His sketch-books have contributed to the embellishment of many various works, from Lockhart's 'Spanish Ballads,' to the *Illustrated News*. He was not only familiar with the masters of literature and Art, with Homer, Shakspeare, and Cervantes, with Raffaele and Velasquez, but he was at home in all the minor mysteries of connoisseurship." The

fine collection he formed of etchings and drawings, by Parmegiano, is now in the British Museum. His mansions at Heavitree and in Park Street contain numerous fine pictures, especially of the Spanish school, besides about sixty examples of Richard Wilson's pencil, inherited from Mr. Ford's mother, daughter of Mr. Booth, one of Wilson's chief patrons. His library is rich in literary and illustrated works; peculiarly so in the literature of Spain.

On the appointment of the "Royal Commission" with reference to the National Gallery, in 1856-7, he was nominated, with his own consent, one of the commissioners, but was compelled to withdraw his name, before the commission met, on account of impaired health: yet till towards the end of July last, he continued to mix in society, though frequently subject to attacks of illness. All who were intimately acquainted with Mr. Ford speak of him as a man whose tastes and accomplishments, large and generous sympathies, genial nature, and unassuming manners, rendered his friendship an object to be coveted, and his society most agreeable and instructive.

Mr. Ford was three times married; his first wife was the daughter of the late Earl of Essex; his second, daughter of the late Lord Cranston; and his third, a sister of the late Sir W. Molesworth.

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

YARMOUTH.—Some time last year we found occasion to advert to the condition of the Nelson column at Great Yarmouth; our comments and those of our contemporaries of the press have awakened the good people of Norfolk to a sense of what is due to their monument of the hero: the work of restoration is shortly to be commenced; it will cost about £700, we understand, of which nearly £500 have been already subscribed.

CAMBRIDGE, a great seat of learning, has not hitherto, with all its educational means and appliances, brought Art into its syllabus of instruction, either for "gown or town." At last, however, a meeting has taken place, at which it was unanimously agreed upon, "That it is desirable to establish a Cambridge School of Art." Of course this school is intended for the townspeople, and will have the assistance of the Government, like other similar institutions. We wonder if we shall ever live to see a professor of Fine Arts among the university dignitaries: Doctor of Painting or Sculpture surely sounds as euphonious as Doctor of Music, though not so suggestive of sweet notes; and why should not Cambridge and Oxford too have professors and members of the former as well as of the latter sciences?

LIVERPOOL.—The statue of the late Archdeacon Brooks, senior rector of Liverpool, has arrived from Rome, where it was sculptured by Mr. Spence, to whom the execution of the work was entrusted. It is to be placed in one of the niches in the large concert-room in St. George's Hall. The funds for the work were supplied by public subscription in the town of Liverpool.

LEEDS.—An attempt is being made, with little doubt of success, to open a Fine Arts gallery in this town, and to use for this purpose a portion of the magnificent town hall, which has recently been inaugurated by the Queen with such manifestations of loyalty and rejoicing. At a meeting of the Town Council, on the 30th of August, the following resolution was moved and adopted—"That the Council receive, on behalf of the town, works of Art, with a view to their being placed in the Town Hall; that the Council should make arrangements to preserve them from injury, and allow them to be seen by the public free of charge at suitable times; and that they should not permit them to be removed to any other building without the consent of the donors." The Council has already, we understand, received several offers of pictures for the proposed gallery.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—A meeting to inaugurate the opening of the fifth session of the School of Practical Art in this town, was held at the institution on the 2nd of last month, when an address was delivered by Mr. G. Wallis, and another by Mr. Buckley, head master of the school.

HEXHAM.—Alterations and repairs are taking place in the venerable abbey-church of Hexham. The Lady Chapel, which has been in a ruinous state for some time, is to be entirely removed; the present modern galleries are to be cleared away, and other changes made, that will in some degree restore the edifice in appearance and architectural character, to what it was many years ago.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE FOOT-BATH.

A. E. Plassan, Painter.

P. Pelée, Engraver.

Size of the picture, 10 in. by 7½ in.

A VERY few years ago the idea of an exhibition, in Loudon, of the works of living foreign painters would have been considered such an invasion of the privileges and rights of our own artists, as to justify, or at least to call forth, an expression of public disapprobation, on the ground that the craft of our countrymen was in danger. Yet during the last four or five seasons we have regularly had in the metropolis an exhibition of French Art; we have also seen two of German pictures, and two of Belgian, and all favourably received: still the demand for the productions of the English school has not diminished, nor, as it seems to us, has the influence of the foreign schools in the least degree affected our own style and character. There can scarcely be a doubt that some advantage would be gained by our own artists were they to imitate the careful drawing and refinement of manner which generally distinguish the works of the French painters in particular; yet we should regret to see the bold, vigorous, and natural style characteristic of the former, exchanged, absolutely, for whatever excellences are possessed by the latter.

In these exhibitions of French paintings, the highest departments of Art have invariably been but feebly represented: true, examples were seen of the works of Delaroche, Ingres, Ary Scheffer, Vernet, and other magnates of the Paris Academy; but, with a few exceptions only, these examples were not of an order to show the power of the respective artists, who appear to have lent their *names* to the exhibition rather than their *genius*: historical Art has been loth to cross the Channel which divides the two countries, and would not expose herself to the chilling influences of our English atmosphere. The pictures which, as a rule, have constituted the attraction and the strength of the gallery in Pall Mall, are small figure subjects, elegant in conception and exquisite in execution—boudoir pictures, fit only to hang in apartments whose owners "live delicately." The artists who excel in these productions "are the Molières and the Corneilles of their school; there is a grace in their conception which renders them always agreeable objects of contemplation; we mix with pleasure in their *causeries* and *coteries*, because their *réunions* are in the best taste of the dramatic masters whom they follow." This class of painters has appeared again within the last few years; they may be considered as disciples or followers—though at a long interval of time—of that to which belonged the old Dutch artists, Terburg, Metz, Mieris, and Gerard Douw; but the taste and refinement of the French artists far eclipse these qualities in the works of their foreign predecessors, an advantage gained by the superior grace and elegance of the models from which they work, and from the condition of society that characterises the two countries respectively, and the periods in which the painters lived: Art of this kind is but the reflected image of the customs and manners of the people among whom it has its existence.

Antoine Emile Plassan, the painter of "The Foot-bath," holds a conspicuous position among these French artists: he is a native of Bordeaux, and, in 1852, gained a medal from the *Académie des Beaux Arts* for *genre* painting. Since the establishment in London of the "French Exhibition," as it is popularly called, he has been a regular contributor to the gallery, usually sending three or four little "boudoir pictures," such as that here engraved; the titles of a few of these will show the class of subjects to which he devotes his pencil:—"The Concert;" "Lady and Lap-dog;" "A Young Girl purchasing Fruit;" "The First Whisper of Love;" "The Message," &c. &c. "The Foot-bath" was exhibited in 1854: like the other works of this artist, it is almost a marvel of delicate manipulation and high finish; the composition is very elegant, though the lady shows some small degree of affectedness in her attitude and action; this, however, can scarcely be considered a venial offence under the circumstances in which she is placed. Her *fille-de-chambre* is as graceful a representation as the mistress. The drawing of the figures is perfect.

It is in the collection at Buckingham Palace.





A.E. PLASSAN. PINXT

P. PELÉE. SCULPT

# THE FOOT-BATH.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION







# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XXXIX.—SIR DAVID WILKIE, R.A.



SOME time about the year 1792, a "wee sunny-haired bairn" was one of a number of boys at school in an obscure village in Scotland. "I mind him weel," said one, many years after, who knew the child at that period of his life, "and I mind his brithers too; but he was a quieter and kindlier lad than his elder brithers, and liked better to stand and look at his companions in their games than join in their play. I think I see him now standing smiling, with his hands in his pouches. Ay, but he liked best to lie *a grouse* on the ground, wi' his slate and pencil, making queer drawings." Such were the earliest indications of a love of Art in one destined to occupy a prominent niche in the temple dedicated to British painters, and to obtain a celebrity superior, perhaps, to that of any ancient or modern artist—so far, that is, as the world at large has been able, individually, to become acquainted with the respective productions of the various great painters of Europe.

The "wee sunny-haired bairn," as his schoolfellows called him, was David Wilkie, whose works have penetrated and found a home where the honoured name of Raffaele has never been heard;\* the admirers of the latter may be counted by hundreds; of the former by thousands, or tens of thousands:—so opposite are the conditions on which popularity rests; for who would think of classing these two together? yet each is great in himself.

Biographies of distinguished men are frequently written, and re-written, till the subject is almost, if not quite, exhausted. Allan Cunningham has done this for his friend and fellow-countryman, Wilkie; to Cunningham's volumes, therefore, we must refer those of our readers who desire to know the details of a history of which we can only offer an outline.

David Wilkie was born November 18, 1785, at the little village of Cult, near Cupar, Fifeshire, of which place his father was the minister—a good and

devout man, whose spiritual teachings "pointed to heaven," while his life and conduct "led the way." We have shown that at a very early age the boy who was then at school in the neighbouring village of Pitlessie, exhibited an ardent love of Art: his models were sometimes his schoolfellows, and his studio was the schoolroom; on other occasions he made—unknown, of course, to his excellent father—the church his studio, and some of the most striking figures of the congregation, intent on the minister's sermon, his models. His gatherings were universal, his school everywhere, and his studies indifferently the men and things around him; and even in the absence of fitting subjects he studied from himself.

Young David made but little progress in book-learning under the worthy dominie of Pitlessie, so at twelve years of age he was removed to the grammar-school of Kettle, but here also his preceptor was unable to keep him assiduously to his tasks: drawing was the only work in which he felt the slightest interest, and, after remaining eighteen months at Kettle, his father took him away, and consented to allow the boy, though most unwillingly, to follow his own course; the good minister was unable to see that a respectable livelihood could be gained by the pursuit of Art as a profession. In 1779 Wilkie left home for Edinburgh, taking with him some drawings and a letter of introduction from the Earl of Leven to Mr. Thompson, then secretary of the "Trustees Academy;" this gentleman, however, was not satisfied with the specimens the young artist placed before him, and at first refused to admit the applicant to the institution, but at the earnest request of the Earl of Leven he at length consented. At this time the school was under the direction of John Graham, from whose instructions Wilkie profited during four years: among his fellow-students were the late Sir W. Allan, Alexander Fraser, who is also dead, and Mr. John Burnet, the eminent engraver, who has often narrated to the writer anecdotes of Wilkie. Mr. Burnet says of him, with reference to this early period,—“In that sort of drawing in which taste and knowledge are united, he was far behind others who, without a tithe of his talent, stood in the same class. Though behind in skill, he, however, surpassed, and that from the first, all his companions in comprehending the character of whatever he was set to draw.” And Allan has recorded that the progress made by Wilkie when at Edinburgh "was marvellous. Everything he attempted indicated a knowledge far beyond his years; and he soon took up that position in Art which he maintained to the last. He was always on the look out for character; he frequented trystes, fairs, and market-places.”

The "Trustees School" was not an institution for education in the Fine Arts, but was rather a school of design for manufacturing purposes; but the head-master was accustomed to propose themes or subjects for painting to



Engraved by]

ALFRED IN THE NEATHERD'S COTTAGE.

[J. and C. P. Nicholls.

those pupils who were studying for higher branches of Art, and prizes were awarded to successful competitors: young Wilkie gained, in 1803, the tennegine premium for the best painting, the subject, "Calisto in the Bath of Diana;" it was sold after his death for £48 6s. In 1804 he left the academy and returned home; but before his departure he had made the sketches for his picture of the "Village Politicians." While at home he painted the first of those works by which he earned his great reputation, "Pitlessie Fair," a commission from a Scottish laird, Kinnear of Kinloch; it contains about one

hundred and forty figures, mostly portraits, many of which he sketched, it is said, at church, as he had no other way of procuring them; he received from his patron the sum of £25 for this picture. He painted also at this time several portraits, both large and small, and also the "Village Recruit," which he brought with him to London, where he arrived in 1805.

Unfriended and unknown in the great metropolis, he was compelled, as many other clever young artists have too often been, to the readiest and most simple means of disposing of his productions: the "Village Recruit" was exhibited for sale in the window of a frame-maker at Charing Cross, where it soon found a purchaser at the price of £6. Other pictures were disposed of through the same agency, and by these and other means he was enabled

\* The numerous engravings from the works of Wilkie amply justify these remarks; the most extensive and popular series is that published by Messrs. Virtue, under the title of "The Wilkie Gallery."



to maintain himself while pursuing his studies in the Royal Academy, into the schools of which he obtained admission soon after his arrival in London. Wilkie's first patron here was the late William Stodart, the well-known piano-forte manufacturer: and, singularly enough, Tomkinson, another musical-instrument maker, was one of Etty's earliest patrons, as we wrote in the biography of the artist two or three months ago. Stodart, who had married a lady of the name of Wilkie, but not, as we believe, a relative of the young artist, sat to him for his portrait, gave him a commission to paint two pictures for him, and introduced him to a valuable connection, which produced several sitters. Among those to whom Wilkie had been introduced by Stodart, was the Earl of Mansfield, who, when he saw the sketch of the "Village Politicians," requested that a picture might be painted from it. The artist demanded £15 as the price of the work, to which the earl only replied, "Consult your friends about this." The picture was finished, and exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1806, where it excited such universal admiration that Wilkie was advised not to part with it for less than 30 guineas. This sum he demanded of the earl, who paid it under protest; but the painter pleaded his lordship's advice in justification of his request: he had been offered £100 for it by two other persons respectively. This picture, which had its origin, it is said, in the "ale caup commentators," introduced by Macneil in his ballad of "Will

and Jean," excited no little curiosity among the connoisseurs of the metropolis and some animadversion among the artists, and especially the Academicians: Northcote designated it the "pauper style," and Fuseli, meeting young Wilkie, who was then only in his twenty-first year, said to him,—"Young man, that is a dangerous work. That picture will either prove the most happy or the most fortunate work of your life:" it turned out to be the latter, and determined the artist's future destiny. "Every painter of eminence"—thus we wrote soon after his death—"has had in early life a progressive period—a time when improvement was obvious in every successive work—the works of such time being feeble in comparison with those of matured experience; but Wilkie had no period of this kind—he never was a *promising young artist*, but came at once before the public a *master*, and an originator of a style." It is possible that Wilkie, while in Edinburgh, may have seen pictures by some of the Dutch painters, as Teniers, Ostade, and others of the same class, which may have fixed his purpose, though they never could have created it; his peculiarity was innate, as his first childish attempts at drawing testify: neither was he in any degree a copyist of those Dutch artists; in colour, in character, and in feeling, his pictures are truly original. People who call Wilkie the "Teniers of the English school," as we have heard some speak of him, show their ignorance of the merits and qualities that appertain to each. A few



Engraved by

THE RENT DAY.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

years after he had come up to London, namely, in 1814, Wilkie went over to Paris, accompanied by his friend Haydon, and in a journal of his visit he makes the following remarks upon the pictures of the Flemish and Dutch schools which are contained in the Louvre:—"I was particularly struck with those of Ostade and Terburg, the latter of whom has risen greatly in my estimation from what I have seen here. He possessed a most perfect style of coloring, and represents his objects with a manner of handling the most beautiful and least artificial of any I ever saw. I observed to-day that a number of pictures that did not strike at first, began to gain upon me exceedingly. The Ostades and the Rembrandts improve greatly; the Tenierses, and others in that style, rather lose." It is quite evident from these observations that Wilkie never had an idea of being an imitator of Teniers.

The "Village Politicians" was followed by the "Blind Fiddler," painted for Sir George Beaumont in 1806, was exhibited in 1807, and is now one of the British gems in our National Gallery. Sir George was not only one of Wilkie's earliest patrons, but proved to him a true friend and judicious counsellor till death separated them. Many of his letters, published in Cunningham's Life of Wilkie, contain much excellent advice, which young artists of any time, and especially of such a period as our own, would do wisely to study and accept. "ALFRED IN THE NEATHERD'S COTTAGE," engraved on

the preceding page, was also painted in 1806. The "RENT DAY," engraved on this page, was painted for the late Earl of Mulgrave in 1807, for the sum of 300 guineas. After the death of his lordship, the picture was, with others, offered for sale at Christie and Manson's, but was bought in by the earl's family at the price of 750 guineas. "The Card Players," painted for the late Duke of Gloucester, in 1808, and for which the artist received 50 guineas, was sold by the Duchess at a subsequent period to Mr. Bredel for 500 guineas. We mention these facts for the purpose of showing what insignificant sums Wilkie received for many of his best pictures, compared with the prices that artists now ask and receive for their works.

In 1809, Wilkie was elected Associate of the Royal Academy: he was then only twenty-four years of age, and had only exhibited four seasons. Two years afterwards he was chosen Academician. We doubt much if the annals of the Academy could produce a parallel case of honours so early, yet so worthily, won. In May, 1812, he opened an exhibition of all his pictures, twenty-nine in number, including sketches, from which he expected to derive considerable profit; but the expenses of the exhibition exceeded the receipts to some amount, so that though it added to his reputation it impoverished his purse.

It is quite impossible, in our allotted space, to enumerate all the pictures he painted of those subjects upon which his fame will ever most firmly rest.



A few of the more popular we can only point out:—"Blindman's Buff," painted in 1813, for the Prince Regent; "Distraint for Rent," in 1814, for the Directors of the British Institution; the "Breakfast," in 1816, for the Marquis of Stafford; the "Penny Wedding," in 1818, for the Prince Regent; in 1820, the "Reading of the Will," for the then King of Bavaria, from whom the artist received 450 guineas as its price: after the death of the monarch, it was purchased by his successor, Louis I., at the sum of 1000 guineas; it is now in the royal gallery at Schleissheim. In 1821, he completed the "Chelsea Pensioners," commenced, in 1817, for the Duke of Wellington.

From 1806 down to the year 1825, with but one or two exceptions, Wilkie contributed annually to the exhibitions of the Academy, then held in Somerset House; but, after the appearance of the "Chelsea Pensioners," very little was seen worthy of the honourable name attached to his works. He not only changed his subjects, but he changed his style of execution also. In his own peculiar manner he was without a rival; in that he adopted, after the year 1817 or 1818, he had many superiors. One of the most unfortunate of these works was the "Entrance of George IV. into Holyrood," a picture of which our opinion was expressed when the engraving from it appeared in the *Art-Journal*, among the "Royal Pictures." On the death of Sir Henry Raeburn, in 1803, Wilkie was appointed "Limner to the King in Scotland."

The death of his mother and of one of his brothers, in 1824, were terrible losses to the artist, whose own health was at this period in a very declining

state; it was deemed advisable that he should abstain from severe labours, and seek the benefits of change of air and scene. Accompanied by a friend and a relative, he set out, in the summer of 1825, for Paris; thence proceeded through Switzerland to Italy, where he remained eight months. He then visited many of the chief places in Germany where galleries of Art exist, and returned to Italy for another season. During this second visit to Italy his health began to revive, and he painted three pictures at Rome. From Italy he went through the south of France; entered Spain in October, 1827, and travelled to Madrid, where he painted the "Spanish Council of War" and the "MAID OF SARAGOSSA," and returned to England in the summer of the following year. In 1836, he received the honour of Knighthood from the hand of William IV.

But we must now approach the last scenes in the life of this inimitable and great artist. In the autumn of 1840 he set out, with his friend Mr. Woodburn, upon a tour to the East. The causes that led him to undertake the journey have been variously stated, but without any definite result. What they were is now of little moment; we only know that he left England never to return to it again. Having reached Constantinople, and painted a portrait of the young Sultan, Wilkie and his friend left the city, and proceeded, about the middle of January, 1841, to Smyrna, and thence to Jerusalem, which place they left again, April 17, on their route to Alexandria. He had not been very well for the preceding three months, and at Alexandria he complained of illness;



engraved by]

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

[J. and G. P. Nicholls.

still he was not prevented from commencing a portrait of Mehemet Ali, who desired to have one from his pencil. On the 21st of May, he embarked on board the *Oriental* steamer for England; arrived at Malta on the 26th, where he was attacked by fever, but not so severely as to excite uneasiness in the minds of his friends and fellow-passengers. However, the vessel had scarcely left the harbour when unfavourable symptoms were manifested; and, notwithstanding the efforts made by the medical attendants, he expired on the 1st of June, off Gibraltar, and on the evening of the same day his mortal remains were committed to the deep, to mingle with its ever-restless waters till the sea is commanded to "give up its dead."

There are very few of the multitudinous admirers of Wilkie who do not greatly lament the change in his style produced by his long residence on the continent. Had we known nothing but his later works, we might not have "loved them less" for their own merits; but, if weighed in the balance with those that preceded them, they must be pronounced "wanting." Yet in truth the pictures of the two periods ought not to be placed in comparison: comparisons can only properly be made between things that are more or less alike, and Wilkie's two styles are as dissimilar as if they were the productions of two different heads and hands. The principal characteristics of his latter works are effect of colour, and *chiaroscuro*, which, with breadth and facility, he appears to have now considered the proper objects of high Art, and an advance beyond the truth, simplicity, and character of his earlier works.

Writing, when in Spain, to a friend, he says, with reference to this new style,— "I have now, from the study of the old masters, adopted a bolder, and, I think, more effective style, and one result is *rapidity*." The Spanish and Dutch masters seem to have been his types rather than the Italian, for, although he talked of his imitations of Correggio, his colouring and effect are more after the manner of Velasquez and Rembrandt. "Though a whole storm of criticism was poured upon his new pictures," writes his biographer, Cunningham, "and his change of style, Wilkie endured it all with astonishing composure: he had made up his mind in the matter; he felt that if he continued to work in his usual laborious style of detail and finish, he would never achieve independence, nor add another sprig of laurel to his wreath; so he resolved on fresh fields and pastures new, in spite of the warnings of friends and the admonitions of critics." We entertain a very strong opinion, shared too, we believe, by nine-tenths of the painter's admirers, that the leaves which were first plucked for his wreath will long outlive those of a later date.

The high rank which Wilkie attained in his profession; the respect in which he was held as a man, and so truly merited; his upright mind; his straightforward honesty; his modest, yet moral courage; his enduring friendships; his patient and determined study; his appreciation of the beautiful; his honour of the true,—show how deserving he was of universal homage, and how talent and industry, when supported by such character as the son of the Scottish clergyman brought into his profession, must ultimately triumph.



## TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 9.—WILLIAM WOOLLETT.

ENGLISH landscape has ever shone pre-eminent in Art. Some portion of the success may be due to our insular situation, and even our proverbially "foggy clime" may aid in the aerial perspective so charmingly rendered by our native artists. The golden hues and ethereal distances of Cuyt are our only rivals; and this may be legitimately understood when we remember how like the climate of Holland is to our own. But engravers of landscape may claim unrivalled honour in their branch of art: by no other than those of the English school have landscapes been so truthfully and gracefully rendered; nor can a more successful plate be shown than that noble example of British Art, the "Niobe" of Richard Wilson, engraved by William Woollett.

The history of this plate, the first great work of the kind executed by an English artist, may be best told in the words of Boydell, who was Woollett's employer.\* Boydell was in the habit of trading for prints to France, the French printsellers obliging him to pay in cash, and taking none of the prints he published in return. "In the course of one year," says he, "I imported numerous impressions of Vernet's celebrated 'Storm,' so admirably engraved by Lerpinière: upon Mr. Woollett's expressing himself highly delighted with it, I was induced, knowing his ability as an engraver, to ask him if he thought he could produce a print of the same size, which I could send over, so that in future I could avoid payment in money, and prove to the French nation that an Englishman could produce a print of equal merit: upon which he immediately declared that he should like much to try. At this time the principal conversation among artists was upon Mr. Wilson's grand picture of 'Niobe,' which had just arrived from Rome. I therefore immediately applied to his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, and procured permission for Woollett to engrave it." At this time Boydell was anything but rich, and hired but half a shop for the sale of prints; he therefore had to deal prudently, and on inquiring from the engraver the probable cost of the plate, after some consideration he said he thought he could engrave it for 100 guineas. "This sum," says Boydell, "small as it may now appear, was to me an unheard-of price, being considerably more than I had given for any copper-plate." But on reflection he bade him set to work, and advanced him sums of money,—for at this time the great engraver was in serious difficulties, struggling for a living with a wife and family in an upper room in a small court in Castle Street, Leicester Fields. Nearly the whole sum contracted for was drawn and spent before the plate was half finished, and Boydell advanced another £25. He saw the engraver's ability, his earnest labour, his poor home; but he was also a struggling printseller, and he felt they were both getting beyond their depth. He therefore came to an understanding with Woollett for another final £25; the plate was finished, and the print published for five shillings. "It succeeded," Boydell said, "so much beyond my expectations, that I immediately employed Mr. Woollett upon another engraving from another picture by Wilson; and I am now thoroughly convinced that had I continued publishing subjects of this description, my fortune would have increased tenfold."

Woollett's fame was now well established, and so was the fortune of Boydell, who ultimately became Lord Mayor of London. The inscription on his tomb records—"As a printseller he caused such productions to become a source of commercial benefit to his country, and of such profit to himself as to enable him to afford unexampled encouragement to the English school of historic painting." Woollett afterwards engraved Wilson's "Phæton,"

\* The venerable alderman related the tale to J. T. Smith, who published it in the appendix to his *Life of Nollekens*.

"Celadon and Amelia," "Ceyx and Aleyone," and other fine works, which justify Smith's eucumium, who says,—"The palm for landscape engraving must be given to Woollett, whose birth was humble, and his life most honourably enviable." And he elsewhere adds:—"Our three most eminent engravers have never been equalled in any part of the globe, though William Woollett's master, Tinney, was so insignificant an artist, that Strutt, in his *Biographical Dictionary*, has not thought proper to give the least account of him; Sir Robert Strange's

completion of the 'plate, but his equally eminent successor, William Sharp, finished the work as we now see it. Woollett is described by Smith as "a little man;" he died at the somewhat early age of fifty. He was buried in the churchyard at Old St. Pancras, where a plain tombstone marks the spot, upon which is sculptured the following inscription.—"William Woollett, Engraver to His Majesty, was born at Maidstone, in Kent, upon the 16th of August, 1735. He died on the 23rd, and was interred in this place on the 28th day of May, 1785.

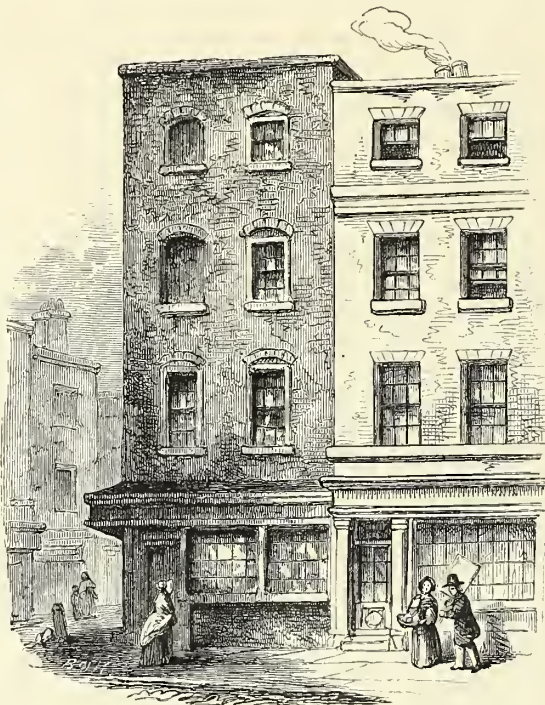
Elizabeth Woollett, widow of the above, died December 15, 1819. Aged 73 years." In this crowded place of sepulture the tomb is not easy to find, without due direction. It stands beside the chancel, on the north side. The graveyard is thick with monuments, and has always been a favourite place of interment with Catholics, from the fact of its being one of the oldest religious foundations in Middlesex; as well as from the tradition that it was the last in which mass was celebrated in England. Woollett is not the only name connected with the Arts in this place. Ravenet, the engraver, Scheemakers, the sculptor, and Samuel Cooper, the celebrated miniature painter, are all buried here.

Some admirers of the eminent engraver, wishing to see a more important memorial to his memory than this at St. Pancras, subscribed for a public monument, and placed it rather strangely in the west cloisters of Westminster Abbey. It was executed by Banks, the Royal Academician, and is inscribed simply with the date of Woollett's birth and death, and the epithet "Incisor Excellentissimus" beneath the bust. A more ambitious labour is below: it is an attempt at allegory, fortunately explained in plain English, and represents "the genius of Engraving handing down to posterity the works of Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, whilst Fame is distributing them to the four quarters of the globe." It is a glorious example of the "art of sinking in poetry." Woollett is at work engraving from a picture before him, but he is surrounded with so many nudities on all sides, that he is lost in the crowd of "allegoricals." The sculptor appears to have had his misgivings as to its being understood by the ordinary spectator, and has luckily left a key to the whole in our vernacular; the Latin term, which tells of his ability, would do as well for an eminent surgeon. The whole thing is a ludicrous mistake. The rude gravestone of St. Pancras is a more sensible work: the one is a simple record, the other a pretensions failure.

Woollett's earnest and laborious life passed quietly in his own workroom. Engravers have less of "incident" in their career than any other class of artists. Few persons know the continuous labour, sometimes of a most wearisome and monotonous kind, that must be unsparingly given for months together to a large copper-plate in its preliminary stages. Human patience, in its supreme perfection, is necessary for the task. The amateur who glories over the exquisite prints in his portfolio, scarcely thinks of the wearisome application of years necessary to complete his valued gems. Less healthy than prison-labour, the engraver prosecutes his art, "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd," in his studio, and pores over his plate, until health, and sometimes eyesight, is a total wreck. His crown is often one of martyrdom. The Arts exact their victims as well as other professions. Woollett lost one-third of the life allotted to man. If the connoisseur thought of the artist as well as of the artist's work, and gave one glance at the events of his career, he would discover the sunshine that delights him in the picture, was often produced amid the clouds and darkness of a chequered life.

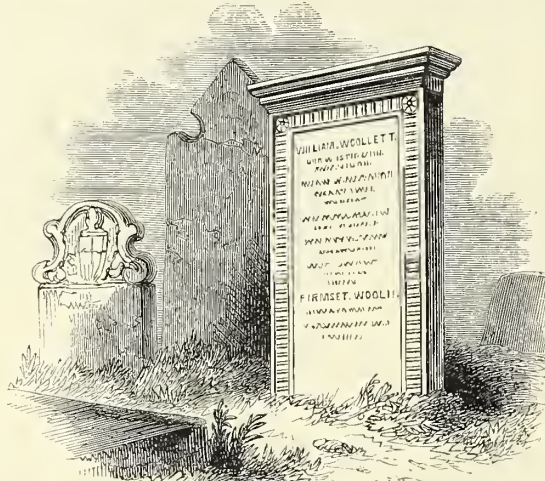
The two plates by Woollett which have received the highest commendation of foreign amateurs, are "The Death of General Wolfe," and "The Battle of La Hogue," from the pictures by Benjamin West: these works have never been surpassed by any engraver. His best portraits are those of George III., after Ramsay, and of Rubens, after Van Dyck.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



WOOLLETT'S HOUSE.

tutor was Cooper, an obscure engraver in Scotland; and William Sharp was originally an engraver of the letters upon pewter-pots, dog-collars, door-plates, visiting-cards, &c.; and he assured me that the only difference he ever had with William Byrne, the landscape engraver, was respecting the quantity of door-plates they had engraved,—Sharp insisting upon his claim to the greatest number by some hundreds." What would a modern engraver say to this?



WOOLLETT'S TOMB.

Woollett resided for many years in the house No. 11, Green Street, Leicester Square. It is the first house from the corner one in Castle Street. Both have undergone alterations since our sketch was taken, and Woollett's house is now a curiosity shop. It is traditionally said that he was in the habit of firing a cannon from the roof of this house whenever he completed an important engraving. The last engraving he worked upon was "The Landing of King Charles the Second," after the picture by Benjamin West, P.R.A. His death prevented the



## THE STEREOSCOPE AND ITS IMPROVEMENTS.

MR. G. C. COOKE'S STEREOSCOPE, MR. CLAUDET'S STEREOMONOSCOPE, AND M. D'ALMEIDA'S NEW STEREOSCOPIC APPARATUS.

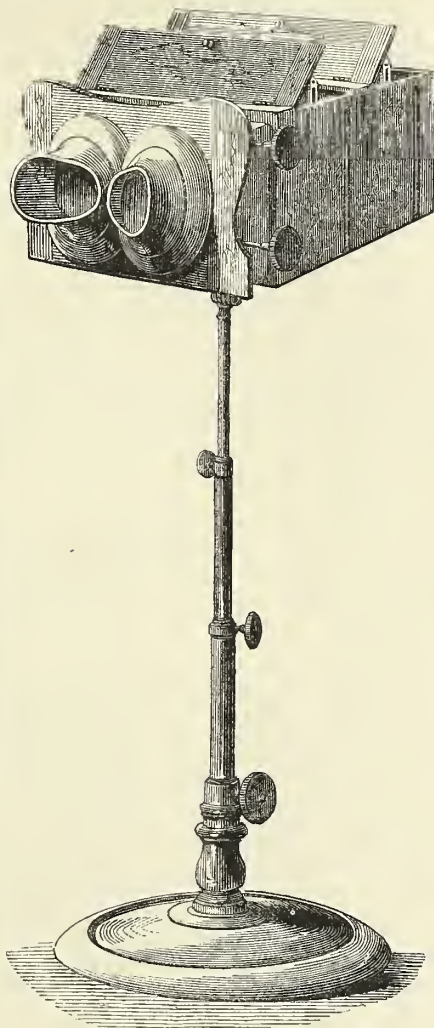
It would be a psychological inquiry of much interest, to ascertain the principles by which we are led to receive pleasurable impressions from the contemplation of the productions of the mimetic arts. From the earliest childhood, up to the very evening of life, we delight in representations of nature. This feeling is not confined to any one class—it is not a peculiarity of any favoured nation; the peasant and the peer, the highly cultivated and the uncivilized man, enjoys, each in his own way, copies of those things with which he has been familiar. This peculiar faculty of the mind is manifest in every human being, but it varies greatly in its character, and yet more widely in its degree, according to the education of the individual—according, indeed, to the circumstances by which he has been surrounded.

The extraordinary popularity of the stereoscope—especially that form of the instrument which we owe to Sir David Brewster—is a foreible illustration of this. We look upon a photographic picture of—it may be—an avenue of trees, or a chasm in an Alpine country, and we express pleasure at the perfection of the detail and general beauty of the picture: we place either of those pictures in the stereoscope, and our expressions of pleasure are exalted into bursts of delight. The distance, the shadows, the visible hollows, the truth—the almost more than truth—of the *solid* picture which we see, appears to give us a new pleasure. We are charmed with a work of Art presented to us on a plain surface; but if, by the trick of Art, we are led to imagine that we look upon a figure of three dimensions, our pleasure is increased. How often have we heard the exclamation, “The figure seems to stand out of the picture!” and this has been, by the uneducated admirer, regarded as the very perfection of artistic effort. Realizing this, as we do, in the highest degree, in a good stereoscope, with a truly executed stereoscopic picture; it is not surprising that the little instrument—which originated in researches for an explanation into the phenomena of single vision with a pair of eyes—should have become so suddenly popular, and so long retained its popularity.

That constant attempts should be made to add to the facilities of our enjoyment in the use of the stereoscope, is not to be wondered at. We have stereoscopes produced for a shilling, which, to some extent, have brought the pleasures of them home to the poor; and we have these instruments fitted with all the appliances and ornamentation which give it a place amidst the luxuries of the wealthy. Tastes of every order are catered to—very bad taste, indeed, in many cases;—and the production of these instruments and pictures has generated for hundreds of hands new forms of industry. We have described in previous numbers of the *Art-Journal* the ordinary forms of the stereoscope; we have endeavoured to render clear the principles upon which the stereoscopic effects depend; and we have already referred to some of the modifications which have been more recently introduced. Our attention has lately been called to a new form of the instrument, which has been patented by Mr. George Colleton Cooke, and is manufactured by NEGRETTE and ZAMBRA, of Cornhill, who have in many ways been valuable contributors to the art. Several of their admirable publications we shall ere long bring under review.

This instrument possesses advantages over every modification which we have yet exa-

mined. The improvements made by Mr. Cooke are several, and we must endeavour to render them as intelligible as possible to our readers. Ordinarily, the stereoscopic lenses are placed in cylindrical tubes, without any arrangement by which the eyes are left to view the picture undisturbed by the lateral rays which naturally fall upon them. Mr. Cooke applies to his stereoscope conical or pyramidal, or trumpet-mouthed tubes for the eye-pieces, as shown in the accompanying woodcut; by this arrangement the eyes are protected, the field of



view is increased, and larger lenses than usual can be employed: therefore, less in impediment or obstruction than heretofore is offered to the rays emanating from the picture, and the eye of the observer is enabled to range more freely over the field of view. One difficulty has constantly presented itself in the use of the ordinary lenticular stereoscope. Whatever may be the conditions of vision, whether the observer had “long or short sight,” the same lenses were used, and frequently the pictures were very imperfectly seen; and we are convinced that in many cases the stereoscopic effect was never *seen* at all—imagination, to some extent, supplying the deficiencies of the eyes or the instrument.

In the new form of stereoscope we have the adaptation to the eye-pieces of additional moveable lenses, adapted to different kinds of sight, for the purpose of assisting the observer in viewing the pictures. These lenses are either meniscus, concave, plano-convex, or double-convex, as may be required; and they are adapted to the instrument in such a manner that they are moved into and out of use by means of small levers projecting through the sides of the box, as shown in the drawing. If thought desirable, these lenses may be coloured, or coloured glass may be similarly adapted to

the instrument, so as to throw any particular tint or colour over the picture when viewing the same. By this arrangement the snowy appearances of some photographs are removed, and many charming effects may be produced—the golden glow of a meridian or of a tropical sun, may be cast over the landscape, the roseate tints of a summer evening may be imitated, or we may look upon the grey valleys and the purple hills of the gloaming of the autumn. Beyond this, such an arrangement presents to the philosopher the means of studying some of the laws of natural coloration in a manner—as it appears to us—far more satisfactorily than with the coloured spectacles of Wollaston or Herschel. These lenses or glasses, in Mr. Cooke's stereoscope, may either be placed immediately below the eye-pieces, as would be most desirable for persons having short or defective sight, or they may be placed about half way between the picture and the eye-pieces, as would be best if it be desired to magnify the picture. If magnifying lenses of short focal distance are employed, and placed immediately under the ordinary lenses, then the picture must be brought nearer to the eye, for which purpose, a shelf or ledge, upon which the picture is placed, is adapted to the inside of the instrument. This arrangement is shown at the opening nearest the eye-pieces. In addition to this there is the adaptation, immediately above the space occupied by the picture, of a double “*passe-partout*” or frame, for the purpose of preserving uniformity of size in the pictures, as well as to prevent any light from being reflected from their margin and confusing the eye.

The arrangements which have been described open for the stereoscope a new epoch: the instrument is rendered effective for every pair of eyes, and all the adjustments are of the most simple kind, so that any person can at once readily obtain the conditions best suited to his circumstances of vision. The screen, or as the inventor calls it, the “*passe-partout*,” is a very ingenious and a most important introduction. With it in the stereoscope you look absolutely into a dark chamber, and see, in all the beauty of light and shadow, the picture you desire to see, and that alone,—there is no intrusion of pieces of lateral images upon the stereoscopic one. The power of magnifying the picture is another improvement; and looking at the ordinary picture, and at it when magnified, the difference is such as can scarcely be understood unless it is seen. In one case we looked upon a champagne country, beautiful in all the effects of distance, but bounded by a band of indistinct hills; in the other, every tree put forth additional clusters of leaves, and the remote hills were developed in all their characteristic details. In one example a temple of Thebes was seen, and we were pleased with the truthful representation of ancient Egypt; while in the other we realized—which we had never done before—the colossal grandeur of those temples which were designed as emblems of eternal power, and to subdue the minds of the worshippers by the awful vastness of their sculptured columns. Hieroglyphics, which were but dimly seen in the smaller pictures, came forth distinctly in the larger one, and it required but small effort of the imagination to feel that you looked upon the actual ruin of a fane in which a Pharaoh had prayed to the mighty and mysterious Isis. For portraits, there is in this instrument a novelty,—instead of looking on a miniature of our friends, there they are, in size and in solidity, before us.

After a most careful examination of all the conditions of Mr. Cooke's stereoscope, we are bound to state that it is by far the greatest improvement which has been made in this most interesting instrument.

Mr. Claudet and M. D'Almeida have been working in another direction. With the ordinary



form of stereoscope, but one person at a time can view the picture. They have been endeavouring to render it visible to many. Mr. Claudet's ideas are best communicated in his own words:—

"I found that the images produced separately by the various points of the whole aperture of an object-glass are visible only when the refracted rays are falling on the ground glass of the camera-obscura in a line nearly coinciding with the optic axes, so that when both eyes are equally distant from the centre of the ground glass, each eye perceives only the image refracted in an oblique direction on that surface from the opposite side of the object-glass. Consequently each side of an object-glass, in proportion to its aperture, giving a different perspective of a solid placed before it, the result is an illusion of relief as conspicuous as when looking naturally at the objects themselves. From the consideration of these singular facts, unnoticed before, I was led to think that it would be possible to construct a new stereoscope in which, looking with both eyes at once on a ground glass at the point of coalescence of the two images of a stereoscopic slide, each refracted by a separate lens, we could see it on that surface in the same relief which is produced by the common stereoscope."

The *Stereomonoscope* is, in fact, a camera-obscura supplied with two lenses, each mounted on a sliding frame, in order to be able to give them, according to the focal distance, the horizontal separation necessary for producing on the ground glass the coalescence of the images of the two sides of a slide placed before the camera. The slide being cut in two parts, the two images can also, moving in a groove, be separated in a horizontal direction, until they are sufficiently apart to be refracted on the ground glass by the two lenses in the most oblique direction consistent with the production of a well-defined image; for it is to the increased degree of obliquity of the refracted rays in falling on the ground glass that is due the more effective extinction, or evanescence, of the image for the eye, whose axis consequently deviates in a greater degree from the line of refraction.

M. D'Almeida proposes to obtain such a disposition as shall render the stereoscopic images visible at the distance of many feet, and that the illusion of relief shall be perceived from different points of the apartment in which the experiment may be tried. By means of a lens he projects upon a screen the image of two ordinary stereoscopic pictures. The projected images are brought together, but they are not superposed line upon line—this is impossible, for the pictures are not identical. The two images form upon the screen a confusion (*enchevêtrement*) of lines; it becomes necessary, therefore, that one image only should be offered to each eye. To effect this, M. D'Almeida places in the path of the rays two coloured glasses, the colours employed being complimentary—thus one is a green glass, and the other is a red one. By this means the projected images on the screen are rendered, one green and the other red. If we then place before the eyes coloured glasses of the same tint, parallel to these, the green image is shown only to the eye covered with a green glass, and the red image to the eye covered with the red glass, and thus stereoscopic relief is obtained.

Motion has been employed by M. D'Almeida to produce the same result, with uncoloured images. A similar arrangement of the lens and pictures to the preceding is adopted, except that a perforated card is placed before each stereoscopic picture, and these cards can be made to revolve with rapidity,—this motion being produced by an electro-magnetic apparatus,—the picture falling on the screen only when the light passes through the perforation:

a similar arrangement is placed in front of the observer, moved, indeed, by the same apparatus at the same rate. It will be understood that the perforations are so adjusted that *the two images do not fall on the screen at exactly the same time*. With great rapidity, first one and then the other picture becomes visible; and when the motion is sufficiently rapid, the individual placed behind the second system of perforated cards sees the picture with all the effects of stereoscopic relief.

We have no doubt but, from the suggestions furnished by these very ingenious arrangements, we shall in a short time be called on to view stereoscopic exhibitions. R. HUNT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

### THE OBELISK AS A FEATURE OF BRITISH ART.

SIR,—At the last meeting but one of the Architects' Institute, the Rev. Mr. Burgess read a most interesting paper on Obelisks, especially alluding to those re-erected in Rome; and in its course strongly advocated the adoption of the obelisk in Britain, as one form of monumental record. The subject caused so much interest, that the discussion was continued on the following meeting; at the commencement of which a communication on the subject from Sir Gardner Wilkinson was read, which is quoted in the August number of the *Art-Journal*; and to some points of which I should be glad of a little space in your columns to advert.

Sir Gardner says,—“But it may be asked what idea we associate with an obelisk, and what is our plea for adopting it as a monument? We have no feeling, no association connected with an obelisk. The Egyptians *had* a reason for its invention and employment.”

Now, to start in *limine*, a pyramid is a scarped small mountain, and an obelisk is a splinter of rock fashioned on four sides; and it is possible that both these were originally images or emblems adopted from hill-worship. However this may be, as regards *our* use of the obelisk, we have its prototype in many places *around our own isles*, among which, the “Needles,” in the Isle of Wight, are perhaps the best known, although by no means the most perfect examples. Such natural forms in many places, approaching very near to the obelisks in shape, are to be found indeed in many places in the world, and I believe that very nearly, if not the exact prototype, in small, of the Egyptian obelisk is to be found among the natural crystals. Perhaps, therefore, of all forms adopted by Art, the obelisk is the one that is thus the most common heritage of man. This is one plea for adopting the obelisk; and two ideas we may associate with the obelisk are, those of Elegance and Endurance. There are obelisks yet standing, which we have reason to suppose, have held their position for not less than 3000 years, and this forms another plea for adopting it as a monumental record.

Sir Gardner proceeds to object that the point of the “pyramidion,” or angular summit of the obelisk, has been deformed in some examples in Rome, by the adjuncts of crosses, rays, and various other conceits, and that they have been placed on incongruous bases. This is, however, only an objection applied to these inharmonious adjuncts, and has no just relation to the employment of the obelisk itself, free of these additions. As regards, indeed, the additions of any finial to the obelisk, Mr. Burgess expresses himself very clearly that he greatly objects to it; in which opinion, I, for one, beg thoroughly to join, as I conceive that any adjunct of this kind injures the character of the obelisk, and destroys its *upwardness*. Also, as Sir Gardner remarks, “that when we have treated it we have erred in depressing the apex.” This again is a perfectly just observation as regards defects in rendering the obelisk, but contains no argument against this feature justly treated.

Sir Gardner further says that the Egyptians “employed the obelisk as a contrast to the long horizontal lines of the cornice of their temples; and two obelisks were placed for this purpose in front of the towers of their propylæa;”—that is, these were associated in a twin treatment on these occasions; but this, I appre-

hend, contains no more argument against their being treated otherwise on other occasions than such as would argue that because the dome and the spire are occasionally treated double, that they should not sometimes be single; or that because some statues stand in niches, that none ought to be allowed to have their places singly on a pedestal.

I confess, if I may venture to say so, that it appears to me the whole argument to which this has reference, is swayed by an archaeological feeling that the obelisk wholly belongs to the Egyptians, and that we have no right to it. Now this is an obstruction which, if it had been entertained at the time of Pericles, we should have had no Parthenon, for the Parthenon has columns as well as the temples of Egypt. It is an obstruction of a nature also directly in the path of the progress of Art. The Greeks, however, although I believe they did use single columns, did not adopt the obelisk; if they did I hold that they would no doubt have improved it, as they did the columns which they adopted from those of Egypt. But as it is, the Egyptians seem to have carried the natural type of the “splinter of rock” but a short way in Art; and, as far as I have been as yet able to learn, its problem remains to this day in the unfinished state in which it was left by the Pharaohs. Would Sir Gardner Wilkinson desire to interpose his authority in the path of the working out of one of the most interesting problems which perhaps remain to the architects of the present day to solve, viz., the perfecting of this feature by means of a compensatory curvilinear treatment, analogous to that by which the Greeks improved the, in some degree, similar feature of the column? As, however, by the kind invitation of the Royal Institute of British Architects, I, on two late occasions, entered pretty fully into my views on this subject, I may be excused from further detailing them here.

As regards, however, in a general view, the use of the obelisk, as a separate monumental record, I would draw attention to this point, that, although in several of the Egyptian examples they were directly associated with buildings, they were never joined to them, nor were they ever features of support, which columns were and are; and yet columns were used separate and isolated, as I understand, even by the Greeks. *A fortiori*, therefore, obelisks seem more naturally appropriate in the latter situation. Also obelisks were used as features of record; Hieroglyphics being incised over their surface, they thus became, as it were, open books of vast endurance. In the case of the adoption of an obelisk monolith of large size in this country, in memory of any subject worthy of the record, I would likewise suggest a similar employment of its whole surface, that is, not in hieroglyphics of course, but in inscription in our own language and time, which, in my belief, might, by proper treatment, be so incised as to enrich the surfaces with an arrangement of letters which would be perfectly legible even at the top, however high the obelisk might be.

My view is, that the question should be regarded, if possible, freed from archaeological trammels; that we should consider the types of obelisk form which nature affords us in our own country; that examples of the treatment of the obelisk by the Egyptians and other nations (for its use, even in old times, was not confined to Egypt) should of course be consulted, and their effects, good or insufficient, tested; and that improvements should be thoroughly tried and tested according to the best rules of Art, especially those which have bequeathed to us the columns of the Parthenon: and further, that in case such a feature of record be required, it be a British obelisk of British granite. In regard to this last point, I understand that our isles will afford such of dimensions as large as, or larger than, any of those which were hewn of old time from the quarries of Egypt. JOHN BELL.

### ARSENIC IN PAPER-HANGINGS.

SIR,—I must beg of you to pardon the liberty I am taking, in addressing you on the subject of one of your articles in the number for this month. I refer to that on “Arsenic in Paper Hangings,” signed “Robert Hunt;” in which that gentleman has alluded to my name in a disparaging, and, in what appears to me, a somewhat unfair manner.

Mr. Hunt says—“Dr. Halley states some experiment instituted by him to determine the question of the volatilization of arsenic from paper, but these



are sufficiently in error, as the following quotation will prove, to destroy his evidence as an authority on the subject:—"The air of the room was next carefully tested (by means of sheets of paper soaked in a solution of the ammonio-nitrate of silver, a very delicate test of arsenic), and distinct crystals of arsenious acid were obtained." Mr. Hunt adds—"Now, every chemist knows that the ammonio-nitrate of silver test is the so-called Hume's test for arsenic, and that had arsenic been present, Dr. Halley would not have obtained crystals of arsenious acid, which are white, but the yellow diarsenite of silver." Now, sir, the above objections to my statement can be plausible only with those unacquainted with the subject. In replying, on the spur of the moment, to Mr. Fletcher's letter in the columns of an unprofessional journal, I did not enter into every step of an analysis of a purely chemical nature, but gave the result of the experiments, indicating the key, however, to the means employed for obtaining those results, in order that any other chemist, curious in the matter, might, if he so pleased, repeat my experiments, of course filling up the blanks left in the process—not for a moment conceiving it possible that any person, with scientific pretensions, could construe my words as Mr. Hunt has done. The obtaining of arsenious acid crystals was a positive and conclusive result—the fact—terminating the whole experiment, the commencement of which was, the suspension in my room of sheets of paper soaked in the solution of ammonio-nitrate of silver; the merest tyro in chemistry is perfectly aware that arsenious acid crystals could not be obtained direct in such a case.

But now, if you will allow me, I will state further, that my experiments were most carefully performed and repeated; that, throughout, I had the advantage of the kind and able assistance of Mr. Williams, of New Cavendish Street, W., a gentleman professionally engaged in chemical manufacture on a wholesale scale; the tests used were all prepared by him, and he most kindly undertook much of the minutiae of the analyses. Neither Mr. Williams nor myself expected the result obtained; and at the conclusion of the experiments the test-tubes, to the naked eye, gave no distinct result, until, on being submitted to the microscope, the unmistakable crystals of arsenious acid, numerous and well-defined, were evident.

I can only explain the failure of other gentlemen who have tried the experiments, to which Mr. Hunt alludes, by supposing either that the process was not continued long enough to obtain a result, or that, from the very minute character of the resulting crystals, they may have been overlooked—or that from some papers the arsenic is more readily given off, in what manner or form I am not prepared to affirm; but I have no hesitation in reasserting the facts contained in my letter to the *Times*, of the 11th of January last, the only statement I have made on the subject.

ALEXANDER HALLEY, M.D.

7, Harley Street, August 23, 1858.

SIR,—I have read, with all care, Dr. Halley's letter, and I am unable to put any other construction upon the passage quoted from his communication to the *Times* than that which I have given. If Dr. Halley detected arsenious acid on paper soaked in a solution of the ammonio-nitrate of silver, I must confess I do not understand it.\*

ROBERT HUNT.

\* Since the above was written, the following report has come to hand. The new offices of the Inland Revenue Department being hung with the green arsenical papers, Mr. Phillips, the chemist to the board, was directed to investigate the subject. Mr. Phillips has made his report, and from it I beg you will allow me to make the following quotations:—"Ammonio-nitrate of silver is a test of arsenious acid, but not in the manner which Dr. Halley seems to suppose, as it does not cause the deposition of crystals of arsenious acid (which are colourless), but produces a bright yellow precipitate of arsenite of silver, provided the amount of ammonia present in the test be very exactly proportioned to that of the nitrate of silver. If such be not the case, no precipitate is produced. These particulars are mentioned, because Dr. Halley appears not to have resorted to any other test, but to have concluded merely from the appearance of the crystals formed on his test paper, and without analyzing them, that they must be those in question." The conclusions arrived at by Mr. Phillips, after a series of careful experiments, were as follows:—

"1st. That even when a small bulk of air is allowed to remain for a considerable time in contact with a large surface of arsenical paper, and that, too, at a temperature of 80° Fahr., not the slightest trace of arsenical acid is diffused in the air. Still less might the air of an ordinary room, which occupies a large space in proportion to the surface of the walls, and which is constantly changed by ventilation, be expected to become contaminated by the poison.

"2nd. That the products of the combustion of gas do not facilitate the liberation of arsenious acid from the surface of green paper.

"3rd. That arsenious acid is not volatilized from the surface of paper, except at temperatures too high for human endurance."

R. H.

#### PICTURE JOBBERY IN AUSTRALIA.

SIR,—As a subscriber to the *Art-Journal* from its commencement, and one truly thankful to see your vigorous and persevering efforts to expose and decry all that is false and unsound in Art, and thus save many *quasi*-patrons both their credit and their money, permit me to relate to you the inglorious termination of an "Art-Union" scheme in the city of Melbourne.

Public attention was recently invited by an attractive advertisement setting forth the merits of a wonderful "Tintoretto," price £600; a "Doust," at £200; a "Goodall," at £400; a "Williams," at £150; a "Blind Fiddler," by Roberts, at £150, &c., in all, I believe, ten pictures, whose value was estimated at £1600. The advertisement also contained the names of several influential gentlemen, who appeared to have lent themselves to the scheme unwittingly; these were appointed as a committee of management, and to superintend the drawing. There were 1600 shares at £1 ls., thus making the whole 1,600 guineas. These paintings were exhibited, in an indifferent light, in an auction room. I went to see them, and perceived at a glance the almost utter worthlessness of the whole collection. They were in gorgeous frames, but the pictures were not even tolerable copies. The "Tintoretto" (£600!) was execrable. The "Goodall" (his "Village Festival") was a most miserable copy. The "Blind Fiddler," said to be by Roberts, but really about as bad an imitation of Wilkie's picture as I ever saw. The "Doust," a marine subject, was below the average of furniture pictures; and there was a large gaudy "Fruit-piece," and a Welsh view by "Williams," which, so far as I could see the picture, was the only genuine painting of them all. This appeared to be really a good picture. I think I may safely say of the whole, this last excepted, they were not worth the frames that enclosed them.

After being exhibited for several days, and regularly advertised, a short letter appeared in the leading journal, the *Argus*, throwing some doubts on the genuineness of these paintings, and signed "Sceptic." Another letter quickly followed by "Sceptic 2." Then a relative of Goodall's wrote, to testify he had seen his cousin at work on the original, and that this was not the picture he had seen in England. This was replied to by a friend of the proprietor of the "scheme," who altogether evaded the question of the genuineness of the "Goodall," and spoke largely of the merits of the other works. Then came testimonies to the real value of the paintings from other gentlemen, competent to give them; among these, Mr. Clarke, a landscape painter here of considerable ability. The other side attempted some replies, when the *Argus* gave forth a telling article and a criticism on each painting, and this, I am happy to say, has extinguished the "scheme." From to-day's *Argus* I extract the "dying speeches," which I send you.

My object in forwarding these particulars to you, is, that you may notice (either by printing this letter, or otherwise) the failure of this daring attempt to foist very bad copies on the public here, in order that its promoters may receive from the unsuspecting no less a sum than one thousand six hundred guineas in return. You may thus prevent the recurrence of similar attempts, and so, indirectly, encourage the few artists we have among us, who must have been sorely disquieted to see such prices affixed to vile works, while their own meritorious productions are passed by for the supposed picture of some famous name at home.

J. G. MEDLAND.

The Parsonage, Williamstown, Victoria,  
July 12, 1858.

[We received by the same mail that brought this letter, another from a personal friend of our own, who is an artist resident at Melbourne, giving us full particulars of this most nefarious scheme, which we rejoice to know is nipped in the bud. Happily our labours to expose dishonest picture-dealing have extended to other lands than our own; and although instances of imposition are still seen at home,—the recent St. Paul's Churchyard job, for example,—both here and elsewhere there are those able and ready to expose the cheats.—ED. A.-J.]

#### THE DRAWING MASTER.

SIR,—To draw with respectable accuracy has now become an important feature in several examinations required for the public service; but until certain reforms have been set afoot, the drawing-master will remain, as he has always been—the obscure individual, the forgotten one, the Pill Garlick of his profession: his boots will still remain cracked, and his coat and hat as seedy as ever; in short, many of them must remain in the mire until they are helped out of it. "But who is to do that?" inquires the public, and answer says, "His own profession." Most professions have earnestly sifted their

own members, especially in obliging them to pass examinations of proficiency; the result of which is, that higher rank is obtained, and its sequence—better pay. It is true that the Arts have been considered open professions, and more is the pity. A man may have a taste for Art, and none for the desk he was destined for; but it ought not to follow that he is fit to instruct. And I beg to maintain that if the spirits of the profession had guided the drawing master, he would not only have occupied his chair in as dignified a manner as university men, but he would have received what his due is—a remuneration equal to his services.

Now let us inquire into the drawing master's real position—what he has to teach, and how he is paid. Every public school in England has its drawing master, but he certainly is not in reality "on the staff;" his name is there to be sure, but his pocket is not, except, probably, in the very wealthy foundations, where "cash is no object." The salaries were all distributed, ages ago, to professors of Latin and Greek, and to this day the drawing-master pays himself by the extraction of a fee from every scholar. This is a gross and scandalous injustice to our public schools; they were intended by their noble founders to be gratuitous, but in those days many branches of learning, now absolutely necessary, did not exist in any shape, and no provision was ever made for them. We may include masters of foreign languages, who, although better provided for, are still in the same rank with the drawing master. Now, most public schools are quite wealthy enough to pay all their professors; and not only that, but to support them in the same respectability as any other master.

In many public schools drawing has been taught in a remarkably useless way; it has been looked upon only as a recreation to the scholars, something for a wet half-holiday; and in many schools yet, drawing is not looked upon as any branch of learning, and is taught and practised only in leisure time and half-holidays; then they copy lithographs, and call that learning to draw. Surely drawing has a higher meaning; is there no science in architecture or fortification? Is perspective nothing? On the contrary, these three subjects alone are exceedingly difficult, and contain the real science of drawing. The first step required is time to teach drawing,—one day, or at least four hours in the week, to every boy in the school. Now until this point is gained, and drawing considered as a branch of public education, the master will never be properly paid, unless he is paying himself by the extraction of very high fees. Until, also, he has obtained a *status* by passing an examination, he will not stand in that rank which he ought to have; a good drawing-master ought to be a good mathematician, or he can never understand the above subjects thoroughly; and when some ordeal is established, and none employed unless they have been taught professionally, so long will the drawing-master remain in his anomalous condition.

I cannot say how this is to be done; the Royal Academy is the head of the profession, but whether their function extend into the educational parts of it I do not know, or whether the subject is too low or too high: it seems to me worthy of attention. They might find it not an ignoble subject to endow a few professional chairs, with any small amount, for their deserving students; but the examination and discipline would have to be special. The Law Society and the College of Surgeons do not consider it *infra dig.* to look after the members of their profession; why should not the Royal Academy pay some attention to theirs? They would gain mightily in popularity, and, I may add, in legitimate power; but the matter is public, and any of our artistic societies may lend a fostering hand to it. Of one thing they may be certain, the general support of the profession, and the gratitude of the drawing master.

I was, sir, educated at a public school, learned Art in a Royal Academy, and am a drawing master in a public grammar school, and you have here twenty years' experience slightly sketched. If the drawing master's position is ever improved I shall not see it, for I am too old; but of this I am confident, that if drawing is to be made a part of education, or a knowledge of Art given to the youths of the middle class, it will do more service than all the schools of design in the world. To appreciate Art, you must give a knowledge of it; to give a knowledge of it, time must be allowed to the student; and that time may very well be spared from the mass of cumbrous learning stuffed into our youth. Much that they read is worthless, has no practical use whatever; and in most cases, happily for them, the books are closed when they leave school, never to be opened again.

R. W.

September 14, 1858.



## WILLIAM PITT.

THE annals of the British empire present no two more illustrious names among our statesmen than those of the Earl of Chatham and his son William Pitt. Men differ, and always will differ, as to the wisdom of the policy which, at the various epochs of their career, the father and son pursued; yet few deny them the merit of devoted patriotism, great powers of oratory, and the highest official qualifications. We have in our time two statesmen, the Earl of Derby and Lord Stanley, whose career furnishes a somewhat parallel case to that of Chatham and Pitt—except in this point, that Chatham died before his son entered Parliament; now we have father and son occupying the highest posts in the Government.

William Pitt, second son of the Earl of Chatham, was born at Hayes, near Bromley, in Kent, on the 28th of May, 1759. At the age of fourteen he was sent to Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, where he pursued his studies under the direction of Dr. Prettyman, who afterwards took the name of Tomline, and became Bishop of Winchester, and the biographer of his illustrious pupil. After leaving Cambridge, Pitt entered himself at Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1780, intending to follow the law as a profession; but after going the western circuit once or twice, he was returned to Parliament for the nomination borough of Appleby, through the interest of the patron, Sir James Lowther, afterwards Earl of Lonsdale. The law courts were now exchanged for the more enlarged arena of public exhibition—the floor of the House of Commons, where his first parliamentary essay as an orator is said to have astonished the members by its eloquence and powerful reasoning: he at once took his place as a debater by the side of Burke, Fox, Sheridan, and the other great statesmen who at that time were the leaders of the two great senatorial parties in the lower house.

That the genius of Pitt was equal to the onerous duties devolving upon him, the history of his administration abundantly testifies: for nearly seventeen years he directed the affairs of the state at a most important and critical period: his master-mind successfully combated his opponents at home, and erected a barrier of opposition against English democratic, and French revolutionary, principles: he was literally "the pilot that weathered the storm" which agitated Europe, keeping the nations in continual alarm, and jeopardizing the thrones of their sovereigns. It has been regretted, by some who have written the history of the country during Pitt's administration, that the outbreak of the French Revolution, not very long before he came into power, should have transformed him from a peace-minister into a war-minister; these writers suppose that if circumstances had permitted him to devote his administrative talents to the internal economy of England and her colonies, and if his political rivals had not goaded him into opposing measures he had once supported, neither the country nor its dependencies would have been compelled to wait the passing of those beneficial legislative enactments which succeeding ministries have carried forward, and which we have lived to see. It was well, however, for England, that she had at the helm of affairs one who was able to direct the vessel of the state safely through the most terrible years of the revolutionary tempest on the Continent.

Pitt died on the 23rd of January, 1806: his death, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven, is attributed to the anxieties of mind, and the ceaseless strain, upon a constitution naturally not strong, which he had undergone almost from his youth: it is also said to have been hastened by the successes of the French revolutionary armies in the latter part of the year 1805, against the European coalition which he had formed to oppose them: the battle of Austerlitz, fought December 2, 1805, between the French and the Austro-Russian armies, dissolved the allied confederacy for a time.

Mr. Baily's statue of Pitt has recently been placed among those of other distinguished statesmen in the corridor of the House of Commons: the figure has a commanding, but not agreeable presence: moreover, the costume of the period is anything but sculptural, though it assists the spectator in realising the individual.

## SKETCHING SOCIETIES.

THE publication, by Mr. Hogarth, some time since, of a set of plates from drawings by "The Sketching Society," has occasioned among amateurs and patrons some curiosity as to the constitution of this society, of which so little is known beyond the professional sphere of Art. In years gone by, and at various intervals, we remember to have seen reminiscences of this society in turning over some teeming folio at the Graphic, or the Artists' Conversazione, or elsewhere; perhaps when on some special occasion a sketcher may have exhibited instances of his own quality. But these works are generally overlooked in mixed collections: of some of them respectively we have heard it said by a discriminating public, that it was "too rough"—"too smooth"—"perhaps his earliest attempt"—"very hard"—"very soft"—"Leslie! nonsense, he never saw it"—"by Stanfield! a vile forgery," &c. And hence "The Sketching Society," after an existence of just half a century, has in nowise impressed the public mind; because their utterances are the "high jinks" of Art, for the relish of which some practice in the same arena is necessary. When any of these slight, but characteristic and very masterly productions are publicly seen, it is not generally known—and perhaps if it were it would be but little heeded—that they are the result of a two hours' *sederunt*—a brief discussion of some pleasant topic—a charade limited to one scene, wherein each actor interprets the proposition according to his own fancy. But slight as are these works, we are struck at once—as well in recent essays, as in those of antecedent periods—by the pleasantness of Leslie, the sentiment of Uwins, the satire of Chalon—constitutionally a sketcher—the descriptive counterpoint of Stanfield; in short, by these inalienable characteristics of all the circle which, in the first conception as in the finished work, are bone of their bone, spirit of their spirit. An Art-devotee, for his full and entire gratification, need not have an iron constitution, but he must be a person of certain stamina, for he must see everything, and consent to the sacrifice of being considerably undone by exhibitions at the end of the season. We have fallen on an epoch of exhibitions; when we escape for a short time from their turmoil, we are either thinking on those that are past, or preparing for those that are to come: never was human life more purely and simply a study of colour and effect. But these sketches—they are not of a character appreciable in the glare of what the public know as an "exhibition": they may be dry and learned, or they may be extravagantly hilarious, but they must shrink oppressed by the impertinent hues and curious finish which an inexorable public now demand in works of Art; and thus the reputation of the society has extended but little beyond professional circles.

The idea of the first sketching club of which any certain account is extant, originated with three artists, Francis Stephens and the two Chalons, on Twelfth-day, 1808, for the study of epic and pastoral design. The number of the members was limited to eight; and even so the society, with the supply of the incidental vacancies of so long a term of years, has continued until the present time. In this the original society, the sketches become the property of the artist at whose house the meeting takes place, so that each in rotation becomes the possessor of a set of drawings, and thus in time an extensive collection is formed. So well stocked indeed are the folios of the members, that, on a recent occasion at one of the Hampstead *conversations*, a selection of them entirely covered the walls of the assembly room. The following interesting minute stands in the record of the transactions of the society, under date Jan. 7, 1842:—"Subject, by command of her Majesty the Queen, 'Desire,' members present, J. J. Chalon, A. E. Chalon, S. J. Stump, T. Uwins, C. Stanfield, J. Partridge, and J. Cristall. President E. R. Leslie absent through indisposition."

A subject having been proposed by the president for the night, the members then assembled were meditating on the various modes of treating it, when Partridge, arriving from Windsor, brought an envelope sealed with the arms of the Queen and Prince Albert, inclosing a command from her Majesty, written by herself, and now fixed in the society's book, that

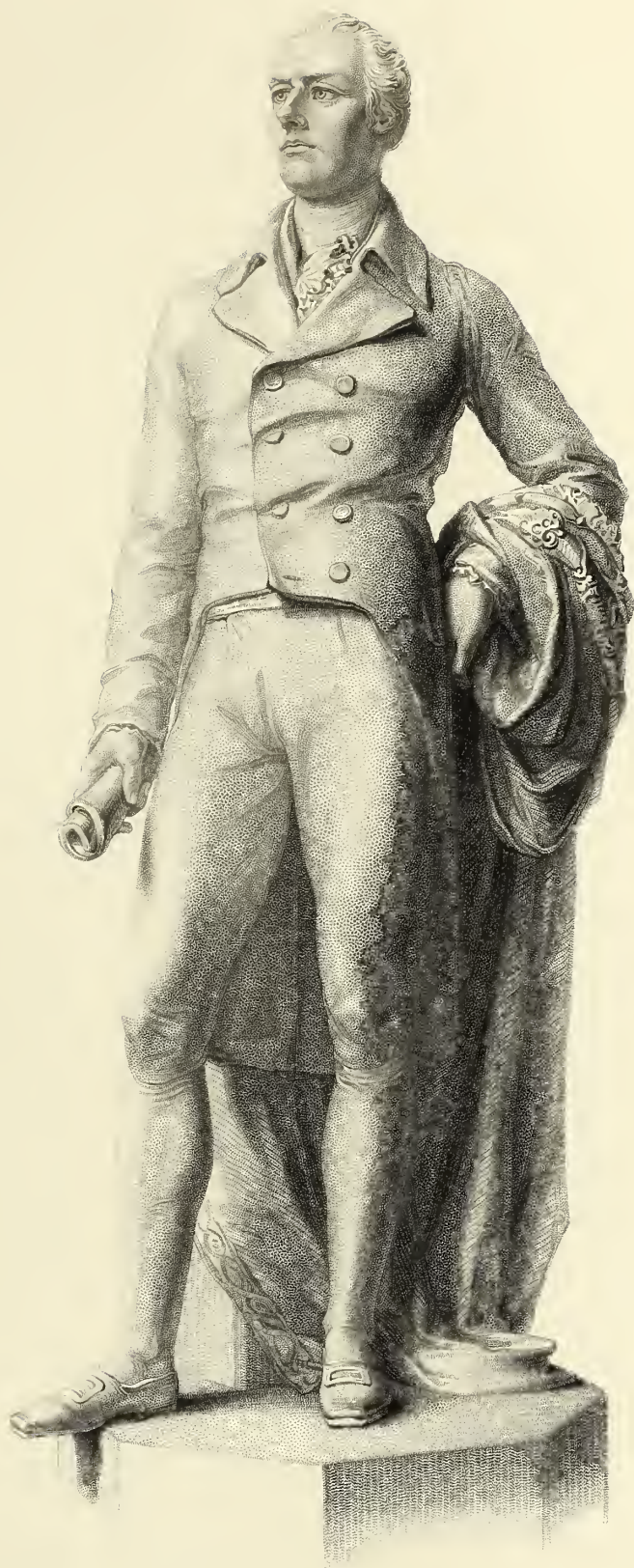
the subject of the evening should be 'Desire.' It may be supposed that her Majesty's autograph occasioned no small excitement in the little society, and it will be believed that each member taxed his powers to the utmost in acknowledgment of the regal compliment. On the occasion of the next meeting the Queen again honoured the society by proposing the word "Elevation" as a subject, and all the sketches were sent to the palace the next morning by ten o'clock for her Majesty's inspection. The interest felt by the Queen in this society was further evinced in the expression of a desire to purchase a drawing from each of the members; but as the society had a rule which they were unwilling to infringe, which interdicted the sale of these works, they resolved unanimously to request her Majesty's acceptance of a set to be selected by herself from the folios of the club; which the Queen was graciously pleased to do, expressing in most flattering terms her admiration of the talents of the artists, and her sense of the pleasure afforded her by their valuable presents. The subjects proposed by the members among themselves frequently does not extend beyond a single word, as "Elevation," A. E. Chalon; "Rachel weeping for her Children," J. J. Chalon; "Cupid and Psyche," T. Uwins; "Scene in Switzerland," S. J. Stump; "Daughters of Minus," J. Cristall; "Desire," C. Stanfield; "Ophelia," C. K. Leslie; "Curiosity," J. Partridge; and "An imitation of Berghem," was a subject proposed by Sir E. Landseer on an occasion when he was a visitor. As the time allowed for these sketches was so short, it will be understood that they could not be highly finished; indeed, they are remarkable for freedom of execution, whence many of them derive properties which they would inevitably lose in a detailed realization.

It is now many years since the institution of the Friday night sketching meetings, held by the Artists' Society at Langham Chambers. These meetings were first appointed at the old rooms of the society in Clipstone Street, where for a long series of years the society night by night set their life-model, alternately nude and draped; and to the facilities afforded by that society, many men who now enjoy a proud distinction in their profession are indebted for much of their proficiency in their art.

The Sketching Club, of which we describe the constitution above, has been the model on which many others have been formed; but the evening's practice is generally limited to water-colour, whereas at Langham Chambers the appliances and means admit of sketching in oil, water-colour, or charcoal. The "sketching" season, that is, the term during which these weekly assemblies take place for ideal composition, is what may be called the winter half year; but the "sketching" season, so called, generally is that period of the year when landscape painters proceed to the country in search of subject-matter. From week to week the subjects—for there are two—are set forth on a black board, one of the themes interpretable in figure, and the other in landscape, composition. The model rises at eight, and at eight commences the two hours' sitting with the service of tea and coffee by Wall (*nomen mirabile!*) for the suggestion of Quince, the carpenter, has been acted on these thirty years, there is always "a Wall in the great chamber." The subjects proposed are generally limited to one word; they might be "Temptation" for figure composition, and "The Hill-side" for landscape essay. At the expiration of the two hours the sketches are exhibited; and marvellous is the variety of resource, conception, and treatment shown in the drawings produced in one brief passage of two hours. Even in this short space some of the oil sketches are finished with a brilliancy, and even a sharpness, almost emulative of repeated paintings; and some of the water-colour drawings are signalized by the utmost beauty of the material and masterly skill. One version of "Temptation" may be a desultory incident from the highways and hyways of our mighty Babylon; the point may be an handkerchief peeping from the pocket of an elderly city clerk standing at a print-shop window. Here the sore trial is of an urchin, who eyes an apple fallen from a fruit-stall; there also the temptation is in an apple, lured on a tree, where—

"Grows the cure of all, a fruit divine,  
Fair to the eye, inviting to the taste,  
Of virtue to make wise; what hinders then  
To reach, and feed at once both body and mind?"





WILLIAM PITT

ENGRAVED BY W. MOORE FROM THE STATUE BY P. MACDOWELL R.A.







Another is a story of a canine mendicant, whose ribs make proclamation of his poverty, and having, like Robson's *Medæa*, "no whereabouts;"—another is from the fifth act of *Othello*;—another from the fifth scene of the first act of *Macbeth*; others from the fourth chapter of *St. Luke*, and others in diverse *genres*, satirical, and sentimental. Then there is the landscape, which, in one essay, is interpreted as lake and mountain under a sunny sky; another conception is the snow drift and the lost sheep; another takes us to Wales, with an introduction to

"Cadwallader and all his goats;"

and many others are as cloudy as Cox or as bright as Turner, yet nowhere lose they sight of the hill-side, be it mossy, rocky, grassy, ferny, or heathy. "And to what good end is all this sketching, the public sees nothing of it?" observes the dry utilitarian; to whom we reply, that the public sees it everywhere, as from the school at Langham Chambers (for a school it is—a right worshipful academy) have arisen many of those illustrators who are continually busied in scattering their starry fancies on the pages of our worthiest literature; to assist dull and leathern intelligences to an understanding of our poetic wealth; or afford drowsy inquirers personal introduction to historical celebrities; or suggest to them the importance of the most notable foregone events of our annals. All our practicable literature is now profusely illustrated, and wood engraving, in its modern excellence, is a British art, and we have maintained our superiority in it over all other schools. Nothing can surpass the sweetness of the landscape illustrations of our poets, more especially those who have sung the "lesser things," bucolics, pastorals, the scenic condition, or what you will, of our rural state—Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith—all those whose endeared verse is never absent from our memory, while we are obliged to recall the terms in which sublimer themes are treated. Something remarkable in illustration has always been rising among us since the time of Hogarth, though his essays were socially satirical; and he did little towards historical or *genre* illustration. But there was the Boydell Shakspeare, with all its errant mannerism of costume and expression; the Fuseli Milton, with its Rhodian drawing, making the lower moiety of its figures by far the better half, yet with many ideas worthy of Milton, but emphatically "Fuselized." Then there was Stothard, who lived all his life in that equalized temperature with which he has surrounded all his creatures: the gentle Stothard, who clad his angels in doublet and smallethos, and gave wings to his earthly creations; yet most penetrating is the sentiment of many of his conceptions, and overpowering their impressive eloquence. Then there was Turner, behind whom marched a host of earnest labourers. We mention the few men that everybody knows, though our progress has also received impetus from a whole galaxy of minor artists; and now there are in the field many who have season after season sketched at Langham Chambers: and we may well remark here that the artist who in two hours can produce a picture in oil or water-colour, is among the most accomplished of his vocation. These "sketches" are not "*esquisses*" in the French sense, nor "*skizzen*" in the German, but pictures and drawings, of which many are finished sufficiently even for engraving. For our information relative to the elder sketching society, we are indebted to a recent number of the *Brighton Gazette*.

While writing of this senior sketching club we ought to mention that it is a private institution, which has rigidly adhered to its rule of limitation and strict exclusiveness, but to the sketching meetings of the school invitations are liberally sent forth and visitors are welcomed; at the conclusion of the sitting, when the various performances are exhibited, that of the facile draughtsman and habitual sketcher stands prominently forth. During the last season there were appointed periodical meetings, at which finished pictures were brought forward, and upon these occasions were seen many productions of a character that would do honour to any exhibition, and which became subsequently works of mark in the respective collections to which they were sent; and the friendly criticism which is at these assemblies interchanged on all hands is of the utmost value to those who leave nothing undone to improve their pictures.

## THE PROVINCIAL EXHIBITIONS.

### LIVERPOOL ACADEMY.

THE Exhibition of the Liverpool Academy opened for the thirty-fourth season on the 6th of September, so that the two rival Art-societies are soliciting at the same time the suffrages of the townsfolk: two opposing hosts are in the field; not, however, as we trust, with the intention of destroying each other—but, it may be hoped, after a little show of fight, and a few passages at arms, to unite once more, and move forward together in harmony, and with mutual good feeling.

We have not received any direct intelligence of what is contained in the exhibition, and therefore can only report what we have heard incidentally. The Pre-Raffaellites, we are told, muster in great force to support, as they were bound to do, a cause which has carried schism into the ranks of the Liverpool artists and patrons; while the council, true to its doctrinal creed, has again awarded the prize to one of its champions, but not by any means one of the most doughty: Mr. F. MADOX BROWNE is the fortunate winner of the laurel wreath, valued at fifty guineas, for his picture of "Chaucer reading the Legend of Custance to Edward III.;" he bears it away, too, from such competitors as Mr. HOLMAN HUNT, who exhibits "Rienzi vowing Vengeance over the Body of his dying Brother;" from the "Autumn Leaves" of Mr. MILLAIS; "The Bluidy Tryste" of Mr. J. NOEL PATON; from Mr. ROSETTI, who contributes "A Christmas Carol," "Dante's Dream," and "The Wedding of St. George;" from Mr. CAMPBELL's "Trudging Homeward;" and from half a score other artists who are travelling the same road, but at long intervals of distance. Surely such a gathering of the productions of our Art-reformers must prove most attractive to their disciples, whether in faith or in practice, or both.

This is all the information we are able at present to give of what is to be seen this year in the Liverpool Academy: we may, possibly, next month, be in a position to report more fully upon the exhibition.

### LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

THIS institution—which, as our readers have been already informed, has been called into existence by the dissatisfaction felt by the community of Liverpool who take an interest in Art-matters with the proceedings of the Liverpool Academy—opened its first exhibition on the 11th of last month, in the Queen's Hall, Bold Street, under most favourable auspices. Upon the causes which have led to the disruption of the artists of this place it is not our intention again to comment: we can only express our regret, as we have before done, that the Academy should have placed itself in a position—one which we find by its recent proceedings it still pertinaciously adheres to—that left the opponents of its policy no other alternative than to separate themselves; and, to judge by the long array of influential names which appear as supporters of the new society, the course taken by the latter body has met with very general approval. Whether or not Liverpool can maintain two such institutions time alone must determine.

The exhibition contains upwards of 850 works of Art of all kinds: some few important pictures, such as Mr. DOBSON's 'Alms-deeds of Dorcas,' lent by the Queen, and of which an engraving is being executed for the *Art-Journal*, as one of the "Royal Pictures." Mdlle. ROSA BONHEUR's 'Horse Fair,' Sir E. LANDSEER's 'Maid and the Magpie,' STANFIELD's 'Castle of Ischia,' F. GOODALL's 'Cranmer taken to the Tower,' &c., have been lent to the society for exhibition; and many of the works hung on the walls have already appeared in the galleries of the metropolis; this, however, is invariably the case with provincial exhibitions. In arranging the gallery, the council, or committee, or whoever had this duty to perform, has divided the gallery into alphabetical districts, a ground plan of which precedes the catalogue, with the letters of reference. The names of the contributors are given alphabetically in the catalogue, and all their works in the exhibition are "catalogued" together, though in various parts of the gallery. The object sought to be effected by this plan is to assist the visitor in studying "the various works of the same artist, the individualities of artists, and the styles of schools

of Art." The plan, certainly, is novel, but we have great doubts of its utility, for few visitors, we apprehend, will take the trouble to go about from one part of the room to another, for the sake of seeing what other pictures A. or B. may have, besides the one that first attracted their attention: we confess it does not seem to us an improvement, but rather the contrary, on the plan adopted by the Royal Academy and other metropolitan Art-societies, except that the visitor is spared the trouble of turning to the end of the catalogue if he desires to know the number of works of any one artist, and where he may find them.

Among the principal works enrolled in the catalogue of the Liverpool Society we find—"English Conspirators at Boulogne, in 1857," by ABSOLON; 'Retribution,' E. ARMITAGE; 'Napoleon on the Field of Bassano,' the engraved picture, by T. J. BARKER; 'A Showery Day on the Thames,' by H. J. BODDINGTON; 'Guy Fawkes Day,' T. BROOKS; 'Ruth and Naomi,' M. CLAXTON; 'Scheveling Trawler,' and 'San Giorgio Maggiore, Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.; 'Battle of Assaye,' A. COOPER, R.A.; 'An October Evening,' and two others, by T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.; 'The Death of Abel,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.; 'The Houses of Parliament,' the large picture, by H. DAWSON, exhibited this year at the British Institution; 'Iliad and Ishmael,' W. T. C. DOBSON; 'The First Break in the Family,' the beautiful work by T. FAED, exhibited last year at the Royal Academy; 'Italian Cottage Door,' A. D. FRIPP; 'Ruins of Salona,' CARL HAAG; 'Cavaliers and Puritans,' T. P. HALL; 'Landscape and Cattle—Scene near Maidenhead,' J. D. HARDING; 'Horse Fair,' J. F. HERRING; 'Fotheringay,' D. O. HILL; 'Sheep,' W. HUGGINS; 'The Destruction of the Fortress of Emmau Ghur,' G. JONES, R.A.; 'Ben Nevis,' H. JUTSUM; 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria,' W. D. KENNEDY; 'An Interior—Preparing for the Feast,' G. LANCE; 'La Belle Isonde,' J. E. LAUDER; 'Peter's Denial,' R. S. LAUDER; 'Burial of Charles I.,' C. LUCY; 'Matilda relating Mortham's History,' T. H. MAGUIRE; 'The Parting Day,' T. F. MARSHALL; 'Bower of Bliss,' G. PATTEN, A.R.A.; 'Cromwell at Woodstock,' H. PEARSE; 'A Spanish Lady,' J. PHILLIP, A.R.A.; 'Return of the Prodigal,' A. RANKLEY; 'The Flight,' A. SOLOMON; 'Saarburg, on the Saar,' G. C. STANFIELD; 'The Missing Boat—Pas de Calais,' F. STONE, A.R.A.; 'Valley of the Usk,' J. TENNANT; 'Boccaccio at Naples,' W. C. THOMAS; 'Bed-time,' Mrs. E. M. WARD; 'Charles II., Nell Gwynne, and Evelyn,' E. M. WARD, R.A.; 'A Welsh Valley,' A. W. WILLIAMS, &c. &c. Very many of these pictures have been already exhibited in London.

A number of foreign artists are exhibitors, among whom the Belgian painter, VAN SCHENDEL, is the most conspicuous; he contributes four pictures,—'Etienne Van den Bergh falsely accused of Treason,' 'A Poacher Surprised,' 'Un marche à la Haye,' and 'The Birth of Christ;' the last is, we presume, for we have not seen it, a large work: its price, as set down in the catalogue, is £2000.

Sculpture is represented in the productions of E. AMBROSE, E. DAVIS, T. DUCKETT, jun., J. FARRELL, J. H. FOLEY, R.A., G. FONTANA, J. FRANCIS, J. GEEFS, W. GEEFS, G. HALSE, J. R. KIRK, C. F. LYNN, P. MACDOWELL, R.A., F. M. MILLER, C. MOORE, A. MUNRO, C. E. SMITH, T. THORNYCROFT, Mrs. THORNYCROFT, J. S. WESTMACOTT, &c. &c.

Since the exhibition was opened the council has passed the following resolution:—"No picture obtained for exhibition without the sanction of the artist shall be eligible for the *Prize Competition*." The object of this is to prevent the possibility of using private collections for *prize* purposes, which would be considered unfair to the artists who contribute.

### ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

THE members of this society also opened the doors of their gallery, last month, for the reception of visitors to their annual exhibition, which, including twenty-two examples of sculpture, numbers about 600 works. Here are hung many pictures with which we have in months, or years, past made our readers familiar:—J. SCOTT LAUDER's 'Effie Deans on her Trial;' C. DUVAL's 'Dedication of Samuel;' J. S. RAVEN's 'The Avenue, Cobham;' 'Leonora



d'Este reading Tasso,' by H. W. PICKERSGILL, R.A.; 'A Mountain Torrent,' T. CRESWICK, R.A.; 'Fetching Water—Scene in Surrey,' by T. J. SOPER, and one of his best works; 'The Rehearsal-Scene, the Garden Elevation, Derbyshire,' J. D. WINGFIELD; 'Waiting for the Boats,' E. NICOL; 'Thoughts of the Future,' R. CARRICK; 'The Harvest Moon,' T. F. MARSHALL; 'The Fountain,' A. M. MADOT; 'Now is done thy long day's work,' H. WALLIS, the picture exhibited at the Royal Academy this year, without a title, the subject borrowed from *Sartor Resartus*; 'Waiting for the Ferry,' F. UNDERHILL; 'Sheep and Goats,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.; 'Athalia's Dismay at the Coronation of Joash,' S. A. HART, R.A.; 'Sunday Evening,' T. WEBSTER, R.A.; 'The Letter,' E. MEISSONIER, from the French exhibition; 'Bacchus and Silenus,' G. PATTEN, A.R.A.; 'Mystic Circles, Stonehenge,' A. MCCALLUM; 'May in Regent's Park,' C. COLLINS; 'Flora Macdonald's Farewell to Charles Edward,' P. H. CALDERON; 'The Gardens of the Enchantress Armida,' J. TENNANT; 'Fishwives of Dieppe, after a Gale—Faith, Hope, and Charity,' H. JOHNSTON; &c. &c.

Of pictures which, so far as we recollect, are new to us, we would point out,—'Canute listening to the Waves,' by W. CAVE THOMAS; 'Margaret,' S. B. HALLE; 'San Pietro in Castello, Venice,' and 'Bragozzi, fishing craft of Venice off the river Schiavoni,' both by E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.; 'Wreck under the Land's End,' T. S. ROBINS; 'Fruit,' two pictures by G. LANCE; 'Mid-day, North Wales,' H. J. BODDINGTON; 'The Expectant,' BELL SMITH; 'Leaving Home,' J. COLLINSON; 'Vesuvius, from Naples,' W. WYLD; 'The Huguenot Conventicle surprised,' and 'Danger Past,' both by J. RITCHIE; 'Found,' by C. STONE, a son, we believe, of Mr. F. Stone, A.R.A.; 'The Little Stranger,' D. E. GIBSON; 'Preparing for the Festival of Corpus Christi,' G. BRION; 'A Beggar Girl,' J. G. GILBERT, R.S.A.; 'The Cavalier and Puritan,' T. P. HALL; 'The Way to the Forest,' S. BOUGH; 'Ventnor, from St. Lawrence, Isle of Wight,' F. W. HULME; 'Bonnie Annie,' A. JOHNSTON; 'A Hard Word,' W. HELMSLEY; 'The Baron's Favourites,' G. W. HORLOR; 'Scene in Swansea Bay,' J. TENNANT; 'View from Richmond Park,' S. BENDIXEN; &c. &c.

The local artists exhibit in considerable force, and maintain the reputation of their school. DUVAL, of whom we have already spoken, is one of them; others are H. C. WHAITE, who exhibits three landscapes of great promise; G. HAYES sends a 'View in Wales,' a vigorous work; R. CROZIER, 'Peaceful Age and Happy Childhood,' and another; J. THOMPSON, KEELING, and J. V. GIBSON, are contributors whose pictures will repay examination.

The water-colour room is well filled with drawings by T. M. RICHARDSON, Mrs. BARTHOLOMEW, HOLLAND, T. L. ROWBOTHAM, A. PENLEY, G. FRIPP, A. FRIPP, D. H. MCKEWAN, J. CALLOW, Miss E. LANCE, B. R. GREEN, J. F. LEWIS, OAKLEY, C. VACHER, S. RAYNER, C. SHIELDS, C. MITCHELL, &c. &c.; while the principal sculptures are, 'The Mother's Kiss,' by H. WEEKES, A.R.A.; 'Newton,' by J. BELL; 'Rebecca,' by E. G. PAPWORTH, jun.; 'Resignation,' 'Child listening to the roar of a Shell,' and 'The Pet Bird killed by kindness,' all by E. H. BAILY, R.A.; 'Madonna and Child,' E. DAVIS; and 'Hebe,' F. THURPP.

#### THE BIRMINGHAM SOCIETY OF ARTISTS.

We are glad to see that the members of this Institution have at length returned to their old quarters in New Street, from which they have many years been absent. The rooms where they are once more located, are in every way well adapted for the exhibition of works of Art: moreover, they are situated in the most busy part of the town, and thus come under the daily notice of the crowds who throng the streets. The entire gallery has been thoroughly cleaned and decorated; the fine dome in the principal room is coloured with a suitable and effective tint; the ribs which span the dome are richly gilt; and a gilt band encircles the rim of the broad lantern light. The walls are hung with crimson draperies that reach to the uppermost row of pictures; there is not, we believe, in England, a finer exhibition-room than this, its circular form distributing the light equally on all the pictures on its walls.

The exhibition, for the present season, opened on

Monday, August the 30th, with a collection of 600 paintings and drawings; among them were many with which the London public is well acquainted; such, for example, as Frost's 'Una,' and 'Cupid Disarmed,' graciously lent by her Majesty; E. M. WARD's 'Last Sleep of Argyle,' the property of Mr. James Bagnall; 'Alice Lisle,' and 'West's First Lesson in Art,' the latter belonging to Mr. R. G. REEVES; D. ROBERTS's 'Attack on a Caravan'; J. C. HORSLEY's 'Prince Henry assuming his Father's Crown,' and a 'Scene from Don Quixote,' both engraved in the *Art-Journal*, to accompany the biographical sketch of the artist; Sir E. LANDSEER's 'Twins,' FRITH's 'Coming of Age,' the property of Mr. J. McArthur; KNIGHT's 'Portrait of Sir C. L. Eastlake'; ROTHWELL's 'Contemplation'; LESLIE's 'Hermione'; ROSA BONHEUR's 'Breton Peasants'; A. SOLOMON's 'First Class' and 'Second Class'; POOLE's 'Mountaineers'; ANSDALL's 'Spanish Muleteers,' and 'Highland Shepherd's Home'; J. PHILLIP's 'Meal-time'; T. S. COOPER's 'Sunny Evening'; G. JONES's 'Battle of Waterloo.' Among other well-known artists, E. W. COOKE contributes 'Dutch Trawlers Preparing for Sea,' 'Topo—Fishing Boat of the Lagoon aground on the Palludi, Venice,' and 'Bragozzi, off the Arsenal, Venice'; E. NIEMANN, 'A Summer Loch,' and 'Ludlow Castle'; W. CAVE THOMAS, a picture of considerable size and merit, entitled, 'Rivalry,' the veteran DAVID COX, several works, some of them of his best period, and lent by their owners for exhibition; LOUIS HAGHE, 'The Church of San Miniato, near Florence'; H. DAWSON, a large landscape, 'Gravel Pit, St. Ann's Hill, Chertsey'; A. JOHNSTON, a scene suggested by an old Scotch song, 'Wooing,' and 'Little Mischief'; HEMSLEY, 'Grandfather's Pets'; Mrs. E. M. WARD, 'The Suppliant'; J. D. WINGFIELD, 'A Florentine Holiday'; J. DANBY, 'Tynemouth'; W. DUFFIELD, three beautiful specimens of 'Fruit'; CARL WERNER, 'Interior of the Cathedral, Lubeck,' and 'An Andalusian'; G. SMITH, 'The Photographer.' The names of HULME, H. W. PICKERSGILL, H. PICKERSGILL, FARRIER, DUKES, G. COLE, BARTHOLOMEW, BATEMAN, W. and J. CALLOW, CLATER, A. COOPER, M. CLAXTON, DESANGES, J. PEEL, E. HAYES, E. HARGITT, G. PATTEN, J. STARK, C. ROLT, F. and W. UNDERHILL, VICKERS, J. T. WILLMORE, the engraver, who exchanges sometimes his *burin* for the pencil, appear in the catalogue.

The local artists seem to have exerted themselves to maintain the credit of the society, and to give their works a just claim to the attention of the visitors among the productions of those artists whose names have become familiar to the lovers and patrons of Art. HENSHAW's large landscape, 'Sion, in the Valley of the Rhone,' would grace a "Royal Academy" exhibition; his 'Atranto, near Amalfi,' is also a fine work; H. H. LINES contributes four pictures, the most important of which is 'Clapton, in the Vale of Porthury,' a truthful and very agreeable example of English landscape; S. LINES, Sen., 'The Falls of the Ilwgy, Bettws-y-Coed, after a night's heavy rain,' very cleverly represented; nor will works hung by W. HALL, H. HARRIS, and C. W. RADCLIFFE, be overlooked by those who are seeking out for something worth examination. Mr. A. E. EVERITT, the secretary of the society, has several water-colour drawings that show talent far above the average.

#### EXHIBITION AT ANTWERP

OF THE WORKS OF MODERN ARTISTS.

THE Exhibition at Antwerp contains 979 works of Art, the productions of more than 700 artists; among them are a few copies in water-colours from the ancient masters, and about 40 works in sculpture; the copies being, we believe, entirely by Mr. Wheelwright, an English artist; it is said at Antwerp some of them are commissioned by the Queen. They are generally slight in character, but admirably true, and of great excellence, as conveying correct impressions of the originals. The sculpture is of a playful rather than a severe character; nymphs and children for the most part, with a few efforts at higher themes, obviously for churches, but which do not pretend to soar above mediocrity either in design or execution. The Belgian sculptors are, however, generally entitled to respect; and they receive it not only at home, but in England. The

900 paintings by nearly 700 artists are of various degrees of merit: there are good, there are indifferent, and there are bad; assuredly the bad are not the most numerous; and if the eye be only on "the line," there will be very little cause for complaint, for of the really excellent there are abundant examples; and the English visitor will render homage to a school so numerous, and also so earnest and honest as that of Belgium. We have, indeed, learned to respect that school by the examples we have seen at the Exhibition in Pall Mall, and also in that at the Crystal Palace, but the former was limited, and the latter has been chiefly formed of "inferiorities," although there has been always a sufficiency of the good to induce faith in the capabilities of the masters whose powers we know principally by repute. Efforts at "high Art" are comparatively rare in the Exhibition under notice. The subjects generally treated are the commonplace, elevated, however, very often by some touching incident, or original thought, and rendered valuable by the careful finish which gives assurance of rightly-directed labour. The artist who leads is DE KEYSER, a great man, the author of many great works. His subjects are, "The Death of Karl Maria Weher;" "Milton dictating to his Daughters;" and "Dante in Exile;" the latter being, to our minds, the best, reminding us, but by no means disagreeably, of Ary Scheffer. It is finely conceived and vigorously painted, telling the story of the divine poet who, standing absorbed in thought at the entrance to a monastery, was asked again and again by the attendant monk what he sought for, and at length replied, "Peace!" The "Milton dictating to his Daughters," has been painted for the Duke of Brabant—a good sign! It is a most masterly work, and may take rank among the worthiest productions of any country. Two other admirable painters have also selected themes from English history; one is the "Madness of King Lear," by J. B. WITTKAMP; and one, "Oliver Cromwell at the Death-bed of his Daughter, Mrs. Claypole," by SCHRADER, of Berlin. VERBEEKHOVEN maintains his long-established fame, although he confines himself to portraits of sheep; they are so painted, however, as to throw into the shade even the earlier, to say nothing of the later, productions of SIDNEY COOPER. It is impossible to compare the master with the pupil, and not admit that a wide space divides them. HENRI SCHEFFER contributes a capital portrait of Charles Dickens. Of SCHLESINGER there are two good examples. A storm, by SCHAFFERS, is a production of which any artist might be proud; while the landscapes of JACOB JACOBS, of which there are three, are among the most excellent and attractive of the whole collection. With this admirable painter we have made the English public acquainted, having engraved one of his works. Two pictures of great merit supply evidence that Belgium is maintaining rank in a class of Art in which England is admitted to excel. The Dogs and Puppies of De Vos might be claimed by Landseer, and do him honour. The artist who seems especially and deservedly famous, and of whom we know too little, is J. DYCKMANS; he exhibits two works of wonderful finish; the one represents an aged woman at "Prayer;" another, "The Toilet of the Bride." Every portion of this truly grand picture is wrought with amazing industry, giving proof of labour, but of labour rightly directed and rightly applied, accompanied by matured study and careful thought. The spirit of the old and for ever famous "Flemish school" has guided the pencil of this great painter. HENRI LEYS admirably treats a high theme—Adrien Van Haemstede secretly preaching the Reformation at Antwerp, in 1552. It is not, perhaps, so excellent a work as that by him, with which we have been made acquainted in the Museum at South Kensington; its peculiarities are more marked; its elaboration is more evident; its adherence to the faults of the very early masters more obvious than its aim to "catch the spirit" by which they were animated. The picture is, however, one that cannot fail to augment the fame of the accomplished painter. There is also a work of great merit—"Cinderella," by VAN LERIUS.

It is impossible for us to do more than thus glance at this Exhibition, yet there are many works of rare value that we retain in memory; such are the landscapes of F. KEELHOFF; the "Fisherman's Daughter," by JOSEF ISRAELS, of Amsterdam; the "Little Savoyard," by P. J. TOUSSANT; "A Dog



protecting Sheep from an Eagle," by CHARLES VERLAT; "Bathers," by J. WAGNER; some charming compositions of horses caparisoned for the chase, by MOERENHOUT, (one of whose works has been engraved for the *Art-Journal*;) and a "View of Heidelberg," by WILLIAM WYLD. Some admirable bas-reliefs in plaster, which bear the name of LALMAND, will claim and merit attention; they are marvellously accurate copies of flowers from nature.

With the Exhibition is associated an "Art-Union," and many of the pictures are marked as purchased by the Committee. These purchases give assurance that the selection has been guided by judgment and good taste. Subscribers of ten francs receive a poor print, but those who contribute twenty francs obtain an excellent engraving, by M. Michiels, from a painting by the Baron Wappers—"Peter the Great at Saardam."

### THE COLLECTION OF M. BAILLIE, AT ANTWERP.

VISITORS to Antwerp ought to know that there exists in this city a rare collection of works by the famous masters, principally of the Flemish school, which may be seen by strangers at all times, on making application to the proprietor, whose residence immediately adjoins the principal hotels. M. Baillie is an Englishman, or rather a Scotchman, and was formerly an officer in the British service; having married a lady of Antwerp, he settled there. Some of his pictures he obtained from his wife's family, with whom they had long been "treasures;" and others he acquired by purchase, when facilities for such acquisitions were not so rare as they have of late years been.\* The collection consists of nearly a hundred works, nearly all, if not all, TRUE; and among them are some that may be rightly coveted for the National Gallery of England. Such are—the two Claudes of Perrier of Paris, representing Morning and Evening. Rubens, the Saviour on the Cross, from the collection of Provost Wellens, of Antwerp; a beautiful specimen of the master, and highly finished. Ruysdael, from the collection of Baron Verstolk Vanzuilen. Backhuysen, magnificent Sea-piece, from the Gallery of Amsterdam, representing the subsiding of the storm. Backhuysen, a View of Amsterdam from the Sea, from the collection of Senateur Van Dooren, of Tilborgh. Rubens, Landscape, engraved as the Flock of Sheep, from Geelhand Stevens' collection in Antwerp: a picture of the highest quality. Five beautiful Tenierses, from the collection of Provost Wellens. Portrait of the Baron de Roose, of Antwerp, by Van Dyck, engraved, and a fine example of the master. Portrait, by the same, of Princess Elizabeth, daughter of Henrietta Maria, from the collection of Provost Wellens. T. Weenix from the Vaulanckeren collection. Berghem, from the same collection. A splendid example of Pynaeker, from the Duchess of Berry's collection. Dominiquini, from the De Wall collection, representing St. Cecilia in a concert of angels. Wynants, Landscape, from the collection of Baron Schamps, of Ghent. Vander Elst, three family portraits, the fruit and animals by Weenix, and the landscape by Philippe De Coninck, from the collection of Madame Herry. A Moonlight, by Vander Neer, of the highest quality, from the Netscher collection, in Holland. A splendid Landscape, by Adrian Vanderveelde, with many figures. A Calm, by William Vanderveelde. The Cathedral of Antwerp, by Peter Neefs, and figures by Gonzales. A fine work by Ommeganck. A Gerard Dow of the first quality, from the Stevens' collection, representing a Dutch cook chopping vegetables; engraved. Jau Steen, from the Le Grellé collection; and charming specimens of Mieris, Dehem, Dewit, Hobbema, Hondecoeter, Rachel Ruisch, Poelenberg, &c. &c.

\* It is worthy of note that Mr. Baillie manufactures the famous "black silk" which gives such renown to Antwerp. His wife was the daughter of one of the earliest of the manufacturers; he consequently "inherited," so to speak, a knowledge of the process. This material is not only celebrated for its substance and richness, but for its intense colour, which even acid of ordinary strength cannot remove. It is a remarkably beautiful fabric, and, although costly, it may be considered cheap, inasmuch as it is "everlasting," and, like the "brocades" of our grandmothers, is handed down from generation to generation unimpaired by time.

### ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—On the 15th of August, the fête of the Emperor, the Minister of State distributed numerous statues and paintings to several departmental museums, as is customary each year.—The provincial exhibitions in France have, considering political influences, done pretty well this season, and artists are generally contented with the sales made.—A drawing class has been added to the communal schools of Paris; and the various government architects have been requested by the Prefect of the Seine, to preserve the plaster casts used, for the reproduction in stone, for the purpose of models.—Durand Brager, the painter of the "Campaign in the Crimea," has received a commission to execute some pictures of the different scenes of Cherbourg.—An exhibition of the works of Ary Scheffer, similar to that of Delaroche, is talked of.—The prize of 3000 fr., founded by M. Bordin, has been given by the Academy to M. Bouchitté, for his work entitled "Poussin—his Life and Works."—A fourth gallery is now completed in the Louvre for the Assyrian Museum; it contains many curious inscriptions.—Ingres has presented to the town of Orleans a picture of "Joan of Arc."—The Minister of State has given orders that the fine statues of the Tuileries be moulded and reproduced in bronze; the marbles to be placed in the Louvre: this is a right move, as the rain would in a few years have infallibly destroyed them.—The new "Bridge of Alma," facing the *Invalides*, is now decorated with statues, eighteen feet high, representing military personages.—An interesting discovery has been made by the Marquis d'Azeglio, at Lucerne: it is a tapestry, representing the "Meeting of Joan of Arc and Charles VII.," and of that period: it seems to be of German manufacture.—The Government has presented to the town of Rouen a marble statue of Joan of Arc, by M. Feuchères; she is represented on the funeral pile: it is to be placed at the *Hôtel de Ville*.—M. Dubuffe has received orders to paint the portrait of Mlle. Rachel, for the *Théâtre Français*.—A steeple, or spire, in the florid Gothic style, is to be placed on the Cathedral of Notre Dame, at Paris, at the central point of the transept. M. Viollet le Duc, the architect, hopes to complete the restorations, &c., of the cathedral within two years.—The *Marché des Innocents* is about to be formed into a square; the fountain, by J. Goujon, will be placed in the centre.

WORMS.—It has been suggested, that to the statue of Luther should be added that of Melancthon, the memory of the latter not being less worthy than that of the former, to be preserved as a great promoter of the Reformation in Germany. The modest Melancthon retired in presence of the bold and ardent Luther, inasmuch that the merit of his share in the Reformation has been overlooked; and yet he worked with Luther in such a manner that it would have been difficult for the latter to have effected all that was done without his co-operation. Independently of his counteracting the impetuosity of Luther, it was his learning which assisted Luther in his translation of the Bible; and but for him Luther had never cut so distinguished a figure as he did, for it was principally Melancthon who entered the lists on occasions of learned disputation.

DANZIG.—A so-called Art-Union has been established here, with a view to the preservation and restoration of monuments of antiquity. The society has been established two years, but the results are not so satisfactory as might be desired. The number of subscribers is seventy-three, and the funds amount to only 157 thalers; it is however hoped that something may be effected—as the moral effect of the society has been to prevent the sale of ancient carvings, and the removal and sale of old sculptures, and public attention has been called to the restoration of ancient ornamental edifices, which it is believed, but for such a movement, would have crumbled into ruins.

AUSTRIA.—The monument which is to be erected, at Prague, in honour of the late Marshal Radetzky, is now to be seen at Nuremberg, in the foundry of Burgschmiet and Lenz. It is described as consisting of eight colossal figures—representing, severally, a grenadier, a rifleman, a cannoneer, a Tyrolese *chasseur*, a Hungarian hussar, a Dalmatian sailor, a Polish lancer, and a borderer (a Croat), all bearing shields, which support the great commander. The figures are cast in bronze. The monument is twenty-three feet in height, from the soles of the soldiers' feet to the point of a flag which the Marshal carries in his hand. The entire monument weighs 150 cwt., and it is composed principally of the metal taken from the Sardinians during the war in 1849.—The first Austrian vessel which has reached Frankfort-on-the-Main, passing up the Danube, had on board, as its freight, the statues of eight German Kaisers,—the gift of the Emperor of Austria to the Cathedral of Speyer.

### THE ROMANCE OF PICTURE DEALING.

As if with an express view to enforcing that argument for a more enlarged and better defused protection in matters of Art copyright which we have urged so long,—and which is now under the consideration of all those parties who can have a share in giving it effect,—a very striking little drama has, in the course of the past month, been brought out, and has had a run of several days, at the police-court of the city Guildhall. The story which underlies the action of the piece is romantic enough. It turns on the distresses of a widow lady of high rank, a cousin of either the Duke or the Duchess of New-castle,—it does not clearly appear, nor greatly matter, which, and we believe the public may take their choice,—left with a gallery of pictures worth £100,000, and two extravagant sons. On this pivot the interest of the piece, which is a very brisk and lively performance, is made to hinge. The subject-matter of the drama is, the sale of the pictures,—and its merit consists in the ingenious devices put in practice for converting the widow's canvases into daily food for the extravagance of the half cousins of a duke. The lady herself, who is affectingly described as "a most kind and grateful woman," does not appear, except by picture; and the principal parts are enacted by a Mrs. Barns, who is "very desirous of serving her," and Mr. William Thomas Barns, who keeps bringing in a van pictures "from the collection belonging to the lady whom his mother mentioned." The character of dupe is well sustained by Mr. Robert Herries Peter, a gentleman of independent fortune, residing in Hyde Park Square;—and Alderman Wire plays the part of a magistrate with great spirit and effect.—As we have said, the moral of the piece is, the pressing necessity that exists for a better measure of protection to the painters and purchasers of pictures, and for more stringent methods of repression applicable to such practices as those which are illustrated by this clever little drama. As we have also said, the thing appears most seasonably,—and has as one of its leading merits, that it is a *pièce d'occasion*.

Very seriously, our readers who may have followed this case through its various phases in the police reports, will have found themselves at a loss which most to admire,—the matchless effrontery and perseverance with which the opportunity offered by a *dilettantism* without knowledge was followed up, on the one hand,—or, on the other, the utter simplicity of the faith which could be so practised on. Mr. Herries Peter, one fine morning in May, takes a stroll into the city; and, attracted, as he passes the notorious shop of the notorious Mr. Barns, a picture-dealer and auctioneer in St. Paul's churchyard, by some of those vases and other articles of Art and *vertu* which make such a tempting decoy in many windows, he drops in, and makes a purchase or two. This time, he limits himself to an expenditure of £70,—for two pictures, whose recommendation to him seems to have been the fact, that Mr. W. T. Barns, the son of the proprietor, "told him they had been exhibited in the Brussels Exhibition." His appetite for pictures with such a testimonial seems to have been whetted, too, by a little opposition:—as, in addition to the £70 paid for pictures that had been to Brussels, he gave £5 to "a person who said he had previously purchased them." Whether it was, the easy and unsuspecting way in which Mr. Peter parted with this additional £5,—or whether there was altogether something in his manner of picture dealing which pointed him out to experienced eyes for a ready victim,—certain it is, that Mrs. Barns a few days afterwards paid him a friendly visit at his house in Hyde Park Square, and then and there recited the romance of the widow lady, with a hundred thousand pounds in pictures and a duke for her cousin, yet reduced to extremity through the extravagance of her sons. There was no attempt to sell on that occasion; but, ever and anon, through the elegiac of the meeting, there dropped a testimonial to the pictures, which—like the relation wherein, through their owner, they stood to a duke,—was probably intended to be of the "Brussels" pattern. These hints were left for a little while to do their work; and then, as if on the assumption that their effect was certain



and the victim sure, without more ado Mr. Barns, the son, brought four pictures in a van, ordered them into Mr. Peter's dining-room,—and took away, even as he had proposed, a cheque!

The action after this grows very rapid. The van became a familiar feature at Mr. Peter's door; and the lady in the background, unless the extravagance of her sons was something quite unnatural, must have been living pretty well on the cheques she got. The thing is nearly incredible,—either as regards the effrontery that asked or the facility that gave,—but the transactions came at last to have very few days' interval between them,—and not always one. There is a cheque for £70, dated the 14th of June,—one for £200, dated the 18th of June,—one for £200, dated the 21st of June,—one for £30, and two for £15 each, dated the 23rd of June,—one for £100, dated the 25th of June,—and one for £50, dated the 8th of July. Then, there is a bill for £1000, dated the 25th of June. As Mr. Barns was selling for an invisible lady, whom his mother so much wished to serve, of course he had his commission,—but the curious thing is, that he took it from Mr. Peter.—“When I paid Mr. W. T. Barns the cheque for £40, dated the 18th of June, he said that was for his commission on the pictures he had brought.—I did not ask how it was I had to pay him commission.”—We suppose, Mr. Barns's mother would not allow him to ask the widow lady whom she was “doing all in her power” to help,—or, that commission paid by an invisible personage was not satisfactory to Mr. Barns himself.

Of course, during all this time there was an administration of stimulants, in the shape of testimonial to the pictures. One—“Ploughing with Oxen”—was, it was said, a Rosa Bonheur,—and had cost the husband of the invisible lady £500. This estimate was reduced by the evidence of Mr. Manson, of the firm of Christie and Manson, to something under £17 6s. 6d.:—for which sum he had sold it, “including the frame,” to Mr. Barns, on the 12th of June.—One picture was a “Rubens,”—worth, of course, anything that could be got out of Mr. Peter for it,—and one was a “Turner.”—There was a picture, “Mussel Eaters,” by Murillo, “the finest he had ever painted,”—and worth £6000.—Then, stimulants of another kind were also given. The widow, with the profligate sons, turned out to be the “kind and grateful woman” that Mrs. Barns had called her. In return for Mr. Peter's cheques, she sent him various tokens of the hold that he was gaining on her affections,—she, the cousin of a duke! She sent him a walking-stick,—she sent him a Chinese mandarin:—and at last, when the £1000 bill was given, her nature overflowed. From her invisible retreat, she had it announced to Mr. Peter, that she was causing a handsome piece of plate to be engraved for him:—and by the hands of Mr. Barns came, a few days afterwards, a silver-gilt cup, handsomely chased, bearing on its face this gushing inscription from a grateful heart:—“Presented to Robert Herries Peter, Esq., by a dear and beloved friend.” (!) On the lid was a ducal coronet, surmounted by a ram's head. We suppose, Mr. Peter did not see that by the terms of this inscription the love was attributed to *his* side:—but, in any case, this cup may be taken as the final expression of the effrontery on the one side and the folly on the other. The vessel bore another inscription besides, which the donors, whoever they might be, had not thought it worth their while to have beaten out,—and which indicated plainly enough that the piece of plate prepared expressly for Mr. Peter was an ordinary racing cup.—“Newton Races, 1855, the Gift of the Lord of the Manor.”

Of course, this does not read like a story of real life:—and if the ordinary police reports had not been dealing with it, we should think it necessary to assure our readers that we are writing history, and not romance. The issue of the matter was, that, some difficulty having arisen about taking up the £1000 bill, Mr. Peter applied to his solicitor for assistance; and the solicitor, thus becoming acquainted with the facts of the case, very properly brought all the parties before the magistrate at Guildhall. The case has been before the public on several occasions; and at the adjourned examination on the 10th, the prosecutor was not forthcoming. It was evident, that an attempt had been made to hush the matter up, by the return of these very considerable sums of money;

and, in the interests of public justice, Alderman Wire resolutely refused to suffer the police-court to be made the means of effecting a compromise. “There are,” he said, “two awkward facts before me:—one is, the absence of Mr. Peter from this court,—the other, the absence of the pictures from Mr. Peter's house.” The magistrate determined, nevertheless, that the parties implicated should go to trial:—and we hope, as we have said, that this strange case may help on the legislation which next session should, without fail, bring forth.

There is one point connected with the facts that transpired on this occasion, to which we must call attention. It relates to a subject in which some measures of remedy are gravely needed,—and which should not be overlooked in framing a bill for improving the general morality of picture transactions. We take the following extract from the evidence of Mr. Manson, the eminent auctioneer, as given on the second examination of Mrs. Barns and her son:—

“Mr. Manson.—The picture described as a ‘Satyr carrying Fruit, and a Bacchante in the background,’ has the name of Rubens against it in the catalogue, and I sold it to Mr. Barns for ten guineas.

Alderman Wire.—Did you sell it as a Rubens?

Witness.—No.

Mr. Metcalfe.—Is it a Rubens?

Witness.—I do not think it is.

Mr. Metcalfe.—Then, if this picture is not a Rubens, why do you place the name of Rubens against it in the catalogue?

Witness.—To indicate that it is either a Rubens or belongs to the same school. It may be a Rubens, but it is not described as a Rubens in the catalogue.”

—Now, of the respectability of Messrs. Christie and Manson there is no doubt; and yet, we can scarcely wonder that the counsel for the parties accused should have followed up the above answers by the following pertinent inquiry:—

“Mr. Metcalfe.—Have you been treated to a criminal summons in this matter?

Witness.—Not that I am aware of.

Mr. Metcalfe.—This, then, is what is called meting out even-handed justice!”

—The practice alluded to is, to use the very mildest form of characterization that it will bear, a very loose one. The whole matter of auctioneers' catalogues wants reforming. If the name of Rubens opposite a picture does not mean that the picture is by Rubens, then some note in the catalogue should say so,—or, better still, the name should not be there at all. If it means, that the picture is by Rubens, or *his school*,—then, say, “Rubens, or his school,”—and let the purchaser appraise for himself the value of the latitude taken. It is so obvious, and so easy, to do this, that the omission *cannot* be without intention. The *purpose* to mislead must be inferred by him who is so misled. To any such misapprehension it is unquestionable that Messrs. Christie and Manson, under this practice, do lend all the authority of their respected names. The thing is not an immorality only so long as attention is not directed to it. And these immoralities hang together:—a loose practice like this helps—and if justified, justifies—the loose practices of others. We commend the matter to the serious consideration of the auctioneers themselves.

#### RANSOME'S PROCESS FOR PRESERVING STONE.

THE importance of the discovery of a process, which could be relied on, for the preservation of the stones employed in the erection of our public and other buildings, has long been felt; and many experiments have been made in the hope of attaining this object. In London, and in several of the large towns in the provinces, we could point to buildings which have within a very few years exhibited the most unmistakable signs of decay. Lamina after lamina falls off, exposing a new surface to be freshly acted upon by the destroying agents; and thus, with comparative rapidity, the work of decay progresses; this has been referred to atmospheric causes, existing *now* as the result of our exten-

sive manufactories and greatly increased population; but, to whatever cause the disintegration of the stone may be traced, certain it is, that scarcely any modern building, whether constructed of the coal measure sandstones, dolomites, oolites, or other well-known building stones, but exhibits, in a few years after its completion, lamentable evidences of decay.

Our attention has been directed to the Baptist chapel built by Sir Morton Peto in Bloomsbury. For some time past the Caen stone used in this structure has been crumbling, especially where it was exposed to the action of water. The disintegration was proceeding so rapidly that it became necessary to give immediate attention to it. It was determined that Mr. Frederick Ransome should make an experiment upon the towers, where the stone was in a worse condition than in any other part. The result of this experiment was so satisfactory that it was resolved that the entire building should be subjected to this process.

The most enduring stones in nature are those in which the cementing agent is *silica*—and it became a problem with the patentee, to produce a true *siliceous surface* upon any stones which appeared naturally liable to decay. All the sandstones are more or less porous, consequently they absorb water readily—this is one cause of their rapid disintegration. Availing himself of this, Mr. Ransome produces the desired result. First, the stone is made to absorb as much of a solution of the silicate of soda as possible; this being effected, it is washed with chloride of calcium. The play of chemical affinity is now brought into action *in the stone*: a double decomposition is effected, and insoluble silicate of lime fills the interstices; chloride of sodium (common salt) being formed, which is readily removed. It will be evident to all, that since every particle of the stone, to the depth penetrated by the solution, is surrounded by this silicate of soda, and that too—according to the law of surface action—in a concentrated form, that the silicate of lime which results from the action of the chloride on it, must completely fill the interstitial spaces, and thus render a stone, which was previously absorbent, absolutely non-absorbent.—(*Ide Art-Journal*, Sept., 1857.)

It will be found, that the stone surface of the Rev. W. Brock's chapel is now actually repellent of water, and that the hardness of the surface indicates a complete casing of the preservative silica. It should be distinctly understood that this process will not merely protect new stone from the influences of atmospheric action, but it stops decay in stones already exfoliating, and preserves them from future action.

Stones which have been in a state of rapid decomposition have been, for experiment, partially treated by this silicifying process. The result has been that the prepared parts have withstood the action of air, rain, and frost, showing no signs of injury, while the unprepared parts have completely broken up.

Beyond this, its preservative power, another advantage of the process is, that it can be applied to any stone without in the slightest degree affecting its colour or grain: all the natural conditions are preserved, and the hardening superinduced.

Now that a well-known public building has been treated by this process, the result can be observed by every one. The *rationale* of the process alone—independently of the experiments which have been made—satisfies us that there is little chance of disintegration ensuing after the proper application of the solutions. We hope to watch the influences of heat and cold upon the surface of the Bloomsbury Baptist Chapel, and we will faithfully report the results of our examination to the readers of the *Art Journal*.

R. HUNT.



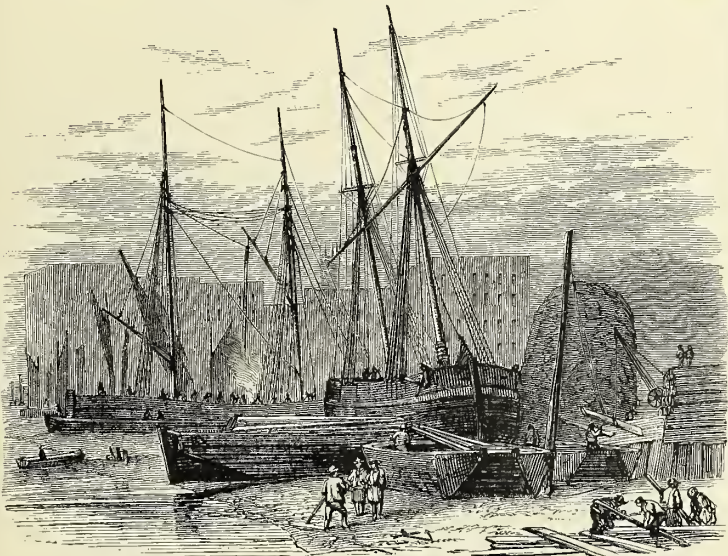
## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

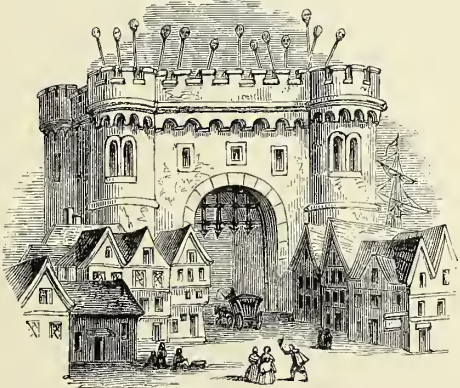
## PART XXII.

**T**HE various houses from Southwark Bridge to "the turn" leading to Barclay's brewery have nothing to recommend them to notice but that they stand on the spot where the disreputable "garden-houses" of the Shaksperian era were located, and the "stews" that were rented from the Bishop of Winchester. Amid the wharves close to the river-side may still be traced some of the walls of the old palace, which, with its gardens, here occupied a large piece of ground: the old hall was burnt down in 1814; the gardens had been previously built upon. Along the banks are closely "congregated" the coal barges; and a busy scene is there when the colliers unload their freights, by aid of numerous "coal-whippers" employed by dealers. A small creek, called "St. Saviour's Dock," comes nearly up to the principal door of "St. Saviour's," or, as it is sometimes termed, "St. Mary Overy's" Church, one of the finest edifices on the banks of the Thames, but which has been unfortunately "restored," and partly rebuilt. Twenty years ago it was remarkable for the variety of its antique architecture, all of which has been destroyed: the Lady Chapel at the back would have suffered the same



COLLIERS UNLOADING.

fate but for the strenuous exertions of the parishioners. It has many curious monuments, the most remarkable being that of the poet Gower, the friend of Chaucer, and the favourite poet of the unfortunate Richard II. Here are also buried Edmund Shakspeare, the youngest brother of the immortal William, and his friend Henslowe, the great theatrical manager; Fletcher, the ally of Beaumont; and, greater than all, Philip Massinger, who died poor, without a mark by which to know his grave, his interment being simply noted in the parish register as that of "a stranger."



GATE: OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

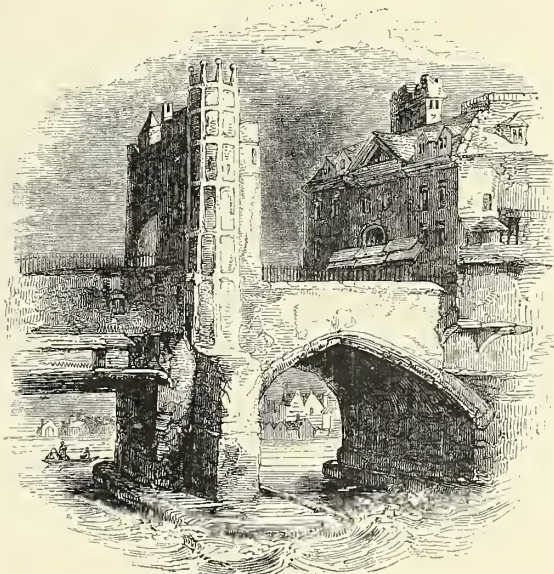
A strongly-embattled gate protected the entrance from Southwark to Old London Bridge in the reign of Elizabeth, and it was usually garnished with traitors' heads in "rich abundance," as may be seen in our cut, copied from

Visscher's view, in 1579. The bridge was at that period covered with houses, a narrow road passing through arcades beneath them; and they abutted on props over the river on either side. The open spaces on the bridge were few; its general aspect is exhibited in our view, as delineated by Hollar, in



OLD LONDON BRIDGE.

1647. It was proudly spoken of by our ancestors; thus, in the translation of Ortelius, published by J. Shaw, in 1603, he says of the Thames,—“It is beautified with statelye pallaces, built on the side thereof; moreover, a sumptuous bridge, sustayned upon nineteen arches, with excellent and beauteous housen built thereon.” Camden, in his great work, the “Britannia,” says,—“It may worthily carry away the prize from all the bridges in Europe,” being “furnished on both sides with passing faire houses, joining one to another in manner of a street.” Two of these buildings we may briefly describe: the first of these was a picturesque wooden gate and tower, erected in 1579: the second, a little further on the seventh and eighth arches from the Southwark side, was the far-famed “Nonesuch House,” a term applied to it from its supposed unique character; it was built entirely of wood, cut and carved in Holland, brought over in pieces, and fastened, when erected on the bridge, with wooden pegs only. The other houses do not demand particular notice; they were allowed to incommode the structure till 1758, when, for considerations of public safety, they were removed. In Scott's view of London Bridge, 1756 (now in the Vernon Gallery), we can trace the ruinous remains of the old Nonesuch House, as well as fragments of the Southwark



HOUSES ON LONDON BRIDGE, 1756.

Gate, and the squalid buildings that were heaped on the ancient structure. The arches were rendered still narrower by protecting them from the wear of water by wooden starlings, which may be seen in our cut above. By this means many of them were impassable, and others only afforded passage for very small boats; this contraction produced a fall of water of several feet, and at every change of tide it rushed through with great noise and foaming velocity, carrying boats beyond Billingsgate. Many lives and much property were lost yearly, and ultimately this bridge, erected by Peter of Colechurch, in 1209, ceased to be used, after the opening of the new bridge in 1831; soon afterwards it was entirely removed. In the process of clearing away the foundations many antiquities were discovered; it had been the great highway over the Thames from the Roman era, and numerous relics were obtained, varying in date from that period to our own.\*

\* We engrave such specimens of Roman coins found here as belong to the Britannic



A group of Clippers and sharp-bowed Steamers, all busily taking in cargo or passengers, arrests our attention on the left after passing the bridge: this is at Fresh Wharf. The vessels are unloaded by porters, having an equal number of metal tickets, denoting the quantity each man brings as he delivers his load and his ticket to the warehouseman. By this means fraud is prevented, the



FRESH WHARF.

work is fairly apportioned to each, and they are paid by reckoning the number of tickets delivered to the superintendent. These vessels present a strong contrast in their more graceful outlines to the bluff-bowed colliers and barges that lie so thickly in the vicinity, and serve to indicate the rapid improvement made in ship-building of late years.

A few hundred yards from this wharf and we arrive at Billingsgate, now a fine and convenient market, but a few years since a collection of dirty hovels and stalls,



BILLINGSGATE.

disgraceful to a civilized community. It has been a market from the earliest times, and the toll on fishing-boats is noted in the laws of Æthelstan, who died A.D. 940.\* Opposite the market, in Thames Street, is the New Coal Exchange,

series. The large central coin is one struck by Hadrian, and remarkable for the figure of Britannia, the first time impersonated as an armed female seated on a rock. It is the



prototype of the more modern Britannia, reintroduced by Charles II., and which still appears on our copper money. The smaller coins are such as were struck, during the reign of Constantine the Great, in the city of London, and are marked with the letters P. LON., for "Pecunia Londinensis," money of London.

\* The name is said to have been derived from Belin, King of the Britons 400 years before Christ. But upon no better evidence than Geoffrey of Monmouth affords, and which is of not the slightest value; it more probably obtained it from the spot being owned by some one named Billing, or Beling, as it was anciently spelt.

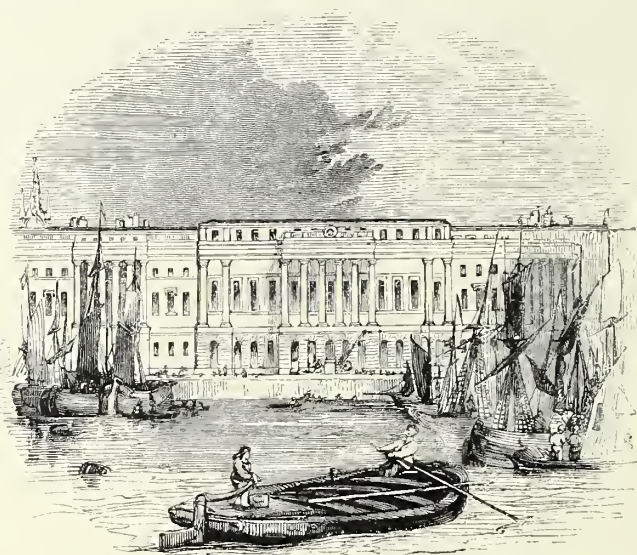
a noble building erected by the eminent City architect, J. B. Bunning, Esq. The circular hall is decorated with figures of fossil plants found in coal strata, and the whole of the decoration is similarly appropriate; it is surrounded by three tiers of galleries, and lighted by a glass dome. In digging for the foundation in 1847, the fragments of a Roman house were discovered; it was built upon piles, and provided with drains to carry off the waste water; beneath the floor of rough stucco and red tesserae was a hypocaust for warming the apartment, and open flues were continued therefrom up the walls. This interesting fragment has been arched over and preserved, and is the only portion of a Roman



REMAINS OF ROMAN HOUSE, COAL EXCHANGE.

house existing in London, though traces of many such have, from time to time, been discovered. A descent of several stairs leads to the ruins now preserved, which consist of the principal fragments exhumed, comprising parts of the hypocaust and walls, and a seat formed of Roman tile. On a lower level beside this seat is a fragment of pavement laid in coarse red tesserae. The visitor now treads upon the pavement where once the Roman inhabitant walked. The hypocaust, supported by blocks of red square tiles, firmly compacted with mortar, is nearly filled with pure spring-water, for which a drain has been provided, so that the same necessity for preventing an overflow is obliged to be adopted now, as was adopted in the days of the Cæsars.

The long façade of the Custom-house next attracts the eye, with its noble esplanade, adjoining Billingsgate Market. It is from the design of Sir Robert Smirke, in 1825, the old Custom-house having been destroyed by fire February 12,



THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

1814. The long room is one of the largest in Europe, being 199 feet by 66, and nearly 40 feet in height. Here is transacted the principal business of our enormous London trade, and no more striking picture of the vast importance of our city can be given than this always busy scene presents.

The Tower of London is the next great feature on the Thames. The esplanade, now closed to the public, once formed an agreeable promenade. We see from the water the Traitors' Gate, with its round towers at each angle, and the deep stone stairs that led to the prison from the water. This gate exhibits a specimen of the most ancient part of the fortifications, being surrounded by a covered way, and provided with loopholes, by which archers might defend it from external assailants, or harass them within if they obtained entrance. Above it rises the Bloody Tower, so named from the traditionary story of its being the scene of the murder of the young princes, sons of Edward IV. It has no doubt been—

"With many a foul and midnight murder fed."

Above all rises the square mass of the White Tower, the oldest part of the buildings, and a conspicuous object from many points of the river. It was erected



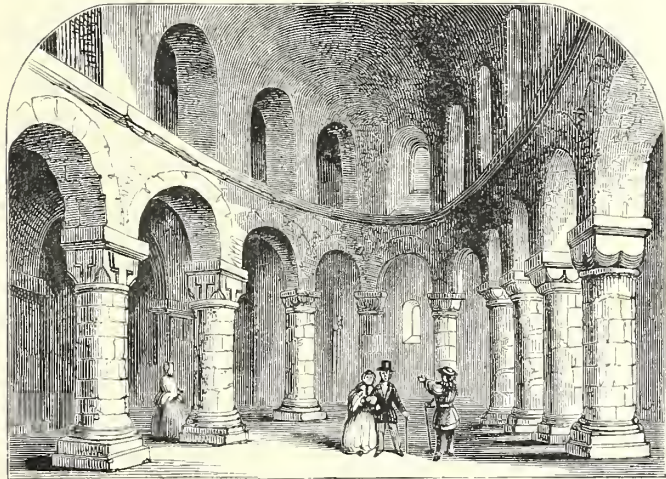
by Gundulph, the clerical architect to the founder, William the Conqueror, and was begun in 1078, the walls are from ten to twelve feet in thickness; it has been occasionally repaired, and the external features somewhat altered by the insertion of windows and the additions of turrets in the time of William III.; but it is substantially ancient: the staircases and rooms are all antique. The



THE TOWER.

council-chamber, and the vaulted rooms on the first floor, are of much interest; but the great feature of the interior is the small chapel of St. John, the most perfect piece of Norman architecture the metropolis can show; and which was used for centuries by our ancient kings when the Tower was their chief royal London residence. It is supported by massive round columns, with capitals simply decorated, and has an ambulatory outside them; the end is apsidal, and it is lighted by deeply-recessed, round-headed windows. It was for a long time used as a repository for records, which have now all been removed.

From the Tower Stairs the view, looking either way, is very striking; the river is crowded with shipping and steamers, and from this point begins that succession of vessels which affords the voyager so grand an idea of the vast trade of the British metropolis. There are, perhaps, few sights in the world more striking—certainly none more calculated to make an Englishman proud of his country. Here are not only the merchantmen of every part of the Queen's dominions, but the ships that bear "to and fro" the wealth of every civilised



CHAPEL IN THE TOWER.

nation and people. "The Pool of the Thames"—for so is named that portion of our noble river that runs between the Isle of Dogs and the Tower—is truly a grand and glorious sight; the proudest "station" in the world: where gather vessels of all sizes, of every form and character, from every seaport of the globe.

The Surrey side of the river, from London Bridge to Rotherhithe, is now covered with warehouses and buildings: anciently it was open fields and grazing grounds; it is only in comparatively recent time that it has been densely populated. The Church of St. Olave, with its low, square steeple, is first noticed after passing London Bridge; the church at the foot of the bridge on the City side is also dedicated to the same saint.\* Near it in olden time

\* St. Olave was the first Christian king of Norway, and was martyred by his rebellious subjects A.D. 1030. He assisted King Ethelred, his godfather, in driving the Danes from London and Southwark, coming up the Thames with a strong fleet, and planning the destruction of London Bridge, which thus cut off the two bodies of invaders, and made them an easier victory. The dedication of these two churches, on the scene of his prowess, is generally thought to have originated in gratitude for his timely aid. Tooley Street is a modern corruption of St. Olave's Street.

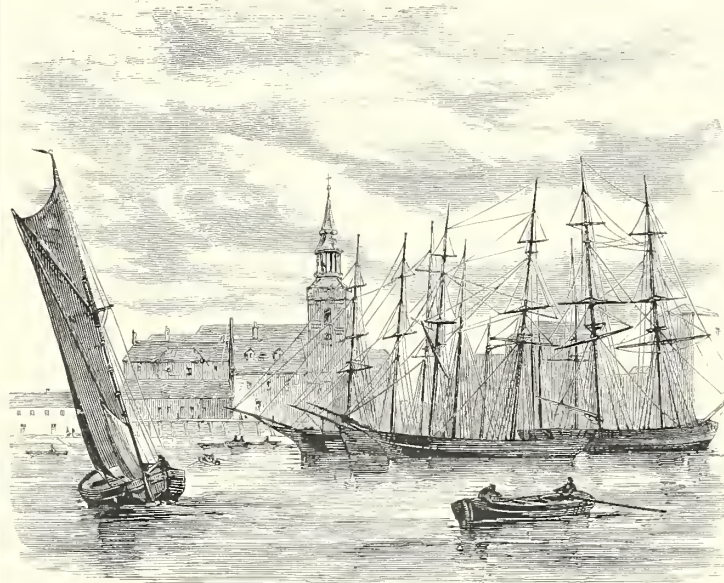
stood the mansions of the Earls of Warren and Surrey, of the Prior of Lewes, the Abbots of St. Augustine, Canterbury, and other important personages. Then came an open space, still known by its old name, Horslydown, where the parish butts were set up for archery in the days of Henry VIII.; a mill belonging to the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem was close by the river-side,



SHIPS AT TOWER STAIRS.

and the large monastery of Bermondsey at about half a mile distant from it. Towards the middle of the seventeenth century building commenced in this quarter; it has increased until Rotherhithe has been joined to Southwark by streets.

Rotherhithe is a town of very ancient foundation, and some etymologists derive its name from two Saxon words, signifying "the Sailor's Haven." It was originally part of the royal manor of Bermondsey, and the residence of some of our early kings; Edward III. here fitted out one of his fleets; it is now chiefly remarkable for the Commercial Docks, which are said to occupy the trenches first cut by Canute in the eleventh century, and which extended to Battersea, thus turning Southwark into a sort of island, as a defence against attacks in that quarter. The docks are five in number, and comprise about sixty acres of water and forty of land, and they have immense granaries beside them. Close beside Rotherhithe Church is the entrance to the Thames Tunnel,



ROTHERHITHE CHURCH: TUNNEL PIER.

which unites the banks of the river by an underground communication, consisting of a double passage, conjoined by a central arcade lit with gas, with footways in the centre for pedestrians, and a carriage-way; but as it would require a very lengthy inclined plane to the mouth of the Tunnel on each side, that part of the scheme has never been carried out; foot passengers descend by a well-staircase. Each archway is about 20 feet in height; the entire width of the Tunnel is 35 feet, and at high water it is 75 feet below the surface. It was planned by the late Sir Isambard Brunel, in 1823; and on the 25th of March, 1843, it was first opened to passengers. It is kept open day and night, the toll being one penny; and, on some occasions, a kind of fancy fair has been held in it.

From the Tower to the entry to this Tunnel, at Wapping, the Thames is lined with warehouses, wharves, and docks. Of the latter, the most important are St. Katherine's Docks, in close contiguity to the Tower; they take their name from the old hospital dedicated to St. Katherine, which once stood on this site, and which was founded by Matilda, the wife of King Stephen,



A.D. 1148. When the old buildings were pulled down in 1827, the hospital and church were rebuilt in the Regent's Park. The docks were begun in May, 1827, and finished in October of the following year—a gigantic work, completed in an incredibly short time, by the continuous labour of 2500 workmen. The lock from the Thames has greater depth of water than any other dock-entry; it is 28 feet at some tides, and ships of 700 tons burden can always enter. The warehouses surrounding it are on a gigantic scale, and are specially secure, owing to the lofty walls surrounding them. These docks were planned by Telford, and constructed by Hardwick, at a cost of £1,700,000.

The London Docks adjoin St. Katherine's, and have three entrances from the Thames. They were constructed by John Rennie, and opened in 1805. The larger docks can accommodate more than 300 vessels; there is warehouse-room for 220,000 tons of goods, and cellarage for 80,000 pipes of wine. These cellars are one of "the sights" of London, and a "tasting ticket" for wines is a privilege strangers are generally anxious to obtain through merchants who keep stock here. A small dock is exclusively devoted to vessels laden



ISLE OF DOGS.

with tobacco, and a very large warehouse is consigned to its exclusive use, with a furnace near, where damaged or forfeited tobacco is destroyed. To a stranger there is no more curious and instructive sight than the London Docks, and nothing can give a better idea of the vast wealth and trade of the kingdom.

Wapping, Shadwell, and Limehouse (and the hamlets of Ratcliffe and Poplar) are the parishes in which these docks are situate; their churches may be seen from the river, but they are comparatively modern, and call for no especial remark. The tower of St. Anne's, Limehouse, is most conspicuously seen where the river widens to the well-known "Pool of the Thames," and is crowded with



ENTRANCE TO WEST INDIA DOCKS.

craft of all kinds—a more striking scene than can be viewed between London and the Nore. The river here sweeps round "Cuckold's Point," where the gates of the Regent's Canal may be seen; those of the City Canal, which cuts across the Isle of Dogs to save the circuit made by the river opposite Greenwich; and the entrance to the West India Docks. These are said to be the largest in the world; they are nearly three times as extensive as the London Docks, and include about 290 acres. The Import Dock, to the north, can accommodate 250 vessels of 300 tons each; and the southern, or Export Dock, can hold 195. They were commenced in the year 1800, Jessop being the

engineer, and opened two years afterwards: they occupy the whole length of the back of the Isle of Dogs, from Limehouse to Blackwall, and their tall warehouses and tiers of ships rise boldly above its level, and form a striking background as we pass them on the Thames. The canal which cuts across it is nearly three quarters of a mile long, with lock-gates at each end 45 feet in width; it is now chiefly used as a dock.

At Deptford, opposite, we arrive at the first town in Kent: its name has little altered in the course of ages, so that its original meaning, *deep ford*, may



DEPTFORD DOCKYARD.

still be traced. This manor was given by William the Conqueror to one of his followers, Gilbert de Maignent, who erected a castle here. It is chiefly remarkable as the place of residence\* of Peter the Great, when he lived here to learn the art of ship building; and as being the Royal Dockyard, established as early as the time of Henry VIII., and continued with improvements to the present day. The whole is immediately under the inspection of the Navy Board: about 1500 labourers are constantly employed here.†

In the river a little below was placed, as a hospital ship for all nations, the *Dreadnought*, which had been famous in many sea-fights of Nelson's era. It



THE OLD DREADNOUGHT.

was used for a charitable institution, supported by voluntary contributions, and the old vessel, now broken up, was granted for the purpose to the Seamen's Hospital Society by the Government. Another line-of-battle ship, formerly the *Caledonia*, has been lately altered at Woolwich, and admirably fitted to receive a larger number of patients. Here also is, at present, moored the great ship-building marvel of the age and the world,—the *Leviathan*, or the *Great Eastern*.

We now arrive at Greenwich. It is a town which has been famous since the days of the Saxons, who named it *Greenwic*, which name it has retained, with a very slight alteration, to the present day. Its park is a favourite resort for the Londoners; its hospital the pride of England.

\* Unfortunately, this interesting structure has been recently taken down, and no vestige of it now remains.

† Deptford Dockyard is famous for its bakehouses and biscuit factory, which are most admirably constructed, and make some of the best bread her Majesty's service is supplied with. It is considered as one of the chief victualling establishments for the navy, but has also some very large slips, where many of our finest vessels have been built. The whole is under the inspection of a captain superintendent.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE IN CANADA.—The Crystal Palace, since its birth in 1851, has been making the tour of the world; and such is the hardy and enterprising character of its nature and constitution, that it had already once crossed the Atlantic when it was but a few years old. Now, it passes the great waters once more, and is about to visit Canada. In the City of Toronto, at the commencement of this present month of October, one of these great creations is to open its doors, for the exhibition, on a plan similar to the Exhibitions of London and Paris, though on a provincial scale, of the products of Canadian nature, industry, and skill. It is not unnatural that, in an imperial dependency, the institution should cling closely to the incidents of its original constitution,—and that the enthusiasm which follows everywhere on its path should here attach itself to the particular forms of enthusiasm that waited on its original birth in the mother state and old country. Accordingly, the Canadians bethought them, as the hour of their ceremonial drew nigh, that one feature of the interest in Hyde Park was due to the opening of the earliest Palace of Glass by the Queen in person. Contrary to the old ponderous and sleepy character of European Courts, so living and locomotive has been the Court of England under Queen Victoria, that it need scarcely be wondered at if something like a vague, instinctive belief in the possible ubiquity of British royalty has got abroad; and for a single dreamy moment it seems to have crossed the Canadian mind, that they might have over the Queen herself to inaugurate their Palace in Toronto. A little further reflection showed them, as of course, that imperial ubiquity is a word of serious significance, and implying all its impossibilities, in the case of a Sovereign whose sceptre spans all the seas, and on whose empire the sun never sets. The loyal thirst, however, which had been awakened in connexion with the occasion, demanded a draught, if at a lesser fountain; and it seems to have occurred to a private citizen of Toronto, a Mr. Norris, that the next best thing to a queen *en se* was a king in *posse*, and that it might serve many good purposes, present and prospective, if they could get over, while he has the leisure of his youth, their future sovereign, to open the Palace of Glass. That this, though an individual thought, represented a colonial sentiment, was proved by the fact, that the petition which Mr. Norris initiated for carrying out its suggestion received, in a few days, such a body of signatures—in every rank, calling, and department of authority—as constituted a representation of the province. Armed with this petition, Mr. Norris came over to this country, to obtain, if possible, from the Queen, the attendance of the Prince of Wales, or if that were deemed inexpedient, of some other prince of the blood, at the coming ceremonial in Toronto.—It is not for us to estimate the reasons which have determined that this strong expression of Canadian loyalty must be altogether disappointed in the sense sought,—nor even to remark upon them, further than to lament that they exist. Such a visit might have sown the possible seeds of much future good. Sir Bulwer Lytton has, however, announced to Mr. Norris,—of course, in terms of full appreciation of the loyalty expressed, and cordial good wishes for the success of the exhibition,—that her Majesty is “under the necessity of declining the request” of her North-American province.

It is understood to be, as far as may be, an imitation of the Great Exhibitions of England, France, the United States, Ireland, and some of the provincial cities of England, on a limited scale no doubt—but we trust and believe with very beneficial results to our brethren of the other hemisphere. At present we are not in possession of such facts as may be useful for the guidance of our readers. We cannot as yet say to what extent, if to any, they look for aid from the mother country: we imagine, however, that the Exhibition is to be self-sustaining as well as self-sustaining; and that we shall hence obtain only the evidence of such resources as our active and energetic friends of the Canadian Colonies possess. Such evidence, however, will be interesting and valuable: and we shall endeavour to submit to the English public full accounts of the proceedings. These accounts, however, will be condensed or en-

larged according to the nature and worth of the materials collected. Meanwhile, the gentleman by whom the Committee is represented in England—Mr. Norris, Bridge House Hotel, London Bridge—may be communicated with by parties desiring information on the subject: and, next month, we shall be enabled to be more explicit in our statements as to the plans and arrangements “in progress.”

A REPORT OF THE COMMISSIONERS OF THE FINE ARTS has been printed and issued; it contains little or no information of which the public are not already possessed. But it is satisfactory, as showing that “progress” is making, and to be made, in reference to the Art-decorations of the new Palace at Westminster. We select from the Report the passages most interesting to our readers.

“In our last report we proposed to commission Daniel Maclise, R.A., to paint a subject in fresco in the apartment called the Painted Chamber, or Conference Hall; but some difficulties having been found to exist with regard to the lighting of some compartments in that locality, the work was postponed, and the artist was, at his own request, finally released from such undertaking. A grant of public money, amounting to £1500, which had been voted by Parliament for this object, was, with the consent of the Lords Commissioners of your Majesty’s Treasury, appropriated to the painting of twenty-eight whole-length portraits of personages connected with the Tudor family, to be placed in the apartment called the Prince’s Chamber, as proposed in the appendix to our seventh report.

“Of such portraits, executed by or under the direction of Mr. Richard Burchett, fifteen have now been completed. Being taken from authentic sources, and executed in methods fitted to reproduce the style of the original works, they at once serve a decorative purpose, and constitute trustworthy resemblances of the historical personages represented.

“In our ninth report we had proposed that twelve compartments in the same room should be filled with metal casts from models of bas-reliefs, to be provided by a competent sculptor. The subjects proposed—relating to events corresponding with the periods of our history to which the before-named portraits belong—are enumerated in the appendix to our seventh report. The preparation of the models referred to was ultimately committed to Mr. William Theed. Eleven models, the design and execution of which are highly approved by us, have been completed by him accordingly; and ten of such models, cast in metal by Messrs. Elkington, Mason, and Company, of Birmingham, have been fixed in their places in the Prince’s Chamber.”

“We propose to commission Daniel Maclise, R.A., to paint in fresco one of the subjects in the Royal Gallery, at the price of £1000.

“The subjects proposed for that gallery, and which are also enumerated in the appendix to our seventh report, are eighteen in number, two of them measuring 45 feet in length. The magnitude of the undertaking not only suggests the subdivision into two series of the upper and lower range of subjects, but, as regards the lower range alone, it appears advisable that the artists should contemplate the treatment of such subjects as have a correspondence or local relation with each other, so that, in the event of his being interrupted in the prosecution of so great a work, the portion which he may have been enabled to complete may still, as far as possible, form a whole by itself.

“For the above reasons we have thought it expedient to invite the artist, while confining himself to the lower range of subjects, to prepare designs for the two larger compartments on the east and west walls, and, in the first instance, to undertake one of the smaller compartments at the north or south end of the room.”

“With regard to the Peers’ Robing-room, the subjects for which, to be executed in fresco, and which are explained in the appendix to our seventh report, have been committed to John Rogers Herbert, R.A., we are enabled to state that the artist has completed, to our entire satisfaction, a large cartoon for the subject of ‘Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law to the Israelites’; and we trust that the fresco from the same will proceed without interruption.”

We draw attention to the paragraphs which state that the commission has appropriated a sum of £1500 “to the painting of twenty-eight whole-length portraits of personages connected with the Tudor family, to be placed in the apartment called the Prince’s Chamber, as proposed in the appendix to our seventh report. Of such portraits, executed by, or under the direction of, Mr. Burchett, fifteen have now been completed. Being taken from authentic sources, and executed in methods fitted to reproduce the style of the original works, they at once serve a decorative purpose, and constitute trustworthy resemblances of the historical personages represented.” The price paid for these historical portraits averages just over £50 a piece;—and we have quoted the passage here, for the purpose of inviting to it the attention of the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery. If the paragraphs in question had been penned with the express view of enforcing the argument for copies which we have all along maintained as suitable to the youth of the new institution, they could not have served us more effectually than they do by the precept which they imply and the illustration which they offer.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The following pictures have been lent by their respective owners to the Directors of the British Institution, for the use of the students who may be desirous of copying them:—“The Infant Saviour sleeping on the Cross,” by *Murillo*, Earl Howe; “The Saints of Seville,” *Murillo*, Duke of Sutherland; “Landscape,” *Both*, Mr. Perkins; “Nelly O’Brien,” *Sir J. Reynolds*; “Dead Game,” &c., *Snyders*, Earl Howe; “The Duke of Newcastle,” *Dobson*; “Lady Beaumont,” *Sir J. Reynolds*; “Venice,” *Canaletto*, Earl Howe; “The Raboteur,” *A. Carracci*, Earl of Suffolk; “Venus and Cupid,” attributed to *Titian*, Earl Wemyss; two “Portraits,” *De Vos*, Mr. Broderip; “Portrait,” *Tintoretto*, Mr. G. Richmond, R.A.; “Head of Christ,” *Guido*, Earl of Suffolk; “Elijah,” *Guido*, Sir C. Burrell; “Landscape,” *Salvator Rosa*, Mr. Perkins; “Landscape,” *Mouche-ron and Lingelbach*, Mr. Cholmondeley. Year by year, as the season comes round for opening the “School of Painting,” as it is called, at the British Institution, we have pointed out its almost entire inutility for any really beneficial purpose: copies are made—some good, certainly, some indifferent, others decidedly bad; the majority of them find their way, we believe, into the hands of the unfavourable dealers, who dispose of them to such connoisseurs as Mr. Peters, whose Art-patronage has figured so conspicuously of late in the police-court. The whole thing is a mistake,—well-intentioned, we admit, but still a mistake.

THE TRAFALGAR LIONS.—The Nelson Monument, it would seem, is destined to retain its exceptional character to the last. No movement can be made, apparently, in the matter of this memorial which is not an eccentricity. Men, as well as things, change their characters where it is concerned. As regards *things*, our readers know, that the method chosen here for glorifying a great admiral is to mast-head him:—and, that the state of *quasi* ruin in the case of this column has belonged to the period of its youth. As regards *persons*, a noble worshipper of mediæval methods becomes here an inventor of new ones,—and a painter, in this case, is translated into a sculptor for the nonce. The commission to Sir Edwin Landseer for the bronze lions, which we dealt with doubtfully as an anomaly, turns out to be also a fact,—and the intrinsically striking character of the innovation becomes more striking as proceeding from one who in all matters else proclaims it as his desire *stare super antiquas vias*. Lord John Manners, retrospective and old-English in St. Paul’s, has got somewhat in advance of the modern logic in Trafalgar Square. The point of consistency, in these inconsistencies, seems to be, that the present Chief Commissioner of Public Works is unable to do *anything* like anybody else. It is needless to conceal, that the sculptors are seriously dissatisfied. The matter is not much, so far as the commission itself is concerned,—and in its mere character of a benefice, would not be worth the irritation it creates. But the resolute intention to ignore the sculptors manifested here, is all the more offensive for the triviality of the scale. So poor, it seems, is England in their branch of the plastic arts, that Lord John Manners, wanting a sculpture lion or two, is driven, perforce, among the painters. Unluckily, Lord John is not in the Commission of the Fine Arts, or he might balance matters by giving to one of our sculptors an order for a fresco-painting in the House of Lords.—The worst of the affair is, that it has the character of a job. Lord John has, in fact, farmed out the Lions. Nobody supposes, of course, that Sir Edwin Landseer will model the animals with his own hand; but he receives the privilege of selecting, instead of the minister, some sculptor to do so,—paying such portion of the £6000 as he may contract for, and carrying the balance to his own account. The commission is unquestionably jobbed. Sir Edwin Landseer, we must say, puts himself in a false position towards his brother artists by consenting to be a party to such a transaction. We, for ourselves, have a firm belief,—and hope that many will share it,—that the calculation of profit has not entered into Sir Edwin’s motives, and that there is no danger of his starving the public work with a view to his private gain. But, the transaction is unnatural in itself,—offensive to the sculptors of England,—and the painter has certainly exposed himself to unfavourable interpretations. Cost what they may, of the £6000 put at Sir



Edwin's disposal, and even if they should demand the whole money,—we have, ourselves, no doubt that we shall have fine lions from his design.—And, by the way, we may mention, in reference to that matter, that the great animal painter has, if we be rightly informed, determined on the introduction, into his treatment of the subject, of what in such a situation will be a novelty. The four lions keeping watch at the base of the pillar on whose summit, by the questionable device of the original artist, Lord Nelson stands, like Simon Stylites in a cocked hat, are, we are told, to be on all fours,—instead of in the attitude of more or less repose that has hitherto been deemed proper to the office. Certainly, such a presentment will harmonize better with the uneasy position assumed, for his bronze eternity, by the great admiral aloft,—and there seems no good reason why the subordinate lions should be allowed to sleep, or to rest, while the chief is keeping a look-out through the centuries. Seriously, we cannot venture to predict beforehand the probable effect of a novelty in composition like this,—but we may unhesitatingly announce our faith in any forms of animal presentment that are likely to proceed from Sir Edwin Landseer's design.

**THE SCULPTURE ROOM IN THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—The collection of British works of sculpture in the Kensington Museum, is so generally considered a success, and is so attractive to the public, even within the limits at present afforded by that establishment, that we may rely on further opportunities being afforded for the Exhibition of British sculpture at some future time, and whenever that most useful branch of Government Education, represented by the Department of Science and Art, is further developed. Within the last few weeks, two beautiful statues have been added to the collection—the “Venus,” of Gibson, and the “Greek Slave,” by Powers—both in exquisite marble, which have been here arranged side by side, so that the spectator has the opportunity of comparing these examples of British and American Art. Although the collection is closely restricted to Native Art, this regulation was not held to shut out the work of our brothers across the sea. At any rate, the Sculptors' Committee would not so construe it, and it appears that they took the opportunity of according a grace, which none can regret. We may add that we never saw the “Greek Slave” look so well as she does in her present situation, simply taking her chance with the other works around, and free from the adventitious pseudo-adornment of a canopy, &c., as we have heretofore been accustomed to see her. The entire collection will, we understand, be soon rearranged, and some of the works changed, that being in accordance with the original plan, viz., that although the Exhibition is to be of a permanent character, there are to be changes of works, and of arrangements, from time to time. Some works of deceased artists also, we are glad to see have been added since our last visit, so that the collection is gradually taking the form that it is intended to present, namely, that of a representation of the British School of Sculpture. We hope to find soon some examples of the work of Flaxman in the collection. The noble group, by that great artist, of “Michael and Satan,” would be especially appropriate. We are sure, and, indeed, have taken every opportunity to say, that British Sculpture only wants to be fairly dealt with to form a leading public attraction, and we are glad to see that the enlightened management which characterizes the Department of Science and Art at South Kensington, is not blind to the fact.

**THE POULSZKY COLLECTION OF GEMS.**—Amongst the indirect, but not the less important, results of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition may be numbered an increased (and, as we hope, a continually increasing) facility of access to various private collections of works of Art, for the purposes of examination and study. Public taste has decidedly been awakened, and the inclination of the public mind bears strongly in the direction of Art, with the view to the acquisition of sound and comprehensive information. And, on the other hand, the possessors of Art-treasures are, at least, beginning to show a truly liberal readiness to render their collections available, as teachers of Art under its diversified forms of expression. The singularly interesting collection of sculptured and engraved gems which is now the property of Francis Poulszky, Esq., has been entrusted by that gentleman to Messrs. Howell

and James, the eminent goldsmiths and jewellers of Regent Street, in order that they may be examined and studied at their establishment, by all persons who are desirous to form an acquaintance with works of Art of this class. The collection has been carefully arranged and catalogued; and visitors are not only received in the most gratifying manner, but they find that their attention is directed to the gems by a gentleman who is thoroughly master of this department of Art. It would be difficult to form too high an estimate of this collection, both from the excellence of the various examples that it contains, and also from its historical completeness. Commencing with the cylinders of Babylonia and Assyria, and with the ancient works of the Egyptian engravers, this collection passes on through the several periods of Greek and Etruscan art, until it reaches the productions of those artists who laboured to adorn the dignified greatness of imperial Rome. Nor does it rest here; but extending to the middle ages, it exhibits many specious eminently characteristic of that era, and then it again advances to the works of still more recent gem-engravers. On the present occasion we do not propose to do more than to direct the attention of our readers to this rare and precious collection, and to acquaint them with the advantages they may derive through the judicious liberality of Mr. Poulszky: hereafter we may hope to be enabled to give a detailed description of some of the more remarkable of the gems. We cannot, however, close even the present brief notice, without expressing our special admiration for the arrangement of the case of intaglios. These gems are exhibited in such a manner that they are set against the light, and consequently they are both seen and seen to advantage. They are also placed on plates that have been richly gilt, and thus a reflected light is thrown upon the gems themselves, which greatly enhances the generally excellent effect of their novel and ingenious arrangement.

**MURILLO.**—There is at Messrs. Williams and Norgate's, in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, an example of Murillo, in excellent preservation. It is an “Immaculate Conception,” and the arrangement is similar to the version of the same subject in the Louvre, but containing symbols which that picture does not. The draperies are a white robe with a flowing dark blue mantle—a favourite colour always with Murillo, as a principal in this part of the composition. The features constitute that face so familiar to us in all the Virgins and Madonnas of his mature period, and supposed to be a study from his wife, Doña Beatriz de Cabrera y Sotomayor. As in the picture in the Louvre, the figure is entwined in cherubim; and also, as in that picture, the Virgin rises on a crescent which composes with a cloud and a company of cherubs beneath the feet of the figure. As usual, the relief is a warm sky, and two of the principal cherubs, in the upper part of the picture, present on one side a rose, and on the other a lily to the Virgin. The group of cherubim in the lower part is exquisitely painted; some of the figures are in shade, but they have not been originally painted so—they have, in finishing, been toned down by a glaze, as is evident from the sweep of a broad brush; and in certain passages of this part, one of two things may be suspected—either that the hands of the cherubim have been retouched, or that in cleaning they have been too severely treated. Inasmuch as the composition evidences more thought than that of the Louvre picture, it is probable that it has been painted subsequently to that work; the dispositions are more graceful, and the complementary passages are more perfect. The size of the canvas may be about four or four and a-half feet by about six feet. The history of the picture is this:—It was one of the collection in the monastery of the Carmelites in the city of Mexico, to which society it was presented in the seventeenth century, by Don Juan de Palafox y Mendoza, Archbishop of Mexico. It remained there until the beginning of the present century; when, at the instance of Lord Cochrane, the Carmelites were induced to part with it. With a view to its embarkation for Europe, it was removed to Vera Cruz, but this intention was frustrated by the breaking out of the Mexican revolution in 1810. It was then for security placed in the monastery of the Carmelites of that town. The archbishop, Don Antonio Joaquim Perez Martinez—ambassador to the Spanish Cortes in the year 1812—a great connois-

seur in Art, obtained possession of the picture, and took it with him on his return to Spain; where, until his death, it formed one of the gems of his collection. After his death it was purchased by Don Francisco Pablo Vasquez, Archbishop of Mexico and plenipotentiary of his Holiness the Pope, from whom it was purchased, in 1851, by Don José Lang, a merchant of Puebla, who sent it, in 1853, to his friend and correspondent Mr. J. H. Dick, of Offenbach near Frankfurt, from whom it comes into the possession of the present proprietors. Such is the account given of it by Messrs. Williams and Norgate. The proprietors possess written certificates of conviction of the authenticity of the work from Professor Magnus of Berlin, Dr. Waagen, and Mr. Mündler. But these were entirely unnecessary, since the work speaks unequivocally for itself; and without travelling further than our home circle of connoisseurs, there are many persons not less qualified to pronounce upon the work, than the authorities above named. The background looks as if it had been tampered with, yet the picture is in better condition than that at Paris, and if the price be not exorbitant it ought to be in our national collection.

**CARRICK'S PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES.**—The greatest step that has yet been made towards the utilization of photography has been accomplished by the process adopted by Mr. Carrick, the eminent miniature painter, in his translation of photographic portraits into miniature pictures of the most exquisite brilliancy and finish. These works are executed upon photographs taken by Mr. Savony, whose establishment is at Scarborough, and the perfect success whereby their translation has been effected into miniature pictures of the highest class, reminds us of even the very best works which Mr. Carrick has contributed to the exhibitions of the Royal Academy. The practice and feeling of Mr. Carrick eminently qualify him to translate photographs into pictures, since it is evident by all his works that his great principle is the preservation of that personal individuality without which all portraiture is imperfect. We have been much struck by the unexampled beauty and lightness of his vignette miniatures, which, in opposition to an extremely pure white ground, show the utmost sweetness and mellowness of tint, with a delicacy of drawing and vivacity of expression far surpassing everything that has hitherto been accomplished in the most successful treatment of photography. These elegant productions are peculiar to the practice of Mr. Carrick—he has made them his own; and such renderings from photography are fully equal to the gems of the same kind that have from time to time been exhibited by him on the walls of the Royal Academy: the recollection of them there brings also to remembrance many remarkable likenesses of the celebrities of our time, as Lord Lyndhurst, Lord John Russell, Rogers the poet, Wordsworth, Lablache, Farren, all resemblances so perfect and so naturally expressive, as to place us at once on terms of intelligence with those eloquent identities. The photographs of Mr. Savony are the clearest and most definite we have seen, and by his patented process are in perfect drawing. In contemplating the splendid results effected by Mr. Carrick, it is difficult to suppose them other than examples of his most successful miniatures, for which the highest rate of compensation has been paid.

**TUBULAR DRAWING PENCILS.**—Some time ago we directed attention to a new kind of pencil, patented by Messrs. Winsor and Newton, the especial advantage of which is that they require no cutting, the lead being placed in a case like an ordinary patent pencil-case, only that it is made of wood. Those pencils were manufactured especially for artists, and pupils who are learning to draw; and, from our own experience, we can testify to their utility, their cleanliness, and the purity of the lead. The patentees have just now submitted for our approval some specimens—HH, H, and HB—intended expressly for architectural and engineering drawings; they possess all the good qualities we found in the others, and deserve to be brought into general use. A small instrument for sharpening the points is necessary for those who use the pencils—it may be purchased with the latter.

**THE METROPOLITAN SCHOOLS OF ART** will reopen for the session of five months on the 1st of October.



THE "1861" EXHIBITION.—There is some discussion "a-foot," promoted, we believe, by the *Journal of the Society of Arts*, concerning the best site for the proposed exhibition—the ground at South Kensington and Battersea Park, each finding strenuous advocates. At present we offer no opinion on the subject. We take it for granted the Council of the Society is taking active steps for obtaining the requisite aid to render the exhibition effective, locate it where they may, for a couple of years will pass by very rapidly.

THE LATE EARL OF LEICESTER.—The new stone statue of the late Earl, placed on the top of Dereham Corn-hall, has been formally inaugurated. It is said to be a very suitable ornament for the new building, as well as an appropriate monument to the greatest farmer in the world. The statue weighs over three tons, and was cut out of a block weighing seven tons. The stone is from the Isle of Portland. The present earl is said to have pronounced the model for the statue to be one of the best which he had ever seen. Mr. Butler, of London, was the sculptor.—*Builder*.

THE MOVABLE COLLECTION of specimens from the Government Department of Art having been lent to CLONMEL, an effort has been made to provide suitably for them, and to produce a creditable exhibition, which, so far as we can learn, and making due allowance for limited resources, we believe to be "a success." To the committee of the local Mechanics' Institute is mainly due the credit of this event, both as to its origin and accomplishment; but several gentlemen of rank and position voluntarily came forward and tendered their assistance, both by valuable contributions and otherwise.

STEEL ON COPPER-PLATES.—M. Joubert, a French engraver long settled in this country, whose works are well known to our subscribers, has recently introduced here from France, and patented, a process of depositing steel upon an engraved copper-plate, without injury to the most delicate lines upon it. A copper-plate thus faced will, we understand, print several thousand impressions; and when the surface becomes in the least degree worn, the deposit is easily removed, and a new face given to it; so that the plate may be worked almost *ad infinitum* without being deteriorated. A brief notice of the invention has already been given in the *Journal of the Society of Arts*. Next month we hope to speak of it at some length.

THE ART-MANUFACTURE ASSOCIATION—the *locale* of which is Edinburgh, but which extended its ramifications south—has, we understand, ceased its functions. We do not, at present, notice the rumours afloat on the subject; but it will be our duty to inquire concerning them, and report to our readers.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—This association has not yet commenced operations; but a committee is formed, at the head of which is the Earl of Carlisle. Commissions have been given for the production of various Art-works for distribution to subscribers,—and to subscribers only,—and we have reason to believe that within a very short period a very inviting prospectus will be issued by the manager—Thomas Battam, Esq., F.S.A.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—It is stated that the directors of the Crystal Palace have it in contemplation to light the tropical end of the building, by means of the electric light, during the winter months.

MONUMENTAL COMMEMORATIONS.—A few short paragraphs under the head of minor topic, will, for the past month, carry forward the record which we keep of this continued monumental movement.—Of these paragraphs, the earliest must on this occasion be given to science, because of the great names involved.—The men of Grantham have been (as we have elsewhere noted) inaugurating, with becoming ceremonial, their long promised monument to the greatest of all,—Sir Isaac Newton. The statue stands now upon St. Peter's Hill, in the good town; and on that site it was handed over to the keeping of the ages by an inaugural address from Lord Brougham.—Then comes the great name of George Stephenson. In the large hall of the terminus at Euston Grove,—presiding, as it were, through all time, at the starting-point of that iron network with which he bound together the North,—stands, in marble, the figure, by Baily, of the great engineer; but the North itself has no monumental record of the remarkable man whom it sent forth on his career

of scientific conquest. A movement is at length in progress to supply this want. On the occasion of its first proposal, by Mr. Fairbairn, a sum of £500 was at once subscribed, as a commencing fund: and a public meeting is to be in a few days held, with the view of forming a committee to conduct the project, and widening the area of appeal.—Turning from these scientific honours, we open again the sad volume of the Indian war, for another illustration or two. First, we have Captain Peel,—whose high distinction it is, that he added something of honour to the great name he bore. In his case, the proposal, at home, is, that his picture shall be painted by Mr. John Lucas, and presented to Greenwich Hospital, on condition that it find a place in the Painted Hall. A cabinet picture, copied from this original, is to be presented to the dowager Lady Peel,—the chief mourner over two such dead:—and a print, which Messrs. Graves and Co. hope to have ready in May next, will be presented to every seaman and marine who served in the Naval Brigade under Sir William Peel.—To Major-General Sir H. W. Barnard, one of the heroes of Delhi, a handsome monumental tablet is about to be erected in the military chapel of the Wellington Barracks, in Bird-cage Walk. It is of white Carrara marble,—and reckons Sebastopol in the account which it keeps for posterity of the titles of the chief whom it records.—A tablet has been lately placed, too, in the chancel of Cottenham Church, in memory of the late Major Banks, Provisional Chief Commissioner in Oude, "who was killed," says the inscription, "in discharge of his duty, during the siege of the Residency at Lucknow."—The "Sir Henry Lawrence Memorial" will, in all probability, have to take some other form than that which, our readers will remember, had been assigned to it. In the spirit of Sir Henry's own life, it had been determined to commemorate his death by devoting the funds subscribed to help towards the maintenance of the two asylums for the children of soldiers which he had founded near Simlah and at Mount Aboo. It is now believed, that the government of India will charge themselves with the support of these institutions; in which case, the Lawrence memorial committee will have again to consult their subscribers as to the disposition of the fund.—Quitting the Indian field of death, we may announce, that the marble statue of Archdeacon Brooks, subscribed for, as our readers will remember, by the town of Liverpool, with a view to its erection in St. George's Hall,—and entrusted to Mr. Spence, a young artist of that town, but now studying and working in Rome,—has arrived from the Eternal City; and will probably have reached its pedestal before this number of our Journal sees the light.—The statue, in marble, by Behnes, of the late Mr. Edward Baines, has been erected in the new Town Hall at Leeds:—and the townspeople of Huddersfield are about to erect a statue to Mr. Crossley, their member, to perpetuate the memory of the enlightened liberality that gave to the people the land for a park, outside the town. The commission has been given to Mr. Durham.—Some weeks ago, the foundation was laid, on the Windy Hill, a conspicuous site near the town, of a monument to the memory of Margaret McLaughlan and Margaret Wilson, the two heroic maidens who, some century and a half ago, suffered martyrdom in the waters of Wigtown Bay. The "Martyr's Anthem" was sung in the square of Wigtown by a crowd of persons assembled from all the country round; and the magistrates and clergy, with the member for the boroughs, led out the procession, moving four abreast, to its solemn act of memorial-homage on the Windy Hill.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Among the natural fruits of that predilection for the provisional and unsystematic, of which the last overt manifestation was the separation of the National Gallery from the Trustees of the Kensington Gore estate, we may point to what is now taking place in the British Museum. Here, everybody is at his wits' end for want of room,—but nobody will consent to make any. No officer can exhibit his collections in the encumbered space which he commands,—yet no officer will have the "encumbrance" cleared away. Everybody is in the way of everybody else,—and ends by being in his own. Science is kept bottled up in cellars,—and there is not elbow-room to draw the cork. To say, that the departments are all overflowing, would be a mistake in terms, where all

are dammed. One-half the collections are unseen. Learning is bought at heavy prices, to be kept packed up in cases. For any use we have, or can have, of them, we might as well have left a large portion of the treasures for which we have toiled and paid in the places whence we imported them.—This happy state of things is, as we have formerly pointed out, brought about by the ingenious device of keeping the national treasures in duplicate and in triplicate. Out of this clever arrangement, we get several characteristic effects. We starve certain of our institutions, for the purpose of choking others. Some we keep imperfect for want of specimens, that we may render the rest imperfect by heaping specimens together. We take our treasures away where they would be illustrations,—that we may set them down where they are encumbrances.—The remedy for all this is obvious and direct. It cannot be overlooked,—though it is repudiated. Every outcry of the officers for want of room involves the proposition,—and then, denies it. The disease prescribes its own cure; and it is, in fact, not long since we were, or thought we were, on the way to a better system. The great space at Kensington Gore and Brompton was secured, to assist in the promotion of a sounder state of things,—and we were approaching dangerously near to a rational arrangement. Luckily, we pulled up in time. The approaching peril of consistency was perceived early enough to check it; and we recovered our position of plethora here promoting atrophy there, and atrophy there feeding plethora here.—Of course, we fall back upon the old nostrums,—so familiar to John Bull. Instead of marshalling our treasures in the ample spaces that we have, we are to provide larger spaces at immense cost, and there leave the treasures unmarshalled. We have already called the attention of our readers to the resolution of the standing committee at their meeting in January last, to the effect that there is a great deficiency of space in the Museum, and recommending the adoption of Mr. Smirke's plan for the purchase of land to the north of the Museum. This resolution was communicated to Her Majesty's Government at the time,—and in June Mr. Panizzi recalled the attention of the Lords of the Treasury to the subject.—As the matter stands just now, their lordships have, we believe, suggested to the trustees the postponement of the question of enlargement, until other and more general questions connected with the subject shall have been finally considered;—and it may be hoped, perhaps, that this further breathing-space will give one more chance to the argument of sound economy and of common sense.

ART IN TASMANIA.—Through the courtesy of a correspondent at Hobart Town, Mr. W. G. Robertson, a catalogue of an exhibition of pictures, now open in the Council Chamber of that city, has been forwarded to us, with some brief critical remarks on the works that are there collected. We regret to be unable to devote more than a short space in our columns to a notice of the exhibition. It contains about 260 paintings in oil and water-colours, and about 100 bronzes, statuettes, and photographs, all of which are contributed by their respective owners, and are therefore, we presume, not intended for sale. We have little doubt of the majority of the pictures being genuine works, as the possessors of the few which bear great names are men of position in the colony, such as the Bishop of Tasmania, the Venerable Archdeacon Davies, Sir V. Fleming, &c., &c. Moreover, we know that the Art-Union Societies of London, Glasgow, &c., have greatly contributed to enrich our fellow-countrymen at the antipodes with many excellent productions of our artists at home; hence we are not surprised to see in the catalogue the names of Boxall, Jutsum, J. S. Prout, Woodward, J. P. Knight, R.A., Stanfield, R.A., Holland, Hunt, Carnichael, Herring, Müller, R. S. Lauder, Chalon, R.A., H. W. Pickersgill, R.A., Bright, D. Cox, Carl Haag, &c. We do not presume to say that all the works thus designated are original, but that they are so is very probable. Our correspondent, touching on this subject, says:—"While the Art-Unions disperse so many prizes in the colonies, but little encouragement will be given for commissions to resident artists. I trust, however, that eventually Tasmania will not only require good pictures, but good artists themselves." We hope so too, and rejoice to find a love of Art producing, even now, such fruits as are there seen.



## REVIEWS.

CANTON SHOWING THE FIRST SPECIMEN OF HIS PRINTING TO KING EDWARD IV. IN THE ALMONRY AT WESTMINSTER. Painted by D. MACLISE, R.A. Engraved by F. BROMLEY. Published by H. GRAVES & Co., London.

Nearly four centuries have passed since the first English printer lit in England the lamp that was to give light in every dwelling—to the palace and to the cottage alike. The power to read, which was then the costly privilege of the few, gradually extended to the many; and the whole world became heritors of the great bequest of a comparatively humble man of energy and enterprise. Honour to his memory; it is a rare and enviable privilege of Art to perpetuate the fame of those who are benefactors of mankind; and Maclise has never been better occupied than in recording the glory of William Caxton. Until within a recent period, there stood in one of the most miserable and wretched districts of Westminster, an aged and dilapidated house, with low rooms, gaunt windows, narrow staircase, and all the inconveniences of a gone by time—a house that was the first printing-office in England. We saw it some twenty years ago, when it was literally a den of thieves; there is now no trace of it; the Almonry, famous and infamous, is gone; in its place there is now erecting a large and stately hotel; and we know that one of the earliest duties of those who are building it, will be to place a statue of Caxton exactly over the spot on which stood that ancient and once honoured dwelling—recording the interesting fact, and aiding to perpetuate a memory which is a glory to every English woman and man.

In this engraving we see the printer explaining the mystery to the king and to his court; he does this standing by the press, from which the first sheet has been removed, to excite the wonder of the sovereign, the delight of the "patrons"—a noble earl and a mitred abbot—and the admiration of all; for there are present none of those who must have foreseen in this invention the dawn of freedom and the downfall of despotism and bigotry. The artist, as best suited to his purpose, has placed his characters in one of the "chapels" of the abbey, where it is probable Caxton may have been located for a time before he was established in a fixed residence. To this licence the painter was undoubtedly entitled, if indeed it be a licence at all; for the house to which we have referred, although traditionally described as Caxton's, and so considered by historians of Westminster, seemed not of so remote a date as the epoch of the printer, and was most likely built on the site of a structure still older; very old it certainly was—a timber and plaster erection of three stories in height, the upper story having a wooden balcony resting on the projecting windows below, with doors leading on to it. It is described, and also pictured, in the "Pilgrimages to English Shrines," by Mrs. S. C. Hall.

Maclise has conceived his subject well, and treated it with great ability. So worthy a theme could not have been in better hands. The characters are sufficiently diversified; the portraits have been carefully studied (we believe, however, that no authentic portrait of Caxton exists), and the costumes are correct copies of the period. We have to speak of the print rather than of the picture; but when the picture was exhibited, it satisfied the most exacting among the antiquaries and the archaeologists, while it sustained, if it did not augment, the reputation of the accomplished painter. It has been very creditably engraved by Mr. Bromley. Altogether there has been of late years no contribution to British Art so entirely acceptable; it is a production of national importance and of universal value.

THE SLIDE. Painted by T. WEBSTER, R.A. Engraved by ROBERT GRAVES, A.R.A. Published by AGNEW & SONS, Manchester.

This admirable print is a rare treat to artists and lovers of Art; and hardly less so to "the public," for the theme is one that all can comprehend and enjoy. The picture was painted many years ago, when Webster was in his zenith; we by no means say that he is yet in his decline: his works are still unrivalled in their way, and those he might exhibit to-day would be classed among the most admirable of the country and the age. But to paint many such pictures as this is the lot of few; assuredly, if it be not his best, it is that we recall to mind as most especially the memorable production of his pencil. The "Slide" represents a group of boys on the ice in winter: every varied attitude, every variety of expression, will be found here; the boys are full

of fun, relishing the cold that calls their muscles into action, and the delight that is born of danger; every group is a story: there is an incident, look where you will. Happy young rascals, how we envy them! even the little rogues who are half frozen because of the fear that keeps them idle; even those who are smarting from falls, or have been hit by the snow-ball that some reckless "gamin" has flung with accurate aim—even those are to be envied.

Yes, it is indeed a treat to examine a print so absolutely delicious—one that is very rare now-a-days; for what with mezzotint and mixed styles, lithography and photography, and huge wood-cuts, the highest branch of the engraver's art seems to have vanished from among us, and a *line* engraving is a boon to be valued for its rarity as well as for its beauty and worth. Mr. Robert Graves is one of the British engravers who holds in hand the pure *burin*, and will not be seduced from allegiance to his art by any temptations to execute without labour, and finish without time. He has here done himself honour; during the more prosperous times of the profession, the graver produced few, if any, worthier achievements; the work is one that may be safely placed beside the best productions of the best period of our school; and cannot fail to be universally received as an admirable example of the capabilities of either art—that of the painter and that of the engraver.

In the honours thus obtained, the publishers are entitled to a large share; they have long been eminent for liberal enterprise; their contributions to Art are many and good; a list of their publications contains a considerable portion of the most meritorious Art-issues of the country during the last twenty years; this print, however, is undoubtedly the best of their productions; it cannot fail to be profitable as a speculation, for it will be coveted by all to whom art is a health-giving and refining luxury.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN TRUMPETER. By G. W. THORNBURY. 3 vols. Published by HURST AND BLACKETT, London.

It is well for Mr. Thornbury that he did not come forth as an author half a century ago, for he may rest assured no one, in that slow age, would have read his works, unless it had been some ardent fox-hunter whose cap was frequently adorned with the brush,—who, when there chanced to be hard frost and snow on the ground, so that the hounds could not meet, or when the season was over, might be induced to beguile the weariness of his hours by taking up a book like this. Such a reader would probably be in at the death, that is, would live out the last page of the last volume; but all others of that generation of novel readers would be, in sporting phraseology, "no-where;" they would sink down breathless and exhausted, from sheer rapidity of motion, ere the second volume was reached. But, however unadapted to the age of our grandfathers, he is just the writer for our own, when everything is done, even reading, with the celerity of an express train; bold, vigorous, and, to a certain degree, off-hand, he dashes at once into his subject, without any ceremonious introduction, and carries his reader with him till the journey is ended.

The hero of his present story is Caesar de Mirabel, of an ancient family in the French provinces, who is sent by his father, a veteran soldier of the fire-eating school, to Paris to try his fortune at the court of Louis XIV. The youth starts, at a couple of hours' notice, on an old war-steed, with his father's well-tempered and well-tried sword belted on, and fifty louis in his pouch. He is no Don Quixote, yet he meets with numerous adventures ere he enters the gates of Paris—some of them of his own voluntary seeking, for he is bold, impetuous, and loves a joke. In the capital, and more especially at Versailles, the abode of the court, we are introduced to a number of personages whose names and histories are familiar to all who have read the annals of the reign of Louis; and also to most novel readers of the present day; that period of French history with its wars, its intrigues at home and abroad, its voluptuousness, and its irreligion, has been a favourite subject with our novel-writers, and ample scope does it afford for story, real or imaginary; ample subject, too, is it for sober reflection when we think of the terrible doom that overtook the nation in a subsequent reign, disasters the foundation of which may be dated from the corrupt influences of the court of *Le Grand Monarque*. The characters brought forward by Mr. Thornbury, though some of them are old acquaintances, are rendered so new by his dramatic and brilliant getting up, that they have all the charm of freshness, while those who make their entrance for the first time are worthy of the company to which they belong: king and courtiers, soldiers and priests, ladies of unsullied

honour, and fair ladies whose beauty was a snare to themselves and others; men of high degree, and men of low estate, poets, dramatists, essayists, and divines, are crowded together into as exciting a story as any it has been our fortune to read. Mr. Thornbury is a most vivacious painter; with broad, rapid, and vigorous touches, he gives life and substantiality to the characters as they appear on his canvas, arranging and grouping them with the skill of a master-mind.

THE ANCIENT POEM OF GUILLAUME DE GUILLEVILLE, entitled "LE PELERINAGE DE L'HOMME," compared with the "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" of JOHN BUNYAN. Edited from Notes collected by the late Mr. NATHANIEL HILL, of the Royal Society of Literature, with Illustrations and an Appendix. Published by B. M. PICKERING, London.

"There is nothing new under the sun," said the wise king thousands of years ago. Almost all the world who have read the "Pilgrim's Progress," by the prisoner of Bedford gaol, cherished the idea they had in their hands a book of undoubted originality, in thought, plan, and execution: this, however, seems not to be the case, John Bunyan's popular allegory is younger, by three hundred years, than one of almost the same character and description, written by Guillaume de Guileville, prior of the royal abbey of Chalis, or Calais, who died in 1360: he was the author of a poem entitled "Le Pelerinage de l'Homme," which appears to have been translated into our language, both in prose and verse, on several occasions not very many years after it was written: of these translations various copies, both in manuscript and print, exist in the British Museum, the libraries of Oxford and Cambridge, and in a few private libraries, but they are all more or less imperfect: very old printed editions, in French, are also contained in the British Museum, in Paris, and in Holland. The most important of the metrical translations is that by the "venerable monk Don John Lydgate," which is in the British Museum collection of MSS., and is numbered "Vitelius, cxiii." Lydgate was a monk of the Order of St. Bennet, in the once famous Abbey of St. Edmund's Bury, in Suffolk; he is supposed to have died in 1440.

The book now published, which results from the researches of the late Mr. N. Hill, is curious, as showing the source from which Bunyan may have derived the idea of his work: there seems to be every probability that he must, in some way or other, have met with Guileville's poem, and taken it as the groundwork of his own allegory: it is scarcely possible to entertain a contrary opinion, there is such a remarkable parallel in many of the passages, and in the general treatment of the subject, in both writings. But Bunyan, assuming that he had seen the "Le Pelerinage," can scarcely be called a plagiarist, except in subject, for, as it is here said, "The allegory, which becomes in the hands of the former a fascinating narrative, full of vitality and Christian doctrine, is in the latter only a cold and lifeless dialogue between abstract and unembodied qualities." We know not who has been entrusted with the materials collected by Mr. Hill for his projected work, but they certainly are not brought forward so methodically and clearly as could be wished. There is in the matter a wide field for comment and annotation, but it has been sparingly sown, and that which is grown up is not of the best kind—not so good, that is, as it might have been under more judicious culture. Had Mr. Hill lived to carry out his plan of showing the world that Bunyan was indebted to some of the early Mediaeval Romances for his "Pilgrimage," we should doubtless have seen a very different work from this, which, however, with all its shortcomings, will be read with considerable interest.

INFANT PRAYER. Engraved by HENRY COUSINS, from a painting by J. SANT. Published by HENRY GRAVES & Co., London.

This is a charming print; one that will touch the hearts of all who see it: two lovely children are kneeling at prayer; pure and innocent, as well as beautiful, they have that holy expression we believe the cherubim to have; untouched, as yet, by trouble, untainted as yet by wrong, in act or in thought. A more attractive work of Art has been seldom issued; the artist seems to have drawn on his imagination for forms and features perfect in nature; yet we know these fair young things are portraits, living and growing into actual manhood and womanhood. God preserve them!—not only in life but in purity. There is no living painter who can paint a work like this so well as Mr. Sant; his own mind must be of kin to the themes he so often pictures.

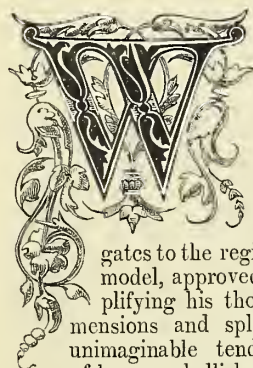


## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, NOVEMBER 1, 1858.

## EARLY ARTISTS OF FLORENCE.\*



WELL might Michael Angelo say that Ghiberti's Baptistry Gates were worthy of Paradise. His praise suggests the fancy of Ghiberti's Spirit, with angelic facility, fabricating a pair of gates to the regions of light after this model, approved of even there; amplifying his thoughts to heavenly dimensions and splendour, in stones of unimaginable tenderness and harmony of hues, embellished around with radiant glories of celestial gems and gold. May we indulge one more of those Dantesque associations which beset us constantly in these precincts which the poet best loved to pace in meditation, or to remember in his burning exile, till its bitterness melted to tearful love? He who saw the beatified spirits, like countless glowing rubies, range themselves together in the forms of the Eagle and the Cross, to chant the divine wisdom and glory, and combine in sacred sentences, to teach them to the eye, might, had he lived later, have beheld the sculptor who so graced his beloved San Giovanni in Florence, unravelling all along the gold of the heavenly parapets, with the unimpeded ease and pleasantness of his thought, the imaged history of God's gracious providence to man; forming memorials so lovely, and in spirit so true, that the seraphs may well pause, and hang in mid flight through the sapphire firmament, to gaze at them, charmed and delighted.

We approached his lovely "first-thought" for that work, by picking our way amongst a display of scraps of old rusty iron arranged on the pavement for sale in irreverend propinquity to the Beautiful Gates, dinned by the bellowing and ringing roar of the vendors in the streets, which, though one of the harshest of sounds, is, in a certain sense, by no means ungrateful, since it proclaims a vigorous and healthy vitality on the part of the utterers. It is so far in harmony with that vivid, life-breathing sunshine and lightest atmosphere; and comes with audible conviction that you are indeed away in that bright land, where, however depressing may be the wiles and power of man, the influences of nature are immortally strengthening and exhilarating. Of the hosts who have visited Florence, how many let slip a little gush of their customary stock of enthusiasm whenever this gate is mentioned; yet few, at least few whom we have met with, appear to have looked at it sufficiently to come away with any very clear and definite knowledge of that of which its beauties really consist; and, therefore, universally as its general aspect is known, we scarcely fear that in alluding to

some few of its inexhaustible details, we have dwelt too much on things already commonly familiar. Indeed, after all, better service, we often think, may be sometimes done by inviting closer attention to those great masterpieces with which we only *fancy* ourselves acquainted, than by turning away from them, for the sake of a superficial novelty, to inferior things wholly unknown to us. Professor Westmacott, in his recent lectures, thus renews an old objection against these gates:—

"The error of these compositions is, that they are arranged on the principle of painting and not of sculpture. They exhibit in a variety of planes, groups of foreground figures, other groups and objects retiring to middle distance and extreme background, and the whole intermingled with landscape, mountains, trees, cattle, and other objects. You will at once perceive how much interest is lost by the confusion caused by the crowding of so many small parts together, and next how each portion of the composition is injured by the overpowering force of the part or object near it, especially in the foreground figures. The effects produced by the attempt to represent miles of distance by distinct objects on several planes, when the whole distance from the foreground to the remotest perspective is scarcely an inch, are most anomalous and unsatisfactory. In painting, where there is no difference at all in surface between the foreground and background, no disappointment is felt, because the painter can supply the illusion of atmosphere by colour; but in sculpture, trees cast their dark shadows against the clouds, figures reduced in size, with the view of making them appear distant, are, for want of atmosphere, as distinct and clear as foreground objects; and though they may be intended to be represented as miles off, they may, and indeed do, throw their shadows on and over the objects nearest the front plane of the composition."

On which criticism we humbly offer the following. Unless when the mind teems with excellent inventions, it may be conceded that sculptors had better not introduce into their compositions the crowding of many small parts, and attempts to render various distances, as Ghiberti has done. But he has gained so much, that the objections seem to us more than counterbalanced. The course he adopted enabled him to give four or five subjects in each panel instead of one; in all, between forty and fifty subjects, instead of ten; the whole group of events belonging to each story instead of one event only; in short, a rich Bible history of inexhaustible interest. And would we willingly exchange it for the representation of ten events only, treated on the more simple classical principle? Should we like him to have suppressed four-fifths of these beautiful ideas, for the sake of the "unities," and the mere distinct enunciation of the remaining fifth portion? Is not, we venture to ask—for in demurring to a Royal Academical Glyptic Professor we must be on our p's and q's—is not this profusion of interesting conceptions an abundant recompence for any inconvenience arising from such things as the imperfect rendering of perspective, and the anomalous shadowings objected to? Where so much is gained for imagination and feeling, may we not be well contented to admit certain imperfections of a technical character which unavoidably accompany them; accepting much as mere suggestion, not full and perfect imitation? Yet, after all, the confusion attributed cannot be said to exist to any prevailing or embarrassing extent. On the contrary, the separation and distinctness of the different groups in the same panel is so clear and skilful, that the sculptor deserves high credit for this part of his work; and even a lively idea of distance is conveyed by the exquisitely delicate *bassissimo-relievo* into which the remoter groups are subdued. They are not by any means so distinct as the objects in the foreground. But apart from technical considerations of this class, a most copious richness of objects and incidents, still leaving something to be "spelt out," and to call you again and again for the gratification of your curiosity, and the reception of new images and ideas, seems occasionally a not improper characteristic of works of Art; which in this resemble many of the admirable combinations in nature; and, on the whole, we believe it is a matter for felicitation that a man of Ghiberti's abounding invention, should here

have followed what may be called the mediæval and modern fulness of representation, rather than the more simply selecting classical mode. Standing before his gate, and making an attempt for the purpose, we could not determine which of his beautiful groups to suppress in sufficient numbers, for the sake of that so much coveted simplicity, and perfection of perspicuity. We should ourselves as soon find fault with the number of crockets and pinnacles of a Gothic cathedral, or of similes in such a poem as Shelley's "Skylark," the multitude of flowers on a hedge bank, or the variety and profusion of the closely-packed colours in the magnificent bed of "sweet-williams," we have just been looking at in the garden.

Donatello, often somewhat meagre and rigid in form, and inferior to Ghiberti in beauty and grace, excels in masculine force and a strong feeling for individual character. His saints and heroes, though striking and sometimes imaginative, tend much towards naturalism, and have the air of transcripts from life. His merits assert themselves nobly in the niches on the front of Or San Michele, where stand his St. Mark and St. George, the objects of Buonarrotti's musing and sympathetic apostrophes, "Why do you not speak to me?" and "March!" The "Saint George" is especially admirable for character and spirit. The unhelmeted young knight stands firmly planted, his hands resting on his shield. He seems considering the dragon before he attacks him, resolutely, yet not wholly without that doubtful questioning which so daring an enterprise may reasonably suggest. His tall, slender figure is martially thoughtful. Donatello's "David" is a resolute but over-meagre youth, with painfully prominent shoulder blades. In a broad-leafed hat, such as Italian peasants wear, garnished with leaves, he triumphs grimly but picturesquely over the giant's severed head, and a wreath of victory surrounds the base on which he stands. The youthful "Baptist," by the same hand, is a delightful figure, immortally fresh with innocence and simple spirited life. For strict appropriateness of character these statues may not quite satisfy our exacting imaginations; but at a time when Art, having escaped the bonds of mediæval ignorance, was striving in her regenerated youth for nature and truth, so lively and single-minded a faith in them, accompanied by so much nobility and sweetness of sentiment, must needs win our warm and unalloyed admiration. A masterpiece of grand portraiture and execution is Donatello's colossal bronze equestrian statue, at Padua, of Gattamelata, a veteran with features dried and hardened by toil and exposure, and also by grave determinations. It is surpassed only by the marvellously spirited statue of Colleone, by his scholar Andrea del Verocchio. Donatello was so enthusiastically lauded at Padua, for this and other works he had wrought there, that he declared his head would be turned, till he forgot everything he knew; and therefore it behoved him to return to his native Florence, where the stricter criticisms, ever lavishly bestowed, would suggest fresh matter for study, and so lead to his advancement in skill and reputation. Like most of the great workmen of those Art-glorious times, he was so devoted to his calling as to think little of worldly advantages. He is said to have placed what money he had, from time to time, in a basket suspended from the roof, that "his assistants as well as his friends" might take what they needed, without disturbing him. Akin to this was his disregard of appearances. His friend and patron Cosmo de' Medici, being a little scandalized at his costume, sent him a more seemly and appropriate set of habiliments on the morning of a certain fête, trusting that he would consequently appear with more decorum on that somewhat dressy public occasion.

\* Continued from p. 292.



But Donatello, after once or twice wearing, returned it to the donor, observing that it was too dainty for him. The admirable Cosmo—admirable so far at least—on his death-bed left the care of Donatello's infirm old age to his son Piero, who consequently presented him with a farm in Cafaggiuolo adequate for his commodious residence and support. But after a few months, the old man would have restored it to the giver by the proper legal forms, declaring that his quiet was so disturbed by household cares, by the complaints of farmers about the wind unroofing the dovecotes, the seizure of cattle for taxes, the uprooting of vines and olives by the storms, and a bewildering variety of other such matters, that he would rather starve than continue to lead such a life. Piero, laughing at his simplicity, exchanged the farm for an income in money of equal or larger value, much to the relief and satisfaction of the venerable sculptor, who seems never to have endured that any trivial cause, whether jealousy, cupidity, or the ordinary affairs of daily life, should vex the clear current of his noble thoughts.

Donatello worked with much of a Michael Angelesque impetuosity and fire, and a keen knowledge of what was required for effect; and yet his finish was often singularly delicate and beautiful, as may be seen in his admirable treatment of the hair, especially. Those *staccato*, or *flattened reliefs*, for which he is peculiarly celebrated, are graceful, not only in conception, but execution. In sculptures of this class, the outline is sharply defined, but no projection beyond low relief, no *proportionate* projection, is given to the parts most prominent in nature, and the inner parts are little more than drawn; the result of all which is, as close a resemblance to colourless pictures in marble as well may be. Donatello's sharp-featured Madonnas, rendered in this way, are sometimes defective in form, especially in the long, meagre hands, but tender, elegant, refined in expression and character; and the children are lovely, and now and then delightfully graceful; and the limbs, the hair, and gauzy drapery, are rendered in this *staccato* relief with such exquisite lightness and freedom that the effect resembles that of some highly-accomplished drawing by the best Italian painters of almost a century later. Those painters borrowed much from Donatello and his contemporary sculptors in design and composition; and one sees in such works as these bas-reliefs the true germs of the more cheerful and elegant Madonna compositions for which Leonardo and Raphael were so famous. Lorenzo de Credi and Perugino derived some of their most admired groupings from this source; and Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Last Supper," so helped his slow, unfertile invention by availing himself of a bas-relief of the same subject by Luca della Robbia (now in the Soulage Collection), that his general arrangement, and even the composition of his principal figures, can hardly be called original.

Luca della Robbia, the inventor of the celebrated glaze which gives permanence and delicate fairness to modellings in clay, the last of this immortal triad of Renaissance sculptors,—for he was born some sixteen years later than Ghiberti and Donatello,—was not inferior to them in single-minded devotedness to their common calling. The indomitable, delightful stripling would sit half the night through at his drawing, up to the knees in shavings, to exclude the bitter cold: and his juvenile proficiency was such that early in his sixteenth year he was employed at Rimini on the magnificent sepulchre Malatesta raised for the wife he probably murdered, as he had her two predecessors. Luca, though on occasion by no means wanting in grace and dignity, is distinguished from his two compeers by devout feeling and simple natural tenderness, with

something frequently of a homely domestic air. These merits give an endearing value to his reliefs in terra-cotta of gentle Madonnas with their babes. Once in a way, in his delightful frieze of "The Singers,"—wrought for the organ-loft of the Duomo, but now in the gallery of the Uffizi,—he shines forth with a spirited cheerfulness rarely rivalled in his art. What delightful animation, *naïve* earnestness, and gaiety here abound! A group of youths is singing together from choral books; and young girls are playing on lutes, and lifting up their heads and their voices, in joyous accordance with them. Other youths are trumpeting with manly self-importance; and yet another party—peasants, figures more rustical—are laughingly dancing, and beating their tabors. And naked children appear all along, like little round buds in a wreath or garland, with more fully opening flowrets. One, whilst his fellow beckons him, dances into the group saucily, yet holding back his head with infantine shyness—boldness in his legs, bashfulness in his face, how truly rendered! Others, seated on the ground, most gravely point up, for your admiration, at the bevy of singers; and, lastly, a pair are dancing, flinging about their legs, with a hearty sturdy joyousness, which, verily, it does one good to look at. Then, how earnest are "the Singers" themselves, how strenuously swelling their throats, how thoroughly, actually, seriously singing! They open their mouths like young throats when the coppice newly kindles with emerald buds; like larks trilling in a cornfield, when the sense of vivid life and sunny spring first animates them; like nightingales gurgling at the cowslips, beyond whose banks they vow never to wander.\* Indeed, the heartfelt cheerful nature throughout, tending something to the rustical, yet with a spice of the antique, enough to add dignity, without impairing the freshness and originality of the sculptor's feeling, marks this as one of the happiest works in Art. Something more of *beauty* of face and form, and of grace and fullness of line, here and there, is all that is left to wish for.† It was begun in the year when our Henry VI. espoused Margaret of Anjou—to illustrate the advancement in Tuscany by a momentary glance homewards. A noble ornament, once in a way, for a recess of the solemn and sublime Duomo; like a benign and liberal smile on the divine face of Religion herself, to remind us that she truly loves free joyousness, such as is here portrayed; well-knowing how strengthening and restorative it is to the heart, which becomes dull, and oftentimes even unconsciously hardened, from a too prolonged monotony of serious and loftily-strained thought. In this point of view, the bas-relief, in its original place, would have been, as some of our critics say, "eminently suggestive."

We would willingly say something of Luca's other works at Florence, but space will not per-

\* In our climate, at least, not the rose but the cowslip seems to be the lady-love of the nightingale; for the bird seldom or never frequents places where that flower is absent. In Devonshire it is very rare, and nightingales are unknown: but in the neighbouring county, Somerset, where it is unusually common, there Philomela also abounds. Thomson notices this tender connexion between the nightingale and the cowslip.

† So far as we know, the work of modern sculpture most worthy of being ranked, for lively cheerfulness, with this frieze of Luca della Robbia's, is F. Drake's vase at Berlin, covered by a relief illustrative of the pleasures of public gardens. This production, representing children and youths recreating themselves in the open air, climbing about their happy young mothers, playing with swans, gathering flowers and dancing before their grandsires, who feel young again as they gaze on them, so abounds with innocence, enjoyment, beauty, and grace, enwreathed together by a most remarkable richness and variety of composition, that we have seen nothing of the kind so charming. Some of the attitudes and expressions are manifest variations of some in Luca's work; but Drake's figures have more beauty, grace, elegance, and soft pliancy of form, however inferior in force and decision of character and execution. Not to forget the Florentine's pre-eminence, we must bear in mind his superior originality and boldness—and what he did for Art generally at an early period of its revival.

mit: and we must also postpone all consideration of Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano, Andrea del Verocchio, and other sculptors of Tuscany, the immediate followers of those we have endeavoured to characterize, and the not unworthy heirs of much of their talents and principles. But on the three great Renaissance sculptors of Florence we trust we have not dwelt too long; for there are but few names connected with Art that we more venerate. Beyond all others, these men were instrumental in restoring to the sphere in which their genius moved, truth, nature, and immortal beauty, after a thousand years' ignorant neglect of them; in this influencing not only sculpture, but painting, so far as the one art can be stimulated and guided by the other, and evincing in their personal qualities a combination of good sense and feeling, industry, energy, and generosity, but rarely rivalled in the annals of their craft.

### VISITS TO PRIVATE GALLERIES OF THE BRITISH SCHOOL.

THE PICTURES OF RICHARD NEWSHAM, Esq., OF PRESTON.

THIS is one of those collections on which we have already remarked as evincing the growing taste for Art in certain districts of the country. Galleries of modern Art are numerous in the vicinities of Preston and Manchester; and it is to those patrons who, instead of purchasing copies of the works of the ancient masters, hang their galleries with undoubted productions of our own school, that British Art is indebted for its flourishing condition. Mr. Newsham was one of the earliest collectors in Preston or its neighbourhood; and to the judgment with which his catalogue has been formed the undermentioned titles amply testify.

'The Wild Coast,' F. DANBY, A.R.A.—This is one of the most successful of Danby's dark pictures, the "wildness" of the scene being much enhanced by the aspect under which it is represented. The time is sunset; and to the fiery horizon the remains of a wreck rises in opposition. On the right lies an iron-bound shore, with dangerous spits of rock, bespeaking instant destruction to any unfortunate ship that may be thrown on the coast. The only life in the composition is represented by a few seabirds, which the declining light warns to betake themselves to their nests. The effect is impressive.

'The Cornfield,' J. LINNELL.—This picture was never exhibited, and is undoubtedly a composition from material in the immediate neighbourhood of Mr. Linnell's residence, near Reigate. The view is closed on the right by a rising ground, which declines towards the left, opening a glimpse of distance, through which a road passes. The field and the corn are represented in a manner doing ample justice to every incident; the corn especially is drawn with scrupulous nicety. The sky, as is usual in the works of the artist, is a striking feature of the composition,—clear, atmospheric, and remarkable for its perspective.

'The Bouquet,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—A single figure—that of a girl arranging flowers—presented as a small half-length.

'The Attendant at the Baths, Cairo,' JOHN LEWIS.—This is an oil picture, one of the earliest of Mr. Lewis's productions in that medium. The figure is doubtless a faithful transcript from the life, and represents a man wearing a green tunic and red turban, having a towel on his shoulder. It is not realized with the high finish that characterizes the later works of the painter.

'From first to last man needs support,' J. PHILLIP, A.R.A.—The theme here is the infirmity of the dawn, and of the close, of human life. An aged man comes forth from the door of a cottage, supported by crutches; and a child, yet scarcely able to walk alone, is anxiously watched by its mother. It is a large picture, in what may be called Mr. Phillip's first manner; for since his visit to Spain his feeling has undergone a revolution. The female figures have been most carefully studied. It was exhibited we think in 1849.

'Street Scene in Cairo,' W. MÜLLER.—This



painter was one of our earliest recorders of Egyptian incident; but, generally, colour and the picturesque are the qualities which he has most sought to attain. We see here a group of figures, among which is prominent a Nubian slave, standing before the booth of a dreamy hadji, who transacts all his business seated on his shop-board or counter. Painted in 1841.

'Welsh Peasants returning from Market,' W. COLLINS.—The figures and the scenery are both impressively Welsh. The view presents a breadth of sea-coast, bounded by a mountain background; and the sky—which has been painted at once—is full of sunny clouds, rendered with a perspective truth which direct application to nature alone can give. The picture has all the breadth and air of the artist's best productions.

'In Ischia,' C. STANFIELD, R.A.—The feature of the picture is a vine-trellis supported by columns, a combination telling so well in composition that we find it not only in other works of the author of this picture, but in those of almost all landscape painters who may have seen the incident. The town also appears, encompassing the little harbour.

'The Rose, Thistle, and Shamrock,' C. BAXTER.—Three female heads, to which the painter attributes distinct nationalities by type and attribute. They have Mr. Baxter's usual sweetness of expression and brilliant colour.

'Summer Time,' T. CRESWICK, R.A.—One of those earlier subjects on which Mr. Creswick's reputation is based; composed of principally the bed of a river like the Greta, with foreground rocks and stones, closed on each side by trees, and in the distance by mountains,—full of the reality of nature.

'Antwerp Cathedral,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—We see the cathedral here from the market-place,—the graceful and richly-sculptured *flèche* rising above the houses in a manner to reduce their masses and height to insignificance: the picture is upright in form—the effect is that of sunset.

'The Last Ripening Sunbeam,' G. LANCE.—A fruit picture, consisting of a pine, a pear, a plum, a basket, with a sunbeam lighting the composition.

'Crossing the Heath,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—The wayfarer is a little girl walking against the wind, which blows her red cloak about, and compels her to hold her hat. It is on the whole a description of great point. Painted in 1836.

'The Bolero,' J. PHILLIP, R.A.—A single figure—that of a Spanish lady in the act of dancing with castanets, and wearing a dress strictly national. The movement is extremely spirited, and the execution has a finish which the painter now seldom gives to his pictures.

'The Fallen Monarch,' J. LINNELL.—One of the simplest and most purely natural representations we have ever seen under this name. The title is applied to an oak, which lies on the ground topped, lopped, and partly barked. The composition describes very consonantly a passage of wild forest scenery, painted throughout with extreme care. Another work by the same painter, but very different in character, is entitled 'St. John Preaching in the Wilderness,'—a picture of very impressive character.

'The Royal Family of France in the Dungeon of the Temple,' E. M. WARD, R.A.—Estimable as one of Mr. Ward's most memorable works. It was at the grand exhibition at Paris, and is so well known as not to require description here. It is of the series on which the painter's reputation rests.

'Gillingham,' W. MÜLLER.—This is one of those sketches of which Müller executed so many "on the spot," without again touching them. It is grey in tone, and very spirited—full of the materiality of nature.

'The Opera,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—A lady seated holding an opera-glass. The picture has, we believe, been engraved.

'The Present,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—A study of a girl leaning over a table contemplating a miniature. She is attired in white, and holds the portrait before her. By the same painter there is also 'Consultation,'—a younger consulting an elder sister on the subject of a declaration, contained in a missive which she holds in her hand. 'Olivia'—also by Leslie—is impersonated by a figure in black in the act of lifting her veil. The manner in which these studies are brought forward is extremely substantial.

'The Flower Girl,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—She carries

two or three flower-pots, and is looking about her for purchasers. A representation full of appropriate truth.

'Prayer,' C. W. COPE, R.A.—This composition shows two figures—a little girl and her elder sister, the former repeating her prayers. The group, which is relieved by a dark background, is qualified by an expression most happily appropriate.

'Colin, thou know'st the southern shepherd boy,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—The subject we may suppose to have been suggested by the verse of Spenser, though the treatment is so substantive as to possess little of either allegorical or poetic sentiment. There are two figures, a male and a female, and the scene resembles very closely a section of the Surrey Downs, which seems to have been so carefully painted from the veritable locale that every tuft of herbage has been conscientiously transplanted to the canvas.

'Venice,' J. B. PYNE.—A distant view of the city,—light, sunny, dreamy, Turnerian.

'By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept,' W. ETTY.—This is perhaps the least probable version of this subject that has ever been painted; but Etty piqued himself more in repeating those distinctive qualities which were peculiarly his own, than in consulting the proprieties of his subject. It contains two seated figures and a third lying—another Magdalen, reminding us of Correggio, though painted with but little diversity or force of colour.

'The Tired Gleaners,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—A group of three children, of whom two are extended on the ground near a stile leading into a cornfield, the third standing near, in the shade. The faces of those on the ground are very brilliant; and, throughout, the picture is most carefully finished.

'Youth at the helm and Pleasure at the prow,' W. ETTY.—A small replica of the Vernon picture, but differing in the sky.

'Nora Creina,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—This was painted some twelve years ago for engraving: the plate is well known.

'Evelyn Woods,' R. REDGRAVE, R.A.—A large upright picture, containing numerous immediate agroupments of forest trees, pierced here and there by the light, and relieved by more distant foliage. Through the wood winds a road, now in the light, now in the shade, with a truth of perspective which could be suggested only by nature.

'Lytham Sands,' R. ANSELL.—The pith of the representation is the admirable drawing and painting of the sheep, which here constitute the life of the picture. Besides these there is the shepherd and two dogs. The whole is broad and bright. Lytham is in Lancashire.

'Maria of Malines,' W. P. FRITH, R.A.—She is seated playing on her pipe; her hair hangs loosely on each side of her head; a tear starts in her eye, and the expression of the features responds in its melancholy to the moving description of Sterne.

'The Nun,' J. SANT.—She is represented reading, but has turned her head partially aside, having the eyes cast down. This artist stands alone as to the expression and nature with which he invests these simple studies.

'Young Daniel,' J. R. HERBERT, R.A.—This is a version in oil of a portion of the fresco composed by Mr. Herbert for the Houses of Parliament. The picture was exhibited entire in the Royal Academy.

'Venice,' E. W. COOKE, A.R.A.—The centre of the canvas is occupied by a crowd of fishing craft, with their quaint gear and painted sails. The vessels, and all their equipment, are made out with the most minute scrupulousness. The quays and palaces appear upon the right hand, and in the distance. This is one of the best of Mr. Cooke's Venetian pictures.

'The Fisherman's Return,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—He is welcomed by his wife and child as he lands. The boat, with all its gear, together with the scene itself, is represented with a research so penetrating as to look as if painted from a photograph; it is, however, a style of naturalism which we should scarcely like to see generally followed.

'Contemplation,' C. R. LESLIE, R.A.—One of those single figure subjects of which this artist has produced many: the flesh tints are very clear.

'Ruins of Paestum,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—A long picture, presenting a view of a flat country, wherein two ruined temples appear, just cutting the horizon. Mr. Roberts's works of this period are much more careful than those of more recent production.

'St. Ouen at Rouen,' E. GOODALL.—We see the exterior of the church, together with a section of the neighbouring buildings to give due effect to the massive edifice. All the architectural pictures of this artist are scrupulously accurate.

'Cow and Sheep,' T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.—These animals are much more exact in drawing and painting than the more recent works by the same hand.

'Refuge under Alarm,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—A small and highly finished group of a girl and a child circumscribed in an open background.

'Shrine of St. Gomerre, at Lierre,' D. ROBERTS, R.A.—There is in the collection of Mr. Bicknell, of Herne Hill, a version of this subject, but it is different in treatment from this picture, which is distinguished by all the merit of Mr. Roberts's best productions of this class.

'L'Allegro,' J. LINNELL.—

"Many a youth and many a maid  
Dancing in the chequered shade."

The "shade" is formed by the meeting of branches over the foreground, especially by those of a venerable tree on the left, and beneath this shade is a company of dancers, with other figures as spectators. The distance is a rising ground, covered with wood. The composition is a satisfactory deduction from Milton's verse, with the sentiment of which the whole is profoundly imbued.

'The Outskirts of the Park,' W. COLLINS.—A small picture, showing a dark mass of trees opposed to the sky.

'Girl listening to a Robin at a Welsh Mountain Stream,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—She stands in an attitude consistent with the title, while the mountain rill fills her water-can. This is one of those earlier studies, which the artist endowed with a grace and sweetness wanting to his later works.

'The Opera Cloak,' A. EGG, A.R.A.—A young lady, in a white mantle, reading the bill of the Opera. The figure is well known from the engraving.

'The Rescue of the Brides of Venice,' J. C. HOOK, A.R.A.—This picture, which was exhibited in 1851, contains more than twenty large figures. It describes the pursuit and rescue of the brides at that point when the conflict is going on between the two boats. The figures are characteristic and full of movement. The realization of the athletic poses, and the appropriate expression, must have been a work of long and earnest study.

'Irish Children,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—One stands knitting, and the other is seated at a cottage door—charming in colour.

'Cupid in a Shell,' W. ETTY, R.A.—This subject has been treated by Etty more than once; an engraving of the subject, from the picture of Alderman Spiers, appeared in the August number of the *Art-Journal*.

'The Swing,' F. GOODALL, A.R.A.—A small replica of three of the figures contained in the large picture: the group and accessories are made out with as much minute manipulation as appears in the principal work.

'Catherine Seytoun,' Sir E. LANDSEER, R.A.—This little picture is well known by the engraving: at the bottom we read—"Unfinished. E. L."

'Landscape and Cattle,' F. LEE, R.A., and T. S. COOPER, A.R.A.—A small picture, in which the cattle appear, of course, in the foreground: a stream, trees, and other ordinary material, constitute the landscape composition.

'Shepherd Boy and Scarecrow,' P. F. POOLE, A.R.A.—He stands playing on his pipe, and a second rustic, interested in the music, listens; and while the two are thus occupied, the hungry crows enjoy their repast undisturbed.

'Water-mill, Gillingham,' W. MÜLLER.—There is scarcely an object of any picturesque interest in the district that has not been signalized by the pencil of Müller: this work has the truth and earnestness of all his transcripts from nature.

'The Picnic,' W. ETTY, R.A.—The picnic is limited to a *tête-à-tête*, the couple being a nymph and a Phrygian shepherd, who are about to partake of a basket of fruit. The group is relieved by trees and blue sky: it does not appear to be a studied subject, but is most probably composed of two academic sketches placed in relation to each other.

Since we have seen Mr. Newsham's collection, he has, we believe, added several pictures equalling in interest and merit those here mentioned.



## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

## THE JÄGER'S WIFE.

F. Foltz, Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 4 in. by 11½ in.

HAZLITT, in his "Criticism on Art," makes this remark:—"If a picture is admirable in its kind, we do not give ourselves much trouble about the subject." It may be assumed that the observation applies to his own individual feelings, for he could scarcely have supposed it to be of universal application: most people *do* trouble themselves "about the subject," and if this be not to their tastes, the excellence of the picture, as a work of Art, avails nothing in the way of imparting gratification. On another page he says:—"A fine gallery of pictures is a sort of illustration of Berkeley's 'Theory of Matter and Spirit.' It is like a palace of thought—another universe, built of air, of shadows, of colours. Everything seems 'palpable to feeling as to sight.' Substances turn to shadows by the painter's arch-chemic touch; shadows harden into substances. 'The eye is made the fool of the other senses, or else worth all the rest.' The material is in some sense embodied in the immaterial, or, at least, we see all things in a sort of intellectual mirror. The world of Art is an enchanting deception. We discover distance in a glazed surface; a province is contained in a foot of canvas; a thin, evanescent tint gives the form and pressure of rocks and trees; an inert shape has life and motion in it. Time stands still, and the dead reappear by means of this 'so potent art.'" Now, if we watch the crowd of company collected within such a gallery of pictures, how shall we find them occupied?—singly, or in groups, standing before some canvas the subject of which harmonizes with their taste: some of the paintings rivet attention—the eye never seems to weary with looking, nor the mind with feasting; others attract a momentary inspection, perhaps, and are then passed over; while others, again, are scarcely favoured with a glance, or, if they are, it is only a look of contempt or dissatisfaction. No picture, whatever its merits, can become all things to all men; there must be a community of feeling and idea, so to speak, between the painting and the spectator, ere the former can interest and the latter can appreciate. This is the condition on which Art appeals to the multitude: not so, however, to him who knows what good Art is; he is satisfied when he finds a "picture admirable in its kind,"—its truth or its beauty he can feel and acknowledge; and though with him, as with others, there must be identity of emotion or sensibility between him and the work he most esteems, he entertains a friendly and sympathizing regard for everything worthy of his notice.

Such a picture, for example, as the "Jäger's Wife," by Foltz, is one he would value, because—to revert once more to Hazlitt's remarks—it fulfils the conditions of being "admirable in its kind:" he may care little for the subject, which is simply a portrait of a young Tyrolean woman resting, perhaps after a wearisome climb up some Alpine height: but the beauty of the figure, its easy and natural pose, the modest, expressive countenance, the truth of the landscape, and the delicate pencillings of the entire painting, would at once arrest his attention, and fix it. These qualities would scarcely fail to recommend the picture to any one, whatever his taste or judgment may be. The arrangement of colours in the costume of the figure is excellent, but of a peculiarity that must have given the engraver much difficulty to represent effectively in black and white: the hat is straw, of a bluish tint; the upper part, or body of the dress, is red; the skirt a rich dark brown; the stomacher deep blue; the apron white; the handkerchief round the neck is black: the landscape is entirely of a low tone of colour—the soft misty light of the setting sun has thrown a golden haze over it.

The picture is the "companion" of the "Jäger," by the same artist, which appeared in this series of engravings some time back; in both of them Foltz has given to his representations of the peasants of the Tyrol a poetical sentiment that is ideal rather than actual, for it has been truly said that "the real life of the herdsman of the Alps differs widely from the beau-ideal of poetry and romance."

The "Jäger's Wife" is at Osborne.

THE  
BRITISH ASSOCIATION AT LEEDS.

As the advancement of science naturally leads to the improvement of Art-manufacture, and in a less evident, but still a very appreciable manner, to the exaltation of Art itself, we have felt it important that we should, from year to year, record the results of the meetings of the Parliament of Science. As in physical phenomena it is believed that modes of motion are the causes leading to the great visible effects, so in moral phenomena a system of undulations appears to mark the progress of mankind.

As the great tide-wave of the South Atlantic Ocean, modified by the conditions of the shores by which it flows, regularly elevates the waters in all the harbours of our islands, so, under the influence of a spiritual undulation, we perceive each science rising sometimes to the crest, and again falling to the hollow of the wave. The meetings of the British Association may be regarded as the spring tides, which, influenced by multitudinous causes, rise some years higher than in others, and like the billows of a summer ocean, reflect more or less brightly the beams of the Sun of Truth.

The British Association in Leeds will be marked in future years by a fine philosophy, which was diffused over it by the influence of its President, Richard Owen, and the Presidents of Sections, such as Herschel, Whewell, Hopkins, and others. There was nothing of a very marked character brought before the Sections—nothing standing out as a grand discovery; but it was evident that—

"Sparks were kindling in the ashes,  
Soon to break in brighter flashes."

There were many indications of the awakening of great thoughts which must, ere long, be born unto mankind. Professor Owen, in his fine address, says:—

"Great and marvellous have been the manifestations of this power imparted to us of late times, not only in respect of the shape, motions, and solar relations of the earth, but also of its age and inhabitants."

But it is evident to the contemplative mind that unless the human intellect suffers some sad eclipse, still greater and more marvellous are the truths which must in a few years be developed to mankind. Our age will be distinguishingly marked by the number and importance of the practical applications of science: and thus we advance, one generation discovering, and another generation applying to useful ends the facts which have been discovered.

From Professor Owen's admirable introductory address, we are disposed to transfer to our pages a few of the very remarkable instances of scientific applications, especially relating to photographic art, which cannot be put more forcibly than our greatest naturalist has put it. After describing the process of photogalvanography, already duly recorded in our pages, he proceeds:—

"M. Nièpce de St. Victor has succeeded in reproducing the colour of the original on metallic plates, though he cannot fix it. Unfortunately, these lovely 'heliochromes' vanish like the breath from the mirror. M. De la Rue has obtained photographs of the moon, in which the details of its illuminated surface are well defined—the cone in 'Tycho,' the double cone in 'Copernicus,' and even the ridge of 'Aristarchus.' A photograph of the planet Jupiter has been obtained, in which the belts are very well marked, and the satellites distinct. The portrait of a 13-inch shell has been secured while in full flight, a few feet after it left the mortar; and, in effecting this, Mr. Scaife has obtained a representation of phenomena in the development of the smoke too transitory for the eye to ascertain when they occur. The photographic eye is, in fact, more sensitive than the living one; it can receive and register impressions too fine for human vision, until made visible

by increased light and developing agents. Hence, photography may superadd a new defining function to the highest attainable telescopic power. Photography is now a constant and indispensable servant in certain important meteorological records. Applied periodically to living plants, photography supplies the botanist with the easiest and best data for judging of their rate of growth. It gives to the zoologist accurate representations of the most complex of his subjects, and of their organization, even to microscopic details. The engineer at home can ascertain by photographs transmitted by successive mails, the weekly progress, brick by brick, board by board, nail by nail, of the most complex works on the Indian or other remote railroads. The physician can register every physiognomic phase accompanying the access, height, decrease, and passing away of mental disease. The humblest emigrant may carry with him miniatures, such as Dow could not have equalled in the perfection of their finish, of scenes and persons which will recall and revive the dearest affections of the home he has left. In its lowest application, photography becomes an instrument of the criminal police."

Of the most wonderful of all the applications of science in the electric telegraph, we cannot refrain from quoting Professor Owen's excellent remarks. We make no excuse for this, for the advance of civilization is so intimately connected with the progress of Art, that the power which connects the Old and New Worlds together, must exert a most important influence upon everything tending to refine the human mind. After describing Oersted's small experiments, which went to show that a magnetic needle always placed itself at right angles to the direction of an electric current, and referring to the Swedish philosopher's refined speculations, he proceeds:—

"Remote as such profound conceptions and subtle trains of thought seem to be from the needs of everyday life, the most astounding of the practical augmentations of man's power has sprung out of them. Nothing might seem less promising of profit than Oersted's painfully-pursued experiments, with his magnets, voltaic pile, and bits of copper-wire. Yet out of these has come the electric telegraph! Oersted himself saw such an application of his convertibility of electricity into magnetism, and made arrangements for testing that application to the instantaneous communication of signs through distances of a few miles. The resources of inventive genius have made it practicable for all distances, as we have lately seen in the submergence and working of the electromagnetic cord connecting the Old and the New World."

"Whoever has been engaged in the delicate physical and chemical experiments required in the present state of natural philosophy, will know how small is the expectation of success on the first trial of a new experiment in the laboratory. Only the experienced manipulator realizes how hard it is to foresee every condition requisite for success: but it is he who bears the bravest heart under failures, well assured that through them are acquired the conditions of success, and that every cause of failure, well ascertained, is an encouragement to the repetition of the trial. Every practical physicist, therefore, was prepared to expect a certain number of instructive failures in the attempt to carry out the grandest philosophical experiment on record—the most stupendous which mortal mind ever ventured to propose to itself. Our surprise is, that the failures were so few,—the success so speedy. But the persevering and determined men who achieved this success, temporary as it has been, were animated by the spirit in which Lord Bacon tells us experimental philosophy should be entered upon:—'For there is no comparison,' he writes, 'between that which we may lose by not trying and by not succeeding; since by not trying we throw away the chance of an immense good, by not succeeding we only incur the loss of a little human labour.' On the 6th of August, 1858, the laying down of upwards of 2000 nautical miles of telegraphic cord, connecting Newfoundland and Ireland, was successfully completed; and on that day a message of thirty-one words was transmitted in thirty-five minutes along the sinuosities of the submerged hills and valleys forming the bed





THE LADY OF THE LAKE

THE LADY OF THE LAKE

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of the great Atlantic. This first message expressed—'Glory to God in the highest: on earth peace, goodwill towards men.' Never since the foundations of the world were laid could it be more truly said, 'The depths of the sea praise him!' More remains to be done before the far-stretching engine can be got into full working order; but the capital fact, viz., the practicability of bringing America into electrical communication with Europe, has been demonstrated; consequently, a like power of instantaneous interchange of thought between the civilized inhabitants of every part of the globe becomes only a question of time."

Amongst several points of interest which were brought before the British Association, the following, more particularly, are of interest to the readers of the *Art-Journal*. An important letter, from Mr. Wm. McCraw, of Edinburgh, to Sir David Brewster, on a new means of preventing the fading of photographs. Mr. McCraw adopts the following process:—1. Take the white of eggs and add about 25 per cent. of a saturated solution of common salt, to be well beaten up and allowed to subside. Float the paper on the albumen for thirty seconds, and hang up to dry.

2. Make a saturated solution of bichromate of potash, to which has been added 25 per cent. of Beaufoy's acetic acid. Float the paper on this solution for an instant, and when dry it is fit for use; this must be done in a dark room.

3. Expose under a negative, in a pressure frame, in the ordinary manner, until the picture is sufficiently printed in all its details, but not over-printed, as is usual with the old process. This requires not more than half the ordinary time.

4. Immerse the picture in a vessel of water in the darkened room. The undecomposed bichromate and albumen then readily leave the lights and half tints of the picture. Change the water frequently, until it comes from the prints pure and clear.

5. Immerse the picture now in a saturated solution of protosulphate of iron, in cold water, for five minutes, and again rinse well in water.

6. Immerse the picture, again, in a saturated solution of gallic acid, in cold water, and the colour will immediately begin to change to a fine purple black. Allow the picture to remain in this until the deep shadows show no appearance of the yellow bichromate. Repeat the rinsing.

7. Immerse, finally, in the following mixture:—

Pyrogallie acid . . . . .	2 grains.
Water . . . . .	1 ounce.
Beaufoy's acetic acid . . . . .	1 ounce.
Saturated solution of acetate of lead . . . . .	2 drachms.

This mixture brightens up the picture marvellously, restoring the lights that may have been partially lost in the previous part of the process, deepening the shadows, and bringing out the detail.

A communication was made by Dr. Gladstone, on the preparation, from coal-tar, of a beautiful purple dye, already described in the *Art-Journal*. Sir John Herschel observed, "That there appeared to be no limits to the transformations effected by coal tars. After all the useful results we owed to it, it seemed we were now to be indebted to it for the creation of the more lovely colours; what would next come of it it was impossible to say." In connection with the subject of dyes, there was a communication from Mr. Bedford, "On colorific lichens," during the reading of which some beautiful colours were produced; and Mr. Grace Calvert announced that the soft violet or purple, which, on account of its fugitive character, was called, *The Ladies' Despair*, had just been successfully fixed by a dyer at Lyons, after many years spent in experiment.

One morning was devoted, in the Chemical

Section, to photography—a consideration of dry collodion processes;—on the means of measuring the quantity of chemical (actinic) power in the sun-beam;—photographic printing on calico, and the—"choice of subjects in photography, and the adaptation of different processes," were the subjects brought before the Section and discussed. We do not find any matter, however, of sufficient moment to occupy our pages.

With the learned matters of the physical section, the practical ones of the mechanical section, or of economic science, and statistics, we have nothing to do. The numerous interesting papers of the geological and geographical sections, are, in like manner, excluded from our attention. A careful examination of the reports of the meeting at Leeds, convinces us that, although no striking novelty has been brought forward, yet that there were indications of steady progress. Suggestions were made, and intimations given, of many new and important points, which appeared nearly ready for the birth. Indeed, there seems to be every probability, that the next meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, under the presidency of the Prince Consort, will be marked by the advent of a crowning discovery.

R. H.

#### THE CATALOGUES OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, AND THE PAINTERS AND PICTURES THEREIN CHRONICLED.

THE private records of the Royal Academy might on certain questions of the policy of the institution be interesting, though scarcely more so than the earliest catalogues of the exhibitions, with all their curious revelations. We look back upon the first catalogue through the vicissitudes of ninety years, and we can even see the landscapes on the broad principle, theorised not naturalized—the stiff mythological portraiture—the thin and cold water-colour drawings—various "Pieces of Flowers," with numerous essays in crayon, and a proportion of honorary contributions, and all these commingled in one room—for to this space was the first exhibition limited. We see the whole lighted up, yet obscured, by the splendours of Reynolds's art, with here and there a scintillation from the lesser stars.

Reynolds returned from his prolonged continental tour in 1752, at the age of twenty-eight; and at this time such was the state of portrait painting in England, that Hudson, the fashionable artist of the day, could not paint the figures to his own heads. This department was executed by Vanhaaken, whose death deprived not only Hudson of his right hand; but, according to Hogarth's famous caricature, others were equally inconvenienced by his decease. If the mere imbecility of the painters of the time be our especial wonder, what are we to say of that taste prevalent in the profession which placed Lely and Kneller above Vandyke? "Ah, Reynolds," said Ellis, a portrait painter of some repute, "this will never answer. Why, you don't paint in the least degree like Kneller." Reynolds essayed a justification of his own principle, but the votary of Kneller would not hear him. Patronage of Art indicated at this time an exalted taste, when it was extended it was munificently ministered. The *gusto grande* is not now evidenced in the same manner by the highest ranks of society as it was a hundred years ago; it has become vulgarized,—much to the benefit of the profession. We may express our surprise at the inferior degree of executive power possessed by Hudson and others of his contemporaries, who were not without a certain reputation; but we are more than astonished that men should practise Art for the best part of a lifetime without the attainment of the ability to paint a portrait throughout. When we know that Hudson recommended Reynolds, as his pupil, to copy the engravings of Guercino's works, the problem is solved, if we may suppose that Hudson and his contemporaries went no further than this. The establishment, however, of

the school in St. Martin's Lane introduced a better order of things; and, although the manner of working there did not generally transcend what we now call "sketching," it imparted to those who attended it a power far beyond those who professed Art with the meagre accomplishment of being able to paint a mask. We have alluded to the substantial protection extended to Art from high places. With unexampled liberality the Duke of Richmond opened his house at Whitehall with an invitation to aspirants to go thither and study the antique. The following unique and quaint advertisement appeared in the *London Chronicle*, of Feb. 25, 1758:—

"For the use of those who study Painting, Sculpture, and Engraving, will be opened, on Monday, the 6th of March next, at his Grace the Duke of Richmond's, in Whitehall, a room, containing a large collection of original plaster casts from the best antique statues and busts, which are now at Rome and Florence.

"It is imagined that these most exact copies from antiques may greatly contribute towards giving young beginners of genius an early taste and idea of beauty and proportion, which, when thoroughly acquired, will in time appear in their several performances.

"The public is therefore advertised, that any known painter, sculptor, carver, or other settled artist, to whom the study of these *gessos* may be of use, shall have the liberty to draw or model from any of them, at any time; and upon application to the person that has the care of them, any particular figure shall be placed in such light as the artist shall desire.

"And likewise any young man, or boy above the age of twelve years, may also have the same liberty, by a recommendation from any known artist to Mr. Wilton, in Hedge Lane.

"For these young persons a fresh statue or bust will be set once a week, or fortnight, in a proper light to draw from.

"They will only be admitted from the hour of nine to eleven in the morning, and from the hour of two to four in the afternoon.

"On Saturday, Messrs. Wilton and Cipriani will attend to see what progress each has made, to correct their drawings and models, and give them such instruction as shall be thought necessary.

"Nobody is to touch any of the *gessos* on any account, or to move them out of their places, or draw upon either their pedestals, or the wall of the room; any person offending in such a manner will be dismissed, and never admitted again on any consideration.

"There will be given at Christmas and Midsummer, annually, to those who distinguish themselves by making the greatest progress, the following premiums:—

"A figure will be selected from the rest, and a large silver medal will be given for the best design of it, and another for the best *basso relievo*.

"A smaller silver medal for the second best design, and one for the second best *basso relievo*.

"The servant who takes care of the room has strict orders not to receive any money. It is therefore hoped and expected that none will be offered."

Since this public invitation was issued, we have greatly advanced in Art, but in the present day there is no parallel example of liberality. The utmost that, perhaps, could be accorded, might be permission to copy the works of the great masters; but when has such a course of study been useful to a student? We should be much concerned to see private galleries thrown open for such a purpose. It is this privilege in respect of the Italian palaces that has deluged the market with so-called *repliche* and "speculative" pictures. We cannot be surprised at the terms of the Duke of Richmond's advertisement, remembering that it was put forth at a time when our commonality was naturally and capriciously vandalic. From what causes we know not, but his Grace's collection was open, we believe, only two seasons; at least, the advertisement appeared only in 1758 and 1759; but even this brief course, with assiduity of attendance, ought not to have been without its advantages.

About the year 1760, public attention was attracted to the pictures which had by several painters been presented to the Foundling Hospital; and so eager was the public to see these pictures, that the artists of the time resolved upon a public exhibition



of their productions, of which Dr. Johnson says, in a letter to Barette, "The artists have instituted a yearly exhibition of pictures and statues, in imitation, I am told, of foreign Academies. This year was the second exhibition. They please themselves much with the multitude of spectators, and imagine that the English school will rise much in reputation. Reynolds is without a rival, and continues to add thousands to thousands, which he deserves, among other excellencies, by retaining his kindness for Barette. This exhibition has filled the heads of the artists and lovers of Art. Surely life, if it be not long, is tedious: since we are forced to call in the aid of so many trifles to rid us of our time—of that time which can never return." Johnson professed not only to know nothing of Art, but to dislike it, and scarcely in the presence of Reynolds spoke respectfully of the profession. His near-sightedness might have been tantalising to him, but there were other causes, doubtless, for his frequent sneers.

At the first exhibition the catalogue was the ticket of admission, but as this arrangement was productive of inconvenience, it was determined that the price of the entrance ticket should be one shilling; and to the catalogue a preface, explanatory of the cause of the impost, was written by Dr. Johnson, wherein it is observed, "When the terms of admission were low, the room was thronged with such multitudes as made access dangerous, and frightened away those whose approbation was most desired." Thus crowded rooms have been the rule ever since pictorial exhibition has been established among us. The success of these first exhibitions suggested the propriety of a closer alliance among the painters, the result of which was, "The Society of Artists of Great Britain;" and about the same time was established the well-known school in St. Martin's Lane, where a school has existed until a recent period. This society was incorporated; their charter bears date, the 26th of January, 1765, and their exhibitions were held in the great room, in Spring Gardens. But this incorporation was the cause of much bitterness and dissatisfaction in the profession, an analysis of which does not come within our purpose; but, with a view to the reconciliation of the complaining parties, a more comprehensive scheme in the form of an Academy, to be dignified with the epithet "Royal," was favourably entertained by the King. The plan of the institution was laid down by Sir William Chambers, West, Cotes, and Moser; and it was matured entirely without the knowledge of any other members of the profession. It was with great difficulty that Reynolds was induced to accept the Presidency of the Academy. West was appointed to call upon him to endeavour to persuade him to accede to the wishes of the body, thirty of whom had been already named, and they were waiting the return of their delegate at the house of Wilton, one of the academicians. West succeeded so far as to persuade Reynolds to accompany him to Wilton's, where he was at once and unanimously hailed President of the Royal Academy; and he is said to have been much affected by the enthusiasm with which he was elected. Then followed the other appointments, Johnson as Professor of Ancient Literature, and Goldsmith as Professor of Ancient History: on which occasion the latter wrote to his brother his famous joke about the ruffles without a shirt.

We may suppose that every academician announced himself on the occasion of the first exhibition. The catalogue does not give us the list of names with which the catalogues of these days are graced. The names occur alphabetically in the catalogue, with the works of the artist beneath them; and in this alphabetical order the pictures were hung, the first number under B, and the last under Y.

The members were John Baker, George Barrett, Francesco Bartolozzi, Agostino Carlini, Charles Cotton, Mason Chamberlin, William Chambers, Baptist Cipriani, Francis Cotes, Nathaniel Dance, Thomas Gainsborough, John Gwynn, Francis Hayman, Nathaniel Hone, Angelica Kauffmann, Jeremiah Meyer, George Michael Moser, Mary Moser, F. Milner Newton, Edward Penny, Joshua Reynolds, John Richards, Thomas Sandby, Paul Sandby, Dominick Serres, Peter Toms, William Tyler, Samuel Wale, Benjamin West, Richard Wilson, Joseph Wilton, Richard Yeo, and Francesco Zuccarelli; in all thirty-three, of whom nine were foreigners, including the two lady members.

Out of these, how few have bequeathed a profitable idea to their successors!—in but few cases has the impression which they made in their time vibrated to our day:—how few of these names are brought down to us by the merits of the works of the men who bore them! Reynolds was a giant in his time—he began at once by demolishing the hollow prestige of Lely and Kneller. But Reynolds never learnt to draw—if he had, we may reasonably ask, if it would not have spoilt him as a portrait painter? He came direct from home to Hudson, with whom he was two years, at which time there was no school or academy. Hudson recommended him to copy prints. On leaving this master, he settled at Plymouth with his two sisters: whence, on board of the *Centurion*, with his friend Commodore Keppel, he visited Algiers, Cadiz, and proceeded to Rome; where, says Northcote, "he qualified himself for his profession" by an acquaintance with the great masters. But he never learnt to draw—if he had, it is probable he would have been no greater than West. That which we call "colour," is a gift, without which even Michael Angelo did not consider himself a painter; but drawing is only an accomplishment—which even Reynolds did not possess—yet he was in his gifts equal to Titian. We were infinitely scandalized on reading, for the first time, the inscription by R. P. Knight, which appeared under a statue of Reynolds, on the occasion of the Commemoration in 1813. That the sixth line,

"Vix ulli veterum secundo,"

is liable to misconception, is attested by Northcote, who translates it—

"Scarcely inferior to any of the ancients."

Whereas Knight meant—

"Inferior to scarcely any of the ancients."

But the line ought to have been re-constructed and strengthened, for after all it conveys but a questionable compliment.

John Baker, the first artist alphabetically on the list of the Academy, was originally a coach painter, but he became a flower painter, and we believe that the Academy possesses an example of his art. George Barrett is favourably known from his varied powers, as well in water colour as in oil; his department was landscape. Bartolozzi is more extensively known by his engravings than his drawings; his contributions are of the latter. Carlini was a sculptor; and Cotton was, like Baker, originally a coach painter, but he learnt to draw the figure in St. Martin's Lane, and became subsequently an animal painter.

Chamberlin was a portrait painter, as was Cotes, but he worked principally in crayons. Cipriani was a man of varied powers, who left behind him works of considerable merit; we know him rather through the engravings of Bartolozzi than from any other source. Nathaniel Dance, afterwards Sir Nathaniel Holland, was a portrait painter; and Gwynn, an architect. Francis Hayman was a portrait and historical painter, and was extensively employed by the booksellers as an illustrator. Nathaniel Hone was a man of some talent as a miniature painter; but his election was, morally, not a credit to the academy. Angelica Kauffmann is sufficiently known by engravings from her compositions from mythology and ancient history. Meyer was an enamellist, as was also Moser, the keeper of the Academy, and Mary Moser professed flower painting. Francis Milner Newton, the Secretary of the Academy, was a portrait painter; and Penny, though Professor of Painting, painted principally portraits. Richards was a landscape painter, and Thomas Sandby an architect, but Paul, of that name, may be called the founder of the British school of water-colour painting. Dominick Serres, a Frenchman, is principally known as a marine painter. Toms was much employed by Reynolds as a painter of draperies; Wale painted history; Wilton was a sculptor; Yeo was a medallist, and Zuccarelli was a landscape painter. Gainsborough, West, and Wilson are sufficiently known. We may suppose an effort to have been made on all sides to signalize this, the first Exhibition of the Royal Academy, but, with some necessary exceptions, very few of the pictures would be qualified to command, at the present day, a place on the walls of the Academy. The works exhibited by Reynolds were "A Por-

trait of a Lady and her Son, whole-lengths, in the character of Diana disarming Love;" "A ditto of a lady in the character of Juno rescuing the Cestus from Venus;" "Portrait of two Ladies, half-lengths," and "Hope nursing Love;" the titles of these works show the taste of the time. The circle of the goddesses was exhausted to do honour to Reynolds's patrons—groups of three became Graces, and, according to character, was this or that Muse pressed into service to do duty in shape of some distinguished gentlewoman. In this mythological masquerade Reynolds ranged up side by side to the most pantheistic of the French painters; but there was this difference between the two aspirations—Reynolds's figures try most earnestly to look their characters, but, on the other hand, the mythology of painted *marquis* and *marquises* seem one and all gradually to close one eye and quickly open it again—they did not enter into the spirit of the thing—from their impersonations the stage could never be excluded. But to return to the alphabet of our catalogue—"THE FIRST," as it is set forth in those important capitals, which have been prominently maintained since the institution of the Academy. It has been already stated that the incorporated society of artists was compelled to institute the shilling admission, in order to secure patrons and connoisseurs from being jostled by the offscourings of the streets. No experiment in reference to free admission was ever made, we believe, by the Academy; but a fee for admission was at once determined—the necessity for which is stated in the following advertisement that appeared on the reverse of the title-page, annually, for some years:—

"As the present exhibition is a part of the institution of an academy supported by royal munificence, the public may naturally expect the liberty of being admitted without any expense.

"The Academicians, therefore, think it necessary to declare, that this was very much their desire, but that they have not been able to suggest any other means than that of receiving money for admittance, to prevent the room from being filled by improper persons, to the entire exclusion of those for whom the exhibition is apparently intended."

The sum first given by George III. for the support of the Academy was five thousand pounds. How long the king continued his bounty we do not know, but Northcote speaks, as we understand him, of a net income of some £2500, not many years after the establishment of the institution. A curious feature in the catalogue is the fact of very few pictures being for disposal; of the hundred and thirty-six exhibited works, there are no more than four marked for sale. This, indeed, must have been the golden age for painters, if everything was sold before the exhibition—a happy class were they, who felt not the mortifications and heartburnings to which all "outsiders" in the present day are subject.

The works exhibited by Gainsborough were "A Portrait of a Lady," a whole length—"Ditto of a Gentleman,"—"A large Landscape,"—"A Boy's Head." At this time Thomas Gainsborough was forty-two years of age, and he resided in Bath, whence he returned to London in 1774, and settled in Pall Mall—the house will be found represented on page 332. Reynolds was always desirous of signalizing Gainsborough as a great landscape painter, without just reason to his power in painting the figure. On the occasion of a meeting of one of the clubs, of which Reynolds and Richard Wilson were members, the place of assembly being the "British," Reynolds observed, aloud, that he thought Gainsborough the most eminent landscape painter of his time. Whereon Wilson observed, loudly enough to be heard by all in the room, "And I think Gainsborough the greatest portrait painter of his time." It was a principle with Sir Joshua never to forget himself in so far as to make an enemy; but upon this occasion he committed himself, feeling rather the annoyance from the praise bestowed on Gainsborough's portraits than remembering the presence of Wilson, who immediately took the observation home, and replied to it with a remark which, under ordinary circumstances, would mean nothing, but in this case was the emanation of bitter mortification. Without subscribing to Wilson's opinion, it cannot be denied that Reynolds was unwilling to admit the



power of Gainsborough as a portrait painter; but we humbly submit that his merits as a figure painter greatly transcended his powers in landscape. The nature, as he showed it in the latter department of his art, was superseded by manner, and there was by no means the earnestness and point which we now look for in landscape art; but in his female and youthful figures there was a refinement and a sweetness to which Reynolds never attained. The *suave* and elegant examples of Gainsborough, which were to be seen at the Manchester Exhibition, differed essentially from the full-blown beauty of Reynolds's works; they were endowed with a sentiment and a delicacy which have been rarely equalled—never surpassed.\*

## WINDSOR,

AND ITS HISTORIC ASSOCIATIONS.†

No country can boast a nobler home for its Sovereign than England—none has more ancient memories—none more regal bearing than “proud Windsor.” Yet its history has hitherto been briefly or badly narrated; and the theme, though tempting, has met with surprising neglect. It was reserved for Messrs. Tighe and Davis to effect this much-required labour; and the two goodly volumes they have produced are works that must do them honour, and cannot fail to be accepted with pleasure by our most gracious Queen, to whom they are dedicated; not simply as a work well done, but also as an example of the zeal and public spirit that is enterprising enough to do this by private resource alone, for we believe in no other country would such books be produced unaided by government grants.

The history of Windsor Castle is essentially the history of the private lives of many of England's monarchs. Its foundation is owing to William the Conqueror, before whose time Windsor, though occasionally a royal residence, was not the castellated hill, which now bears the name, but the village still called Old Windsor some two miles to the north-west of it. A few serfs and swineherds dwelt in straggling huts near that old palace or manor-house of the Saxon kings, tending swine in the woods, which, stretching southwards and westwards, formed the outskirts of the Royal Forest of Windsor. At the time of the erection of the castle by William, there does not appear to have been any town or village where the present town of Windsor stands. It must have gradually arisen under the walls of the castle, partly from the convenience or necessity of having residences in the vicinity for persons connected with the court, and also for the sale of wares to the attendants. The first direct mention of Windsor as a residence of the Conqueror is in the year 1070, when a passage in the chronicles of Roger de Hoveden notes the gift of archbishoprics made by the king while there. The earliest mention of the castle as a state prison is in the succeeding reign, when the Earl of Northumberland was incarcerated there in A.D. 1095. In the ensuing reigns we meet with continued reference to courtly feasts at the castle. Its aspect was changed and greatly improved by Henry III.; than whom, say our authors, “perhaps no English sovereign ever paid so much attention to painting, sculpture, and architecture.” The glories of its history begin in the reign of Edward I., who held a splendid tournament in the park in 1307, of which our authors furnish the items for dress and decoration of the *preux chevaliers* who crowded to exhibit their prowess; but its greatest days of chivalric glory occurred in the reign of the sumptuous third Edward, who, in imitation of King Arthur, the imaginary founder of British chivalry, determined to hold a round table or assembly of knights at Windsor, which should be open to all noble comers; and which brought together a brilliant assemblage of English and foreign chivalry, and many high-born dames, in the January of 1344. This feast, for which letters of safe-conduct were granted, and all royal protection given

to foreign knights and their servants on the journey, was so great a success, and brought the king so much glory in an age devoted to feats of arms, that it was repeated in 1345, and again when the monarch returned from Cressy. About that time we first meet with a notice of the existence of a badge or device of the garter. It incidentally occurs in wardrobe accounts towards the end of 1347, or

beginning of 1348, when we find sums expended “for making a bed of blue taffeta for the king, powdered with garters, containing this motto, *honi soit qui mal y pense*,” and “for making twelve blue garters embroidered with gold and silk,” each having the same motto.

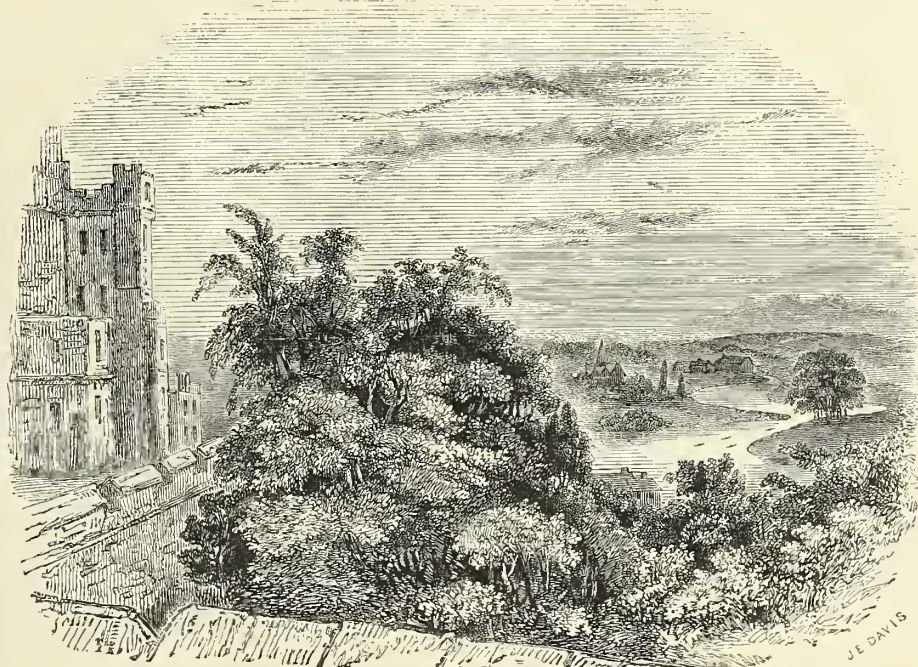
Our authors have gone carefully into the history of this famous order and its badge, and their re-



WINDSOR IN THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

searches lead them to the conclusion, that the old popular story of the garter being adopted from one taken up by the king, after it was dropped by a noble lady (some writers stating her to be the Queen, others the Countess of Salisbury, and others the Countess of Kent), is fully in accordance with the tastes and habits of the age, and “very likely to have occurred.” The same opinion was held by

Sir Harris Nicolas, an antiquary by no means of a romantic or fanciful mind. We cannot fairly judge of the idiosyncracies of any age by our own; and the whimsical fantasies of knight-errantry, puerile as they may seem in this modern “work-a-day world,” were obeyed as cheerfully in the middle ages as if they had been the decrees of a Solon. This badge, and all its associations, might then be



WINCHESTER TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE.

regarded with a romantic feeling of which posterity can form no adequate conception.

Under Edward III. the castle was enlarged nearly to its present extent; it was a regal home worthy of the British sovereigns; and the pages of our authors abound in brilliant details of feasting and pageantry held at Christmas, tournaments, or great public ceremonials. Our authors have de-

voted one most interesting chapter to a disquisition on the early romances and metrical tales and ballads connected with Windsor,—a chapter we would linger long and willingly over; for “we love a ballad in print” as well as did the country girl in Shakspeare's immortal play. There is one here of King Edward and the Shepherd, which must have been an especial favourite with our ancestors—it is

\* To be continued.

† ANNALS OF WINDSOR: being a History of the Castle and Town, with some account of Eton and places adjacent. By R. R. Tighe and J. E. Davis, Esqrs. Published by Longman and Co.



so fresh and full of jollity, and affords such excellent pictures of court and country life, in the olden time before us.

During the reign of Henry VI. Eton College was founded, and the events connected therewith are all faithfully chronicled by our historians. They give a charming view of the old chapel there, as seen from the Brocas Elms in Clewer meadows, which we transfer to our pages. This Brocas meadow, so well known as the playing-ground of the scholars of Eton, it may be worth noting, takes its name from the ancient owner of the land, the famed Sir Bernard Brocas, who was beheaded at the commencement of the reign of Henry IV., and died possessed of much land in this county.

We cannot give more than a slight idea of the vast amount of historic research, and the resulting accumulation of curious facts, contained in these portly volumes: suffice it to say that the rise, growth, decay, and resurrection of Windsor Castle, are given with great perspicuity and most scrupulous accuracy. The labour necessary to produce such volumes is what few persons, even among the literary, can form a notion of. These researches in our authors' hands have the merit of not being dry—a quality not very frequent in works of their class. One chapter is devoted to a subject in which all who read the works of England's master-poet—and that includes not Englishmen alone—must feel the greatest interest: it consists of such "local illustrations" of Shakspeare's "Merry Wives of Windsor," as enable us to realize in "the mind's eye" the action of the great drama with a vivid truth unknown before. With the aid of Mr. Fairholt's excellent copy of Hoefnagle's large view of the castle, 1575, and his picture of Datchet Mead from the Sutherland Collection, together with the various woodcuts scattered over the text, we again see the Windsor of the days of Elizabeth. The researches of our authors have enabled us to fix the site, by giving us a contemporary drawing, of the inn of "mine host of the Garter," showing that it joined the present White Hart Inn, facing the castle hill; and that there was a family of the name of Ford living at Windsor. The spot in Datchet Mead where Falstaff got his unsavoury ducking is pointed out as a ditch or creek, known as "Hog-hole," which afterwards was converted into an arched drain, and ultimately destroyed by the embankment raised to form the approach to the new Victoria Bridge. We may point to the lengthened examination of the history of Herne's Oak, and its excellent woodcuts, as a specimen of a painstaking discrimination, that, we think, for ever settles the disputed point of the destruction of the tree, which happened about the year 1796, in consequence of a sweeping order given to clear the park of old timber, a command much regretted by George III. when he found this tree among the number.

The appearance of the castle in the previous reign may be seen in one of the cuts we borrow from these volumes; it wanted dignity, and it lost its castellated grandeur. The enormous works undertaken here by Sir Jeffrey Wyatville for George IV. restored its royal stateliness; still, had they been effected now, there is little doubt the nation would have been the gainer, inasmuch as the true principles of mediæval architecture are much better understood; and tastes would not have been offended as they now are with much that is merely "Strawberry-hill Gothic"—that is, Gothic only in name. Happily the great external features of the building are good; and we may again repeat that a more regal residence does not exist in the world, combining as it does external majesty with grandeur of situation.

But it is not to the town and castle alone, or even to Eton's "learned shade" and its many associations, that the research which constitutes the value of the present volumes is confined. The neighbourhood abounds with local history, which has been carefully gleaned, and finds a proper resting-place in these pages. We have already noted what has been done to fix the Shaksperian localities; the same good office has been effected for those to which the muse of Gray has given an undying fame; the church of Stoke Pogis, the "ivy-mantled tower" at Upton, the old churches at Clewer, Bray, &c., have all a share of attention. A large amount of general county history may be gleaned from these volumes, as well as much curious information of "the old time before us."

A vivid picture, full of the lights and shadows of

English history, is this narrative of our Sovereign's home; much is there in it to please the lovers of the romantic era in the middle ages,—much to instruct, perhaps to sadden, the thoughtful student who reads the "levelling" narrative of the great civil war. The succeeding ages, though perhaps of unpoetic tendencies, are not without their noble moral; for throughout the confusion of party poli-

ties we can still find the strong bias toward the wholesome and well-defined liberty so dearly won at last, and enjoyed by every grade in its proper station, which is yet the proud privilege of Englishmen to boast. The battle of peace, began at Runnymede, was fought through many generations; but the innate love of liberty, which is so strong a feature in the British character, was bequeathed from



ETON, FROM CLEWER MEADOWS.

one generation to another, and, persevering in its legitimate demands, won at last the victory of freedom.

The chapter on Runnymede and its memories is one that is full of interesting details, well worthy as attentive a study from the reader as it has received from the authors. British greatness was established on that field of undying memory.

Not the least curious part of these volumes are the reproductions in fac-simile as regards size, colour, and general effect, of the ancient maps and plans of Windsor, and the older views of the castle and its neighbourhood. They are admirable as copies, and all that the most fastidious antiquary could desire for accuracy. The volume is further illustrated with many wood-engravings, preserving views of



UPTON CHURCH.

ancient buildings now destroyed, or picturesque bits still in existence. We are enabled to give four specimens of these cuts in our pages, from which our readers may judge of their merits. Throughout their labours the authors seem to have been cognizant of the importance of the task they had so cheerfully imposed on themselves, and to have been determined to complete it, regardless of any other

consideration than the attainment of excellence. Their labours cannot fail of due appreciation, and will long make their name remembered. They could have no better monument than these volumes, which are all the more welcome in these days of ephemeral literature, and a wholesome proof that there are students among us, still labouring diligently as ever, in the fields of English history.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER,

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XL.—FREDERICK TAYLER.



VERY country shows especial interest in that particular class or phase of Art which exhibits whatever is most closely associated with the national feeling: there is, so to speak, an intimate alliance between the painter and the public;—not the patron only, who hangs his walls with pictures of scenes that he loves to contemplate, but the mass of the people, whose acquaintance with Art is only through the medium of some public gallery, or the contents of the picture-dealer's and print-seller's shop-window, or the cheap illustrated periodical. Thus, in the early history of painting, when the church held captive the popular feeling,

Art was made subservient to its purpose, and the people were taught by implication, if not directly, to regard it with reverence and awe, till at length they paid to it a voluntary homage. As the power of the church declined, and the printing-press began to circulate knowledge of another kind over Europe, we see the artists of the period enlarging their sources of operation, and mingling with sacred subjects those with which the people had become familiar, through the light that literature shed upon them: allegory and representations of classic history, as in the productions of the Venetian school especially, occupied a very large share of the artist's attention. The Dutch and Flemish painters of the seventeenth century appealed to the nationalities of their countrymen by conversational subjects, rustic *fêtes*, and *cabaret* carousals; their landscapes of rich pasturage with groups of cattle—the pride of the Dutchman's farm; their shipping—the heavy, clumsy war-vessels in which De Ruyter and Van Tromp contested the supremacy of the sea with Monk and Blake, and the equally unsightly merchantmen freighted with the wealth of distant lands, whose arrival at the ports of Amsterdam or Antwerp was a season of rejoicing

to the opulent burghers of those flourishing cities. Under Louis XIV., France, engaged in numerous wars, consoled herself for the defeats and losses she so frequently experienced by revelries and frivolities at home; and her artists, Watteau, Lancret, and others, have immortalized on canvas the festive scenes in which the court and the populace equally delighted. In England, the two classes, or characters, of Art which find the largest number of admirers, are that having reference to our maritime propensities and our naval supremacy, and that representing our national sports and pastimes; the artist who makes either of these his speciality, and proves himself a master of his subject, as well as of his pencil, is sure of a reputation that may be called an enviable notoriety. Mr. Tayler, as the artist of the sportsman, is a prominent example. Sir E. Landseer in oils, and Mr. Tayler in water-colours, may be associated together, but not compared with each other, for the one is the artist of the field, the other of the court-kennel and stable: Landseer almost humanizes his animals—he makes them think and converse; Tayler presents them at work, following the duties allotted to them with the instinct and intelligence that is their nature.

The first Napoleon designated us a nation of shopkeepers; and, so far as our commercial habits and enterprise justify the appellation, it is not a misnomer; but we are also a race of sportsmen—from the little urchin who, "with crooked pin, baited with one unwrithing ring of a dead worm, and attached to a yarn-thread, his rod of the mere willow, or hazel wand, stands on the low bridge of the little bit burnie during all his play-hours, as forgetful of his primer as if the weary art of printing had never been invented, day after day, week after week, month after month, in mute, deep, earnest, passionate heart, mind, and soul-engrossing hope of some time or other catching a minnow or a beardie," to the wealthy noble or commoner, who is owner of a stable of hunters, and two or three score couples of noble fox-hounds,—English boys and English men love the pastimes of field, flood, and fell. At the proper seasons the merchant leaves the counting-house and "Change," the tradesman his counter, to tempt the trout from his deep haunts, or put up the covey in the stubble, and the red grouse on the moor-lands, or follow the trail of the fox with fleet-footed hound. It is a well-known fact that some of the most skilful anglers, the surest shots, and the boldest riders at a five-bar gate are men, the far largest portion of whose time is spent amid the throngs of our commercial and manufacturing cities and towns. If we take another section of the community, the aristocracy, the men of independent means, and our agricultural population—not the mere labourers, however—this enthusiasm for field-sports is almost universal, and its indulgence is considered as much a matter of duty as more serious occupations. It is to this national peculiarity, or rather tendency, that England is so much indebted



Engraved by]

FESTIVAL OF THE POPINJAY.

[J. Cooper.

for the honours she has won on the "tented field." Christopher North speaking, in his "Recreations," of hunting, says—"The hills and dales of merry England have been the best riding-school to her gentlemen—her gentlemen who have not lived at home at ease, but with Paget, and Stewart, and Seymour, and Cotton, and Somerset, and Vivian, have left their hereditary halls, and all the peaceful pastimes pursued among the sylvan scenery, to try the mettle of their steeds, and cross swords with the vaunted Gallic chivalry; and still have they been in the shock victorious—witness the skirmish that astonished Napoleon at Salhanda, the overthrow that uncrowned him at Waterloo."

There is another passage in the same chapter referring to our national love of hunting, and which seems so apposite to many of Mr. Tayler's pictures, that we

cannot forbear quoting it:—"In a land like this, where not even a wolf has existed for centuries—nor a wild boar—the same spirit that would have driven the British youth on the tusk and paw of the lion and the tiger, mounts them in scarlet on such steeds as never neighed before the flood, nor 'summered high in bliss' on the unsloped pastures of undeluged Ararat, and gathers them together in gallant array on the edge of the cover—

'When first the hunter's startling horn is heard  
Upon the golden hills.'

What a squadron of cavalry! What fiery eyes and flaming nostrils—betokening with what ardent passion the noble animals will revel in the chase! Bay, brown, black, dun, ehensnut, sored, grey—of all shades and hues—and every



coursers distinguished by his own peculiar character of shape and form—yet all blending harmoniously as they crown the mount; so that a painter would only have to group and colour them as they stand, nor lose, if able to catch them, one of the dazzling lights or deepening shadows streamed on them from that sunny, yet not unstormy sky. . . . Look there! Arabian blood and British bone! Not bred in and in to the death of all the fine strong animal spirits, but blood intermingled and interfused. . . . Form the Three Hundred into squadron, or squadrons, and in the hand of each rider a sabre alone, none of your lances, all bare his breast but for the silver-laced blue, the gorgeous uniform of the Hussars of England—confound all cuirasses and cuirassiers!—let the trumpet sound a charge, and ten thousand of the barbaric chivalry be opposed with spears and scimitar—and through their snow-ranks will the Three Hundred go like thaw—splitting them into dissolution like thunder.” Had Christopher, when he wrote the last passage, the power of seeing into futurity? Was he favoured with a vision of that glorious onset which, some twenty-five years afterwards, thousands of admiring but anxious hearts witnessed from the heights of the “Valley of Death,” when the gallant “Six Hundred” of England’s chivalry rode undauntedly at Balaklava through the opposing ranks of the Russian legions? It would almost seem that such a sight was presented to him; but whether an intentional prophecy or not, it has proved a true one.

None who are acquainted with the works of Mr. Frederick Tayler will consider the remarks in which we have indulged irrelevant to the subject; they

seem to arise naturally, as it were, from the recollection of a large number of his pictures, the majority of his productions being associated with the sports of the field. He was born at Barham Wood, Hertfordshire, on April 30th, 1804, and is the sixth son of the late Archdale Wilson Tayler, Esq., of the same place: his father was a sportsman, and the sight of the dogs and guns, which formed a part of the household deities at home, probably laid, in early life, the foundation of that taste for animal painting and sporting incidents which have formed the most prolific and the favourite subjects of his pencil. His parents, however, had no intention to make an artist of him, but proposed to educate him for the church. With this view, the youth, after leaving school, was placed under a private tutor; but the love of pictures and painting had obtained such complete mastery over his mind, that the clerical project was abandoned, and the would-be artist permitted to follow his inclination. By the recommendation of Northcote—then a very old man—young Tayler was placed at the Art-school of Mr. Sass, now Mr. Cary’s, in Bloomsbury Street; an establishment at which not a few artists who have risen to distinction have received such instruction as has conducted to their future fame. While attending the classes under Mr. Sass, he also entered as probationer at the Royal Academy; but he had not been thus occupied very long, when he was induced to join his brother, then Chaplain to the British Embassy at Florence, by a desire to visit Italy and study from the noble collections of works of Art there. On returning, he determined to stop a short time in Paris for study and improvement; but meeting with every advantage and encouragement there in the pro-



Engraved by]

A HIGHLAND GILLIE.

[M. Jackson.

fession he had adopted, he resolved to remain. The sight of the works of Gericault, the distinguished French painter, particularly of subjects in which the horse figures prominently, inspired the young Englishman with ardent emulation. Gericault died about the time when Mr. Tayler arrived in Paris, and his sketches and unfinished pictures were sold, by auction not very long after his death: Mr. Tayler had, therefore, a favourable opportunity of examining them. He began to work incessantly in the study of the horse, purchased heads and limbs of the animal, dissected them, and made careful drawings of the dissections, so as to obtain a thorough knowledge of its anatomy. In Paris he met with the greatest kindness, and received most valuable assistance from Paul De-la-Roche, whose studio was his daily resort, and where he found the most ready help, the best professional advice, and was at all times permitted to avail himself of the privilege of drawing from the models the great French painter had accumulated in his studio for his own pictures. Here, also, he became the intimate friend and associate of Bonington, and we can well believe that the companionship of an artist so rarely endowed as was Bonington, was not lost upon his friend. After a residence of nearly four years in Paris, Mr. Tayler returned to England, in 1828, with Prout, and soon after his arrival here, was elected an associate exhibitor of the Water-Colour Society. From that time to the present, his favourite subjects have been taken chiefly from the glens and mountains of the Highlands of Scotland, over a great part of which he has travelled with his knapsack on his back, his sketch-book in his hand, and a friend by his side; and still in the herds of wild deer, the shaggy ponies, the

goats and sheep, the dogs and game of that romantic land, he finds his greatest delight and his most profitable occupation.

On the opening of the *Palais des Beaux Arts*, at the great French Exposition in 1855, Mr. Tayler was accredited to Paris as one of the four jurors of painting for England, and had the mortification to find how few medals the jurors were disposed to award to his countrymen in proportion to the great mass of British talent there represented: the number assigned them for this purpose was altogether inadequate to the deserts of the exhibitors, and, as a matter of course, a large body of artists, well deserving of honours, felt keenly the disappointment. For his duties on this occasion, the Emperor of the French conferred on him the Cross of the Legion of Honour.

When, last year, Mr. J. C. Lewis resigned the office of President of the Water-Colour Society, Mr. Tayler was unanimously elected to succeed him: a better choice out of their united body, the members could not have made.

Our personal recollection of his pictures does not extend further back than about twenty years, previously to which he had been associated with the Water-Colour Society ten or eleven years. The earliest of his works in our remembrance, is one exhibited in 1839, “King Charles the First conveyed a Prisoner to Hornby House,” a remarkably clever composition, well studied, and most effective in the arrangement of the figures, but, for a picture of such size and character, too sketchy in manner, and, consequently, weak; it looked as if it had been sent in to the gallery in an unfinished state. The following year, in which he exhibited several works, showed a manifest advance; two especially



arrested our attention, "The Morning of the Chase," a scene which might have been borrowed from Christopher North's description, had he written of the olden time instead of a modern hunt, and "Highland lasses tending Goats:" the former a work of great power in composition and execution: knights, squires, and dames—the figures are of a period long antecedent to our own—huntsmen, horses and hounds, are all admirably drawn; the dogs eager to be laid on, the horse and his rider as eager to follow: the latter picture a beautiful and picturesque group; while both showed a depth and richness of colour which, at first sight, seemed to have been produced by oils rather than water-colours: at that distant date so much force and vigour was a rarity with artists who only used the latter medium; of late years, these qualities are by no means uncommon. "Early Morning—Unkennelling," and "The Highland Keeper's Bothy," two pictures exhibited in 1841, maintained the high character of the principal work of the preceding year; in the former, the hounds are capably drawn and grouped, and their impatience for the run is manifestly rendered; the latter, where two or three monstached sportsmen are refreshing themselves, is most effectively composed. In the following year, one of his most attractive works was "A Scene from the 'Black Dwarf,'" another equally clever, though not so picturesque a subject, was "Sophia Western playing the Squire to sleep," and a third, "The Old Admiral and his Daughter," walking in a garden, has somewhat recently reappeared as a chromolithographic print.

A scene from "The Vicar of Wakefield," which Mr. Tayler named "Too late

for Church," was exhibited, with some others,—sporting subjects,—in 1843: it represents that part of the narrative where the Primrose family, desirous to make a decided impression on their neighbours, resolve to go to church on horseback; and the moment chosen is, that where the animals refuse to proceed, and the vicar, returning from church, discovers his wife and daughters in the midst of their mortification: the subject is treated with much humour, the dismay of the ladies is unequivocally expressed, and the quality of the artist's painting leaves nothing to be desired. "Interior of a Larder" (1844) is one of the most exquisite drawings of the kind ever made. In the room stands a comely *cuisinière*, dressed to perfection in the costume of a century back—an ancient gown of flowered chintz and quilted petticoat; she is surrounded by an abundance of "still-life"—fish, fowls, and vegetables: every object is delineated with the most perfect truth and finish. Were we to take our choice of the pictures exhibited by this artist in 1845, we should certainly select that which showed "A Group of Draught Horses," animals powerfully yet symmetrically moulded, and most skilfully yet naturally grouped; every where it evidences great anatomical knowledge and artistic feeling. From his five or six exhibited works in the year following, we should choose the "Scene from 'Waverley,'"—the Baron of Bradwardine takes Waverley out Roebuck Hunting; David Gellatley, leading a couple of deerhounds, is waiting for them low down in a grassy vale: this group is very charmingly represented, and is brilliant and pure in colour. "Roadside Travellers," hung at the same time, is a striking picture.



Engraved by]

A FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

[J. Cooper.

One of the largest, if not the largest picture painted by Mr. Tayler, was exhibited in 1848: it is called "Weighing the Stag—Interior of a Highland Larder:" this picture has become familiar to the public by means of the engraving from it; it is, therefore, unnecessary to offer any explanation or description of the subject, which, as a composition and as a work of Art, will bear comparison with Sir E. Landseer's well-known "Bolton Abbey in the Olden Time." The two prints "pair" admirably; and we can pay Mr. Tayler no higher compliment than to express such an opinion: if the engraving of both pictures had been entrusted to the same hands, we feel satisfied there would have been no difference in the relative value of the prints. "The Chase in the Time of Charles II." (1849) is a very graceful and well studied composition, showing ample knowledge of the customs and dress of the period.

In 1850, Mr. Tayler sent to the British Institution a little picture in oil-colours—the first, we believe, he ever painted, or, at least, exhibited: it is called "Harvest-Time," and represents a little girl carrying on her head a bundle of wheat, the result of her gleanings: the picture is painted with a firm, masterly touch, and is every way worthy of its author. In the following year he contributed another—"Children feeding a Tame Eagle, in the Highlands of Scotland," a truthful and masterly essay. These are the only two pictures in oil which we remember this artist to have painted.

The picture from which the engraving on this page is copied, a "FÊTE CHAMPÊTRE OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.," was exhibited in 1851: it is a

large work, very brilliant in colour, but somewhat less harmonious in tone than usual; the incidents are impressively portrayed, while the grouping and drawing show the hand of a master. "Evening—Coming Home" (1852) is also a large picture: it represents two Highland gillies leading two ponies, each bearing a dead stag—all, if our readers will pardon the Hibernicism, painted to the life. The "FESTIVAL OF THE POPINJAY," another of our engravings, was exhibited in 1854. The picture is of great merit; but our print scarcely does justice to the composition, from the small size of the numerous figures, diminished to a scale to which it was necessary to reduce them.

The general character of Mr. Tayler's style is that of remarkable freedom, combined with great delicacy; he paints, generally, with a very full pencil, and, except in his skies and distances, rarely, we should suppose, uses thin washes; his colours, especially in his smaller drawings, appear to be laid on at once, or without repetition. His compositions are always exceedingly picturesque and spirited, and attract scarcely less by the interest Englishmen feel in them than by their excellence as works of Art. There is no living artist who throws more, or even so much, grace into sporting scenes as he does.

A very elegant edition of "Sir Roger de Coverley" has been illustrated by him, and his pencil has frequently been employed in the work of embellishing literature: a beautiful volume of coloured lithographs has also been published from his drawings and sketches, and he has contributed in his own line of Art to the talented works of the Etching Club.



## TOMBS OF ENGLISH ARTISTS.

No. 10.—THOMAS GAINSBOROUGH, R.A.

BRITISH ART is well typified in the person of Gainsborough. His earliest studies were in his native Suffolk fields; his latest in the metropolis, where his talent assumed its highest position. About all his works there is a striking earnestness, and the discrimination of true genius, which casts no dishonest reflex from courtly to cottage life. Gainsborough's peasants are true peasants, they are not the refined and unnatural beings who seem but aristocrats in disguise, such as occasionally emanate from the ateliers of fashionable artists, and which never existed but in their fertile brains. Gainsborough's cottage children can be appreciated for their truth, by cottagers as well as connoisseurs in Art; they bear the impress of nature—the same nature that laughs in such abundance of beauty in his rich landscapes.

Gainsborough's boyish years were spent at Sudbury, in Suffolk. His early bias was so strongly toward Art that he was allowed to follow it. His sketches were of the most vigorous and truthful kind. At the early age of fourteen he left his native place for London, that he might there obtain the instruction he required to finish what nature had begun. He studied under two artists, who are now principally known from the drawings they contributed to the adornment of books. One was Francis Hayman, a friend and companion of Hogarth; the other was Henry Gravelot: and those who are conversant with the editions of popular authors, published at the earlier half of the last century, will frequently meet with their names at the corners of frontispieces and copper-plates. They were industrious men, but "the ingenious Mr. Hayman," as the booksellers often termed him, and Gravelot, the designer of mythic groups for encyclopedias, were not the men to do much for the genius of Gainsborough, except to teach him the mere manipulation of Art—a valuable thing in its way to a country lad, but not of sufficient importance to affect his style. He returned to his father's house after four years' residence in London, and went back to Nature as his schoolmistress. Before he reached his majority he married; the match was not so imprudent as it at first sight appears: the young lady had an annuity of two hundred pounds, and the rent of the house they first inhabited at Ipswich was but six pounds per year. At Ipswich he remained for many years, but was induced about the year 1758 to go to the then great seat of fashion—Bath. He was now thirty-one years of age, his portraits procured him much employ, his prices were gradually raised, and he became a prosperous man. From this time his prosperity never ceased, and the calm tenor of his way leaves nothing for the biographer to record, except that he left Bath for London in 1774; coming to one of the best houses in Pall Mall, and dividing some share of the fashionable patronage bestowed on the president of the Royal Academy. A prosperous man's career is soon told.

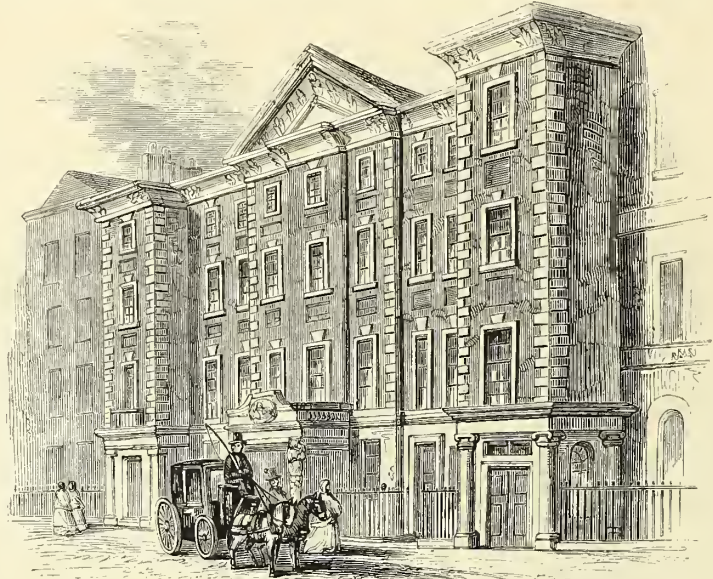
Gainsborough's personal appearance was striking; he was a noble, gentlemanly man. His relaxation was music, in which he was a proficient; he would part with money or pictures for a favourite violin; and his house was always open to the musical profession. The profoundest feelings of his nature could be elated by "the concord of sweet sounds;" and a tale is told of the painter and Colonel Hamilton being once together, when the colonel, who was a first-rate violinist, played so exquisitely, that tears of pleasure rolled down the cheeks of the excited artist, who rewarded him by the gift of one of his best pictures, with which no money could previously induce him to part.

His studio in Pall Mall was "a most admired disorder" of old and new sketches, musical instruments, and all the odds and ends of an artist's room; after his death his widow arranged his works therein, which consisted of one hundred and fifty drawings and fifty pictures.

The house in which Gainsborough resided from 1777 to 1778, when he died, is one of the most remarkable old houses in London for its connection with men of note. In the painter's time it was, as at present, divided into three tenements; but it was originally one large mansion, and named after its first noble resident—Schomberg House; for here lived King William III.'s favourite general,

Frederick, Duke of Schomberg, who was killed fighting beside his sovereign, at the battle of the Boyne, in 1690. His son, the third and last duke, added various decorations to the house, and employed an artist named Berehett to paint the grand staircase with landscapes in lunettes. The house was afterwards the town residence of William, Duke of Cumberland; "the hero of Culloden," as he was termed by one party; the "butcher" as he was named by the other. He died in this house in 1760. John Astley the painter succeeded him, and was known by a more agreeable cognomen, "the Beau." He divided the house into three, retaining the cen-

tral part as his own residence, and placed over the doorway the bas-relief of Painting, which is still to be seen there. Another "beau" artist succeeded him in Richard Cosway. Astley converted the upper story at the back of the house into a convenient painting room of ample proportions, which commanded a view over the park, and to this and some other apartments he had a private staircase; he termed it his "country-house," and used to enjoy his *rus in urbe* by shutting himself in them whenever he felt disposed for retirement and uninterrupted work. In another part of the building once resided the famous quack, Dr. Graham; there he con-



SCHOMBERG HOUSE, PALL-MALL: THE RESIDENCE OF GAINSBOROUGH.

ducted his lectures and impostures on the gullible English public, who crowded to listen to the doctor's discourses on the wonderful powers of his specifics, and the virtues of his mud-baths; and were received on stated occasions at the doors by gigantic porters in magnificent liveries, to view the doctor, immersed in his favourite mud, with his wig in the first fashion, full dressed, and powdered *en grande tenue*. Beside him, in a full state of immersion, and an equally magnificent *coiffure*, was Emma Lyons—afterwards better known as Lady Hamilton, and the "ruling spirit" of Admiral Nelson. Graham at this time advertised her as the "rosy goddess of health," and

hired her as a living illustration to one of his lectures on "Health and Beauty." Here her loveliness attracted the notice of Romney the royal academician, and other artists, who, as well as Hayley the poet, all delineated or praised her beauty; here she became acquainted with Mr. Greville, the nephew of Sir William Hamilton, and ultimately became the wife of the latter.

The eastern wing of this house was pulled down in 1852; the western wing is still intact, and this was the portion tenanted by Gainsborough, who died in a back room on the second floor. His last desire was to be at peace with Sir Joshua Reynolds,



GAINSBOROUGH'S GRAVE.

who came to his bedside in time to see his happy and very "professional" end. His last words were, "We are all going to heaven, and Vandyke is of the company."

The painter's grave is marked by a large flat slab in the isolated churchyard of Kew. It is no unpleasant spot, for trees shadow it, and a free air is around; it is a more agreeable pilgrimage to perform than that to the place of greater honour, the crypt of St. Paul's, where so many of his brethren lie. He desired to be buried by his friend Kirby the artist, and author of a work on perspective, which was printed at the expense of George III.,

whose gravestone is close to the church wall. Reynolds and Sheridan saw him placed as he wished. He desired that his name only should be cut upon the stone; it is therefore simply inscribed "Thomas Gainsborough, Esq., died August the 2nd, 1788, aged 61 years." His widow reposes with him, and her death is thus recorded, "Margaret Gainsborough, wife of the above Thomas Gainsborough, died December the 17th, 1798, in the 72nd year of her age." The gravestone occupies the centre of our sketch: it is a plain slab, without ornament or decoration of any kind.

F. W. FAIRHOLT.



## BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SCIENCE AND ART.

## PART X.

NOTHING seems to have arrested the attention of modern ornamentists so much as what we in our first paper designated Rustic Botany—that is, the general effect of growing vegetation; we must, therefore, offer a few remarks upon it. Let it, however, be understood that, although we admire rustic botany when in its place, we must condemn it as disagreeable, and often even intolerable, when out of its place; for we fully acquiesce in the old maxim, that there is a place for everything; and to this we add, that things when out of their place are obtrusive and offensive.

In order that the subject on which we are now about to treat may be fully understood, and the limits of its range defined, we invite you to follow us to the woodland glade, and behold the living forest, with its towering trees; find out the craggy wild, and there behold the old and well-nigh worn-out oaks, as they, tottering, bend over the awful chasm; the ferns, as they spring from the naked rock; the ivy, winding itself around the old decayed trunk; and the young trees, as they spring up amidst the boughs of the mother plants: in beholding this scene you see displayed rustic nature. Again: wander o'er the emerald meadow, and behold the lovely gems which bestud its surrounding banks; climb the village stile, and pass on to the open moor, and here again you see rustic nature. Stand on the summit of the alpine mount, and look down into the rich-clad valley, where you see one mass of verdure, and tier after tier of beauteous trees rising on the ascending ground; and here you have botanic structures in their rustic form. Roam o'er the burning sands of the hotter climes, and see the palm-tree rising here and there, well nigh scorched up by the sun's direct rays. Travel on, and see the verdant spot in the midst of the dreary desert, where the creeper ascends the sturdy tree, and bough is knit to bough, and all together form one bright mass of the most luxuriant vegetation, displaying the most gorgeous colours, and the most delicate greens. Here you have again innumerable subjects which furnish examples for the students of rustic botany.

Now it is obvious that in pursuing this subject the two questions to be solved are, the nature of the effects and their cause.

We have already said that effect is chiefly influenced by form, colour, and texture. The two latter it now behoves us particularly to notice, as we have already to some extent considered the former. However, briefly to recapitulate, we have said that the distant effect of the vegetable structures is influenced chiefly by their form, or rather that at a distance we discern little else than the general contour. As we approach, however, we distinguish prominent lines and primary segments; and upon closer approach our eye is arrested by detail. Though form is of such high interest in a consideration of distant effect, other circumstances play a more or less prominent part in even the distant appearance of the structure, according to their intensity. Thus even texture and colour modify the aspect.

Plants are of very diversified textures. Thus some are extremely smooth and glossy, as the Holly; others are of a dull texture, being covered with a "bloom" similar to that found on the fruit of the Vine; others are covered with very short hairs, which are widely dispersed—others with these more closely set; others with longer hairs, which may again be sparingly or closely arranged; and some with extremely long hairs. This variation of texture exists usually most prominently in the leaf; however, in herbaceous plants it is often found to exist on the stem also; and in such plants as the *Pilocereus senilis*, which have no proper leaves, the entire structure is enveloped in these diverse coatings.

As the leaf is the part of the organism usually most materially affected by texture, it is obvious that the aspect of the entire structure must be mate-

rially altered by variations of its surface, as leaves are generally so numerous and conspicuous as to be the sole objects of attraction in the plant, at least during certain periods of their growth.

The manner in which the texture influences the effect is necessarily this—that a polished surface reflects light, a dull surface diffuses it, while a plumose or velvety surface absorbs it. Now the extent of these variations is a point well worthy of study, as it materially influences the effect as well as the aspect of the colour. Thus, if the foliage of the plant is glossy, the near effect is sparkling and sharp, and hence exciting; if it is dull and velvety, the effect is usually rich and sombre; if the medium, being just dull, the effect is soothing and grateful. This is obvious; for when we behold a glabrous or glossy leaf, the rays of light cast upon its polished surface are reflected back upon the retina of the eye of the observer, and the nervous system is thus agitated or excited; whereas when the surface is such as will tend to absorb light the reverse effect is the result.

Texture also influences the colour, as we have just said. Thus, although each leaf of the Holly-bush is of a full rich green, this tree has a remarkably blue appearance. So prominent is this, that in the forest the extent of this effect is most astonishing, and is even conspicuous at a great distance. The cause of this effect is the leaf reflects the blue colour of the atmosphere by its glossy surface. This also verifies the statement, that surface influences the distant effect. The effect of texture also converges into that of form, or rather the effect of form, in certain instances, converges into that of texture. Thus the margins of the leaves of certain plants are furnished with spines, which give a crisp, sharp effect, the result of which is somewhat similar to that of a leaf with a glossy surface.

Leaves are also diversely undulated, or waved; at other times embossed; these variations modifying or increasing the effect. Thus, the sharp effect of the Holly leaf, resulting from its glabrous surface, is increased to its maximum by its pointed character and deep undulations, thus producing sharp and vivid lights, which immediately contrast with the deep shades and shadows of the depressions. Where the membrane of the leaf is distended and raised between each vein of the leaf, and the surface is glossy, a sharp spotted effect is the result; and in

some cases this is increased by a rigid hair or prickle rising from the apex of each distension.

Effect is also materially influenced by the character of the foliage. Thus, if it is large and flat, the effect is bold; if small, or large, with its surface much broken up, the effect is more crisp, and usually less attractive.

The abstract form also influences the result. Thus, round foliage gives a different effect from long, regardless of the varied individual manners of plants which usually produce these diversified forms of foliage. Peculiar habits of plants also influence the ultimate aspect; however, these latter may be said to refer more to general appearance than what the artist calls "effect."

Having briefly glanced at texture and form as influencing effect, we proceed to notice colour.

Colour, by varied dispositions of quantity, and diverse degrees of intensity, may materially alter the general appearance. As a general principle, colour is used to assist form, and also by its enchantments to add to the beauty of the organism.

In vegetable structures the primary colours, viz., blue, red, and yellow, are exhibited sparingly, occurring almost exclusively in flowers of a more or less diminutive character when compared with the entire organism. Secondary colours\* are widely diffused—at least the secondary colour green, which is remarkably cheering and grateful. The tertiary colours† are also prominent in the general effect of nature, and, if not in their maximum intensity, they are exhibited in their tints and hues. Although the general colour of vegetable nature is green, which is a secondary colour, nevertheless this green only appears as such when near the eye of the spectator; for not only is there an opacity in the atmosphere, which must necessarily change the green into a hue or shade of that colour, but the atmosphere is also more or less blue, which, added to the green, as the spectator recedes, causes the green landscape to become more and more blue; and as one equivalent of blue added to green makes a compound of these, which would be an extremely blue-green, it follows that the aspect of the distant landscape is that of a blue-green, and not green proper; and as the opacity of the atmosphere tends towards white or light during the day, the distant landscape will become a tint of blue-green, and as evening dawns the white aerial vapours, mingling with the evening twilight, will

Fig. 151.—SLOE OR BLACKTHORN.—*Prunus*.

give a more neutralised effect, the real darkness, or absence of light, giving a shade to the blue-green, while the vapours, adding white, give a tint which, mingling, cause a neutral aspect, tinged with blue-green.

Monotonous indeed would be the view of the distant landscape were it all mere shades of blue-green, though this would be cheered by the general forms of the distant trees, by the shades and shadows of these relief masses, by the craggy rock and widespread plain, which alternately break the monotony, and diversify the effect of the wide-spread landscape; but the monotony is not only prevented by the landscape being varied by lights and shades, and by

being more and more neutral at a distance, and more and more positive in the foreground, but also by diversified colours reigning throughout all nature.

The manner in which these variations are brought about we now proceed to show.

Spring is the particular season at which the colour green most abounds, but it is then varied by the almost infinitely diversified varieties of greens. Thus the young foliage of some trees is yellow-green,

\* The secondary colours are purple, green, and orange, for each of these is formed by the mixing of two primary colours.

† The tertiary colours are olive, citrine, and russet; each of these results from the mixing of two secondaries.



some blue-green, and some a brown-green, and these varieties, mingled with the darker colours of evergreens, produce a pleasing variety. Also we must not overlook this in the larger structures—viz. that the foliage, when young, exposes necessarily much of the wood of the plant, which is usually of a brown colour, or sometimes of a golden tint, at other times silvery; these at a distance mingle with the green, and neutralize its power.

Not only have we at this season a variety of greens, but some trees develop their leaves much earlier than others: thus, some are brown, naked, or skeleton structures, while others are clothed in their fresh emerald mantle. Now,

by the time the later trees put forth their foliage, that of the former has become darker. But this is not all: the earlier have by this time developed their gay and sprightly flowers, for they are unfurled with the leaves, and in some cases are developed before them,

as in the Sloe or Blackthorn (Fig. 151). Thus, we have mingled with the green foliage of the trees many a gay flower, which necessarily varies both the distant and near aspect. Not only do flowers thus appear on the trees, but the meadows, the

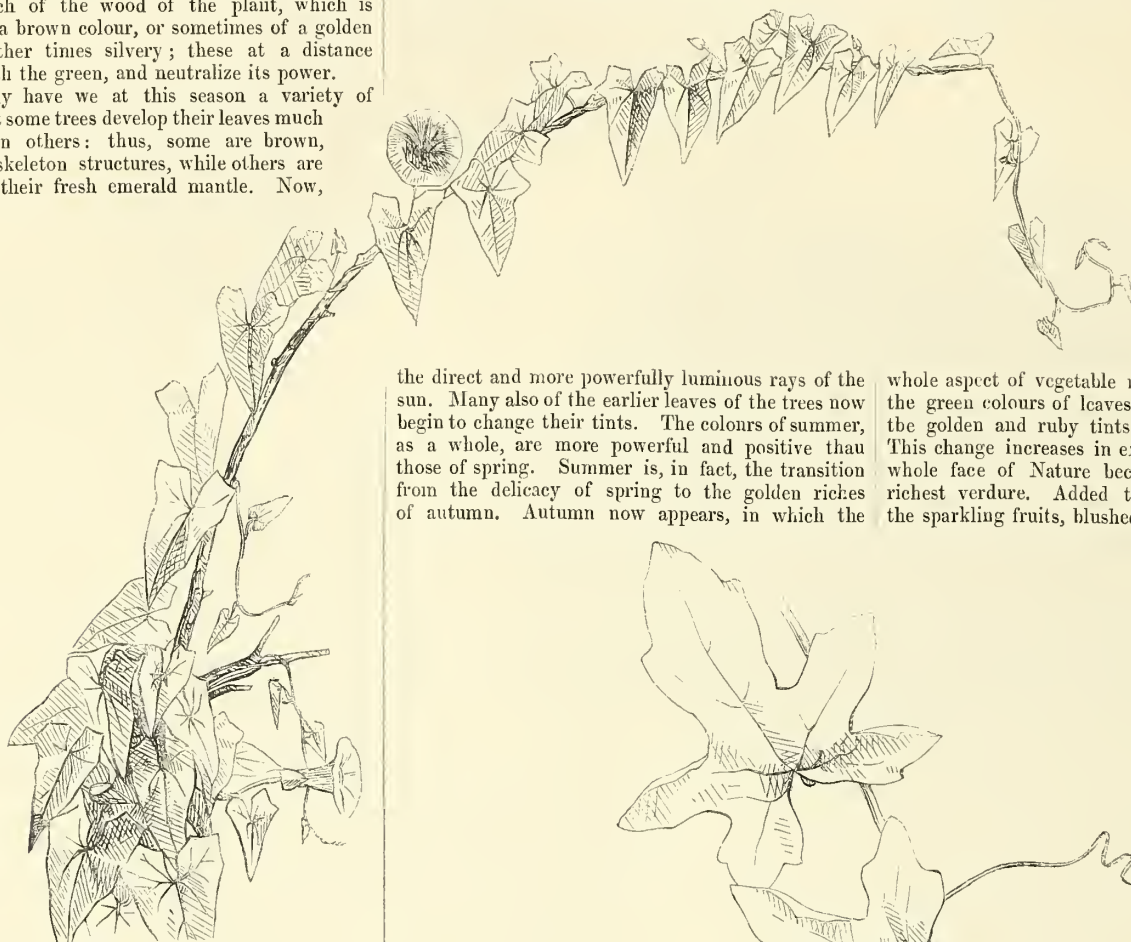


Fig. 153.—CONVOLVULUS.

woods, the plains, and the hills, now begin to be cheered by sparkling floral gems; for no sooner has winter passed away than flowers begin to appear, which increase in number and importance till about the end of June, when the decline commences. As our hills and plains are covered with flowers of varied colours, it necessarily follows that the tint of the distant landscape also varies. This variation, though to a certain extent casual, is also to a given extent fixed and limited. Some fields appear to be entirely clothed by certain flowers at given periods. Thus a locality may be covered with the Buttercup at one season so copiously, that the plain appears to be almost one mass of yellow; at another time with the Lady's Smock, or common Gillyflower (*Cardamine pratensis*), which gives a lilac aspect, and so on. Thus the season influences the colours of the landscape, so that meadow land or plains scarcely appear in the same colour during any two of the spring or summer months; and hence the period of time influences the effect. Next, the geological constitution of the locality, or the chemical composition of the soil, influences the aspect, as certain flowers have blossoms of a given colour, and a given class of vegetable organisms only can grow on a given soil. Effect is also influenced by position. Thus a marshy land has one class of flowers, a dry plain another; a low land one class, elevated spots another: all these circumstances necessarily modify and alter the effect of the landscape. Sufficient has now been said to establish the fact that numerous colours are continually mingled with the general green of vegetable nature, which, according to their colour, quantity, and intensity, must materially vary the distant effect in point of colour, and this even in spring, when green is the most powerful.

Advance now to summer, when the greens have become deepened, and the blossoms of the varied plants which now develop these showy organisms are usually of a more positive character, this being required in order that they may not be overpowered by

the direct and more powerfully luminous rays of the sun. Many also of the earlier leaves of the trees now begin to change their tints. The colours of summer, as a whole, are more powerful and positive than those of spring. Summer is, in fact, the transition from the delicacy of spring to the golden riches of autumn. Autumn now appears, in which the

whole aspect of vegetable nature becomes changed, the green colours of leaves being now replaced by the golden and ruby tints of the autumnal shade. This change increases in extent and power, till the whole face of Nature becomes one mass of the richest verdure. Added to these fading tints are the sparkling fruits, blushed with the summer's sun,



Fig. 152.—BRYONY.—*Bryonia dioica*.

and ripened by its heat. The variously coloured berries now clothe the trees of the moor, some adding richness by their sparkling red, others by their darker purples; and thus the vegetable world during the months of autumn is characterized by the abundant richness of its colours. But added to this,

autumn is not without its flowers, for the mountains are covered with Heather, which also intensifies the richness of the effect.

No more need be said in order to show how the colours are varied, although many incidents might be named which give and modify colour, as that the



stems of herbaceous plants are often red, and when very numerous this alters the local colour of the aggregate mass; at other times parts which would not popularly be considered as flowers, although really such, yet of a rudimentary nature, being of rich colours, alter the local tint. Thus, the head of the Sorrel (*Rumex acetosa*), &c., which abound in our summer meadows, being red, gives a general tone to the landscape, and thus, instead of having a landscape of a blue-green tint, we have at all times a more or less rich bloomy effect.

The manner in which colours become mixed by the distance of the spectator, and the effect of the more or less perfectly mingled colours, we cannot now enter upon. Suffice it to say that a number of small specks of various colours, if duly harmonized, will, when viewed at a little distance, produce a most agreeable, rich, bloomy effect, similar to the bloom of the peach. In this way the mingled colours of nature produce their rich harmonious aspect.

Now, respecting the distant effect of vegetation, it may not only be a low-toned blue-green, but it may also be a citrine, olive, or russet, or any shade, tint, or modification of these colours; and the nearer aspect may be a green, purple, or orange, or any of their modifications. None could help, while wandering among the Welsh or Scotch mountains, being struck with these diversities, one mountain being of a rich low-toned purple, from the abundant blossom of the Heather; another of a rich russet, an aspect imparted by its being covered with Ferns, which have now exchanged their green colour for their autumnal tints; another of an olive, from the neutralized effect of the mountain's short turf; and these, beautifully blended by the atmospheric vapours, impart unitedly a most charming effect. The mingling of these often gives richness and bloom, and all are influenced by distance, as we have already shown.

The distant effect of vegetable nature, then, in all cases, as regards colour, is a tint or hue of a secondary or tertiary colour, with, usually, a tinge of the primary blue predominating—or, at least, mingling—with the other colours, blue, as we have before said, being the colour of the atmosphere; but as we cast our eye from the distance along the intervening expanse till we view the foreground, we perceive that the tertiary hues gradually become more and more positive, till they are ultimately superseded by and lost in the more attractive secondaries. The foreground is enriched, however, by the presence of the primary colours, and white oftentimes, but in small quantities only, these being destined to give life, energy, and beauty to the nearer objects, and to enable us to distinguish more readily the beautiful and refined forms of these organisms.

There are also other circumstances which bear upon these effects, so as to modify them, amongst which are the peculiar habits of colours as to giving distance, &c. To explain ourselves: blue is, of all colours, the most receding, therefore it tends to give distance to those objects which are possessed of its hue. Thus, the fact that the atmosphere is blue, and that distant vegetation is tinged with its cast, gives the very idea of distance. Yellow is the most advancing of all colours, and therefore never appears in anything like a primitive state in vegetable nature at a remote point; whereas red, being stationary, may have its tinges throughout all positions, but it rarely occurs, save in its tertiary tones, except in the foreground; blue, however, is often extremely prominent at a distance, even in its purer state, being receding and retiring. Added to these effects are those which we have already named—viz. those of surface and form, which, as we have already shown, materially alter the general aspect. We have said that some surfaces are absorbent—that is, that they absorb the luminous rays of light. This, however, can only occur fully when the surface is black, as is obvious from the fact, that the cause of colour is that the coloured surface has the power of absorbing certain rays, and reflecting others; thus, a red surface absorbs the blue and yellow rays (which with the red enter into the composition of light), but reflects the red. Hence all coloured surfaces must be to an extent both absorbent and reflectent; however, by the surface being in some cases smooth, a portion of white light is reflected with the colour rays, and at points all the rays are reflected (at high lights); whereas when the surface is dull a quantity of rays are

entirely absorbed, and a portion reflected, the absorbed rays producing black, which, mingled with the reflected colour rays, give the sombre effect which we have before alluded to.

Having now noticed as much in detail as is consistent with our allotted space, the effect of colour, form, and texture, as influencing the general aspect of vegetable nature, we proceed to touch upon other circumstances which play prominent parts in giving nature a diverse aspect, which effect we have called Rustic Nature, or Rustic Botany.

Prominently among these agents are the varied disturbing causes which interfere with the normal growth or development of plants. Thus insects abound on vegetable products, which, by continually removing buds, &c., interfere with the normal development of the plant, and bring about the irregular or loose effect popularly called the freeness of nature. Insects, however, are not the only agents which bring about deformity in plants; blights play a powerful part in these mutilating operations, destroying often numerous buds and leaves. As these occur year after year, we do not wonder at the casual observer denying the fact that vegetable products are symmetrical. However, whether an entirely mutilated or a normal growth is the most beautiful in an ornamental point of view, we leave the observer to judge. Though disturbing causes play a prominent part in bringing about the effect popularly regarded as the normal growth of plants, nevertheless, other circumstances also lend their aid in producing this aspect. Creeping plants are favourite examples of this manner of natural growth, or, at least, those plants which have feeble stems; also old well-deformed trunks are prized specimens. Now, creeping plants are necessarily dependant upon others for support, or, at least, upon some supporting agent; but in some cases this is not present (Fig. 152), as would naturally be expected, in consequence of the mode in which Nature distributes and sows her seeds (by the bursting with violence or dehiscing of the seed-vessel). Now, when this is the case these feeble structures become prostrate, and creep along the earth till they find sustaining aid, when they mount by their twining stems or other means of support. Perhaps this prop now discovered is not of any great height or length, which necessitates the climbing plant, after having gained its summit, to elongate, and thus hang down till it discovers another support (Fig. 153). The form and character also of the support must necessarily influence the appearance of the whole composition. Added to these are circumstances which must necessarily result from these. As the stems of the plants in question are of a feeble nature, when they hang between supports, the curves of these festoons must be the result of the ordinary laws of attraction, and therefore must be of a refined character, as we have before shown. Although this is the case, yet we must not forget the fact, that light acts as an attracting agent, as we have before said, and will necessarily influence the varied vegetable structures more or less, according to their position; therefore the position must be duly considered, and harmonized with the effect.

To briefly recapitulate our conclusions, and to enumerate the points which demand special consideration, we notice, first, that locality must be taken cognizance of, as to its geological position as well as its geographical station. Thus the nature or composition of the soil will govern to an extent the vegetable inhabitants of the locality, as will also its geographical site. Next, the season of the year, as each month has a diversified flora; thus certain flowers are characteristic of spring, others of summer, and so on; to reverse this order would be contrary to truth. Next, the position of the spectator, as well as the length of space intervening between him and the object viewed. Thus, if the individual is at a distance, the general form of the vegetable object only can be distinguished; if nearer, the secondary forms of the larger structures will be discoverable; if near, the detail will be seen. The character of the intervening space is of importance; for if it is damp and marshy, the quantity of aqueous vapour given off will be greater than if it were dry, and will thus necessarily alter the effect. The texture of the structure must also be duly considered, as this influences the distant as well as the near effect. If near objects only are to be dealt with, whether they are of a rigid or running character is of importance; also the position, as whether

exposed to light, or excluded to a great extent from this agent, all these things materially altering the aspect of the structure; therefore the ambition of the artist must be to produce a perfect harmony between effect and circumstances.

Although the preceding remarks may appear to apply particularly to the pictorial artist, nevertheless, they are intimately associated with the studies of the decorative artist; for although relief, as well as distant and near effect, may belong to the pictorial artist, nevertheless, the same pleasing harmonies, and contrasts of colour, and of light and dark, can be introduced into compositions which are perfectly adapted to their destined positions.

May we be allowed, in conclusion, humbly to suggest, that it is the privilege of the ornamentist to study Nature, and borrow all her beautiful hints of form, colour, and effect, and appropriate them by his intellectual skill to his particular necessities.

In our next, and concluding paper, we shall offer a few hints on the methods of delineating flowers.

#### APPLICATION OF PHOTOGRAPHY TO WOOD-ENGRAVING.

NUMEROUS experiments have, from time to time, been made to produce photographic pictures upon box-wood blocks, of such a character that the wood-engraver would be enabled to work upon them. Hitherto success has not attended these efforts; but from some examples which we have lately seen, there is every reason for supposing that the desired end will shortly be accomplished.

It should be understood that there is not the slightest difficulty in producing very perfect photographic pictures upon box-wood blocks. Even by applying the nitrate or the chloride of silver to the surface of the wood, very satisfactory photographs could be obtained; but the difficulty in this case is that the silver salt gives a brittleness to the wood, and it is liable to "chip off" under the tool; hence it is not possible to produce fine lines.

By coating the wood with albumen this has been avoided, but the wood-engraver complains of the presence of the film of albumen preventing him from working with his usual facility. This objection is, however, almost entirely overcome by the use of collodion, the attenuated film offering scarcely any obstruction to the engraver's tool. All that is necessary is, to adopt one of the so-called dry collodion processes, and to obtain from a good negative on glass a positive copy on the block. It is important that the processes should be simplified as much as possible, to avoid all risk of injuring the wood. It is well to coat every part of the wood, except the face, with a thin layer of a transparent varnish, so that the iodized collodion may be applied, and the face dipped into the solution of nitrate of silver, without the risk of having any absorption. Again, in the slight fixing process which is necessary, no very high degree of permanence being required, this varnish also protects the wood. By employing a somewhat sluggish collodion process, very charming pictures may be easily obtained and rendered sufficiently permanent.

Now arises the wood-engraver's difficulties. He has been trained to cut along certain well-defined lines, and he does not understand working upon a drawing in which there are none of those lines. It is, however, merely a question of education; the conventional system must be abandoned; and the engraver must be taught to use some judgment in the execution of his work. It has been proposed that practised draughtsmen should be employed to indicate, by lines on the photograph, where the wood should be cut. This would be still preserving the same mechanical system which at present exists. Something beyond this is required, and a class of engravers must be educated to work directly from the photograph, without any adventitious aid. We have before us a representation of an amphora, photographed on wood, and engraved by Mr. G. R. De Wilde, of Clerkenwell, which is, in itself, an admirable example of what may be done. This woodcut shows that no real difficulty exists in the production of photographic pictures upon box-wood blocks, which may be cut, and from which very beautiful impressions may be obtained.

The advantages of such an application are mani-



fold. The truthfulness, in the first place, is one of its greatest recommendations; and for objects which have any relation to science, this is paramount to every other consideration. The rapidity of production is another advantage, since it would enable authors and publishers to be far more liberal in their illustrations than they can afford to be at present.

At this time we have wood-engraving advanced to a high degree of excellence, and we very justly admire the results; but if we could at once transfer to the wood the copy of a negative on glass, which represented some scene of sacred or historic interest, how much more satisfactory would it be to all. We know that the wood-engraver is supplied with photographs of machinery and other objects, which he copies with great labour, by the pencil, on the wood. The same photograph on the wood should be at once available; and instead of the pencil, the wood-cutter should be instructed to use the graver. The perfection of such reproductions, as it regards the relative dimensions, distances, &c., and the correctness of all the details, would be unfailing recommendations. We learn that the wood-engravers of Germany are now availing themselves of photography to a considerable extent; and we hope we shall not be long before we have to refer to English examples of this most useful application of a very beautiful art.

ROBERT HUNT.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

### THE LAW OF PICTURE COPYRIGHT.

LORD LYNTHURST is usually very clear and correct in what he utters in the House of Lords; and I have no doubt that he will be greatly annoyed to find that he has had a garbled brief put into his hands by his clients—the artists whose cause he has taken up. He has thereby fallen into serious errors in his speech on presenting the Petition to the House of Lords for a reconsideration of the Law of Artistic Copyright.

To show the extent to which artists are subject to fraud from the "spurious" and "unskilful imitations" of their pictures, from the fact of their not being able to reserve the copyright of them, he gives two instances that have occurred within the last few years. One in which an estimable lady paid six hundred guineas for a picture by a modern painter, and afterwards found, to her surprise, a copy of it in the Manchester Exhibition; and also an instance in which a noble lord (Lansdowne) bought a picture called "Second Class," or the Departure, and having lent it to be engraved, found that it was copied during that process, and the copy sold at public auction. Unfortunately for his lordship's argument, these copies were not "spurious" and "unskilful," but were painted by the artists of the original pictures, and launched on the world by themselves, so that the only two instances quoted by the learned lord tells directly against his *protégés*.

It has become a very great grievance to purchasers of the works of modern Art, that no sooner has an artist received the money for, and parted with, his picture, than he at once proceeds to make one or more copies, according to the popularity of the subject, without consulting the feelings or asking permission of the original purchaser. I know that the lady mentioned by his lordship has another picture in her possession for which she paid a large sum, and of which there are very little less than a dozen copies in existence, all painted by the artist who painted the first; and this done not only without the lady's sanction, but very much to her annoyance.

It appears to me that it is the purchasers of pictures that require a copyright for their protection, and not the painters.

I will not now take up your valuable space, or the time of your readers, by going into the question of the painter's claim to a copyright of his works; if I did, I could show that the argument is not on the side of the painters; but I will only say that I fully believe the copyright of a picture belongs, in all fairness, to the purchaser of it. The painter, unlike the author or composer, is paid for his labour and invention by the sale of his picture; the two latter receive nothing for their manuscript as a mere parcel of writing, but for its value as a copyright; and when a person buys a manuscript he is at liberty to do as he pleases with it, and make money, if he so please, by the multiplication of its copies. If the author or composer did not have a

copyright in his work he would get nothing for his labour.

I cannot see why the purchaser of a picture should not have the same liberty as the purchaser of a manuscript—the painter having received the price of his labour in the sum he has received for the picture.

It certainly is a preposterous thing that a collector of paintings, after having given a large price for a picture, shall be annoyed by finding two or three of his personal friends with copies of it on their walls, or by seeing them exposed for sale in the shop-windows or at public auctions—some of them quite as good, and some better, than his own; in fact, making it quite impossible to say which is the original, all of them being painted by the same artist.

I have been in daily intercourse with painters and lovers of Art for many years, and I am prepared to say that his lordship's statement—"that the extent of the frauds by spurious and unskilful copies is surprising"—is without foundation, and that the number of "spurious" copies of modern pictures is as nothing compared with the copies, or replicas, or easel pictures, as they are termed, which are painted by living artists.

I do not advocate that the possessor of a picture shall be at liberty to have a copy made of it in imitation of the original by an inferior or by any other artist, and place the original artist's name to it; that would be a rank forgery, and should be punished as such; but he certainly should be able to control the original painter in the production of his replicas.

I trust that before the committee of the House of Lords come to any resolution, or commit themselves to a report, in this business, they will make all due and necessary inquiries, and examine parties interested on both sides of the question.

Apologizing for trespassing to so great a length on your patience,

AN AMATEUR.

London, October 10th.

## OBITUARY.

### MR. JOHN DWYER.

Mr. John Dwyer, the architect, one of the successful competitors in the competition last year for the Government Offices, died, on the last day of August, at the Lord Warden Hotel, in Dover, at the premature age of thirty-nine, and under circumstances much to be lamented, as cutting off unexpectedly a career of great promise. On crossing the channel to Dover, after a short tour abroad, he suffered severely from sea-sickness; and after landing, he was seized with pains in the region of the heart, which carried him off within an hour after he had left the fatal vessel.

### MR. H. O. CURETON.

A few words must record the death of this eminent numismatist, in the seventy-fourth year of his age. On his subject, which involves a large amount of knowledge and accomplishment, Mr. Cureton was one of the leading authorities of his time. His judgments in disputed questions relating to coins were considered to carry with them such finality as belongs to the matter. With him, as with others of his class, a form of research which to readers in general seems somewhat of the driest took the character of a passion. It is, indeed, not a little remarkable, in how many cases the enthusiasm of the student bears a direct proportion to the coldness of the study. There are few philosophers, for instance, who throw more passion into their squabbles than the archaeologists, and a more peppery set of gentlemen in view of the present are nowhere to be met with than they whose minds one might expect to find subdued and solemnized by their habit of consorting with the past. Our readers will, we dare say, remember more than one case in which a vast redundancy of life has been thrown into discussions that concerned the dead. Mr. Cureton's love of his theme took the more agreeable, and no less persuasive, shape of courtesy; and with him, that which was studiously acquired was frankly communicated. For some years, Mr. Cureton was connected with the numismatic department of the British Museum. His very considerable fortune is left, we believe, for want of immediate heirs, to charitable uses.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### CROSSING THE FORD.

N. Berghem, Painter. J. Cousen, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 1 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 4 in.

NICHOLAS BERGHEM, or Berchem, is ranked among the most eminent painters of the old Dutch school; he was born at Haarlem, in 1624, from which place his real name, Van Haarlem, was derived; that by which he is now known having been given to him on an occasion that will be referred to presently. He received his earliest instruction in Art from his father, Peter Van Haarlem, a painter of "still-life" of no remarkable talent; afterwards he became the pupil successively of Van Goyen, Moyaert, Jan Wils, and Weenix. It was while in the school of Van Goyen that, on the authority of Karel de Moor, a Dutch artist and writer, he acquired the name of Berchem. The story is, that the boy, being pursued by his father, who wished to chastise him for some juvenile delinquency, ran off to the house of his preceptor: Van Goyen witnessing the chase, and desirous of shielding his pupil from the anger of the parent, called out to his other scholars,—"Berg hem," which in the Dutch language means, "hide him." Other writers, however, affirm that the family name was in reality Berchem, and that the father was called Van Haarlem, from being born in the town of Haarlem: these biographers regard De Moor's story as a fable.

For some time after Berghem had quitted the studio of Weenix, he painted sea-ports and shipping; his pictures of this class bear a close resemblance to those of his master; but subsequently he devoted himself almost exclusively to landscapes, in which figures and cattle occupy very prominent positions, but not, perhaps, to such a degree as in the works of his fellow-countrymen, Paul Potter and Cuyp. While in the zenith of his reputation he received a commission from the Burgomaster of Dort, Vanderhulk, to paint a picture in competition with his contemporary, Jan Both. The price stipulated for each picture was 800 guilders, and a considerable additional sum was promised to him who should produce the best work. Berghem painted a magnificent range of mountain scenery, with numerous figures and groups of cattle. Both selected a passage of ideal Italian landscape, which he treated with the most appropriate feeling. The pictures were finished and placed side by side, the better to compare them. The burgomaster having carefully examined them—those old Dutch citizens knew something about pictures, and could estimate their merits—declared that he found both so excellent that he was unable to decide between them. He then generously presented each of the painters with the sum he had promised as a premium for the superior performance.

Berghem's reputation among his countrymen was so high, and the demands for his pictures so great that, notwithstanding his industry—and he was most indefatigable in his labours, usually painting, during the summer months, from sunrise to sunset—he found it difficult to satisfy the claims of his patrons; and though it is stated that he painted with great rapidity, there are no signs of haste in his works, nor is there any want of careful finish.

Few of the old landscape-painters show greater variety of subject-matter in their works than this artist; this is scarcely to be wondered at, if we consider who and what were his instructors. In the studio of his father he learned how to paint fish, fruit, dead birds, &c.; Van Goyen taught him marine-painting; Moyaert, and Wils—whose daughter he married—instructed him in landscape-painting; and the example of his uncle Weenix gave him a taste for representing sea-port towns.

His picture of "Crossing the Ford" is one of eight in the collection at Buckingham Palace: it is a small work, but has always been considered as a beautiful example of this artist, true to nature, and, simple as the composition is, of much elegance. Like some of Berghem's pictures, it is of a low tone of colour throughout, so low indeed that, were it not for the bright blue skirt of the woman's dress, it would be positively flat: this slight object, however, aided by the white cow, serves to enliven the whole and give it brilliancy.

The painting is on copper, and is dated 1650.





J. BEAUCHAMP DEL.

CROSSING THE POPE

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE MUSEUM OF THE LONDON SOCIETY

1840







## DÜSSELDORF:

## THE ANNUAL EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition of Modern Art in this Art-city conveys but a poor idea of its artist strength; and those to whom its fame is familiar will be grievously disappointed if their impression of its capabilities is obtained only by the information acquired during a visit to the Academy. The collection consists of no more than 238 pictures, in which the leading masters of Düsseldorf are not represented: but the exhibition is to be considered merely as an assemblage of works out of which the Art-Union (*Kunstverein*) is to select its prizes. The revenue of the society is considerable—amounting annually to between £2000 and £3000: it does not, however, purchase productions of price; the object being rather to encourage, by judiciously timed patronage, such painters as give promise, and are not yet in a condition to dictate terms. Many are they who have thus found their early stepping-stones to fame and fortune: the Art-Union of Düsseldorf has thus been the safest and best of patrons, and, under its fosterage, genius has often made its way to glory. This is labouring for, and achieving, a better and higher purpose than helping those who require no help—

"Giving its sum of more  
To that which hath too much."

If our Art-Union of London would learn a lesson out of the book studied at Düsseldorf, its retrospect would be happier and more honourable than, under existing regulations, it ever can be.

The Annual Exhibition is but a lame affair: we have accounted for its poverty; yet there are on the walls of the Academy several very admirable works, in landscape more especially—a branch of Art in which Germany is making rapid advances; and not in this way only, for, although the ocean is usually to the Germans a myth, they produce pictures of storms, and sea-cliffs, and ships, and boats, that may make Stanfield and Cooke "look to their laurels." In a collection to which we shall refer presently there are paintings of this class by the elder Achenbach, that are fully equal to the best productions of the sea-girt isle; yet Achenbach is a dweller in Düsseldorf, far away from a sea-side, which he can know only as a stranger. His younger brother, Oswald Achenbach, has another walk: his forest scenes, sheltering ancient buildings, with characteristic figures, are of high excellence. There are examples of this painter in the collection of Her Majesty and Prince Albert, which it will be our privilege, ere long, to make known to the English public. In the exhibition under notice he exhibits one beautiful work. Other contributors of excellent landscape are Adloff, Bergslien, Gude, Flamm, Küpers, Maurer, Rodde, Bodom, and Scheins. Their works are, for the most part, very carefully studied and minutely finished; yet in no degree tainted by "Pre-Raffaellitism," which the artists of Düsseldorf entirely ignore. Mr. Ruskin would not find in this Art-city a solitary tree or a single leaf under which to shelter an idea: we can imagine him wandering among its multitude of *ateliers*, "a discontented and repining spirit," shaking the dust from off his feet as he departed, and leaving his ban with the six hundred artists—its inhabitants. It is no exaggeration thus to number them; there are actually six hundred artists in this comparatively small city—artists of all ranks and orders, painters, sculptors, engravers, modellers, &c. &c., all of whom live, or strive to live, by the profession they have adopted.

Those who would form a reasonable idea of the Art-wealth of Düsseldorf must, however, visit THE GALLERY OF HERR SCHULTE, the successor of Herr Buddeus—his successor, that is to say, in so far as the trading establishment is concerned; for Herr Buddeus—to whom, as a publisher, Art in Germany owes so large a debt—still continues to issue engravings, and has recently produced two or three works that will obtain honour in all the countries of Europe: to these we shall refer hereafter. The gallery of Herr Schulte is a trade concern; here are pictures purchased by him, and others confided to him for sale by the painters. As will, therefore, be supposed, a very correct idea may be here formed of the Art-power of the famous school of Düsseldorf. The collection consists of about 150 works, all good; it

is neither his will nor his interest to exhibit aught that is without merit: while, necessarily, to attract visitors, and thus make his scheme profitable, it is essential that he show examples of many of the leading masters. It is a permanent exhibition; but there is no catalogue, inasmuch as additions and subtractions are frequent. We do not, therefore, occupy our space with details which in a week may be of no value; but assuredly visitors to the Rhine, or to any part of Rhenish Prussia, may profitably spend a day in this beautiful and tranquil city, to form acquaintance with the Art and artists who have made it renowned throughout the world.

One of the great props of the SCHOOL AT DÜSSELDORF, Lessing—who is equally famous as a landscape and an historical painter—has removed from that city, and now resides at Darmstadt, having been seduced from his allegiance to the creator of his renown, by the Grand Duke of Baden, a prince in all respects estimable, and who has recently laboured to render his capital famous and attractive by means of Art.

It will be our pleasant task to notice some of the more recent publications of HERR SCHULGEN, whose exquisite volume of the purest and most perfect Art-engravings from the drawings of Overbeck, illustrating the evangelists, has recently received recognition from the King of Prussia, not only by liberal assistance and patronage of the work, but by a personal compliment to the publisher. Such incidents ought to be recorded; they are honourable to the giver and to the receiver; they act as salutary stimulants to patriotic services; they reward, while they encourage, desert. The work to which we refer is a costly work; and perhaps without the aid of the government, it might have been a commercial failure: thus supported, however, it has no doubt been, as it ought to be, a success. The "Album des Évangiles," engraved from the designs of Overbeck, is far too little known in England. We have noticed it more than once in the *Art-Journal*; but it is very difficult to convey to the reader a just idea of the beauty, merit, and value of a series of fifty engravings, every one of which is an exquisite example of Art, and all of which are worthy illustrations of "the Book of books."

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—As usual, the fête of the Emperor has been the occasion of distributing to the various provincial museums the paintings accumulated by government purchases during the year. About thirty pictures have thus been disposed of.—M. Landelle has received a commission from Government to decorate the Chapel of St. Joseph, in the Church of St. Sulpice, Paris.—M. A. Yvon, the painter of the large picture, "The Capture of the Malakoff," has just finished a companion to it, representing a preliminary assault, the title of which is "Courtine de Malakoff."—Madame de Montazan has left her gallery of paintings to the Museum of Caen.—The council-general of Vaucluse has memorialised the Government to restore the Palace of the Popes at Avignon.—The prize for painting this year (*Concours prix de Rome*) has been gained by M. J. J. Henner; the second prize by M. B. Ulmann. The competition brought out several good works. The subject treated was "Adam and Eve finding the Dead Body of Abel."—M. Galimard has just finished a "Visitation" for the Chapel of the Tuileries.—M. Bouterwek, a Prussian, has painted, by order, for his native country, "Christ rising from his Tomb," and "Christ in the Garden of Olives."—M. Boulanger, architect, has been commissioned to erect at Athens an edifice for the *corps législatif*, a theatre, and other buildings.—The paintings and drawings from the French students of Rome have been exhibited; they consist of the usual copies from frescoes and studies from nature.—A statue is to be erected to Eugene Sue.—M. Leval, the sculptor who designed the equestrian statue of Napoleon I. at Cherbourg, has received a commission from the Government to execute another, to be erected at Longwood, St. Helena, where the emperor died.

BERLIN.—Professor Fischer has been entrusted with the execution of the monument to be erected in this city in honour of Mendelssohn. The funds for the work are supplied by public subscription.—Wolf's statue of the Electress Henrietta Louisa, wife of the great Elector, is now in its place at Oranienburg. It stands on a pedestal of sandstone nine feet high, the figure being eight feet in height, and habited according to the fashion of the middle of the

seventeenth century. The right hand is extended, holding the charter of the Orphan Asylum, and the left hangs down, holding the ermine which falls from the shoulders. The statue is of zinc, and, with the exception of the Griefswald monument, is the first zinc portrait-statue that has been executed. Oranienburg is a little town situated about four miles from Berlin, and it owes its name to this princess, to whom the castle, with its grounds, were presented by her husband, and from her received its name, Oranienburg, in memory of the family of Orange, of which she was a member.

HAMBURG.—The statistics of the Art-Union of the last year show an increase of twenty-three in the list of members, the number of subscribers of the foregoing year having been nine hundred. The exhibition has been made permanent; and it contains examples of perhaps a greater variety of schools than has ever before been represented in any similar institution.

STUTTGART.—The portrait of the first Duke of Wurtemberg, Eberhard with the Beard, has excited the greatest interest and admiration among the artists and antiquaries of this place, because it was not believed that any genuine portrait of this celebrated character was in existence; though there are three pictures supposed to represent him, but they are altogether unauthenticated. In this portrait he wears the grand cordon of the Golden Fleece, which he received in 1491 from the hands of King Maximilian, and at this time, in his forty-seventh year, it is supposed that this portrait was painted. The artist was Schüle, or Schülein, a Swabian, and a citizen of Ulm, who was often entertained at the court of the Duke at Tübingen. As a young man the hair of Eberhard was fair, but it is in this picture blanched, not so much by time as by an active life and much suffering.—It is remarkable that the portrait of his wife, the Duchess Barbara Gonzaga, daughter of the Duke of Mantua, was found in England. This portrait is now in the Royal Academy at Stuttgart, and, with that recently recovered, is known to have been the property of the house of Wurtemberg; but both pictures are supposed to have been sold with quantities of old furniture which were disposed of between the years 1800 and 1822.

## ART IN THE PROVINCES.

TAUNTON.—The School of Art in this town, though it has been established but two years, seems already to have become one of the most prosperous institutions in the kingdom, when the size of the town and the number of the inhabitants are taken into consideration. At the meeting held, in the commencement of the past month, for distributing the medals and prizes to the successful competitors, Mr. W. F. Elliot, who presided on the occasion, stated—The class for artisans had increased during the year from thirty-seven to forty-three students, and the entire number of pupils receiving instruction had advanced in the same period from one hundred and fifty-five to nearly four hundred. In 1857 the local medals awarded were ten; in the present year, twenty-five. Last year the pupils had not made progress sufficient to enable them to compete for national medallions; this year they had carried off three of these prizes, gained in competition with all the schools throughout the United Kingdom; while of other similar institutions in the west of England, Plymouth and Bristol had each gained none, and Bath and Exeter only one each. The total number of prizes awarded this year in the Taunton school was ninety-three, being an increase of forty over the preceding year. This institution is under the superintendence of Mr. Williamson, to whose excellent management and judicious instruction so much of its success and efficiency is due.

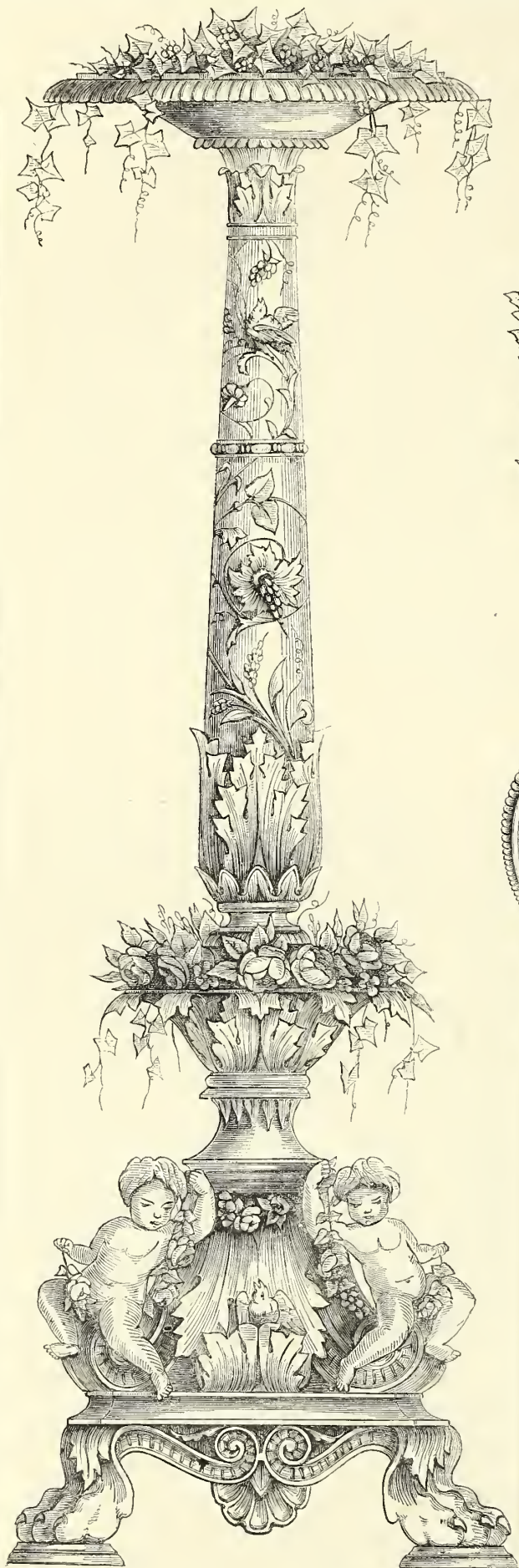
BRIGHTON.—The fourth exhibition of "The Brighton and Sussex Society of Arts" is again open; it is therefore to be hoped that it is now permanently established. The number of contributions is two hundred and forty-eight, and among the names of the contributors we find those of Sir Watson Gordon, R.A., E. H. Baily, R.A., W. Salter, M.A.F., G. Patten, A.R.A., J. Sant, W. S. P. Henderson, H. Johnson, F. Y. Hurlstone, S. A. Hart, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., G. Cole, L. J. Wood, W. Goodall, M. Claxton, John Barnett, V. Bartholomew, Kenny Meadows, Aaron Penley, Matthew Noble, E. C. Williams, J. Bustock, R. H. Nibbs, A. Munro, T. Woolner, &c. The curator of the exhibition is Mr. Cordwell, who has exerted himself strenuously to promote the interests of the institution, the continuity of which seems now beyond a question.



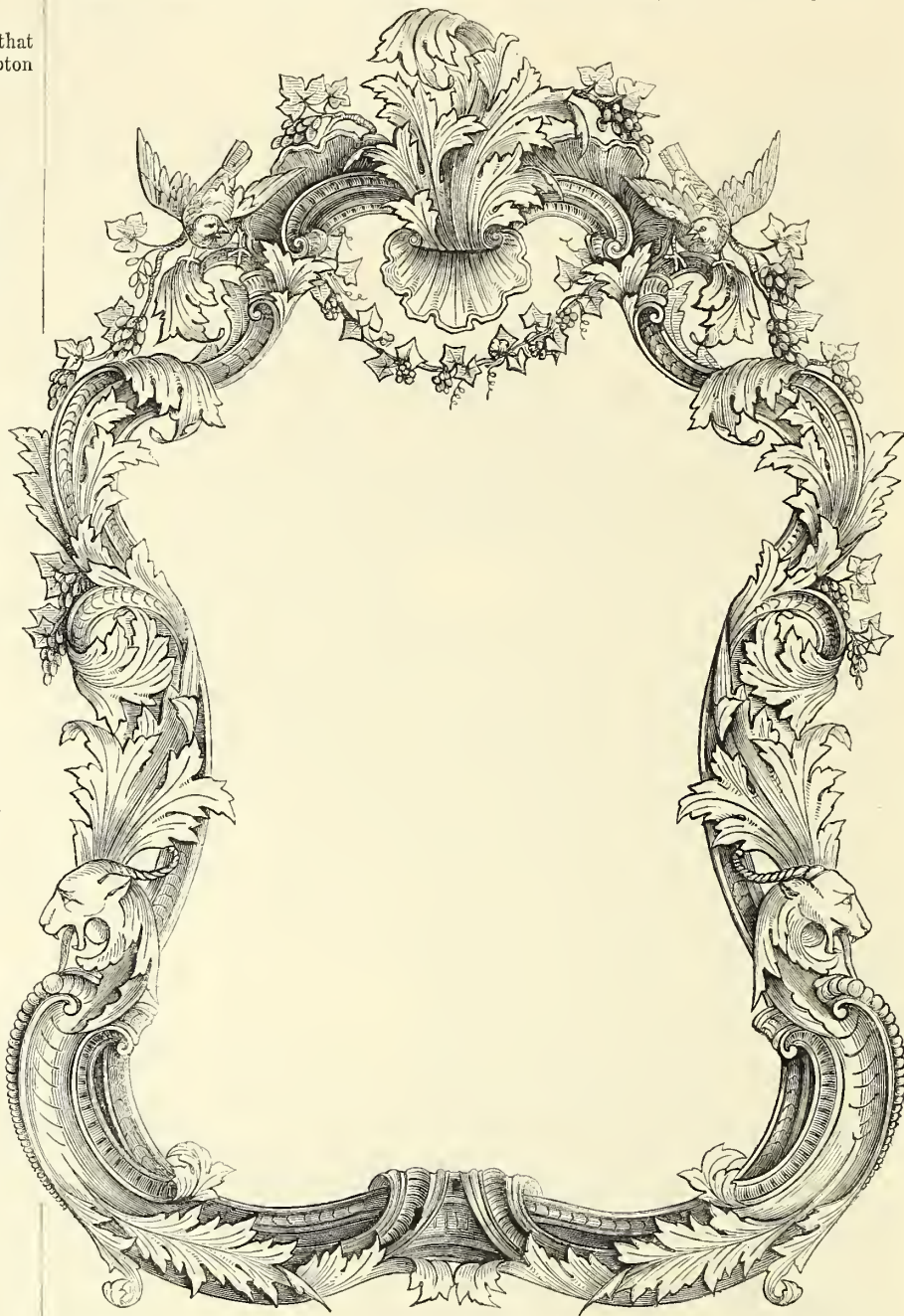
ORIGINAL DESIGNS,  
AS SUGGESTIONS TO MANUFACTURERS, ETC.

THE original designs which occupy this page, and the page that follows, are from drawings by HERR SCHUITZE, of 9, Lambton

co-operation of a German, resident in London, and believe he may be found a valuable auxiliary to many classes of Art-manufacturers; probably, he might work out very advan-



Terrace, Westbourne Grove West. We have thus obtained the



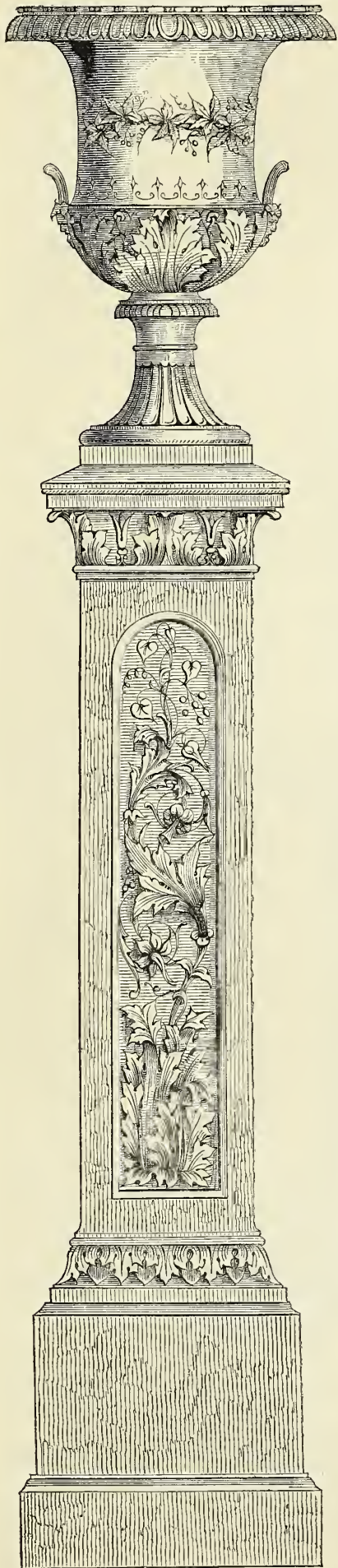
tageously such suggestions as he received, to supply such requirements as come within the



scope of his varied abilities, resulting from a long experience obtained in some of the best



schools of the Continent. The designs we publish speak for themselves: we may direct

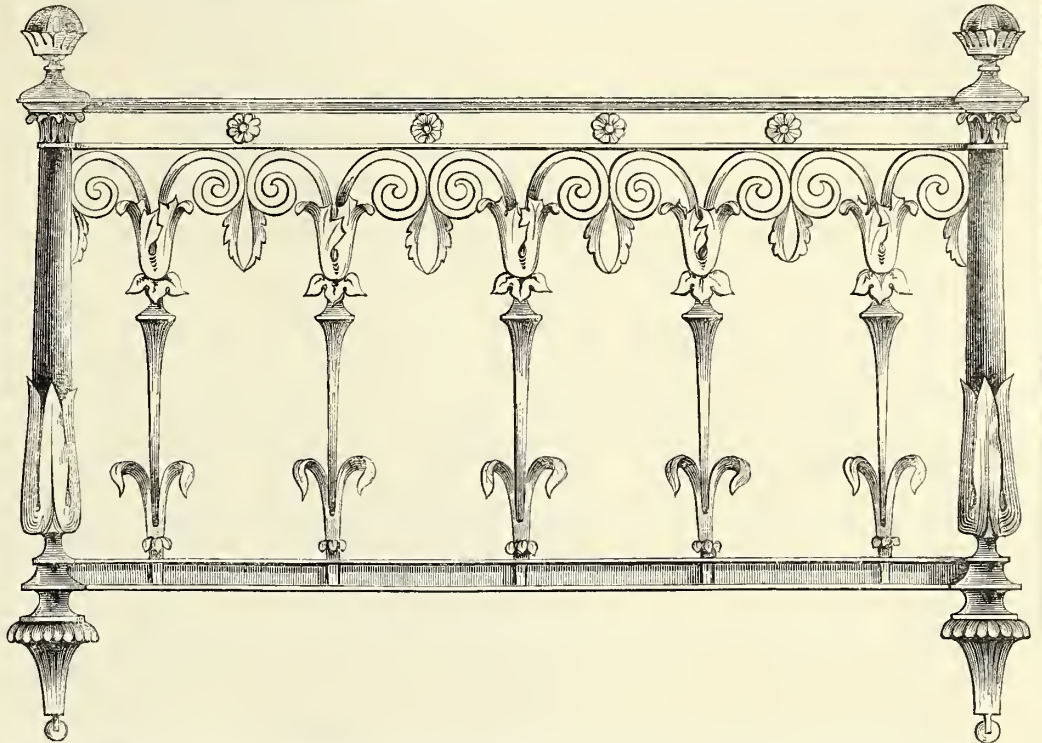


attention, however, to the excellent mirror frame, and the designs for cast-iron bedsteads

—subjects we suggested to him: in designs for cast-iron bedsteads our manufacturers are very deficient. These are, as will be observed, simple rather than elaborate, and by no means costly to produce. This article is daily growing more and more into use: it has been of late greatly improved in construction, and an advance in ornamentation is much

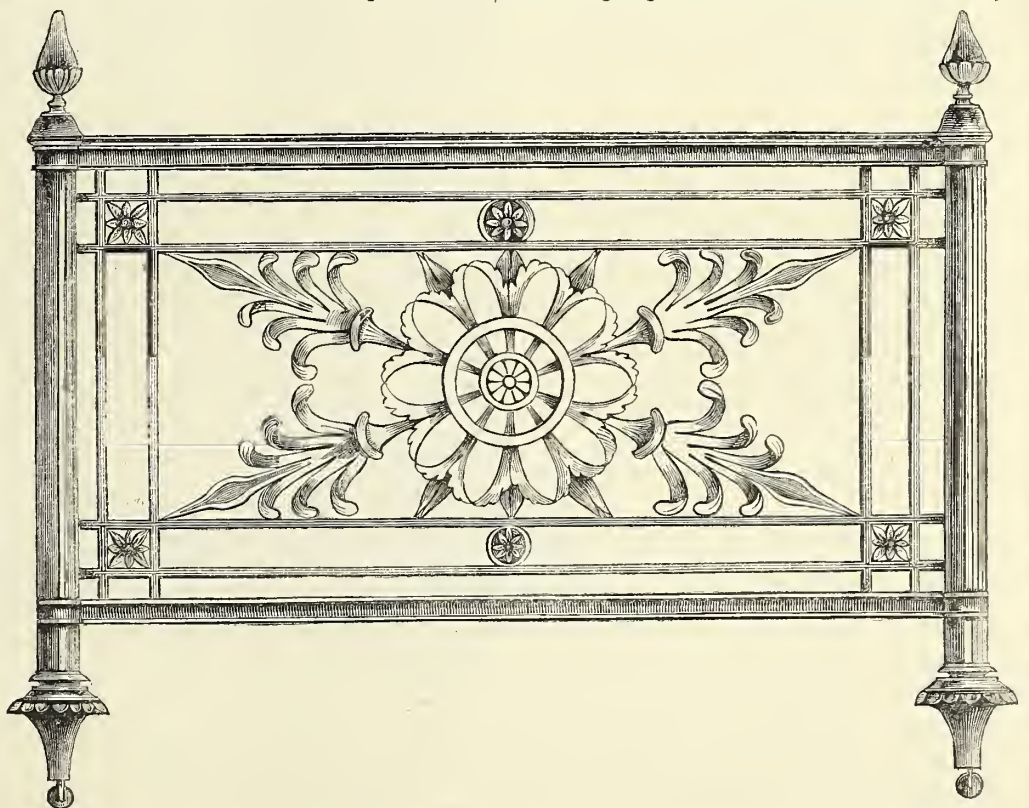
to be desired—such as may combine convenience with grace, and completeness with simplicity.

With these pages we shall probably take leave of the subject for some time, believing that the space thus occupied may be employed to better advantage, and the cost thus incurred be made more productive of value if expended otherwise. It is probable



that our readers, as well as ourselves, have been disappointed to find, in the series we have from time to time published, so few DESIGNS that exhibit ORIGINALITY—so few that make manifest the advancement we believe we are making in all the branches of the Industrial Arts. We confess the assistance we have obtained in this respect has not

been encouraging: yet our subscribers will do us the justice to admit that the fault has not been with us; we have done "our best" to procure such designs as would be really instructive to designers and suggestive to manufacturers—opening our columns freely to all contributors—remunerating the artists in all cases, and giving the names and addresses of all artists,



so that parties desiring their aid might know where to obtain it, and that consequently collateral advantages might be very beneficial to such designers as were practically able to aid the views of those who manufacture.

Our first step was to advertise our plan—our next to address a circular to every School of Art through-

out the kingdom associated with, or controlled by, the Department of Science and Art in London. We confess we were sanguine enough to expect very serviceable results from these applications. We have, however, had few or none. Excepting some two or three from the head school at Kensington, and about a dozen from some of the provincial masters, there



has been no response of value; scarcely one indeed from a pupil who either has been educated, or is receiving education, in any of the schools. We may not, therefore, congratulate the heads of the Department on the evidence of progress they are enabled to adduce, now that time has been given to mature the tree and produce the fruit; nor the public on the recompence they receive for a large outlay of money—extending over about twenty years, and annually increasing in amount.

It is, however, very probable that in the several leading manufactures of England, there are artist-designers at work, who have been educated either at the School in London, or at the Provincial Schools, or both, and who consequently were debarred from offering to us designs such as were required and sought for in the establishments at which they were employed. We have indeed reason to believe that this is the fact; for undoubtedly in the late exhibition at South Kensington (very limited in quantity as it certainly was) there were abundant proofs of progress, such progress being derived more or less from the operations of the Department.

We shall perhaps in future occupy a portion of our space by Reports from the leading manufacturers of the staple Art-produce of England, visiting for that purpose the principal manufactories of the leading manufacturing towns—those of Porcelain, Glass, Bronze, Iron, Paper-hangings, &c.; and including those which fabricate silk, woollen, and cotton goods. We shall hope, therefore, again to aid the plans of all such producers as are striving to associate their productions with true Art, and thus to educate the public in a right knowledge and just appreciation of the good and the beautiful. Some fifteen years have passed since we sought in this Journal to ally Art, in its more limited sense, with the issues of the factory; it is unnecessary to say that we thus became instrumental in promoting an earnest desire for improvement in very many manufactories throughout the kingdom, and that in other ways beneficial results followed our labours. Although, on many occasions since that time, we have continued such reports, we have done so but partially. The changes that have taken place are many and great; and it will not be without interest to contrast the productions of the period to which we refer with those that now issue to meet the demand of the public. We have reason to believe that evidence will thus be adduced to bring conviction that if our progress is not entirely satisfactory, it is, at all events, large and encouraging.

It is within the memory of persons whose age is less than that of this Journal, when a good production by a manufacturer of England was a rare event—the result of chance rather than thought; and when graceful designs in any of the objects of daily use were looked for only as imports from the Continent. It is far otherwise now: we are enabled to supply many European countries with articles which, while they maintain their supremacy of material and manufacture, are accepted also as good in form, in decoration, and in manipulation. Those who travel through continental cities are often agreeably surprised to see in shop windows objects that cannot fail to gratify, and to learn, perhaps for the first time, that they are the produce of English manufacturers; and that, if there purchased, they will cost about double the sums for which they may be obtained in England.

There is, we repeat, much cause for gratification at the progress our British Art-producers have made within the last ten years; it is continuing, and it is certain to increase more and more. It will, therefore, be our pleasant task again to make our readers familiar with such progress. We shall probably adopt no specific plan, but we shall search out such manufactories—no matter of what class or order appertaining to Art—as best evidence the improvement it will be our duty to report upon and describe.

It has been announced—though not, we believe, formally—that there will be an Exhibition of Art and Art-industry during the spring and summer of 1861. We may be of opinion that the time will not even then have arrived when this object can be effectually accomplished; but we shall endeavour to uphold it none the less, and counsel manufacturers to make preparations to encounter a new trial, which may be very beneficial to them, in extending a knowledge and appreciation of what has been done in England since the memorable year 1851.

## J. M. W. TURNER, R.A.

FROM THE STATUE BY E. H. BAILY, R.A.

It may be affirmed almost, we apprehend, without fear of contradiction, that not more than one of every thousand who knew and admired the pictures of this great painter was acquainted with his personal appearance, his form and features. Turner's retired habits, his monkish seclusion in that dismal, dirty, and cheerless abode, in Queen Anne Street—how strange that the glorious sunshine and light of nature should have rested within the dwelling, though only on the canvas before which the artist sat!—his unwillingness to enter into society, and his insuperable aversion to sit for a portrait of any sort or kind,—all these circumstances contributed to keep the public in ignorance of the personality of the magician who conjured up such wonderful pictures of beauty and grandeur. Like the audience in a theatre, we saw the scenery constantly passing before our eyes, but knew nothing of the machinery by which it was worked; nor were the hands visible that set it in motion. Our engraving, from Mr. Baily's statue, will, we are sure, be welcomed; not only by our regular subscribers, but by all who respect the genius of the greatest landscape-painter that ever lived: it will cause Turner's to be to them an "old, familiar face."

None of our sculptors are so well qualified, from personal association and acquaintance, for the execution of such a work as this, as Mr. Baily. During a period of more than thirty years they were fellow-members of the Royal Academy, where the sculptor must have had very frequent opportunities of studying the character of the painter's personality. It is, we believe, from such "memories" that Mr. Baily modelled the statue. Our own recollection of Turner enables us to testify to the accuracy of the portrait, and to the general fidelity with which the figure is represented. This great painter, as those who knew him will remember, paid little respect to his personal appearance; the tie of his neckcloth, the fit of his coat, the length and breadth of his nether garments, were matters to him of perfect indifference. He had a soul above broadcloth and muslin, and cared nothing for the maxims and example of Chesterfield and Beau Brummell as to what constitutes the outward and visible sign of a "gentleman." Neither Phidias nor Praxiteles could have sculptured a "thing of beauty"—a graceful yet manly figure—from such a model as Turner. But Mr. Baily has done what is of far more value to those who reverence the genius of the artist: he has shown us the *mind* that was in him; the deep, earnest, impassioned soul that held high communings with Nature, reading her, studying her, loving her, presenting her in all her beauty and glory, her sunshine and her storms. Those broad, massive features, that expansive forehead, those shaggy eyebrows, which never could veil the bright intelligent sparkle of his eyes; those thin lips developing in themselves a "line of beauty," combine to make a portrait that belongs only to one of more than ordinary intellectual powers. Turner's face, even to those who know not the artist, stamped him as a man of mark—a man not to be passed by unnoticed, however carelessly and slovenly he may have been habited.

The sculptor has very judiciously rid himself of a portion of the incongruous and unartistic forms of costume by covering them with the robe of his profession. Will Turner's Art-mantle ever descend upon another painter? we suspect not. Such artists, like the great luminous body in the heavens that we have all so lately been admiring and wondering at, only appear once in the roll of centuries; but they are fixed stars, not passing meteors, or whatever else comets may be; their light does not fade away after a few successive changes of day into night, and night into day; it stays with us and our children's children unto many generations, illumining their pathway through the world of Art, as it has done ours, the glory of the land over which it shines, and a guide to those who would walk by its enduring and attractive rays.

There are circumstances of many kinds which contribute to give a more than common interest to the statue of the great Painter which we this day present to our readers. The pre-eminent place which his single name, if there were none to help

it, secures for the English school of landscape-painting among the schools of the world,—the eccentricities of a life and character devoted to Art, with an almost unexampled unity of devotion,—the munificent bequest of the Art-fruits of that life to the nation, which they help to make illustrious as well as rich, and noble appropriation of all its other fruits to objects connected with the education of the younger and the solace of the poorer members of his profession who are to follow in his footsteps as they can,—and the extraordinary manner in which, as regards some of these objects, the testamentary intentions of the generous artist have been set aside,—all these things are constituents of that strong feeling towards the illustrious deceased, which demands the satisfaction of a personal record. In the case of Turner, this natural desire on the part of survivors, and of posterity, for a perpetuation of the lineaments of genius, was, as we have intimated, singularly thwarted by his own refusal to lend himself to representation. The fact gives, we repeat, value to the figure of the painter which we have here engraved. The work was exhibited to the public in the Sculpture-room of the Royal Academy during the past season.

The statue of the late Mr. Turner, by Baily, has not yet found its way into marble; but it must inevitably, from the circumstances, take that more enduring form,—and, as we recently hinted, a scheme has been suggested for its appropriation, which would secure it to the nation under conditions greatly to be desired. We have remarked, that, with the single exception of the statue of Wilkie, standing in the hall through which the present rooms of the National Gallery are approached, that institution possesses no sculpture records of the great artists by whom its walls are enriched. In progress of time, when the new building about to arise on the site shall afford the opportunity for this most appropriate form of decoration, it may well be hoped that a series of such marble illustrations will add its own feature of interest to the national collection. It is clear enough, that there can be no memory to which such a form of honour can be more justly due than to that of the great master whose works, while they constitute a priceless portion of the treasure which the collection includes, contribute to it the peculiar glory, that the portion in question is of native growth. Who should stand on a pedestal here, if not he whose matchless body of pictures—the product of a life, and the title to an immortality—are the double gift to the nation, first of the painter's genius and then of his munificence? It seems to many, that the national obligation *demand*s the expression of a statue,—and that the Turner Gallery is incomplete as an institution without a likeness of Turner himself. The suggestion, then, is, that Baily's statue of the great painter shall stand, in marble, amongst the great painter's own works; and if that suggestion be practically followed out, the country would, in all probability, be most willing to take such a method of at once paying a great debt and perpetuating a great memory.

Those of our readers who had any personal knowledge of the late Mr. Turner, will see, as we have already remarked, that not only are the form and features of the man rendered with great fidelity, but the moral peculiarities of the artist are expressed by Mr. Baily with a very graphic power. It is beside the question, that neither the forms nor the features of the painter were such as lend themselves favourably to Art, after the high Greek ideal. In the matter of *portrait* sculpture, we have arrived now-a-days at an idea more true, and less transcendental, than the old one; and the case before us is one of those in which the Art is adopted for the sake of the great model, not the model for the sake of the high Art. The painter is here represented in his working hour, and the characteristics embodied are emphatically his own.—The figure is what is called heroic size, and stands seven feet high.

The history of this painter's life, and of the philosophy of his Art, is much needed, but it has yet to be written. Mr. Ruskin has told us much about the latter, but that much is not of a character which even the present generation—still less posterity—does, or will, accept as an impartial, unbiassed record. We have heard that Mr. Thorburny is preparing a "Life of Turner," though we cannot speak authoritatively upon the matter.





TURNER R A

ENGRAVED BY W ROFFE FROM THE STATUE BY E BAILEY







## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XXIII.



BEFORE we visit Greenwich, "THE PALACE HOSPITAL OF ENGLAND," we should pause awhile at Deptford. If we are journeying by land, we have just passed the boundary of the county of Surrey and entered that of Kent, which we do not again leave, inasmuch as it continues to border the right bank of the river all the way to its junction with the sea. Deptford is made famous by its dockyards, commenced here so far back as the reign of Henry VIII.: its supremacy was long maintained; but its neighbour, Woolwich, has usurped the place it formerly held in the naval

history of the country.\* Saye's Court, once the residence of John Evelyn, and some time occupied by the Czar Peter the Great, is now entirely gone: but tradition is yet active in the locality, and in the writings of "the lover of trees" may be found much curious matter concerning the Muscovite, who had sadly disturbed the harmony and tried the temper of him who, at all times and in all places, was a worshipper of Nature,—the czar was a "hedge-breaker," who ruined his garden, and who

had "a house full of people right nasty;" and it was a joy to the gentle old man when the time of imperial tenancy—and but a short time it was—expired, and he had again his garden "most boscaresque, being, as it were, an exemplar of his book of forest trees." A small river, the Ravensbourne, joins the Thames



GREENWICH HOSPITAL.

at Deptford.† Rising out of a pure stream on Keston Heath, it pursues its pleasant course,—

"Wanders in Hayes and Bromley, Beekingham vale,  
And straggling Lewisham, to where Deptford Bridge  
Uprises, in obedience to its flood."

We have been voyaging among the ships of all nations, with huge store-houses, quays, and wharves on either side; the river now, however, widens out, and begins to clear somewhat; the steam-boat has a freer pathway, and may proceed with less hazard of running down some barge or row-boat, of which

\* "The society of the Trinity House, founded by Sir Thomas Spert, Comptroller of the Navy to Henry VIII., was first established at this place, and incorporated by the name of "The Master, Warden, and Assistants of the Guild or Fraternity of the most glorious and undivided Trinity, and of St. Clement, in the parish of Deptford, Stroud, in the county of Kent." This company consists of a master, deputy-master, thirty-one elder brethren, and an unlimited number of inferior members, out of whom the elder brethren are elected. Among these are always some of the great officers of state; the remainder are captains either in the royal navy or of merchantmen. This corporation having for its object the increase and encouragement of navigation, the good government of seamen, and the security of merchantmen on the coasts, is invested with the powers of examining the mathematical classes in Christ's Hospital; of examining and licensing masters of ships; appointing pilots both for the royal navy and for merchant ships; settling the rates of pilotage; erecting, ordering, and maintaining light-houses, buoys, beacons, and other sea-marks for the better security of ships; granting license to seamen to row on the Thames in time of peace, or when past service; licensing aliens to serve on board English ships; hearing and determining complaints of officers and seamen in the merchant service, subject to an appeal to the Admiralty. The revenue of the company, which arises from tonnage, ballastage, beaconage, &c., and from contingent benefactions, is applied (after defraying the expenses of light-houses, &c.) to the relief of decayed seamen, their widows, and orphans. The members of this corporation enjoy various privileges and immunities. The ancient Hall at Deptford, where their meetings were formerly held, was pulled down about the year 1787, and an elegant building erected for that purpose in London, near the Tower. The arms of this corporation are Arg, a cross G between four ships of three masts in full sail, proper."—*Lysons*.

† "The name of this place was anciently written Depesford, signifying the deep ford, where the bridge now is over the Ravensbourne."—*Lysons*.

there seems to the inexperienced eye a peril perpetual, all the way from the Tower, through "the Pool," and in the over-crowded highway that leads from London downwards. A sudden turn brings us within view of Greenwich. Those who approach the hospital by driving through any of the pleasant villages that divide it from London—nominally so, indeed, for the road is now a continuation of houses all the way—will see with exceeding delight the glory of England,—the pride of every Englishman! Taken from any point of view it is "a palace"—beautiful in construction, graceful in all its proportions, as grand and imposing a structure as any nation of the modern world can show. But it is especially striking when seen as we voyage the Thames, either upwards or downwards; and dead must be the heart of him who does not share the sentiment—if he cannot repeat the lines—of the poet:—

"Hail! noblest structure, imaged on the wave!  
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave:  
Hail! blest retreat from war and shipwreck, hail!"

It is not because here many monarchs had their chosen seat, that as a "royal" palace it was famous for centuries—it is not even because it "gave Eliza birth" that we

"Kneel and kiss the consecrated earth;"

but because here three thousand veterans repose after years of tempest and battle—mained many of them, aged all of them; they have done their work; they have earned repose as the right of toil, and honour as the meed of victory.

The Old Palace at Greenwich, commenced by Duke Humphrey, enlarged by the fourth Edward, added to by Henry VII., embellished by Henry VIII., by whom it was named Placentia, or "the Manor of Pleasaunce,"\* and subsequently a favourite residence of Edward VI., Mary, Elizabeth, and the four kings of the Stuarts, and one of the dwellings of the Lord Protector—that is not the palace our brave seamen inhabit as their own "for ever." After the Restoration, Placentia was in part rebuilt, and during the reign of William and Mary, it was dedicated to its high and holy purpose—the good and merciful suggestion emanating from the Queen. Although principally the work of the architect Wren, it was added to by successive sovereigns, and finally completed by George II.—large sums having been supplied for its "finishing" out of the forfeited estates of the Earl of Derwentwater (in 1715), during the reign of George I.† From these estates, the hospital still derives a revenue, augmented from other sources—a small tax upon all seamen, duties arising from certain lighthouses, market-rents in the town, and forfeited and unclaimed prize-money.

The "old sailors" have their library, their reading-room, their picture-gallery (the famous Painted Hall, which contains a series of glorious records of glorious sea-fights)—their walks in piazzas, under shelter in foul weather, and their park for promenade when the sun is shining; their doctors, their nurses, their spiritual guides, and, above all, their memories of the victories they have aided to win, and the knowledge that duty and gratitude have provided for easing their ailments and comforting their old age.



THE NAVAL SCHOOL, GREENWICH.

At the entrance to the park, fronting it, and immediately behind the hospital, is the Naval School, where numbers of happy boys may be seen during play-hours. The long colonnade on each side was constructed for the use of the boys in wet weather. The whole was built in 1783, from the designs of "Athenian Stuart." The boys are fully educated for sea-service, are bound to it for seven years on leaving the school; and many sailors have been trained here to fight their country's battles, and afterwards repose upon their laurels in their old age, close to the scene of their earliest education.

The terrible experience of the past few years has taught us to estimate our soldiers almost as highly as they deserve: our "brave fellows" in the Crimea, our wonder-working troops in India, have aroused us to the necessity of a "standing army" as well as of a "floating armament." The change, certain as unavoidable, that has followed our colonial increase, renders us no longer in fact an island; our head still wears the crown of Neptune, but our body and its members have continental requirements. The "tight little

\* Henry VIII. made Greenwich, as Lambard says, "a pleasant, perfect, and princely palace;" keeping his state here "with great noblesse and open court," "with revels, masques, disguisings, and banquets royal."

† The hospital was opened for the reception of pensioners in the month of January, 1705.



island" is not our boundary. Despite the well-intentioned but feeble remonstrances of the "peace party," and the ultra "moderation" that would govern and protect the people by the people, and make boufies of gun-stocks, we are conscious that if we are to keep what we have got, we must be ready to fight for it on land as well as on sea.

It is somewhat remarkable that the two palaces of refuge—one for the worn-out soldier, the other for the worn-out sailor—should stand so bravely on the banks of our royal river. There is no need to tell John Bull he ought to keep up his navy, and provide "like a Briton" for his old Jack-tars when their

"Last sea-fight is fought,  
Their task of glory done."

He is as proud of GREENWICH HOSPITAL as he is of his own estate, hereditary or acquired; or of his handsome wife, or half dozen or dozen of fair-haired children, or any particular happiness or glory that belongs exclusively to himself. There is something grand in seeing the way in which a regular Englishman wakes up after his "night's discomfort" in an Antwerp or Rotterdam boat when it comes in sight of Greenwich Hospital; he seems to have an instinctive knowledge of the fact, and you see his broad white forehead, and firm masculine features, at the right moment, as he thrusts himself among a troop of black-browed, pallid men, whiskered and bearded—the "Mussoos"—whose gaze is fixed on the solid, well proportioned, elaborate mass of masonry, with its lawns and its arches, its courts, its magnificent entrance, its comprehensive beauty and dignity, forming such a noble whole. Our genuine John Bull of the middle class does not speak French or German sufficiently well to be mistaken for a "native," but he gives forth the information warmly and gratuitously in a mingling of the three languages; he tells them that no continental king has so fine a palace as that, nor so fine a river to build it by: and he perplexes them by the assurance that, properly speaking, it is *not* a palace *now*, but a hospital—a home for the old sailor-men of England—the "Jack-tars" who man "the wooden walls" they hear so much—and *know* so much—about. There they are for the rest of their days—well taken care of—with goose at Michaelmas, and roast beef and plum-pudding at Christmas; and there isn't a man in England who would not spare sixpence out of his shilling to keep them there—such fine, brave old fellows! And the "Mussoos" wonder at his enthusiasm, and ask a few questions, which are willingly answered; for he loves the theme: he advises them to go and see Greenwich the first thing, for there is no home like it in the world for old sailors—nor any other old sailors that deserve such a home. About this there can be no dispute; and without bating an atom of our love for the sons of the ocean, we may surely hope that we are learning to legislate as well for our soldiers as we have done for our sailors. There is a better feeling also growing up between the two bulwarks of our safety and liberty: scenes of the most tender and affectionate brotherhood have passed between sailors and soldiers during the fearful wars of the last five years, and many a fine sailor now laid by, remembers with affection the help rendered him by a soldier during dreary and disastrous sacrifices in the Crimea.

A friend of ours, who lives near Greenwich, and is as proud of the "Palace Hospital" as an Englishman ought to be, told us a little incident which it gratifies us to repeat. It is quite impossible not to observe that old Jack-tars have their favourite "runs" about Greenwich; you meet the same wooden leg at a particular corner, and at the same hour, almost (fair weather or foul) every day in the year, the same old trio "chaffing" and "yarning" on the same bench; the same "lot" with their pipes, of an afternoon in the park; their weather-beaten, broken-up faces, and their broken-up limbs, become *your* "familiar." They are not cordial at first with strangers, but our friend considers them worth knowing, and whenever he approaches a bench where trios or duos of the old fellows meet, there is immediately a courteous recognition of the "gentleman" who carries a snuff-canister always, and a roll of pigtail sometimes, for their especial comfort. You may coax a soldier with a cigar, but a sailor scorns it, and remains true as the needle to the pole to his "quid."

When the Crimean war was at the hottest, and hands trembled to enclose the lists of killed and wounded, our friend, on his morning walk down to "the boat," which he prefers as a mode of transit to the great Babylon, observed a somewhat stately old sailor walking by the aid of a wooden leg and a stick, sometimes beside the park wall when it was shady, at other times sitting on the grass in the sun. His habits were different from those of his messmates; he had no particular "run," but seemed to study the pleasure and caprice of a small Skye terrier, who was his constant companion. The dog was as shapeless and ragged as even "a Skye" can be; his large, bright, intense eyes glared from beneath his shaggy brows, and his short, stumpy legs were terminated by masses of blackish hair. He was what "the fancy" call "blue," and his broad black nose and sweeping tail constituted him a perfect "beauty." Sometimes he chose to walk by the park wall, and then his master followed; then "Skye" would take to the common, and, without a word, the obedient master would wait until he would converse with other little dogs, and the old sailor would wait until the conversation was over. He never interfered except when "Skye" desired to attack donkeys or donkey boys; then his protector would hook him up (he could not weigh more than four pounds) with his stick, tuck him under his arm, and disappear with him altogether. There was something so odd in the old sailor reversing the order of things, and following the dog, instead of the dog following him, that our friend desired to make his acquaintance; but the old man evidently chose to keep out of every one's way. One evening, however, our friend suddenly came upon him at a turn in the park; the dog had taken a fancy to a tuft of *fiorn* grass, which dogs have the sagacity to know is good for them; and while he was picking off its long narrow leaves, the old man rested against a tree, patiently waiting the little beast's pleasure. Our friend opened the acquaintance by praising "Skye's" beauty; but instead of the courteous reply he expected, the old tar caught up the dog, and then turning sharply round, surveyed the gentleman from head to foot.

"You cannot suppose," said our kindly friend, "that I would deprive you of your dog?"

In reply to this he laid him gently down.

"No, sir,—now I see you clear,—I don't think *you* would; but you, as well as others, often cast an eye at him, and some come and offer me money for him, thinking that such as I would sell *love* for *money*! Why, bless your heart, selling that dog would be like selling my own flesh and blood!"

"It certainly is a beautiful little creature."

"Well! so everybody says. I wish it wer'n't, for the dog-scalers are after it, and if I lost it, it would kill me: it seemed to take a deal to kill me too. I don't think there's six square inches of my body without a scar, and I wish I had a dozen bodies to give to the same service; but though *they* didn't send me to the locker, if I lost that dog I should never leave my bed again." He was about to follow the dog, who had finished his frugal repast, but our friend tempted him with a "quid." For once a low whistle intimated that he requested the dog's return, and Skye came, and laid him meekly down at his *foot*. A pinch of snuff cemented the acquaintance; and though they parted immediately after, at their next meeting he told our friend why he so loved the dog.

His grandson was a soldier in the 50th regiment: he would rather, he confessed, he had been a sailor, but his fancy was for the scarlet instead of the blue. No matter! his heart and his life were his Queen's, and a finer or handsomer lad was not in the regiment. He went out as lance-corporal. Before he went he brought him his little dog; and, though contrary to regulations, they let the old man keep his grandson's dog until his return—only, of course, until his return. No wonder he was so careful of Jamie's little dog. Here he paused; and then asked our friend if he saw the papers daily.

"Certainly."

The hard cordage of the veteran's face twitched and moved convulsively, and his hand appeared as if knotted to his stick. "Was there anything about the 50th regiment?"

"Nothing yesterday, but an engagement was expected."

"Of course, sir, he knows his duty, and will do it, and has as good a chance of his life as another. I used always to spend an hour or two at the 'Anchor,' hearing the news, and the talk that followed; but now I can't bear it! The sight, sir, of a newspaper sets me all of a tremble. Isn't that quare for an old hulk like me, whose masts have gone by the board, and who hasn't a rag of canvas left? But it's true, sir. I steer clear of all my comrades, for it shakes me worse than the wind of a twelve-pounder to hear their talk. I have been ancle deep—ay, ancle deep in blood, sir, before now on the deck of a 'seventy-four,' and never heeded it—the more death the less care. And now—If I could read the paper myself I should not mind it, I think; but I am no scolar, and the dread of hearing—But I have one comrade, who reads the news every day; and we hit on a signal. He comes over there, just at post meridian, and as long as all's well, why, he steers up and down a bit, and then gets under way; but if there should be anything wrong—if the boy was badly hurt—he'd tie his black neckerchief to his crutch, and put it over his shoulder—a black flag, you know. There! he's heaving in sight: that's my old comrade."

The stick fell to the ground as he pointed him out; he threw back his hat, shaded his eyes from the sun, and grasping our friend's arm, pointed to where his "comrade" moved slowly on—the black handkerchief floating behind him like a pennon!

What followed must be imagined, not described: it was too true—the brave sailor's grandson was returned amongst the list of "killed" as having "fallen in the trenches."

The old man remained rigid as marble, fixed in a state of coma long after he was laid on his bed, surrounded by his old comrades, and tenderly cared for by the physician. The first symptom he gave of returning consciousness was putting out his hand to feel for the dog. The fond animal was then permitted to follow its own will; it crept up and licked his face: this had the happy effect of causing a heavy burst of tears; and while he wept he pressed "Skye" closer and closer to his bosom.

There was no harm in suggesting that there might be an error; that men were frequently returned dead who had been only badly wounded or missing; that such had been the case even with officers. He did not seem to heed or to hear, but wept on.

In the strength and blessing of his hopeful spirit, our friend went to the Horse-Guards, but there they could only refer to the list as it was in the last despatch. The next was long in coming; but when it did arrive there was more than usual excitement among the Greenwich pensioners; many of "the maimed and the halt" cheered, as in the days of their youth; and as to the old bearer of the *black* flag, he see-sawed into the ward—which our friend's friend had never quitted since his bereavement—with a small snowy window curtain depending from his crutch; and then came a convulsed cry and trembling words—"He is not dead!" "Not dead?" "No; badly wounded—doing well—complimented—coming home!" And he *did* come home too, the brave, gallant soldier, with three stripes on his arm; and his grandfather—ay, and his little dog—saw him receive his medal from the hand of his own honoured QUEEN.

The Observatory at Greenwich occupies the site on which formerly stood "a tower," which tower was "sometimes a habitation for the younger branches of the royal family, sometimes the residence of a favourite mistress, sometimes a prison, and sometimes a place of defence." It was founded by Charles II., for the benefit of his "pilots and sailors," "for the purpose of ascertaining the motions of the moon, and the places of the fixed stars, as a means of discovering that great desideratum, the longitude at sea."

The town of Greenwich\* is busy, populous, and prosperous; its church contains many interesting monuments; it is, however, comparatively modern,

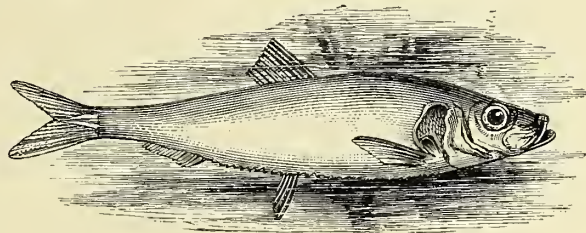
\* "Greenwic, or Grenevic, as this place was called by the Saxons, is literally the green village; meaning, perhaps, the village on the green."—*Lysons*.



having been consecrated in 1718, occupying the site of a very venerable edifice, the old Church of St. Alphege. Here, as will be supposed, rest many of our naval heroes. There is one object, fronting the palace on the waterside, that will attract the eye of all passers; it is a monument, erected by public subscription, to the memory of a young and gallant French officer, Lieutenant Bellott, who died a volunteer in the service of England, the companion and friend of our arctic voyagers.

While at Greenwich, we may visit Blackheath,—“so-called, as some think, from the appearance of the soil, or, as others suppose, from its *bleak* situation,”—the picturesque villages of Lewisham and Sydenham, and the venerable mansion of Eltham, concerning which the history of many periods is full. Nor may we pass unnoticed an object seen from every part of the river, and from the adjacent country, as well as from the heights and house-roofs in and about London, that wonder of the modern world, the Crystal Palace.

On the shore opposite to Greenwich, after passing the extremity of the Isle of Dogs, is Blackwall, famous chiefly for its fertility in producing the tiny fish known as whitebait, concerning which a few particulars will not be unbecome to the reader.



WHITEBAIT.

There are few denizens of London unacquainted with this tiny fish, as it appears daily during the season, dressed, at Blackwall and Greenwich, where alone it is obtained “in perfection;” for unless “cooked” within a very brief space after removal from the water, it undergoes a change which the “nice” palate can at once detect. It would be curious to ascertain how many millions are taken daily during the months of June, July, and August of each year. It is unquestionably a delicacy, and is relished greatly by tens of thousands who can afford to buy luxuries; “a whitebait dinner” being a treat peculiar to the metropolis, and enjoyed accordingly even by those who believe and maintain that the fish is engendered by London mud, and that, when the Thames is cleansed and purified, the whitebait will vanish altogether from the river.

An idea prevails that it is the young of some larger fish. Yarrell, whose authority on such matters is universally accepted, says “it is a distinct species,” and in its habits differs materially from all other British species of *Clupea* (*Clupeidae*, the family of the herrings) that visit our shores or our rivers. From the beginning of April to the end of September they are caught in abundance; in April, they are small, “apparently but just changed from the albuminous state of very young fry; in September “specimens four or five inches long are not uncommon,” but mixed, even at this late period of the season, with others



FISHING FOR WHITEBAIT.

of very small size, “as though the roe had continued to be deposited throughout the summer.” Yet the parent fish are not caught, and are believed by the fishermen not to come up higher than the estuary, where nets sufficiently small to stop them are not much in use. The largest whitebait Mr. Yarrell had seen, was in length six inches. “The colour of the sides is uniformly white;” “the length of the head, as compared with that of the body, alone is as two to five; the eye large; the irides silvery; the upper part of the back pale greenish ash.” In their habits they appear to be similar to the young of the herring, always keeping in shoals, and swimming occasionally near the surface of the water. Mr. Yarrell thus describes the mode of fishing for whitebait:—“The mouth of the net is by no means large, measuring only about three feet square in extent; but the mesh of the hose, or bag-end of the net, is very small. The boat is moored in the tide-way, where the water is from twenty to thirty feet deep, and the net, with its wooden frame-work, is fixed to the side of the boat. The tail of the hose, swimming loose, is from time to time handed into the boat, the end untied, and its contents taken out. The wooden frame, forming the mouth of the net, does not dip more than four feet below the surface of the water.” There is no doubt of their being found in other waters besides the Thames.

Passing the East India Docks, with another “forest of masts,” we reach the estuary of the river Lea; here it enters the Thames, having, after its rise in Leagrave Marsh, near Luton, in Bedfordshire, adorned the lordly demesnes of Luton Hoo, Brocket Hall, and Hatfield, and watered and refreshed Hertford, Ware, Hoddesdon, Broxbourne, Cheshunt, Waltham Abbey, Enfield, Edmonton, Tottenham, Walthamstow, and Bow. It is “the gulfy Lea, with sedgy tresses,” of Pope; and “the wanton Lea, that oft doth lose its way,” of Spenser.

The Lea is, and has long been, in high favour, with the angler; it is the river made famous by honest Izaak Walton; all readers of his book are familiar with the places which adorn its banks, from “Theobalds” and Amwell Hill to Bow. Sitting here on one of its banks, arranging his hook or trimming his fly, the good old man may be supposed to have uttered that sentiment so dear to every brother of the gentle craft—“No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves of as much quietness as these silent silver streams, which we now see glide so gently by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr. Boteler said of strawberries, ‘Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did:’ and so (if I might be judge) God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling.”

“The old course of the Lea affords many a charming picture. An old pollard willow, with an angler under its shadow, a few cows, perhaps, standing in the water, and enjoying with philosophic quiescence the cooling luxury,—perchance a punt in the middle of the river,—a bright blue sky overhead, reflected with a softened lustre in the clear stream, an abundance of yellow water lilies at our feet, and the low banks decked with all gay flowers,—these are the materials of the picture; and he who has not his heart gladdened as he gazes on them, has yet to learn that there are things in Heaven and earth not dreamt of in his philosophy. Walton was not one of these:—

“The meanest flowret of the vale,  
The simplest note that swells the gale,  
The common sun, the air, the skies,  
To him were opening Paradise.”

And only such as, in a measure, can participate in these feelings and sympathies, are fitted to wander along Izaak Walton’s “Lea.”\*

For a mile, and often more, in breadth, the river Thames in Essex is bordered by a low swampy plain; upon which, however, a range of small hills look down and form an agreeable background; but for beauty of scenery, and those interests which are derived from “history, tradition, and places populous,” we must refer to Kent, which not unjustly claims pre-eminence as “the garden of England.”

We must pass the somewhat distant village of Charlton, with its old manor-house of the time of James I.,—keep in sight, as a most pleasant view, far-famed Shooter’s Hill, and rest awhile at Woolwich,† to visit, if we can



WOOLWICH.

and may, the noblest dockyard of the world,—its foundry, its arsenal, its schools, and its barracks. It is the most ancient of those magazines of our national strength and glory, and furnished our country with most of its largest ships during the course of several reigns,—from that of Henry VIII., when the big *Harry Grace de Dieu* was launched here, to that of Queen Victoria, when it may be said to have achieved its highest glory.

It is not our purpose to describe Woolwich; to do so would require a volume, and not a page. It is the great school of our artillery—a branch of the service in which officers and men are alike eminent for that educated intelligence which gives the soldier true strength. The arsenal is one of the chief wonders of

\* We extract this passage from the concluding volume of a very charming series of books, “*Rambles by Rivers*,” by James Thorne, published by Charles Knight, whose name is so honourably associated with the highest and best order of English topographic works. To Mr. Thorne’s volumes we have been often indebted during the course of our tour; we record our debt with gratitude. The “*Rambles by Rivers*” is the work of a scholar, a gentleman, a close observer, and an intense lover of nature.

† Woolwich is, in Doomsday, called *Hulviz*, or “the dwelling on a creek of the river.” The records of succeeding periods mention it under the title of *Wulewicz*, and afterwards *Woolwiche*.”



England: science has here carried machinery to perfection. The academy is admirably governed; hence issue the cadets who obtain rank according to ability and desert. The dockyards give employment to thousands of artisans, shipwrights, and labourers. The war-ships here created bear the flag of England over the waters of every sea and ocean of the world,—

“Far as the breezes blow, the billows roam,  
Survey our empire and behold our home.”

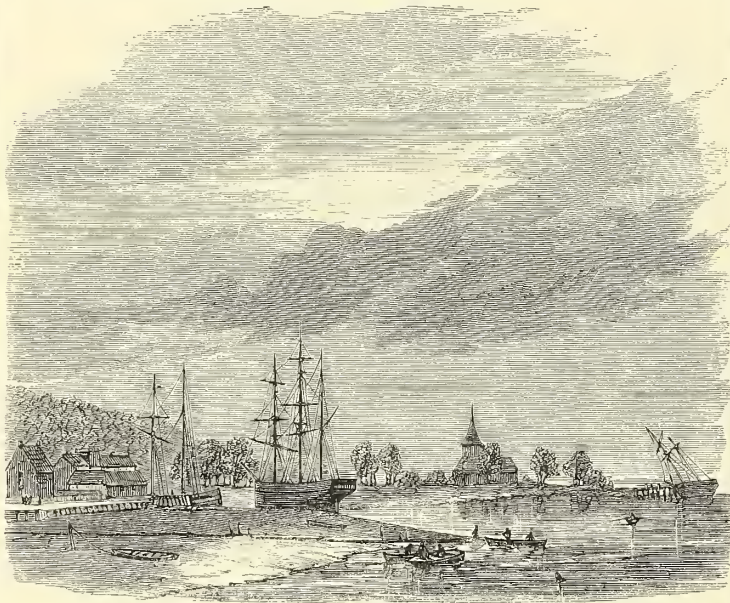
From North Woolwich the Dockyard\* may best be seen, with its long sea or river wall, extending from Charlton to the lower part of the town; and this



WOOLWICH DOCKYARD.

surface being covered with sheds, factories, and basins (containing many of our war-steamers, with several ships building of the first class), it assumes a singularly interesting appearance. The river here is also dotted with picturesque hulks, reminding one of olden times and fights long past; they loom large against the departing sunlight, with the dockyard shears rearing up, endeavouring to compete with the great factory funnel for height. In the distance may be seen many of the numerous shipping dropping up the river with the last of the flood-tide.

Greenwich and Woolwich are neighbours. How large a volume of thought is suggested by the union of two such names!



ERITH.

Between Woolwich and the cheering village of Erith, the Darent contributes its waters to the Thames,—

“The silver Darent, in whose waters clean,  
Ten thousand fishes play and deck his pleasant stream;”

and here it is joined by the Cray, another “faire” river; the former rising near Westerham in Kent, the latter near Orpington in Surrey, and both flowing through districts famous in the annals of the kingdom,—majestic mansions, picturesque churches, historic sites, fertile plains, quiet villages, and busy towns—the busiest of which is Deptford—happily intermixed.

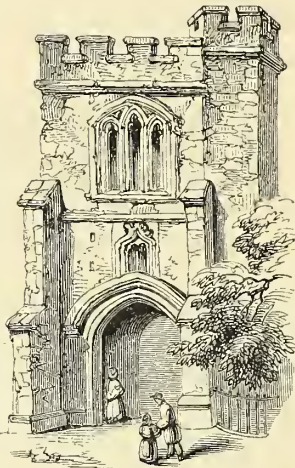
The sketch of Erith was taken from the pier looking up the river, the limited

\* Visitors are admitted by signing their names in a book at the dockyard gates, and the wonders of the great steam hammer, and the interesting process of boring a cylinder for a steam engine, with the lathes, where metal shavings are cut twenty to thirty feet long, are certainly worth the trouble and expense of “a return ticket” from London.

space only represents the few houses nearest the water, with its pretty church and the rising woodland at the back. The sun was passing through a cloud, which cast a shadow over the background, giving all the near objects that glittering light so peculiar to the water. It is certainly one of the most charming spots on the river.

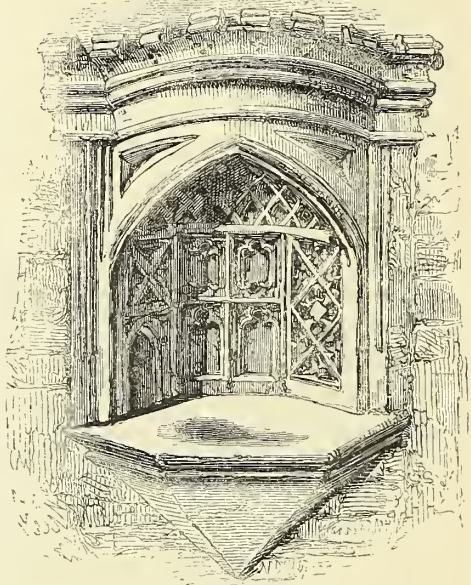
Nor is the coast opposite, low and uninviting, and unhealthy as it seems, without its interest. Here the river Roding pays its tribute to the Thames; the spire of Barking Church is seen in the distance; Dagenham Reach, Hornchurch Marshes, and “the Rands,” indicate the nature of the low-lying fields and sheets of water that skirt the great river’s banks. About Purfleet, however, there is a gradual rise of chalky cliffs, on one of which was placed the standard of England when our island was threatened by that Spanish invasion which Providence “set at naught.”\*

The once-renowned abbey of Barking must not be passed without a word of notice, as it is now the parish church, and is a conspicuous object on the Essex side of the river, nearly opposite Woolwich, standing as it does on an elevation among the flat lands. It is of very ancient foundation, and was a monastic establishment well endowed in the middle ages. It was dedicated to the Virgin Mary, and is said to have been the first nunnery for women established in this kingdom. “It was founded about the year 670, by St. Erkenwald, Bishop of London, in compliance with the earnest desire of his sister, Ethelburg, who was appointed the first abbess.” Many of her successors were of high rank, and some of them of the blood-royal. In 870, the abbey was burnt by the Danes, and the nuns were either slain or dispersed. About the middle of the tenth century, it was rebuilt by King Edgar. The nuns were of the Benedictine order. It was surrendered to Henry VIII. on 14th of November, 1539, “Dorothy Barley” being the last abbess. There is scarcely a vestige remaining of the once magnificent pile, which a succession of sovereigns delighted to honour. But at the entrance of the churchyard



THE CURFEW TOWER, BARKING.

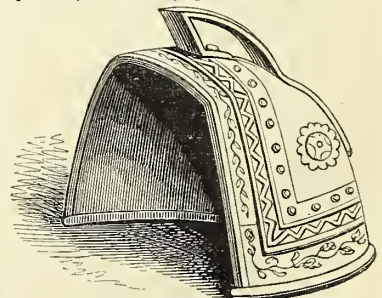
stands an ancient gateway, over which is “the chapel of the holy rood lofte atte gate edified [as is expressed in an old record] to the honor of Almighty God, and of the holy rood that is there, of right great devotion, as it sheweth by great indulgences graunted to the same chapel and place by divers of our holy faders, Popes of Rome.” It is also known as the Curfew Tower; and from thence the bell rung out at morning and evening, sometimes to the great safety of travellers in winter nights. There are records of gifts to the monastery of many who were guided over the lonely marsh lands through the winter fogs by the tolling of the curfew alone.† In the old time, the road-way between this place and London was singularly disagreeable: the land was only partially drained; the pathways were bad, and they were constructed in raised embankments, which made them dangerous to the traveller in dark nights. The parish church, dedicated to St. Margaret, contains many interesting and venerable monuments; a singularly picturesque piscina we thought it desirable to copy.



THE PISCINA.

\* At Purfleet is the great depot of gunpowder; and the voyager will observe several vessels moored in the river, which are also used as floating magazines.

† The curfew bell was rung, according to ancient custom, as a warning for the inhabitants of towns and villages to put out their fires and retire to bed; it was a simple policy for general safety in ancient times; and though generally considered to be a vexatious law enacted after the Norman Conquest, is certainly as old as the days of Alfred. The ringing of the curfew is still a custom in some of the towns of England. The curfew, or *couvre-feu*, used to extinguish the fire on the sound of the warning bell, was an implement of metal, which covered in the ashes raked together on the hearth, and brought them in a heap to the back of the grate, and so extinguished them. Our cut will fully exhibit its peculiarities.





## ART FESTIVITIES AT MUNICH.

NOT only had there been an unusual influx of visitors into Munich for the last week or two in the month of September, other signs also gave notice of an approaching festivity. Night after night in the artists' club "Stubenvoll," might be seen faces which were not those of the daily guests, and as the 20th September approached, the walls of the room became too narrow to hold all those who poured in there from far and near—from Hamburg and Vienna, from Frankfort, Düsseldorf, Hanover, and Milan. It was a pleasant sight to witness the greetings exchanged at sudden and unexpected meetings; to watch the reverence with which a group would turn their looks on some figure pointed out to notice,—some celebrity in Art; and, above all, to see the hearty good fellowship that prevailed in that ever-increasing circle. All had poured into Munich to behold that magnificent exhibition of German Art to which it would be difficult to find a parallel; to have presented to them, at one view, the result of the various schools into which that Art had formed itself. And besides this, they had before them the pleasant perspective of the festivals which the town and the artists were preparing for their greeting—an agreeable anticipation; for they well knew that what the artists of Munich arrange and execute, bears always the stamp of taste and originality.

There was the architect Lange, who had been long in Greece, himself almost like a Greek, with his full black beard; and Becker of Düsseldorf, slender in form, and fine in feature; and Echter, who executed the grand frescoes of Kaulbach in the Museum at Berlin, now returned again to his old haunt after many a year of absence; and Neustetter of Vienna, with a head resembling Mendelssohn Bartholdy; and Schleich, whose landscapes take so prominent a place in the present exhibition; and Widman, with many more who made their appearance there evening after evening,—all come to Munich with the intention of being present at the general meetings to be held on the 20th and following days.

And on the 20th, at nine in the morning, the first assembly took place. The arrangements were befittingly neat, and all wore an air of good taste. A handsome carpet covered the platform, and here the painter Dietz, who had hitherto acted as chairman, now took his place, with the other members of the committee, preparatory to resigning their office into the hands of those whom the assembly should appoint their successors. The chairman opened the meeting with a speech, in which he said that "association" was a deeply-felt want characteristic of the present time, that it supplied the place of the antiquated "guilds," and that though it had been said by some that artists in general were not fitted for "association," the meeting at Düsseldorf in 1840, that at Stuttgart some years later, and finally the great event—the exhibition—of the present year, proved how entirely such supposition was without foundation. That exhibition was a fact unparalleled as yet. It proved more thoroughly than anything else could do, how much strength depends on unity. Without such union the present exhibition would have been an impossibility. The speaker then went on to say that German Art suffered for want of centralization. He impressed, too, on his hearers the sympathy which ought to exist between all the members of the great body, saying that Düsseldorf should feel a pang when Munich took a wrong step, and Vienna rejoice when Düsseldorf triumphed. A centre-point would be as the heart of the great body corporate, from which strength, health, and energy could emanate and pervade even the remotest parts, exercising on all a healthy invigorating influence. Herr Dietz then made a most graceful allusion to the charming picture—itsself a fairy tale—of Moritz von Schwind; and, speaking of the efforts of the committee, observed how much they were warmed, and vivified, and strengthened by the enchanting influences surrounding them; and hoped that in their efforts they might be found not to have fallen far short of what was expected of them; that it might not be said they had fluttered on weak pinions, even although a little black raven's wing might still be discovered.\*

Herr Dietz was then re-elected president by accla-

mation; and indeed a man more fitted to the office could not well be found. With great self-possession, easy unembarrassed flow of words, courtly manners, and of pleasing exterior, he is the very man for the presidency. Like Sir Martin Archer Shee, you felt at once here was the right man in the right place. Dietz is full of energy—determined energy, and of unwearied perseverance. To these qualities is owing the existence of the present exhibition,—by all acknowledged to be "an era in Art." It was he who set the work in motion, and it was he who removed the ever-recurring difficulties. He was untiring in his endeavours, for he had determined that what he had in view should become a reality,—and he made it so. He has practical qualities which are rather rare among his countrymen. But they know how to appreciate them, and by his re-election proved that they do so. Professors Eybel, of Dresden, and Kummer, of Vienna, were chosen vice-presidents. Herr Becker, of Düsseldorf, and Von Siecartsburg, of Vienna, were elected secretaries. Nor were those forgotten who, possessing galleries or single works of Art, had willingly lent their pictures to the present exhibition; and who, forgetting all selfish views, despoiled their walls to add to the glorification of a great enterprise. The kings of Bavaria, Prussia, and Hanover, the Duke of Saxe Weimar, and others, were mentioned as those to whom thanks and a feeling of much gratitude were due.

Before the meeting closed, the president rose to announce the wish of the chief magistrate and town council of Munich, to offer the artists who had assembled in their walls some welcoming festival to unite all together in conviviality, and at the same time to present them, if possible, with a picture—with one phase at least—of what was essentially Munich life. They were therefore all invited that evening to honour with their presence the great brewery of Pschorr, where, at seven o'clock, the burgomaster and their brother artists of Munich would be ready to receive them.

## THE FESTIVAL.

This was a *fête* which certainly could be seen nowhere but in Munich. It was characteristic, and essentially national in all its features. The brewery of Pschorr is on the grandest scale; its possessor is the Barclay of Munich. And let it not be thought that because the scene of the festivity was a brewery, and the beverage ale, that vulgarity must be inseparable from such a feast. All that met the eye was in such perfect taste, the ornaments so fitted to the place and the occasion, and every arrangement so thoroughly artistic, that the most fastidious could hardly have failed to express pleasurable surprise at the sight. The most common-place objects were arranged and built up with architectural symmetry, producing a monumental effect. The very rafters of the building, partly hidden by, partly seen among, the evergreens and garlands, had a good appearance; and you saw there most strikingly how Art was able, by its magic touch, to transmute the commonest materials into things of beauty and attractiveness.

You approached the building through a long avenue of flaming watch-fires, at the end of which was raised, like a trophy, and with surpassing ingenuity, and with architectural skill, a monument composed of various sized casks. A mighty tun composed the lower part, adorned with flags and garlands; above this rose smaller casks, new and bright, with polished brass hoops; some upright, and others, laid down, seemed to protrude from the battlements of the castellated pile. Pennons, arms, devices, and wreaths, filled up the intervening spaces, and served to unite the parts in one harmonious and picturesque whole. The gable front of the brewery was illumined, and, on entering, a vista of many coloured transparent lamps ushered the visitors into the hall itself. At any other time this hall would have seemed a large, bare, empty barn, and the white-washed walls, in all their nakedness, would seem to preclude the possibility of fitting them for festal decoration. Yet what a gay and pleasing woodland air pervades the scene that bursts upon your view! What verdure, what bright colours! How unlike common, everyday-life! And the more you gaze, and the more minutely you examine, the more do you find to admire and to be pleased with. From rafter to rafter hang in all directions long

festoons made of twigs of fir, interspersed with large bright flowers, dahlias and roses; so that the whole is a tracery of foliage through which the brown rafters peep, breaking very agreeably the otherwise monotonous green above your head. Then the pillars, too, are cased in branches, and at the top is a capital, formed of long spreading green rushes, or of the elegant leaves of the fern, which fall over in a curve, like those seen in the old temples, hewn out of the rocks. Large and small lanterns, round like balloons, transparent and gaily coloured, hang from the rafters, and light up the verdure in numberless profusion; while here and there the brightness falls on large masses of colour, crimson or white, the folds of some flags festooned around a column, or forming a background of drapery at the further end of the hall. Round the three sides of the building were large shields, bearing the municipal arms of the principal cities of Germany, which had contributed to the exhibition; and each of these was entwined with a wreath of oak-leaves. Six long tables formed rows the whole length of the building, and at them, without crowding or difficulty, the 850 guests who had received cards of invitation took their places. The burgomaster of Munich, Herr von Steinsdorf, some members of the corporation, the ministers of the crown, and other notables, took their seats at one end of the hall, and opposite them, among a trellis-work of branches, was an excellent band of music. Young birch-trees were ranged along the walls where the darker pine branches did not cover them; and here and there, in the recesses of the windows, lamps were placed, which shone with a mellow light through the delicate foliage. Here and there, too, large chandeliers were suspended, the arms of which were entwined with mosses, or festooned with creepers, while the light itself shone forth from what looked like the white chalice of a flower.

All the servants of the brewery were dressed in the ancient costume of their guild—a crimson jacket, trimmed with broad gold brocade, black cloth breeches, white stockings, and buckled shoes. On their head they wore a cap turned up at the side, with a tuft of feathers stuck upright. And right well did they perform their service. Tankards, countless tankards, of the clear bright ale were brought up from cool cellars; and with unwearied diligence were continually replenished. And with the viands it was the same. There was no dearth, nor any lack of mirth and hearty good fellowship. It was not long before His Majesty, King Louis, made his appearance among the guests, and was received with a hearty cheer. A true English cheer is not to be heard out of England; and indeed there is an energy and a power in it that is overwhelming. Well might the present King of Prussia say to the boys at Eton, when on a visit to them, they gave him three such cheers as he had certainly never heard before, "Well, my lads, I congratulate you upon the state of your lungs!"

A cheer in Germany bears but a feeble resemblance to such an English hurrah, yet that which comes nearest to it is the loud, out-bursting acclamations with which the artists hail their most magnificent of patrons, King Louis. This is, perhaps, the next best thing to a genuine English cheer. And this time they set about it with a will expressive of their joy at the visit with which he honoured them. He passed from table to table, talking to this one, nodding in token of recognition to another, now putting a question, and now alluding to some circumstance that happened at Rome or Athens, where he had met the artist many a year ago. But his majesty, being an early riser, goes early to bed, and therefore soon left the party. All regretted this, for the scene which followed would no doubt have pleased him. At one end of the hall a curtain was drawn up, and you looked into a dimly lighted cavern, where King Gambinus held a court among his mighty casks of potent October. After a mock-heroic speech in rhymed verse, he advanced with crown and royal mantle, and waving his sceptre, commanded his fair and dainty spirits to appear. At the summons there came pouring forth from the dim recesses of the cellar an endless troop of Munich "Kellnerinnen" girls, dressed as are the daughters of the Munich citizens; the gold two-horned cap upon their head, with bright-coloured silk kerchiefs over their bosom, and as bodice the pretty "Mieder," with its silver chains, and large pendent coins

\* An allusion to Schwind's picture of "The Seven Ravens."



and medals. On they came trooping one after the other, a veritable army of bright-faced, archly-laughing girls, each with her white apron turned up at the side, and bearing to the guests a foaming tankard in each hand. You may be sure there were among them faces that might have claimed a place in any gallery of beauty. Here you saw some dark-haired gipsy-looking girl, detained by those she had come to serve, and made to put her lips to the cup she had brought them; while at another table all were gazing at a genuine German maiden, blue-eyed and fair-haired, just as *Tacitus* has described her. These Valkyrs added to the brightness of the scene, and with the servants in their gay liveries, made the whole look cheerful and festal.

The health of His Majesty, the reigning king, was drunk with applause, being proposed in a really excellent speech by Von Steinsdorf. That of King Louis was proposed later, with words of most animated eloquence, by the painter Dietz. As the evening advanced some guest from Vienna, or Düsseldorf, or Milan, rose to express his and his countrymen's sense of the kind reception they had met with. The words of the Milanese were given again in German, with readiness and elegance, by Count Thun; but from one party no recognition came, either of acknowledgment of a hospitable reception, or of the pleasure which a sojourn in this centre of Art had occasioned. The Berlin artists were silent as the stones in Bendemann's picture of "Jeremiah amid the Ruins of Jerusalem." It was strange; but it was so.

The "Walhalla Lied" was played, and, at intervals, other pieces, which, from their associations, awake pleasant feelings in German hearts. There was no flagging of interest, no diminution of gaiety: old friendships were revived, new acquaintanceships were formed; and there was surely not one present on this evening that did not carry with him a gladdening and cheerful recollection of the Munich Festival.

#### THE LAKE OF STAREMBERG.

Three days after the original *fête* above described the stranger guests were invited to another, one which, from a combination of circumstances, especially from the loveliness of the weather, and beauty of the surrounding scenery, was of rare and even exquisite enjoyment. The supper, with its merriment and decorations, was a bit of Munich life. It belonged to, and could only be found within, the walls of that city, that a week later was to celebrate its seven hundredth birthday. The second festivity was an artistic and poetical creation, but it might have taken place elsewhere, needing only poetic minds to call it into existence.

The Lake of StareMBERG is a few miles from Munich: a piece of water about ten miles in length, with here a village, there villas amid gardens, slopes, and park-like woods; while, in other parts, the wilderness denotes that there, at least, all is pretty much in a state of nature. But as you look southward, what a magnificent background! There peak beside peak, some tipped with snow, rise up into the deep blue sky. There is the mighty Zug-Spitz, nearly 11,000 feet high, and beside it the range of the Wetterstein Mountains. Here and there, despite the distance, rises some jagged peak, and looks across from the Tyrol; and later in the season some of these giants may be seen gleaming in their snowy mantle, while those immediately before us are still of an ethereal blue. It is a grand sight at any season.

The mornings here are lovely beyond description; and when the sun is setting, the effects of shade and brightness on the mountains are grand, and even sublime. It is a spot to which a landscape-painter would love to resort; and hither did one, who has immortalized his name by his truly wonderful transcripts of nature, frequently come and sit for hours, drinking in the beauty that lay around him. Rothmann, the painter of those scenes in Greece which fill one room in the new Pinakothek, in Munich, loved to saunter to an eminence in the neighbourhood of the lake; and as it was his favourite resort, in remembrance of him the spot has been called, "Rothmann's Höhe" (Rothmann's Hill), and a simple monument erected there, on which is inscribed the name of him who there passed so many hours gazing on the mountains. The lake with its surrounding scenery being so beautiful, it was thought that an excursion thither would, especially for those

who had come from northern Germany, be a most acceptable proposition; and, accordingly, the committee made the necessary arrangements for conducting their guests there.

By nine o'clock in the morning the railway had brought hundreds of visitors to the borders of the lake; and this time there was no lack of ladies to grace the festival. The weather was beautiful, the bridal morning of the earth and sky: both smiled brightly and lovingly on each other. The lake lay unruined in the light, and the mountains were wrapped in that transparent haze which lends them such a peculiar charm. On the water were innumerable pleasure-boats, while in a little cove were moored large stately vessels, with high arches and trellis-work of gold; and flags, green wreaths, and garlands of fresh flowers, hung in festoons from the masts, at the prow, or along the gunwale close to the water. This golden lattice-work had an enchanting effect. All round the vessel a little above the surface of the lake, were large medallions of gold, entwined with oak-leaves; and you saw the same again in the centre of each compartment of this floating fairy palace. In some such wise might Cleopatra have drifted down the Cydnus. There was one yacht, the ropes of which were entwined with fresh moss, and gay ribands were the shrouds; while round the mast rose the long tapering leaves of rushes, and at the top a tuft of the feathery blossoms of the bulrush formed a spreading crown. On another stately barge the crimson cloth covered with gold stars, seemed to speak of the glories of olden Venice; and the ancient-looking banners of the philharmonic societies were displayed on either side. What these private musical clubs are capable of, the Cologne Club showed by its presence in England some years ago. Two large barges, containing the members of such societies, with a band of music in a third, led the way across the lake. Then came the floating bower and the light edifice of gilded trellis-work; and behind, boats and gondolas, all filled with partakers in the festival. The whole procession is now in motion, slowly drifting onwards in double line to the opposite shore. Suddenly the rowers stop: every voice is hushed; no word, no laugh is uttered; there is not even a ripple on the lake, so profound is the calm that reposes there. And now you hear from the two barges of singers a low gently-rising chant, which soon rises into a hymn of exultation, and praise, and thanksgiving; and, "This is the day of the Lord," swells in a loud chorus up to heaven. There was something so grand in the music, so impressive in the quaint beauty of the scene, so touching in the sudden impulse and the breathless hush, that few could listen unmoved. The chant over, the procession again moved on, while guns saluted from the heights, and the music in front led the way with a merry strain.

It was really a glorious sight; the clear green water, the sun-lit transparent atmosphere, the vessels in all their bravery of colour, the gay dresses of the women, the luxuriance of the flowers—this was the scene on the foreground; while in front lay the chain of mountains, and on either side rose woods and uplands.

On floated the larger, more richly adorned vessel, as it seemed,

"Whose duty 'twas to take,  
Over her lucid kingdom  
The Lady of the Lake;"

for, let me tell you, gentle reader, this lake *has* such a fairy mistress, who loves to skim by moonlight over its surface, as these very eyes have witnessed. At last, all are disembarked, and in two processions, one through the wood, the other over the open slope, proceed to the hill-top. The summit is covered by a grove, and here, in a large circle, were suspended on the trees the great shields, with the municipal arms of the various towns of Germany which had figured at the former feast. The monument to Rothmann was decorated with evergreen, and garlands were hung from trophy to trophy, placed around it. The lake was seen through the trees, and here and there the villages on its shores; while, from the commanding height, vale, and hamlet, and church, and all the intervening country which lay between you and the mountains, were at once overlooked.

There was music, and dancing, and feasting; for, hidden by the trees was a kitchen, nor were the stores of the cellar forgotten. As the days at this

season are short, the company began betimes to turn towards the boats, and as it grew dark, barge after barge shone out in lamps and Chinese lanterns of various colours. As they approached StareMBERG, the whole shore gleamed brightly with Bengal lights; and there was such a forest of torches, that there was no difficulty or danger in the landing. Showers of rockets flung blue and crimson stars over the lake, and so ended—certainly to the delight of all—the German Artists' Festival.

C. B.

*Munich, Oct. 2nd.*

#### MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

MR. STANFIELD, R.A.—This distinguished landscape-painter, who has been making an artist's tour in Scotland, in company with his brother academician, Mr. David Roberts, has received from the Royal Scottish Academy their diploma of membership. Mr. Roberts had the diploma and medal already. Both artists have recently been entertained by the Corporation of Edinburgh, who conferred the freedom of the city upon Mr. Roberts.

PICTURE OF THE BAPTISM OF CHRIST.—A paragraph has lately appeared in the columns of the daily and weekly papers, the meaning of which we do not quite understand: it is to the effect that the premium of £1000 offered for the best picture of the "Baptism of Christ," has just been awarded to Mr. John Wood: it is this word "just" which puzzles us. The history of the picture is this: About thirteen years ago two gentlemen—Mr. T. Bell, of South Shields, and Mr. C. Hill, of Birmingham, members, we believe, of the dissenting body termed "Baptists"—offered a premium of £1000 for the best oil painting representing the baptism of Christ by immersion. The offer was made by advertisement in the columns of the *Art-Journal* and other serials. In the spring of 1847, eleven paintings, in answer to the call, were exhibited in the gallery at Hyde Park Corner, where the Chinese Exhibition was shown; among these eleven works was one by Mr. John Wood. It had been arranged by the gentlemen who offered the prize, that the decision should be left in the hands of the competitors themselves; but some proceedings, not of the most creditable nature having taken place,—they will be found narrated in the June number of our journal of that year,—the award was postponed for a time; in the following month we announced, upon reliable authority, that it had been made in favour of Mr. Wood: from that time till now we have no recollection of hearing more of the transaction in any shape or form, or of the picture. It is curious that a matter which we had long since considered as finally settled should, at the expiration of ten years, come before the public as something new; we wonder if it has been made the subject of a chancery suit, it seems to have been long enough in abeyance to justify such a supposition.

BURFORD'S PANORAMA.—A view taken from the summit of Mount Righi, in Switzerland, known as the "Queen of Mountains," is now to be seen in Mr. Burford's Panoramie Gallery, Leicester Square. Tourists who have visited this locality—and few persons, we apprehend, travel through Switzerland for pleasure without seeing it—well know what a magnificent region lies all around it, included within the three hundred miles of circumference which the eye, on a clear day, takes in—from the Jura, on the west, to the Mountains of Glarus and the Grisons, on the east; from the Gothard Pass and Le Vallais, on the south, to Basle and the country beyond the Rhine, on the north. Below the spectator, or rising above him, is the country embracing seven cantons—namely, those of Lucerne, Zug, Uri, Unterwalden, Schwytz, Zurich, and Aargau, scattered through which are no fewer than seventeen lakes of large size, besides many of smaller dimensions, the whole comprehending a huge landscape of the grandest and most picturesque character; and with the exception of the hotel on the Righi, there is not an edifice to be seen of sufficient size to attract the attention of the spectator from the vast and glorious solitude of Nature, in the centre of which he stands. The time of day in which the scene is presented is early morning; the mists have rolled away from the valleys, the sky is cloudless, the mountain-peaks are



tinged with sunlight, and the whole expanse is revealed in a pure transparent atmosphere, that brings out every feature of the landscape clearly and definitely to the eye. The picture is the work of an artist who has felt the grandeur of his subject, and had the power to express it on his canvas.

MR. WYLD has recently added to the numerous attractions of his exhibition at the Great Globe, Leicester Square, a series of dioramic views of the coast and ports of China—the scenes of the late war. The pictures, or tableaux, are twenty-six in number, painted from sketches made by British officers serving in the country, and by native artists: they include the most important features which present themselves to the traveller from Hong Kong to Peking. We cannot say much in praise of the paintings as works of Art; but, assuming the views to be correct, they form an interesting and instructive exhibition, embodying, as many of them do, the peculiar characteristics of Chinese life in the great navigable river of the country.

LIVERPOOL SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.—The final decision of the prizes awarded by this new Art-institution for works in the present exhibition was not made, so far as we could learn, when we went to press; but the *Liverpool Mercury* makes the following remarks upon the subject:—"It may not be out of place for the benefit of the public generally to make known what that decision is likely to be. The council will merely confirm the voice of the subscribers. The plan which the council has taken has been the means of sounding public feeling, and thereby strengthening their position. That plan was to solicit from subscribers an expression, by means of voting-cards, of individual opinion on the most meritorious pictures in the several classes which were eligible for competition; and the only exclusion from competition was the borrowing of a work of Art without the knowledge and sanction of the artist. Eleven such works have been withheld. These voting-cards have been carefully examined, and the prize-award committee has met to deliberate on this important question. By a large majority the public have given the £100 prize to Mr. Frederick Goodall, for his fine picture of 'Cranmer going to the Tower,' and by an overwhelming majority the council have also decided (though not finally) on that picture. By a great majority the public have awarded to Mr. T. S. Cooper's 'October Evening,' the beautiful landscape with windmills and cattle, the £50 prize, and the council have adopted their verdict. Dawson stood high,—his 'Houses of Parliament' is a wonderful picture,—but Cooper will carry it. In the water-colour class the public and the council again agree in giving Carl Haag pre-eminence, with this difference, that the public place Haag and Rayner almost side by side, and the council Haag and Newton, whose 'Declining Day' is one of the finest works in this class upon their walls. In sculpture there is also a happy unity of sentiment. The public have been unable to decide between Calder Marshall and Ambrose—both were equal; but the council consider the 'Ophelia' of the former as the greater work. Whatever the final decision of the council of the society may be,—and it is pretty clearly indicated,—the artists may feel satisfied that there has been a most impartial tribunal, and the public may be congratulated. The sales are already up to a sum not much below £600, and many buyers are holding back till the drawing of the Art-Union in connection with the society."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace Company have determined on a winter campaign; and their arrangements with this view are of the kind which will keep summer lingering within their fairy walls, whatever severities the north wind may enact without. At Sydenham we are to have summer all the year round; and they who know how wondrous a presence summer is at Sydenham, even when it is summer elsewhere, may guess what her charm will be when it constitutes a triumph over the austerities of the season, and offers an inner world created, as it were, in evasion of the dreary natural law. This year, the area of the winter-summer kingdom is to be enlarged. The screen which separates the main aisles from the tropical department has been set up much farther south than usual,—so as to make a winter-garden of far greater extent and embracing more and richer incidents. The whole of the large basin, with the two

great interior fountains, and the Alhambra and Byzantine Courts, with the vestibules leading thereto, are included in the winter fairyland. Arrangements have, at the same time, been made for keeping the entire building at a more equable temperature throughout the cold months.—If the scheme of illumination by the electric light which has been spoken of, as we have already stated, shall be carried out, in addition, the current of interest that has set steadily towards this marvellous product of Art during the past summer will probably continue to flow, even after the frosts of winter shall have, for ordinary purposes, chilled the love of locomotion and frozen up the spirit of enterprise.

STEREOSCOPIC SLIDES.—We have been much pleased with some of the recently-introduced stereoscopic slides, producing day and night effects. There is an ingenuity and an interest attached to these similar to that which gave to the diorama so high a degree of popularity. The night effects are produced by very carefully perforating the ordinary photograph, and placing coloured media behind those perforations. Of course, when we look at the stereoscopic picture so treated, with the light reflected from its surface, we have the ordinary daylight effect; but making it the screen through which the light passes to the eye, the result is that of night, with its gas-lit streets and illuminated windows. It will be readily understood that, by introducing, as any ingenious artist may do, a system of opaque and transparent painting into the stereoscopic picture, superadded to this system of perforation, an infinite variety of day and night effects can be produced; and it appears to us exceedingly easy to obtain the means for varying the effects, by opening screens behind the picture when the observer is inspecting it in his stereoscope. Those already produced by Messrs. Negretti and Zambra are highly interesting.

MR. JOHN BELL is executing in marble his well-known figure of "The Eagle Slayer," the commission for the work was given by the late Earl Fitzwilliam, and has been confirmed by the present earl. Mr. Bell has also in hand a statue, in marble, of "Lalage," suggested by the lines in Horace:—

"Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem."

His "Guards' Memorial," originally intended for Hyde Park, is now, we hear, to be erected at the lower end of Waterloo Place, on the northern side of Pall-Mall.

IMPROVED PORTFOLIOS.—We have been called upon to examine several improvements in the manufacture of portfolios, "registered" by Mr. Harvey, of Rathbone Place, and "invented" by him. They consist of a large variety, adapted to various purposes, for music, drawings, and engravings; and are of several sizes, from a foot to six feet in breadth, the height being in proportion. Moreover, Mr. Harvey exhibits, of his invention also, lecture desks, music desks, and portfolio easels, and a lock of peculiar and very "facile" construction. All of them are undoubtedly "improvements," and merit the honour and patronage they have obtained for the inventor. That with which we have especially to do, is "the large Drawing-room and Library Portfolio, on wheels." It is thus described: "It is made with side flaps, which are fastened or opened in a moment; and as these are on the outside, they can be placed out of sight when the portfolio is open, and are therefore free from that 'littering appearance' which pertains to those hitherto in use." This is its chief feature, but by no means the only one; it is recommended also by the durability of the fastenings, the security of its contents from dust, the absence of strings, and the addition of very light wheels, by which it is readily moved from one place to another; while, because of all these and other advantages, it forms a graceful and agreeable appendage to the drawing-room or library.

ORIGINAL PICTURE OF THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.—The engraving executed (in the year 1819) in the line manner, by John Burnet, of the Battle of Waterloo, is generally well known, and is highly interesting, both as an engraving and as a memorial of that great and important event. The original picture, however, after which this engraving had been produced, had been lost sight of, and, indeed, until very recently its existence may be said to have been altogether forgotten. An accidental circumstance has led to its discovery, and it has become

the property of Mr. Gritten, the picture-dealer, in King Street, St. James's. This picture it has been proposed to purchase by subscription for presentation to the Wellington College, Sandhurst; but the idea does not appear to have been favourably received. Most certainly it is altogether to be desired that such a work, certainly painted within a very short period of the great battle itself, should be secured for a public institution in some degree associated either with the name of Wellington or with the military profession. We have of late been but too prone to manifest an indifference to the memories of some of our most glorious days in the past, and we here have an opportunity for showing that we still know how to cherish a memorial of our greatest soldier and his greatest achievement. The picture is of considerable size, and contains many portraits of the most distinguished personages present. The incident which will identify it is the riding up of Lord Uxbridge to the Duke and his staff to make a report, and to obtain permission to execute a cavalry movement. There is very much about this work that deserves attention, though as a work of Art it is hardly equal in merits to Burnet's engraving of it.

THE CARTOONS BY RAFFAELLE at Hampton Court are being photographed by Mr. Thompson, Photographer to the Department of Science and Art. The photographs will be published, so that the public will have an opportunity of possessing them; and it is also intended to distribute them as prizes to the pupils of the various schools of Art.

GAINSBOROUGH.—The pictures which were discovered a short time ago at Schomberg House have been very carefully restored, lined, and placed upon frames. They are in the possession of Mr. Hogarth, in the Haymarket, under whose direction they have been thus successfully dealt with. As they were painted on the plaster of the wall, the process of their removal and lining was a work of extreme delicacy. There were originally four of them, but a window was cut through one, and the three that have been rescued from destruction are now in good condition. Schomberg House, in Pall Mall, more recently known as Harding's, was, as we have elsewhere said, the residence of Gainsborough, and it is supposed that he himself painted these landscapes, which, being on the wall, could not easily be removed. They are semi-circular, on a diameter of six or seven feet, and when first removed, they were so veiled by dust and smoke that it was impossible to determine the subjects. But now they are in a condition to show both colour and detail. They are romantic landscape compositions, and the series, when entire, illustrated, it is supposed, Morning, Noon, Afternoon, and Evening.

FACSIMILE "HAMLET."—A curious and interesting application of photography has been recently made, to the reproduction in facsimile of the margin copy of the first edition of Shakspeare's "Hamlet." This facsimile was liberally ordered, at the expense of the late Duke of Devonshire, for multiplication of the copy to the extent of forty examples, with a view to their circulation among the great libraries of the country and those of a few favoured private individuals. The text was transferred by photography to stone; and Mr. Netherliff undertook to translate it from the stone to paper. As a facsimile each copy is perfect.

A RARE BOOK.—The costumes of Hans Weigel, of Nuremberg, are not so well known as they should be to painters, for in costume, as in all else, artists are becoming monotonously conventional. We have seen a copy of this book which has recently become, by purchase, the property of the Artists' Society, in Laugham Place. It is entitled "Habitus Præcipuorum Populorum tam Virorum quam Fœminarum Singulari Arte depicti," Nuremberg, 1577, and contains no less than 219 woodcuts of the costume of that period, comprehending even the personal adornments of the American Indians. The woodcutting is generally very clear, and many of the figures are really well drawn. The Royal Academy has recently made acquisition of a copy of this work, but we believe it is not so perfect as that which we particularly describe. At the time of its publication, the utility of this work could not be so great as it has since become. Thus Hans Weigel's book becomes authority for the dresses of its period.



## REVIEWS.

THE INFANT JESUS (*Date et dabitur vobis*). Engraved by X. STEIFENSAND, from the Picture by E. DEGER.

"IT IS FINISHED!" (*Consummatum est*). Engraved by N. BATHELMESS, from the Picture by J. KEHREN.

THE VIRGIN AND INFANT JESUS. Engraved by X. STEIFENSAND, from the Picture by CARL MÜLLER.

THE CALLING OF THE APOSTLES JAMES AND JOHN. Engraved by F. A. PFLUGFELDER, from the Picture by F. OVERBECK.

Published by A. W. SCHULGEN, Düsseldorf; SCHULGEN & SCHWAN, Paris.

We have been much amused, though not much edified nor convinced, by some remarks in a little work sent to us with the engravings enumerated above. The book is entitled "*L'Art Chrétien et l'Ecole Allemande*." Its author is M. Bathild Bouniol; but although professing to speak only, or principally, of the German school of what is called Christian Art, it also brings under notice, and at considerable length, the French school, and gives a passing glance at that of our own. In his concluding pages M. Bouniol says—"Setting aside the English school [of course, as unworthy of regard], there remain only two great schools to which Art can at present look: on the one side, the French school, which, in a Christian point of view, is too forgetful of early traditions, and too intent on hand-work; on the other, the school of Germany, which adheres with filial sympathy to the old masters, thereby manifesting its origin, but which, voluntarily yielding itself to its austere meditations, however anxious for the result, sometimes appears to disregard the means of attaining it." These remarks are prefaced by others, in which the writer, in a fit of rhapsodical enthusiasm, eulogizes the German school for the effort it is making—so thinks M. Bouniol—to entice all Christendom—nay, all the world—into the bosom of the Church of Rome—"that Church which, whether she is triumphing freely and gloriously, or wrestling against oppression, assumes a vigorous offensive attitude—here, against rationalism and philosophy, there, against Protestantism, whose desperate rage, like convulsive agonies, testifies that it feels itself more and more broken-hearted. See it in England! look at it in Germany! where, in both countries, Art is becoming, like Science, the active and powerful instrument of propagandism."

Now, we are quite willing that M. Bouniol should indulge as long as he pleases in these fancies and speculations; we would only let him know that he is altogether mistaken in his application of them to this country generally. Protestantism in England is not in her death-throes; it requires no Art, whether Christian or pagan, to sustain or overthrow it. Protestantism respects Christian Art, but only as it is catholic and universal, not Romish. We can admire a good picture of the Virgin or a saint quite as much as does the most faithful son of the Church of Rome, but we admire it for its pictorial excellence, and oftentimes for the pure and holy feeling with which the painter may have imbued his work; yet the grandest subject of sacred or legendary Art that ever appeared upon canvas would fail to win over a true disciple of the reformed faith to the alluring but unscriptural and demoralising doctrines of that church whose head sits supreme over the "seven-hill'd city." It is not our custom to make the pages of the *Art-Journal* the medium of political or polemical observation, and if the little volume of M. Bouniol had not come into our hands with the prints, to which it forms a sort of appendage, we should not have been enticed from our usual habit; but we could not, under the circumstances, refrain from exposing the misconceptions and errors of the writer. We will now return to the engravings in question, which certainly do honour to the German school of Christian Art.

Deger has taken a painter's liberty with the Sermon on the Mount, by representing the divine speaker as an INFANT, or rather as a Child; he is seated on a piece of rock, in the attitude of addressing the multitude; the right hand is uplifted, the left slightly stretched forward; the countenance calm and expressive, and with a tinge of melancholy, that greatly heightens the interest it calls forth. The subject is exquisitely engraved, with delicacy yet firmness; the colour of the drapery is very finely rendered.

"IT IS FINISHED!" by Kehren, is a composition of deep pathos. At the foot of the cross, with her long hair streaming down her back almost to the ground, kneels Mary Magdalen, her head resting

against the feet of the Saviour, as if she would wipe off the bloodstains with her tresses, as she once before dried his feet in the house of the disciple; her arms encircle the cross, and her face, seen in profile, betokens intense sorrow. The picture is in shadow,—for there is "darkness over the land,"—except the upper portion of the crucified One, round whose head is thrown a halo of light, which irradiates the arms and bust. This arrangement of light and shade is most effective by contrast; and the treatment of the subject, which is small in the engraving, shows the painter as one in the possession of the highest qualities of his art. But surely the muscles of the left shoulder are not anatomically true; such disjointing or overlapping of the fleshy muscles—for they present rather the latter appearance—cannot be correct, especially under the rigidity of death.

THE VIRGIN AND INFANT JESUS, by Carl Müller, may, as a composition, and for beauty of form and holy expression, be classed with the best period of the Italian schools. Raffaele, or Correggio, or Albano, might have been the painter of this picture—so pure and spiritual is the sentiment it embodies, so gracefully and delicately are the figures grouped together. The Virgin, whose head is crowned, and surmounted by a wreath of stars, is rising from the earth, bearing in her arms, in a standing position, the Infant, whose feet rest on her left arm; his right arm is stretched forward, and in his left hand he holds a globe, on which a cross is fixed. The feet of the Virgin appear to rest on a cloud, and the two figures are surmounted by clouds irradiated by sunshine. The composition is after the old types of this favourite subject of the ancient masters, and it scarcely yields in beauty and interest to any.

THE CALLING OF THE APOSTLES JAMES AND JOHN, by Overbeck, seems to have been engraved from a cartoon, or possibly from a design for a painted window, as the subject is surrounded by a border of floral ornament, into which figures are introduced. It is engraved in outline, with the draperies slightly shadowed in parts, just sufficient to separate the principal figures, and to give some effect to the print. In composition and treatment the work carries us back to the early days of Italian Art, the period which Overbeck has laboured so diligently to restore in the German schools. It is severe in style, but shows a simple grandeur, and a characteristic sweetness of expression, which are very charming, and very commendatory to those who look for and desire something beyond the external and obtrusive graces of Art.

These engravings have all been executed for the publisher, Schulgen, of Düsseldorf, who is doing much to uphold the interests of German Art in his country: the selection of such pictures as he has caused to be reproduced are evidences of taste and liberality.

THE GARDENS OF ENGLAND. By E. ADVENO BROOKE. Published by T. MACLEAN, London.

England has been described by foreign travellers as one vast garden—not a garden of flowers only, or of vineyards and olive-trees, but a garden in which pastures are the grass-plats, fields of golden corn the flower-borders, thick umbrageous woods the shrubberies, broad rivers the streams that water it, stately halls and village churches the temples that adorn it. If, however, the traveller will turn aside from the high-road along which he journeys, he will then find that amidst the expansive garden through which he has passed there are others of smaller dimensions, and of such picturesque beauty, that, on surveying them, he may well ask himself whether he is not gazing on some vision of fairy-land, or the haunts of the nymphs we read of in mythological story. The "gardens of England" are everywhere; vast and magnificent, with sparkling streams or broad lake, with temples and statues, in glades and rising plats, with extensive parterres, filled with all manner of blossoms beautiful to the eye and fragrant to the scent, they surround the dwellings of the wealthy noble and commoner: trim and neat, well stocked with fruit and flowers, often of rare quality,—the latter reared in the small and pretty conservatory that stands at the side of the house,—is the garden of the thriving merchant and tradesman, in which he luxuriates when he returns from the counting-house or shop to his suburban "villa;" sweet with the odour of the June rose, the honeysuckle, and clematis, gay with pansies and hollyhocks, with wall-flowers and purple columbine, and half a dozen more of the common floral tribes, backed by rows of green peas and cabbages, and dotted with patches of onions and spinach, is the garden of the agricultural labourer, and of the artisan who resides where he has the benefit of a few yards of ground to cultivate: these are the "gardens of England" that meet the eye of those who journey through our fertile, lovely, and glorious country.

It is, however, from those first referred to that Mr. Brooke has gathered materials for his large and beautifully-illustrated volume. The idea is good, as it is novel, and it has been very carefully and artistically carried out, though it is by no means an easy task to construct a pleasing picture from the somewhat formal appearance which a garden, however tastefully laid out and embellished, assumes. Mr. Brooke shows us first "The Lake in Trentham Hall Garden" by moonlight; next, "The Terrace" and "The Parterre" attached to the same aristocratic residence; and right worthy of its noble owners are these beautiful portions of their domains. "The Great Fountain," and the "River-Horse Fountain," in Enville Gardens, the seat of the Earl of Stamford and Warrington, seem to transport us to a region of Eastern fable. The view of the "Upper and Lower Terraces at Bowood," with its long lines of balustrades, its gigantic vases filled with flowers, and its numerous beds of rainbow-coloured hues, is a dazzling picture to look at. The "Colonnade, Alton Gardens," vies in beauty with the famed classic gardens of Italy. The "Vista," in the gardens of Lord Hatherton's seat at Teddesley, presents a scene which no other country could offer. A "Bird's-eye View of *Mon Plaisir*," in the Gardens of Elvaston Castle," the mansion of Lord Harrington, is remarkably curious. Other gardens which the artist offers to notice are those of "Shrublands Hall," "Woburn Abbey," "Eaton Hall," "Holkham," "Castle Howard," "Wilton House," "Harewood House," &c. &c.

The volume, which is of folio size, contains about twenty-six large coloured plates, and sixteen vignette views in lithography, not coloured, of the residences to which the "gardens" are attached. The letterpress, which is carefully written, describes the gardens, and also includes a history of the various mansions.

FAVOURITE ENGLISH POEMS OF THE TWO LAST CENTURIES. Illustrated with upwards of Two Hundred Engravings on Wood, from Drawings by the most Eminent Artists. Published by SAMPSON LOW, SON, & CO., London.

The summer roses are still blooming here and there in our suburban garden, and the row of clipped lime-trees, which, in the dog-days, shelters our flower-borders from the heat of the noontide sun, has scarcely begun to put on its golden tints, and yet we are reminded, by the appearance of this richly-bound volume, of the near approach of Christmas-time and another year, when such books are presented and accepted with mutual expressions of kind feelings from the giver and receiver. Out of doors the sunshine and the blossoms seem loth to leave us; at our desk we find the wintry months advancing with rapid feet—not, however, as Shakespeare says, "to push us from our stools," but to fix us more firmly thereon, that so we may be prepared to open the next year's campaign with renewed exertions.

This volume, the pioneer, it may be supposed, of a large force in its rear, is not unworthy to take its place at the head of the advancing troop; there are few of its followers, we apprehend, that will excel it in any of those qualities of careful printing and elegant illustrations which this class of publications has reached. On glancing over its pages, however, we thought we recognised among the engravings some familiar faces, and such, on referring to the short preface, appears to be the fact. Several of the poems introduced have already appeared as separate works; for example—Bloomfield's "Farmer's Boy," Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Milton's "L'Allegro;" the two last illustrated by the "Etching Club," who have given permission to the publishers to reproduce their designs. We seem also to recollect seeing, in times past, the illustrations to Byron's "Battle of Waterloo," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," and Tennyson's "Charge of the Light Brigade." But these republications by no means render the book less acceptable; on the contrary, it is something to have such bright pictorial stars gathered into a cluster, and shedding their aggregated effulgence before us at once. The other poems included in the book are Dryden's "Alexander's Feast," Pope's "Messiah," Thomson's "Hymn to the Seasons," Collins's "Ode to Evening," Gray's "Elegy," Cowper's "John Gilpin," Burns's "Cottar's Saturday Night," Dibdin's "Poor Jack," Wolfe's "Burial of Sir John Moore," Shelley's "Skylark," Walter Scott's "Christmas-tide," Mrs. Hemans's "Homes of England," Southey's "Battle of Blenheim," Moore's "Evening Bells," Wordsworth's "Michael," and Rogers's "Mine be a Cot,"—all good selections from the writings of many of England's sweetest and most admired poets.

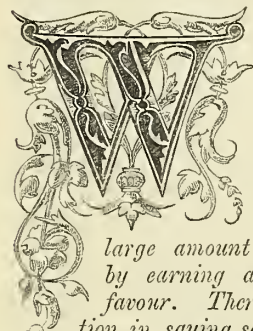
We cordially wish this *avant courier* of gift-books for the approaching festive season all the success its merits deserve.



## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1858.



**W**E are to-day of full age. The fact that we have completed TWENTY-ONE VOLUMES of the ART-JOURNAL affords sufficient evidence that we have received a large amount of public support by earning and meriting public favour. There can be no presumption in saying so much; for we have laboured industriously and zealously, during twenty-one years, to render this Journal useful in the service of Art, to promote its influence, to extend its power, and to render ART effective as a source of national glory and national wealth.

During nearly the whole of that period the ART-JOURNAL has been alone—not only in England but in Europe—as an exponent of the Arts; it is so at the present moment; for although in Germany, in France, and in the United States of America, there are Art-newspapers, there is, strictly speaking, no publication by which the Arts are adequately represented. We trust, therefore, we shall be considered as justified in reviewing with pride our labours of so many years; and in the belief that we have aided to produce the satisfactory state in which we find the Arts—in all their branches, the higher and the comparatively lower—at the close of 1858, as compared with that in which we found them at the commencement of the year 1839.

The public will, therefore, accept our past as a guarantee for our future in the conduct of this Journal: year after year we have studied how we could improve it and increase its utility. We shall continue to avail ourselves of every possible means by which to retain its place in public estimation, and, by augmenting yet more its large circulation, obtain that power which is ever essential to success.

While we neglect nothing of importance to artists, we shall endeavour to make the ART-JOURNAL a more welcome guest to the library and the drawing-room of the connoisseur and the amateur, by various arrangements, the nature and value of which will be developed as we proceed.

We, therefore, for the twenty-first time, express our gratitude for the very large amount of public support which this Journal has received, and assure our subscribers that we shall labour with thought, industry, and energy, for its continuance.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, STRAND.

## FRA ANGELICO DA FIESOLE.

VISITORS at Florence who wish to become acquainted with the rise and progress of painting in Italy, will often find themselves in the first part of the Gallery of the Uffizii, which contains a long series of works by the earlier Tuscan masters, arranged, in the main, chronologically. The greater part of them was brought together by Vasari for Cosmo, the first grand-duke, as an illustration of the early periods of the art; and the collection derives some additional interest as the first formed for such a purpose. It begins at the beginning—with some first efforts of the Italians, made in the thirteenth century, to throw a little life and spirit into the dead traditional Byzantine forms. Cimabue is brought into comparison with a certain Andrea Rico di Candia, a painter a few years precedent to him, it is said; their subjects being identical—a Byzantine notion of a Madonna. The earlier figure of the Virgin is utterly stiff and flat, without countenance or physiognomy. But in the Child, (though like a little grown person,) roundness and relief begin to appear, with something even of grace and animation in the turn of the head. In the Cimabue, with exactly the same types of form, and even much of the same greenish and cadaverous flesh tints, something of a benign and pleasing physiognomy manifests itself—a most acceptable step in progress, an early beam of the day-spring of Italian art, just faintly quivering! Cimabue, however, was much too little in advance of those Byzantine mosaicists who first kindled his spirit when he was a young scholar at Santa Maria Novella, for him to merit the title of Father of Italian painting, which formerly graced him; that honour far more belonging to his pupil, Giotto, who threw aside lifeless conventionalities with unexampled boldness, and gave vigorous action and dramatic spirit to his art. Rude and slight as were his technical means, and much beneath his other powers, his skill in rendering the human countenance, his simple, earnest, solemn manner of telling a story by the action of his figures, has, perhaps, never since been equalled by any Florentine painter—assuredly it has never been surpassed. His picture here of “Christ Praying in the Garden” is not an *advance* on the work of his formerly more renowned master; but rather a *contrast* between the productions of one who with the utmost originality goes to Nature, vitally reconstructs, and powerfully invents, and those of a Byzantine bondsman who does little more than soften and ornament what he finds around him.

A picture by Giotto's pupil, Giotto, comes next in order, the “Deposition of our Lord.” It has less of severe dignity than the Giotto; but the execution is softer, and the colouring much more warm and tender; and the expression of grief, so far as the attitudes are concerned, is earnest and admirable. The St. John clasping his hands, the Magdalen solemnly kissing the hand of the Redeemer, the Madonna, so closely embracing his head with a simple intensity of action rarely equalled in the later works, are all heartily and energetically expressed. Vasari says of this picture, wrought for the Church of San Romeo, in Florence, that it was painted with such earnest love and care, that no better work on panel was known to have been done by the painter. Giotto, it is said, was one of those “disinterested lovers of glory,” who pay but slight regard to the conveniences and amenities of life, contenting himself with little, and thinking more of gratifying others. He was of a melancholy temperament, a lover of solitude, profoundly devoted to his art. He died of consumption, in his thirty-second year. But few of his works remain.

The Giotteschi, however, were all inferior to their master in originality, invention, and spirit; and too much their imaginations were subjected to his mannerisms and ugly type of face. Not that his favourite pupil, Taddeo Gaddi, failed to produce in Santa Croce frescos with much that is graceful and pleasing in intention; but in the Gallery of the Uffizii, to which we at present confine ourselves, the pictures by the Gaddi, and Memmo of Siena, their contemporary, and Orcagna, all of the Annunciation, are rapid productions compared with those we have just passed, by Giotto and Giotto. The Madonnas resemble, in their costume and elegant air, sentimental mediæval queens or princesses standing before slender little porches of Romano-Gothic architecture. The Virgin of Angelo Gaddi, the son of a far better painter, Taddeo, is modest and demure, but incontestably mawkish. She does not awaken much regret that Angiolo should have deserted the pencil for those commercial pursuits through which, with his brother and father, establishing large connexions at Venice, he enriched and ennobled his house. The Madonna of Simone Memmo (who painted Laura's portrait for Petrarch, and whose fame is embalmed in two of his sonnets) is most studiously affected in her attitude, and wholly wanting in appropriate expression: she writhes her meagre person in vast conceit, looking half asleep, half in disdain; and the angel is a fantastical failure. The Memmi, nevertheless, were highly instrumental in infusing amongst the Florentine painters more of the tender devotional spirit which was the distinction of their native school of Siena—a school whose first painter of celebrity, Duccio, contemporary with Cimabue, has been recently considered scarcely less the parent of the dreamy pietism of Italian art, than Giotto was of its naturalistic and dramatic spirit. Siena, a city specially dedicated to the Virgin, and more ancient in its political greatness than Florence, had, from an early period, been famed for the fervour and child-like simplicity of its religious faith; and the sacred types and traditions of its school of painters were transmitted through the Memmi to Orcagna, and through Taddeo di Bartolo, and the exquisite missalists, to Angelico himself. Orcagna is the remaining great name in Florentine art, during the period immediately succeeding Giotto. His picture here is soft and mild. The Virgin, with her long Chinese eye and inexpressive face, sits on a kind of sofa, bending forward in an easy, lady-like manner. The angel kneels with a countenance of more sensibility than usual; but you would hardly recognise his heavenly nature.

An air of religious awe and reverence characterizes most of the works of these early Tuscan painters; and many graceful and vigorous conceptions, rudely carried out, may be found in them; but the acceptance of the inane, morose, peevish, and lackadaisical expressions which greatly preponderate in their pictures, as something in a high sense devout, Christian, and heavenly, into which we might be led by the vague admiration of recent writers, would certainly do them too much honour. The more refined emotions of the soul are, of course, to any large extent, expressible in the face only; and the incapability of these painters to represent the human countenance must surely be admitted by their warmest admirers. Their faces are nearly all alike, and the little expression in those long, narrow slits of eyes, and hard meagre features derived from Giotto, is disagreeable rather than otherwise. In mild sorrow they knit their brows together, as if affectedly pensive; their deeper grief is fretful whimpering: a smile, a look of tenderness, is something beyond them. Sleepily, with their grim and swarthy heads on one side, do they look on each other for sym-



pathy. The power of depicting moral beauty, or the sweet and amiable feelings of the heart, has not dawned on the pencils of these painters; and such ill-favoured purgatorial countenances, contrasted heterogeneously with gaudy colours and gilding, do not, we think, betoken a healthy state of feeling or imagination on their part. Rio, nevertheless, in that unctuous, incense-perfumed style, which may perhaps do some little for Rome, but will neither now, nor henceforward do any thing for Art but emasculate, celebrates this as the pure age of religious painting, when all was faith and pious unity of purpose, exempt from every taint of those naturalistic and paganish tendencies, of which he has a fear and horror, perfectly intelligible in one who would fain subject the imagination entirely to the mediæval superstition. But we would ask those disposed, by weakness of temperament or corruption of fancy, to be influenced by him, to pause, and examine the expressions in these pictures, and ascertain of what they are really composed. Melancholy to us is the degree in which the imaginations of these painters were enslaved, first by ugly and dreary types of form, and secondly by the puerile and dismal Christo-paganism of the middle ages, if we may be permitted such an expression. The poetical tolerance of the Antique Paganism, even in a moderate degree, has been recently decried, with a laughable prudery, by a few morbid-minded writers, whose skill in expression, and fertility of thought, showy rather than sound, have given them a fleeting influence greater than they merit; but wiser authors will, we trust, eventually denounce with a more permanent success that ascetic mediæval mythology which they regard with a foolish complacency and tenderness. We believe it of the two the far more needful to be deprecated. In these days, at least, many will aver, even anxiously, that St. Francis and St. Dominick, St. Chiara and St. Catherine, are persons far more insidious and dangerous than Bacchus and Venus. We have ourselves recently known two or three much corrupted, indeed absolutely unhumanized by such as the first; but none has it been our lot to meet with in any way injured by a poetical partiality for the others.

Next, in this Uffizii Gallery, succeed works by others of less note, very rude and feeble, and perhaps even more lugubrious and ugly. After Orcagna, little advance was made in painting till the bold step forward into nature by Masolino and Masaccio. There is little here to commemorate this great movement, except some rude attempts at animal painting by Paulo Ucello; and, judging from what hangs on these walls only, you might suppose Art dying away again, when suddenly, for your refreshment and relief, you come upon a surprising display indeed—a large tabernacle picture, a picture rendered imposing by shutters painted with colossal saints within and without—a gorgeous work, singularly mediæval in effect, all gold-leaf and gay colour, with no shade to moderate its brightness—an enthroned Madonna and Child, far surpassing in the splendour of mere materials, most likely, any picture you ever saw, that is, if inexperienced in such things. If such should be the case with you, you would probably start outright on finding that this blaze of apparent barbarism is the work of no less than the seraphic Fra Beato Giovanni Angelico da Fiesole, whom our eloquent critics have of late so raved about, as unapproachable in Art for his heavenly sanctity of expression, raised far above all earthly soil of impurity and disturbance. A colossal Madonna, magnificently robed, sits with the Bambino standing on her knees—a slender little boy, very sleepy-eyed, but lively in other respects, in a long tunic, girdled with gold, a globe in his hand, a blood-red cross almost flaming athwart the disk-like glory round his

head. Golden curtains, inwrought with arabesque stars, fall behind; and the arch which surrounds them, also of gold, is filled with standing figures of girl-like angels in long gowns, playing on musical instruments. The first impression is surprise at the early mediæval aspect, and the shadowless glare and gaudiness of the whole; and the second, disappointment at the expression, which, notwithstanding certain rapturous encomiums lavished on this very picture, is in truth, insipid and almost nugatory. The Madonna's face, here at least, is inane and inexpressive; and the Bambino, though livelier, a frivolous-looking little being, of somewhat doll-like tendencies. The musical angels around, standing in simple, airy, flowing attitudes, suitable to their nature and occupation, are more pleasing; yet even here the faces are for the most part of a remarkably commonplace prettiness, insipid and girlish. The colossal saints on the shutters, in a more subdued tone of colour, seem to us the most expressive and meritorious part of this work. They are tender-souled, pure-thoughted personages, whose sanctity few would think of calling in question.

This picture was painted by the Beato for the Company of Flax Merchants, in 1433, his forty-fourth year. It has not generally been considered one of his best. Angelico was emphatically a miniature painter, whose technical feebleness was commonly too severely tried in larger productions. Yet, hear what Mr. Ruskin says of it in his Quarterly-Review criticism of Lord Lindsay's work on Christian Art.

"The child's face," which we have termed that of a little lively frivolous thing, "is quiet, Jupiter-like, and very sublime, owing to the smallness of the features in proportion to the head." As if sublimity arose from mere proportions! Mr. Ruskin then gives these proportions, or rather disproportions, which amount to absolute deformity: "the eyes placed at about three-sevenths of the whole height, leaving four-sevenths for the brow, and themselves only in length about one-sixth of the breadth of the face, half closed, giving a peculiar appearance of repose." "In all the treatment," he goes on to say, "Fra Angelico maintains his assertion of the authority of abstract imagination, which depriving his subject of all material or actual being, contemplates it as retaining qualities eternal only, adorned by incorporeal splendour." Now, setting aside the absurd notion of painting attempting to divest its subjects of "all material or actual being," can such an idea of the Virgin Mary and Bambino as this, overlaid with costume and finery peculiarly characteristic of the mediæval ages, be called a work of "abstract imagination" so uncorporealized? But the key-note is now struck, and Mr. Ruskin rises into the full flow of his favourite phraseology. "The eyes of the beholder," he adds, "are supernaturally unsealed; and to this miraculous vision, whatever is of the earth vanishes, and all things are seen endowed with an harmonious glory; the garments falling with strange visionary grace, glowing with indefinite gold (!); the walls of the chamber dazzling as of a heavenly city." These words away from the picture may sound well enough to those unsuspecting persons whose fancies are far more sensitive than their judgments; but before the object of them one sees that they are even ridiculously inapplicable. All this missal-like splendour of mere materials, made up of very definite gothic ornaments, and devoid of any imagery of a conceivably celestial kind, is, in fact, but a puerile unimaginative notion of the heavenly magnificence. It would be characteristic enough of King Arthur's Queen Guenever, or fit for the throne and alcove of some early princess of the line of Capet or Hohenstauffen, but is very poorly significant of the higher spheres.

Mr. Ruskin, having descanted on the splendour of the general effect, proceeds to expatiate on the expression of the Madonna. "The mortal forms themselves," he adds, "impressed with divine changelessness, no domesticity, no jest, no anxiety, no expectation, no variety of action, or of thought. Love all-filling, and various modes of power, are alone expressed. The Virgin never shows the complacency or petty watchfulness of maternity. She sits serene supporting the child, whom she ever looks upon as a stranger among strangers. Behold the handmaid of the Lord for ever written on her brow." Phrases with something of the tone of profundity about them, but on examination shown to be confused and shallow, and as inapplicable, every whit, as those just before them. And even were they otherwise, surely a cold and unfeeling, a dreary and disagreeable notion of the Virgin Mary; a bundle of odd negatives linked together in but a frigid and pompous spirit. "No domesticity, no jest!" He might as well have said at once, no cap and bells, no comic mask, no overflowing bowl in her hands. We need surely but glance at the unmeaningness of the "various modes of power," coupled with the dulness attributed by the "*no variety of thought*." The equally unmeaning reference to love, immediately followed by a supercilious allusion to maternal tenderness and simplicity, (feelings so beautiful that we are rather apt to imagine even their slighter manifestations might grace heaven itself,) is highly characteristic of this writer. For ourselves, we always dislike exceedingly these high-flown, summary allusions to love, in compositions which discover no other signs of tenderness; and we very much doubt in the present instance whether the gentle Beato himself would accept such an interpretation. In expression the head is negative indeed, not intentionally so, in the sense ascribed, but, simply, in all probability, from the painter's untutored hand not having power to keep pace with his intention.

This is the first Angelico we ever saw; and we well remember our disappointment. Nor did his other works in the Uffizii lead to more satisfying impressions. In the "Coronation of the Virgin," an inferior replica of the Louvre picture, the numerous saints assembled have insipid countenances; and in some smaller works, (miniature or predella pictures,) the same rapidness, approaching to childishness, prevails, both in expression and technical qualities. Nevertheless, we then said, it is improbable those clever writers are alike mistaken. All these pictures must be unworthy of a moment's comparison with the masterpieces on which they expatiate so enthusiastically. Let us immediately in quest of them; and first to Santa Maria Novella, where on a reliquary, in the Sacristy, is an Annunciation which Mr. Ruskin pronounces the finest small work by him—"the most radiant consummation of his powers"—in Florence. Accordingly, we were soon hurrying along the sunny quays of the Arno, towards the church which Michael Angelo, rather liberally, pronounced beautiful as a bride; and on the way we took out our little note-book again, to refresh memory with a few more of the eulogistic sentences devoted to the Beato, by Rio, Lord Lindsay, and Mr. Ruskin—all of them his enthusiastic admirers. First in oracular loftiness, determination, and picturesqueness of praise comes Mr. Ruskin.

"The highest beauty of the human form" he must mean human expression, "has been attained once only, and then by no system-taught painter, but by a most holy Dominican monk of Fiesole, and beneath him all stoop lower and lower in proportion to their inferior sanctity," &c., &c. "Even in Perugino there is about his noblest faces a shortcoming undefinable, an absence of the full outpouring of the sacred spirit that there is in Angelico." "His colour is in its sphere, and to its purpose, as perfect as human work may be, wrought to radiance beyond that of the ruby and opal." "So inherent in him was his holy tranquillity of mind that he could not by any exertion



even for a moment conceive either agitation, doubt, or fear, and all actions proceeding from such passions, or, *à fortiori*, from any yet more criminal, are absurdly and powerlessly portrayed by him; while, contrariwise, every gesture consistent with emotion pure and saintly is rendered with an intensity of truth to which there is no existing parallel." "His drawing of movement is subject to the same influence: vulgar or vicious movement he cannot represent, but give him for his scene the pavement of heaven, or pastures of paradise, and for his subject the inoffensive pace of glorified souls, or the spiritual speed of angels, and Michael Angelo alone can contend with him in majesty—in grace and musical continuousness of motion no one. The inspiration was in some degree caught by his pupil Benozzo; but thence forward for ever lost."

Rio's words, as usual on such occasions, rise like a soft cloud from a censer, sweet but rather mawkish, and partially obscuring.

"He was undoubtedly the greatest ornament of the lyrical and mystical school. We must be insensible to all the delicious emotions which Christian art excites, if we can allow ourselves to criticise minutely the technical imperfections of this divine pencil—imperfections much less owing to any feebleness, than to an indifference for every thing foreign to the transcendental aim with which his pious imagination was pre-occupied. The compunction of the heart, its aspirations towards God, ecstatic raptures, the foretaste of celestial bliss—in short, all those profound and exalted emotions which no artist can express without having previously experienced them, formed, as it were, a mysterious cycle for the exercise of the genius of Fra Angelico." "It is in these mystical subjects, so perfectly in unison with the vague and infallible presentiments of his soul, that he so profoundly displayed the inexhaustible riches of his pencil. Painting with him served as a formula to express the emotions of faith, hope, and charity."

To which may be added a few sentences by Lord Lindsay, whose gentler and calmer delight in Angelico, though not without extravagance too, is more in harmony with the subject than the authoritative hyperboles of the first writer we have quoted, in which, as is almost universal with him, the value of thoughts in themselves ingenious and significant is much impaired by the exaggeration with which they are put forth.

"All," writes Lord Lindsay, "that Spirit could achieve by herself anterior to that struggle with intellect and sense which she must in all cases pass through, in order to work out her destiny, was accomplished by him. Last and most gifted of a long and imaginative race, and flourishing at the moment when the transition was actually taking place from the youth to the early manhood of Europe, he gave full, unreserved, and enthusiastic expression to that Love and Hope which had winged the Faith of Christendom in her flight towards heaven for fourteen centuries—to those yearnings of the heart and the imagination which ever precede in universal as well as individual development the severer and more chastened intelligence of reason."

Some of these sentences being travelling texts, copied in our little note-book, preparatory to an acquaintance with the Beato, and our wish to be delighted sincere and earnest, we were, we confess, a second time disappointed, on finding this "radiant consummation of Angelico's powers," in Santa Maria Novella, so weak a thing—according to the best of our deliberate judgment; to which opinion we will give free utterance, believing that it has of late been the fashion to praise this amiable painter with at least much want of discrimination; wronging him by the excitement of false expectations, and offending the good sense of au age more enlightened than his, by converting him into a mere peg on which to hang vanities by no means conducive to a healthy state of imagination, or to sound religion and morality. The present work consists of a group of four little pictures of miniature delicacy. The first and most admired is the "Annunciation." Here the angel, with lightly-curling flaxen hair, and gold-flowered, lilac-tinted gown (altogether too like some elegant young lady at a masque, or carnival celebration), kneels, before the Virgin with a *ceremonious* air: the face is pretty, and very tenderly painted, but not expressive. The Madonna, too, has a pretty face; but it tends, we doubt not, much to insipidity, and the commonplace kind of beauty. With upturned mild blue eye, she sits acknowledging the salutation by pressing her hands on her receding drawn-in bosom, and advancing her head in a manner that resembles, remarkably, the more modish and courtly sort of courtesy; and this we found, on further experience, to be characteristic of

Angelico's crowned and angel-saluted Virgins. Her eye is fixed, not on the angel, but on the Almighty, surrounded by cherubs—a group almost entirely in dark blue, which appears above. The carpet and background are of crimson, with gold medallions, in a very rude barbaric taste. In the somewhat dollish faces we could not by any means discover the wonders of expression which with so sweet and unctuous a plausibility have been attributed to this painter. We regret it. It would have been pleasant to be charmed after the fashion of those charming writers. But truth is truth, or rather we should, with more modesty in the present instance say, sincerity is sincerity. We may be thought by those who differ from us incapable of appreciating divine expressions. But we do not think that it is so. Faces by Raphael and Francia, Bellini and Perugino, have deeply touched us, and abide even now in the heart of our memory, we trust with no unedifying power; but these visages by Angelico, as also those of the "Wise Men adoring," in the picture underneath, appear to us but rapidly innocent productions. The smiles of the good souls are simple indeed, but weak, verging on the silly, with little of capable efficient humanity in their eyes and lips. The drawing is very feeble of course, since, even according to his eulogists, the Beato was so deeply absorbed in spiritual things as scarcely to waste a thought on matters merely corporeal. The sprigging and dotting with gold-leaf is also puerile and rude; the shadeless, abruptly-variegated colouring, though pretty in some of its tones, here at least excites a smile at Mr. Ruskin's ruby and opal hyperboles. In more points of view than one, indeed, the tiny bottles and tiniest seraps or crumbs of relics, wrapped up in crimson, with gold thread around them, set in the frame of these pictures, seemed a not inappropriate border.

The picture in the middle of the group, the *Madonna della Stella*, is one of those specially venerated on religious grounds. The crowned Virgin, a standing figure, is *extremely* sleepy-looking; and the Infant in her arms, who resembles a little priest in a child's long gown, touches her chin, and seems whispering something to her in a confidential but mystical manner, which has a peculiar charm for the initiated. In the fourth compartment, the "Coronation of the Virgin," gorgeous as some Indian pageant drawn by an Indian artist, the Christ has kingly dignity. The steps of the throne are of rainbow tints, melting into each other without reference to the form of what they cover—a slight poetic hint of heavenly-ideal magnificence in this child-like vision of the Court of Paradise on a high occasion.

The truth is, the Beato's fame as a painter has been greatly enhanced by the spotless innocence of his dreamy life. His gentle enthusiastic piety and modesty, combined with his high gifts, and his saintly seclusion in the Dominican cloisters of beautiful Florence at her most beautiful period, all charm the fancy, and excite such partiality in his favour, that it is not surprising sensitive minds of a certain order should fall absolutely in love with his innocent and purely intentioned works. We need scarcely think it strange that they should lavish even on those of a negative purity the fondest graces of their own minds; imping his weak wings with the choicest plumage of their own breasts; supplying, we mean, his shortcomings out of the stores of their own fancies, and exalting him into the realized ideal of that which they so delight to contemplate. And, indeed, when we consider what this amiable monk truly was, it begins to look something like a sin to disparage him in any degree; and certainly it is somewhat perilous, since in objecting to him, we may be accused by critics

who have allotted to themselves the higher grounds of severe morality and holiness, of depreciating those sacred things with which they have so fervently identified his name. Angelico, we are told, would never take up the pencil without first offering a prayer, and never painted our Saviour's sorrows or sufferings without tears streaming from his eyes. Mr. Ruskin adds that he seldom smiled; but we rejoice to find that this is an embellishment of his own, thrown in to heighten a picture, and resting on no authority. Angelico's tender tearfulness whilst contemplating the divine sorrows, is, as that writer would say, beautiful and "perfectly right;" but the superadded fancy that the poor painter rarely smiled is quite another thing: and we confess that it haunted us as such an image of morbid, pitiable, chronic gloom that it was a real comfort to find no trace of it in his only trustworthy biographer. Neither, this biographer informs us, would Angelico ever retouch a picture after once dismissing it from his hand, believing each work a pure inspiration from heaven, not to be dishonoured by faithless efforts at improvement. Nor would he accept remuneration; to those who sought his works ever courteously replying, that they had only to obtain the assent of the prior, when he would readily comply with their wishes. Indeed, so scrupulous of conscience was he, that once, when breakfasting with the pope, he declined to avail himself of his permission to eat of the meat before them, considering that his own prior alone could properly grant such an indulgence. He is said never to have displayed anger amongst his brethren—a blessedness of spirit which Vasari thought almost incredible. Cosmo de' Medici, who highly esteemed him, sent his friend Tommaso da Sarzana to arrange and catalogue a library which had been left to the Convent of San Marco; and that eminent scholar, during his sojourn at the monastery, conceived so high an opinion of the seraphic painter, that after he had been raised to the papacy under the name of Nicholas V., he would have made him Archbishop of Florence. But Fra Giovanni, in his love of devout retirement, and meek consciousness of inability to govern men, entreated that some one else might be appointed. He even ventured to name a companion of his own, a brother of his order, Fra Antonino, a friend of the poor, a God-fearing, learned, energetic personage, as every way fitted for the sacred office; and the pope adopted the recommendation; and so well did Antonino grace the exalted functions that, eventually, he was canonized by Pope Adrian VI. Fra Angelico himself continued to live in his convent of San Marco at Florence, devoted to religious exercises and to those saintly visions of which his pictures are said to have been but humble, implicit, faithful copies. Late in life he was summoned by his friend the pope to Rome, to paint in the Vatican some frescos from the lives of St. Stephen and St. Lawrence, which are amongst the most sweet-spirited and humanly interesting of his productions. The women and children listening to the protomartyr's discourse are tenderly and gracefully pensive, and grouped with a happy simplicity; and the action of the blind man groping his way with his stick towards St. Lawrence is thoroughly blind. In these, and other figures beside them, the varied expression and simply human tenderness surpass any thing we remember in his other works, hinting for our deep and lasting regret, how much more delightful his productions might have become under a liberal and unexclusive training. But little is known of his artistic education. His pencil, his admirers tempt us to fancy, was made of an angel's eurl secretly deposited one night near his easel. The more earthly aids were apparently the works of the devoutly



contemplative and mystical Sieneſe ſchool—Taddeo de Bartolo, and the exquisite miſſals and choral books, beautified by Sieneſe influences, though painted at Florence by the monks, eſpecially the Camaldoleſe of Sant' Angeli, who gained a reputation wide as that of Italian art itſelf, by their unrivalled productions of that miniature claſſ. The faces in Orcagna's "Paradiſe," in Santa Maria Novella, are alſo thought to have been another luminous channel of inſpiration. But by the naturalistic and dramatic progress then ſo vigorouſly carried forward from ſculpture to painting, by Maſolino and Maſaccio, he remained uninfluenced, deeming it fraught with conſequences fatal to the pure ſanctity of Chriſtian Art. He died at Rome, in his ſixty-ninth year, and was there buried, and *beatified*. As the meed of his holy life and character he was afterwards graced by one of the popes with his title of Beato or Bleſſed—an appellation which denotes an inferior order of ſanctities, ſomething beneath the larger glories of the fully-accomplished Saint.

His convent has many intereſting aſſociations beſides thoſe connected with his name. Fra Bartolomeo alſo was a monk there. Savonarola was prior of the ſame fraternity. It was under a damask roſe-tree, in the garden of this convent, that he begun thoſe marvellouſly eloquent diſcourſes againſt the corruptions of the papacy, and reviving paganism in matters of taſte and imagination, which ſoon cauſed the vaſt cathedral to be inſufficient for the throngs of people, and left the hill-villages empty, and the terraced vineyards and olive ſlopes without their evening ſong. In this garden Lorenzo the Magnificent would ſometimes loiter, after attending maſſ in the church, not unwilling that the prior ſhould join him, and ſo afford ſome opportunity for a more friendly underſtanding between them. "The Magnifico is lingering a long while yonder amongſt the flowers," ſaid a monk to Fra Girolamo. "Unleſs he has aſked for me, let him purſue his meditations undiſturbed." "But, father, he has juſt put a very large ſum in the poor-box, partly in ſilver, but partly in gold crowns."—"The ſilver ſuffices for our humble wants," was the reply; "take the gold to the good brothers of San Martino, for diſtribution amongſt the poor."—"This is the only monk I have known," ſaid Lorenzo, "who acts up to his profeſſions." And he walked away, diſappointed at his inability to wheedle and corrupt one who diſliked his inſidious encroachments on the liberty of his country, but abhorred his Platonism and licentious love of claſſical Poetry and Art.

A viſit to San Marco ſtrengthened the conviction that Fra Angelico has been praiſed with a ſingular abſence of diſcrimination—a remarkable want of diſtinction between his feeble and his better works, to ſay the leaſt. The much-lauded freſco of "the Crucifixion," bearing in mind what has been ſaid of it, is ſurpriſingly rude, both in general conception and execution. A number of monkish ſaints kneel round the croſs, without a background, or much attempt at grouping. Except in the head of St. Dominick, whoſe countenance is more pathetic than any thing elſe by Angelico we ſaw at Florence—he is ſaid ever to have painted his patron ſaint with a peculiar ſenſibility and affection—he fails, it appears to us, in the expreſſion of what is intereſting and noble in grief. The figures knit their brows with a peeviſh air; and the attitudes of ſorrow in ſome of them are ſuch as would be aſſumed only by very weak and childiſh perſons.

The devout timidity of the Frate, and the ſimplicity of his undeveloped neglected intellect, left him but indifferently qualified for ſuch a taſk as this: the Chriſt and the profane

thief are, truly, imbecile productions. Not having power to convey an impreſſion of the agony in any better way, he endeavours to excite emotion of ſome ſort by thick lines of blood running down in numerous eords, and twining themſelves round a ſkull at the foot of the croſs—a mode of treatment which has been ſtyled "ſtrange and typical," but which we feel to be, nevertheless, a wretched ſubſtitute for direct expreſſion. The representation of grief being fretful whimpering, the piety is that of perſons ſuited for nothing but to be on their knees, and turn up the white of their eyes all the days of their lives in ſome profitleſs cloiſter or deſert—whither, indeed, one would willingly and heartily commend them; for they are manifeſtly unfit for the active duties of life, and altogether wanting in that manly moral energy, of which our bleſſed Saviour and his Apoſtles are the teachers and ſhining exemplars. Beſides, the mental epidemic under which they are ſuffering, it muſt be admitted, is (ſuch the immortal weakneſs of man!) deplorably catching; and therefore do we benignly, and moſt charitably, wiſh them wholly aloof from the reſt of mankind, on the loneliſt and rockieſt Appennine (ſomewhere *beyond* Laverna), where there are plenty of ſtones to beat their breaſts with, and but little water to tempt them to bodily indulgence of ablutions, and they may freely indulge all their melancholy humours, without ſpreading them. It is truly an emaculated idea of religion, our gentle reſpect for the ſincerity in which ſhould be qualified by a large infuſion of pity. Now and then (as in the liſteners in the "Chriſt preaching in the monk's dormitory") Angelico produces a pretty placid figure enough, eſpecially when the back is turned, and the face, which he commonly makes too weakly amiable, is unſeen; but nothing elſe could we ſucceed in being much pleaſed with, though not wanting in good will or patience, or we truſt, reverence for the beautiful and ſacred things which form the painter's ſubjects. We ſhould ſtate, however, that the "Coronation of the Virgin," which Lord Lindſay deſcribes as perhaps the moſt exquisite of Angelico's freſcos, was not to be ſeen—being covered up by a board to protect it from the whitewash with which the ſurrounding walls were being reſreſhed. Some of theſe freſcos were painted in the monks' dormitories—little chambers very like thoſe in our old poor-houſes, and deſtitute of every other grace or ornament. The odour in ſome of theſe cloſe and gloomy cells, which Angelico has thus enſhrined with the productions of his pencil, is not exactly ſymbolical of ſanctity—being, in fact, the pure unmitigated effuſion of unſaved, unventilated humanity. In one of them, beſide a moſt loathſome image under a glaſs-caſe of our Saviour, coloured ſo as to ſeem ſtreaming with gore, we ſaw a copy of the Satires of Perſius, lying open on a heap of literary lumber which was ſtrewed about the apartment. Our conductor, a ſimple lively man, with large, black, thoroughly Italian eyes, went into ecſtaſies with the pictures, and put himſelf into the attitudes of the mourning figures in them, the more completely to teſtify his ſenſe of their expreſſiveſſneſſ and beauty: "*O, che bella coſa! Che grazia—eſpreſſione amabile!*" he kept ejaculating, with an animation and fervour which made us, at the moment, ſeriously tax ourſelves with a want of ſenſibility and artiſtic cultivation. His imitative pantomime was really excellent. Nevertheless, with the exception of the cicerone, we were greatly diſappointed with San Marco in every reſpect. How often had we dreamt of the convent where Savonarola preached, and thoſe two pious and gentle-hearted monks, Fra Angelico and Fra Bartolomeo muſed and painted! Our viſions were of arcades, neat and fair, adorned with a pencil all but inſpired, and, as in a hermit's dream, con-

templating from an airy height, the charms of Florence, ſpread aloof beyond ſilvery ſlopes of olive, glittering in the noontide, and ancient tufts of cypreſs. Alas, we did not look for the mean, and fuſty, eyeleſſ cells we met with, and ſuch works of Art in them as we have endeavoured to characterize juſtly. Our faith in the beauty and poetry of the ſeraphic painter's monaſtic life was grievouſly ſhaken; for we ſaw no reaſon for believing that theſe cells were cleaner, or better ventilated, or had more windows in the fifteenth century, than in the nineteenth. One muſt admire the imagination that could in any degree riſe above ſuch barren depressing influences; but how much more varied, and beautiful, and perfect, might its viſions and productions have been, if meditated in free communion with healthy and vigorous nature!

The privacy of the freſcos at San Marco, in the hands of the white-waſher, was unluckily ſoon followed by a cloſe parallel. In the Florentine Academy is a ſeries of thirty-five ſmall panel pictures, by Angelico, of the life of Chriſt, conſidered by Lord Lindſay as approaching his beſt works in merit; beſides two others celebrated for para-diſaical beauty, and ſimple pathos. Unfortunately for us, however, the biennial exhibition of the works of living artiſts then occupying the walls of the Academy, and concealing moſt of theſe pictures, we have not as yet ſeen them. It was not ſlightly vexatious to find but a few of the old ſaints unhidden by the ſlimy crudities of the preſent moſt vulgar and degraded period of Italian painting. Portraits of ladies and gentlemen, not better than thoſe we are accuſtomed to meet with in the parlours of our country inns—indeed, very much like them; landſcapes, abominably raw; and hiſtorical ſubjects which looked like reminiſcences of ſome third-rate operatic theatre—ſuch were principally the works that veiled the pictures of Giotto, Angelico, and Fra Bartolomeo, and marked a decadence that ſcarcely can ſink lower. The figures copied from life wore, with very few exceptions, an air vulgar, groſs, and ſtupid; and thoſe drawn from the imagination had not the ſtamp of humanity upon them; in the more violent and tragical paſſions, reminding one of the zoological rather than the human—of ſerpents and tigers in their rage, rather than of the coheirs of Adam. An utter incapability to conceive any thing of moral or intellectual beauty was manifeſt in theſe works. The gem of the collection, was a picture of Intemperance, perſonified, very adequately, by a nude Odaliſque, ſitting alone in a palace, in a ſtate of intoxication; the empty cup dropping from her nerveleſſ hand. But the extremely ſoft fulſome manner in which the artiſt had elaborated her charms, and the various means of her pleaſures, ſufficiently proved that the groſs ſenſuality depicted, was the object not of his repugnance, but complacency and wiſhes. Yet the vulgar recipes for beauty here, reſulted in nothing but abſolute ugliness—and need we wonder at it, ſince beauty can be produced only by beauty of mind.

From theſe cauſes, we left Florence without ſeeing, for the preſent, either Angelico's "Coronation of the Virgin at San Marco," or his "Laſt Judgment," in the Academy. Yet have we elſewhere met with pictures by him, of the ſame ſubjects; the one, perhaps, on the whole, not much inferior, and the other, we muſt ſay at once, ſo admirable that it ſeems ſcarcely poſſible for him to have ſurpaſſed it. It is a beautiful embodiment of his ſupreme and deareſt viſion, and wonderfully ſuperior to his representations of thoſe many other ſubjects for which his ſimple abſtracted mind left him ſo little qualified. But firſt, of the inferior of theſe two pictures, the "Coronation of the Virgin," in the Louvre, formerly in the Cathedral of Fieſole, a work which Vaſari



considered his masterpiece, and A. W. Schlegel made the subject of a fine fly-a-way essay, and Rio thinks impossible to be surpassed in *beauty*. Compared with the little picture of the same subject in Santa Maria Novella, it is as the splendid full-blown flower compared with its unshaped infant bud. In the beauty of the Virgin, and the less simple and spiritual conception of the whole, we suppose it must be inferior to the St. Mark's fresco; but the spirited magnificence of the general effect, has a fine *romantic* attractiveness; and the character of some of the heads surpasses almost every thing we saw by the same hand at Florence. Its glittering sumptuousness, like that of the Tabernacle picture, in the Uffizii, is, at first sight, quite surprising. A mediæval picture, of some mediæval pageant! the uninitiated would be likely to exclaim. A court-day at Provence, in the times of the Troubadours, a Parliament of Love and the *Gaie Science* at Toulouse; or the King crowning his Bride (victress in song, or in sweetest highest theme for song,) under a sumptuous canopy; the Jongleurs, the lady-minstrels, courtiers, and ecclesiastics assembled around to do her honour; the whole thing as bright and cheerful as gold-leaf, and damaskings, and scarlet, and tender azure, and budding vernal green, without shade anywhere, can make it! It is only on drawing near, and observing the golden disk-like glories around the heads, the wings, and some of the countenances, that you would suspect the religious character of what is before you. On each side of the richly-fretted canopy, under which that mediæval notion of the heavenly king is crowning the beautiful *courtly elegant* Virgin, the angels, girlish figures, in long gay gowns, with rosy flames quivering on their foreheads, play apace on their twangling lutes, viols, and long golden trumpets, and lift up their placid cheerful profiles with looks of gentleness and innocence, as they do so. The Saints in crowds, each with his name, for perspicuity's sake, inscribed on the *aureole* behind his head, stand lower down, or kneel in front, in pictured copes, starry albs, and royal mantles, many of them no less gaily attired than Aurungzebe's courtiers; the female saints and martyrs on the left, and the males, including the founders of the different monkish orders, on the right; for though there is no marrying, or being given in marriage in heaven, the men and women are still punctiliously separate. Their various robes, the canopy, the throne of that celestial palace, are coloured and gilded illumination of Gothic art, wrought with much delicacy, and redeemed, it should not be unnoted, from absolute gaudiness by a certain all-prevalent fairness and tenderness in the colouring, which, so far as this picture and the following one are concerned, in some degree justifies Mr. Ruskin's term "opalescent." Notwithstanding much injurious repainting, it is still in some passages better in this respect than any other work by the same hand we had hitherto seen. If Van Eyck, or Bellini's hues remind one of the deep stained window of some shadowy aisle at evening, the ideal of Angelico's colouring, more light and tenderly prismatic, would resemble some delicate oriel of a lady-chapel at noonday; all of it slenderest tracery, permeated by the heavenly azure, and bright as a parterre of vernal flowers in silvery April, glittering with the sunny drops of dews and fountains, and seeming to shoot their colours into heaven itself, by means of the rainbow above them. The Virgin we have already characterized. He who sits crowning her is handsome and kingly; but it is not quite easy to look on him as other than the throned hero of some Provencal *sirvente*, or chivalrous romance of Normandy, in the *Langue d'oïl*.

This work is interesting, as one of the last crowning efforts of mediæval art, in which the

old traditional arrangement is, to a late period, fully retained, but animated by features and expressions more pleasing and amiable than are to be found in the works of previous painters, with whom, indeed, ugliness may be said, for the most part, to reign supreme. The heads of two or three of the saints are beautiful. San Domenico, especially, here again apparently painted with Angelico's usual predilections, is solemn and fervid in expression, a fine example of monkish piety; and the meek St. Agnes, meek, as the lamb she bears, has a countenance of much gentleness and tenderness. Speaking generally, this painter's faces are conspicuously distinguished from those of his Florentine contemporaries and predecessors by a pure and delicate *prettiness*, sweet in intention, but often tending to insipidity—a defect probably arising from a want of the power of drawing preventing the fulfilment of his intentions. His countenances often remind one even of the commonplace prettiness seen in inferior works of Art of our own times; but this type of face, though common with us, was a rarity in Angelico's days, and in his case, perhaps, has something of the merit of an original discovery. On comparing it with the remarkable ugliness so characteristic of the works of his Giottesque and semi-Byzantine predecessors, it becomes clear that he was for his times singularly gifted with a sense of beauty, which with a higher technical cultivation would, in all likelihood, have produced truly divine results, with, of course, far more variety and sustained power. Not that, even in Angelico's pictures, all, on examination, seems ideal. On the contrary, the clerical sanctities have, some of them, much the air of being taken from life; exhibiting that peculiar self-complacent smile of conscious piety, with a certain dash of slyness beneath, which is a strong image in the memory of those who have loitered much in precincts where incense customarily rises. A heavenly host including such faces, abounding in others insipid from a tenuity of intellect, and dressed out in mediæval finery, however much sensibility or feeling it may display, cannot surely (whatever Mr. Ruskin may allege) be considered a high flight of pure and "abstract imagination." It is, sooth to say, scarcely satisfactory in these ages of "complex reasoning Christianity," as Lord Lindsay calls them. There is, however, another picture by Angelico, the last we shall mention, in which not only is the general conception incomparably more imaginative, but the faces also are finer, partly, perhaps, owing to their miniature smallness demanding less technical power. We allude to the "Last Judgment," formerly belonging to Cardinal Fesch, but now to Lord Ward, a picture immeasurably superior to any by this painter we saw at Florence, and one of his supreme masterpieces, as may be supposed, simply because it seems impossible to surpass the principal parts of it in beauty of feeling. It is much that this country possesses such a treasure—a ray of his inspiration, tender and bright as any that illumines the cloisters of his own land, and graces its very hills and olive-skirted vales with ideal attractions, which form one of the dearest causes of our hearts' yearnings to visit them. The melancholy consideration is that a crack—a deadly crack, runs down the most precious part of the work, surely one of the most lamentable seams of ruin any where to be met with. Hitherto, indeed, it has providentially wound away from the exquisite figures; but who can say how much longer this will be so?

This part of the picture, which represents a number of the Blessed passing away to the regions of eternal happiness, is perhaps the most purely and simply beautiful conception of such a subject ever met with in Art. They

are proceeding up a hill, in long and steeply-ascending perspective, linked, some of them hand in hand, in a winding group, which as mere composition, is charming. Lovely little figures are there, in long garments of tender hues, and with serene and gentle countenances. White-robed monks ascend, and mitred dignitaries of the Church, and fair ladies, who, no doubt, abstained from giving over much trouble in the world they have left; all alike become innocent in aspect as little children, and having, we clearly perceive, been graced with the corresponding inner spirit also, thus entering into the kingdom of heaven. They are handed courteously by angels, so like the fairest of those they lead, as not readily to be distinguished from them but by their splendid wings, usually folded, but sometimes flashing abroad gloriously, with a quaint and delicate sumptuousness that fills you with sudden wonder and delight. Their starry skirts sweep the asphodels with something of a regal air; and you look upon the strangeness of their pretty wings with something of the same glad surprise the naturalist lately felt, on first seeing in the spicy tropical wood, the "Great Bird of Paradise," and being delightfully startled by those fountains of amber plume that rise between its wings, to fall again in lightest filaments of silky silver, and catch, or enshrine as it were, the brightest essence of the sunbeams. Or rather, (it may perhaps be said more boldly,) you survey these superb little seraphs' wings, fledged of Angelico's dream, with some touch of the same emotion with which the angels themselves, in the joyous prime of creation, looked on the first little bird, the lovely winged gem, that seemed to them in part copied from themselves, when, clapping their own wings with pleasure, they exclaimed delightedly at the felicitous new idea then glancing forth. But to return to the picture, from this most lightly-winged digression. The beauteous bevy, manifestly purified from all earthly stain and sorrow,—there can be no doubt of it,—and linked together in cordial fellowship by the heavenly ushers, proceed up the dusky hill of Purgatory, till they issue forth on the open space of gold above it; when they form themselves into a more orderly procession, reverentially, as if suddenly impressed by some manifestation of divine glory; and thus they pass away, further and further, suffused more and more by the azure ærial hues of heavenly distance; yet their starry vestments still glittering distinctly, like brilliant galaxies twinkling in the thin pure veil of dawn, ere she is merged in the glory of serene sunrise.

In the opposite compartment of the picture, the damned are represented in torment; and here every thing shews the total unfitness of this painter's mind to dwell on aught that is harsh or painful. All is rude, imbecile, and simply disgusting. However, with the mind attuned to serenity and cheerfulness by the rest of Angelico's painted hymn, few would wish torment, and anguish, and despair, here at least, so represented as to detain the thoughts a moment. Impressive woe and terror would have been artistically out of harmony with the other parts; and the eye gladly escapes to that middle space at the foot of the picture, where the blessed are rising from their graves in a confused crowd, and embracing each other with fervid affection. This is feelingly expressed, yet childishly; and to contemplate the painter in his full glory, it is necessary to follow him upwards, where the hierarchy of heaven are seated in many lines, in judgment, on each side of the Redeemer. Certainly, few things we have seen in Art equal their heavenly innocence and tenderness of aspect. In their glittering "opalescent" garments, they sit enthroned, with sweet and holy countenances, roscate with the newly-enkindled immortal



bloom of love. The condemned must have been finally thought of; and nothing, surely, now remains in their eyes and hearts but sentences of pity, tenderness, and everlasting peace.

The Saviour's wounds shine like golden ornaments; and he is enthroned with all the symbolizing pomp which the church had adopted to indicate his power and purposes. He is surrounded by a *vesica piscis*, the typical fish, or almond-shaped glory, formed of azure cherubs; and within these, (the spirits distinguished for knowledge,) is an inner and still more sacred glory, composed of crimson seraphs, the ardent messengers and media of supernal love. And, above all, are the angels, the army of God, the Chivalry of Heaven, in long horizontal ranks. Their wings, joining over their heads, along the top of the picture, form a line of pointed arches, and give them the look of being installed in Gothic canopies of gold arabesqued with bright colour, like those in the choir of some great minster—a quaint, but superb idea. It appears as if henceforward they would sally forth but on embassies of peace and joy. The last shade of sternness and sorrow seems passing away from the Judge's brow for ever and ever; and all eyes are raised to him like the choral voices of an universal hymn, singing one note of love and bliss.

These numerous heads, of a miniature size are wrought with exceeding tenderness and delicacy, yet with a naive simplicity of execution, which indicates much natural capability that way. And the colouring here has a fine appropriate poetical character. A beautiful violet-grey and silvery azure, almost peculiar to Angelico, remind one of the serene heaven, when its hue is somewhat faint with excess of light; and the roseate flushings are truly illustrative and significant of heavenly ardour and love. It is the Vision of Visions of the mediæval Church embodied! and discovers such powers on the part of the painter, as, under a liberal training, might, perhaps, in various ways, have anticipated the perfected beauty of the times of Leonardo and Raphael. Could he have left more his cloister, and Siennese missal, and have ventured to open his heart to Ghiberti's Gate, or Masaccio's earlier efforts, he might much have varied and extended his expressions, and fulfilled far better the beauty of many of his motives, which, even in his best works, are manifestly often much impaired, and probably quite lost, through his want of skill as a draughtsman. Better Art would have given interest to numberless works of his which are now entirely insipid; and less of cloistral exclusiveness and monotony rendered impossible that childishness, approaching to silliness, so frequent with him. Writers of the Rio and Ruskin order are prone to admire his weakness in the dramatic and "merely human," attributing it to "a glorious incapacity in his angelic nature, too exclusively occupied with religious abstraction and ecstasies to familiarize itself with scenes in which hateful and violent passions are to be represented." We have ourselves but a qualified sympathy for a mental condition which arose from mere inexperience and ignorance, at least as likely as from the lofty causes attributed. His ultra admirers would probably contend that frequent contact with the world might have impaired the pure spirituality of his mind. But it was not so with Dante, or Milton, or with Shakspeare, who bequeathed us Ariel, and Miranda, and Brutus' Portia, near the close of his career; and we have more faith in Angelico's imagination than to believe it would have been so with him. At least, we feel sure that monkish or ascetic seclusion is not necessary for the conception or support of any one good or beautiful thing.

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

G. Metz, Painter. G. Levy, Engraver.  
Size of the picture, 1 ft. 2½ in. by 11½ in.

METZU—or Metsu, as he generally signed his name—must be placed among the greatest of those Dutch and Flemish painters whose pictures constitute the most faithful records of the domestic life which the wealthy classes of those countries passed during the seventeenth century: the artists who may be associated with him are Gerard Douw, Terburg, and Mieris; they were the representatives of the more polished orders of society, as Ostade, Teniers, Brauer, and Van Maes, were of the lower classes. Gabriel Metz was born at Leyden, in 1615; it is not known under whom he studied, for, as with many other great painters whose names and works only have been familiar to the world, there is extant no record of his life. Thus much only has come down to us, that in early life he removed from Leyden to Amsterdam, where his works soon rose into high estimation, and that he died there; but the precise time of his death has never been accurately ascertained: Houbraken says it occurred in 1658; Balkema in 1669; the latter date is in some measure corroborated by a picture by Metz in the Dresden Gallery, which is signed 1667: still, this is scarcely sufficient to establish the fact, because the figures may, not improbably, have been altered in cleaning the picture.

Metzu is thought to have taken the works of his contemporary, Terburg, as his models, though he certainly did not adopt the style of the latter with respect to manipulation: his touch is more free and vigorous, and his light and shade are more strongly pronounced. In elegance and correctness of drawing he is not excelled, and but rarely equalled, by any painter of the Dutch school; and, if his figures are not remarkable for expressive beauty, the fault lies in his models much more than in himself: we may be assured that he made the best of the materials at his command, and by his taste and judicious treatment supplied whatever was lacking in natural beauty. "Metzu," wrote an anonymous critic a few years since, "perhaps attained perfection in his style, and carried painting, as a mere imitative art, to its highest degree of excellence. The tone of his pictures is complete nature; every tint is perfectly true, and every object is, accordingly, in its proper place, for his drawing and linear perspective were equal to his light, shade, and colour. Beyond this he did not go; his works exhibit nothing choice or extraordinary either in subject or arrangement, and the faithful representation of familiar life appears to have been the end of his art, not for the sake of the scenes, but for the imitation's sake. He was essentially a materialist in Art, and this is the distinguishing characteristic of the Dutch painters generally;" as it is of a large number of the modern French school, in *genre* subjects.

No one must expect to find exciting interest, or even poetical feeling, in the works of these artists of the Low Countries: a lady in her houpour or at her toilet, an imaginary conversation scene, a cavalier with his guitar, or a girl receiving a musical lesson on her harpsichord or spinnet, are not subjects that make a strong appeal to the imagination of the painter, or the spectator of the picture; we must look for the excellences these works have, not for what they cannot by any possibility have, and give to the artist the honour due to him for fully accomplishing what he undertook to perform. There is nothing, for example, in Metz's picture, known as the "Bunch of Grapes," to render it attractive as a subject; it is little else than a portrait,—possibly of some rich Dutch burgher's wife,—the lady certainly is not among the most beautiful of the fair sex, but a cheerful, comfortable-looking person, whom "the winds of heaven have not visited too roughly;" she is clad in silk and fur, and is about to close the window after plucking the grapes. Every portion of the composition is worked out with the utmost delicacy of pencilling, combined with freedom; and the colouring, though the picture has lost much of its original brilliancy, is yet rich and luminous.

It is in the Collection at Buckingham Palace, and is painted on panel.

## THE WINTER EXHIBITION,

AT 120, Pall Mall.

AFTER an interlapse we have again a "Winter Exhibition;" but although constituted of a great proportion of "cabinet pictures," it does not, as a prominent feature, contain an assemblage of those quaint sketches which characterized the early establishment of the winter exhibition, which at first aspired to nothing beyond a collection of sketches—running mementoes of what was to be done, improved with loose copies of what had been done—among which were even found the dark and faded browns and blues of the harmonic scales of those historic personages, the old masters. But the aspect of the thing is changed,—everywhere is instanced an intensity of manipulation ascending to the utmost subtlety of the art called "Pre-Raffaellite," with certain pithy instances of the art which the "new school" declares shall be extinct. Compared with the lengthy catalogues of the summer exhibitions, that to which we now refer is but of small compass—the number of works being only 131, and among these there are numerous water-colour drawings. The aspect of the whole is essentially fresh and sparkling,—even hilarious,—with a few grave exceptions. Here we see the signs of our *renaissance*, before our school had sown its wild oats. The rising sections of the profession have much of their own way here; of those who fleshed their brushes at an earlier time but few are present. The visitor may take a chair in the centre of the room, and, on a quiet survey of the walls, he becomes at once sensible of the contention between the new lights and the old darks; but what a profligate expenditure of white do we see in many of these works, which, with their painty surfaces, ceaselessly and unprofitably importune the eye!

It is scarcely etiquette, in the presence of surpassing figure subjects, to speak preferentially of marine material; but there are two pictures near the fire-place entitled, 'Scene on the Gulf of Salerno,' and 'The New deep Zuyder Zee,' painted by CLARKSON STANFIELD, R.A., in whose work we see the convictions of a man who feels that he lives in a free country; modest and retiring though they be, they speak to us in a tongue not yet unknown. But of the figure pictures, prominent among the darker harmonies there is No. 122, 'Scene from Peveril of the Peak,' E. M. WARD, R.A., in which the well-judged lights are as precious as gold; it is full of thought and purpose, inasmuch that we forget the art, and in this we are assisted by the earnestness of Major Bridgenorth. JOSEPH NOEL PATON, R.S.A., exhibits 'The Dead Lady,' an inspiration from (as we learn from the catalogue) Isaiah; but the essay is not in the spirit of what we call religious art; it is poetic—dramatic,—the dead lady being extended on a couch within a cloister-like composition, with the contour of the features and person opposed to the moonlight sky. A figure wearing a red cloak kneels and prays by the side of the deceased, which we only guess to be masculine, the sex not being sufficiently definite; the eye of the lady, but half shut, would indicate that her death had been lonely:—but to what end these illustrations of death?—they make by no means agreeable pictures.

From the chamber of death we turn for relief to the morning of life, in SANT'S 'Little Subject of the Middle Ages,' a study of a child, pre-eminent for the simplicity of its nature and the sweetness of its colour. Nos. 47 and 48, called respectively, 'The First Study for the Picture of the Racecourse,' and 'The Sketch of the Racecourse,' by W. P. FRITH, R.A., show us the beginnings of Mr. Frith's picture of the past season, and enable us to see the changes he has effected in the finished work. No. 44, 'The Sailor's Beacon,' by FAED, is a study of a woman—the sailor's wife, it may be supposed—waiting with her child the return of her husband; a deep-toned picture with a mountainous background. By H. O'NEIL there are two pictures, one is entitled 'The Departure,' No. 97; the other, 'Home Again,' No. 98; the former being an extract from his picture of the past season, and the latter having for its subject the return of a wounded soldier to his home; both as earnest and forcible as his great picture. Nos. 67 and 68 are 'St. Agnes' Eve,' and 'Ophelia,' in the manner called Pre-Raffaellite,





E. MEYER. PINX.

W. J. W. SCOTT

# THE BUNCH OF GRAPES

FROM THE PICTURES OF THE BIBLE COLLECTION







though differing materially from each other in feeling, inasmuch as the latter is palpable—substantive, but the former is visionary to a degree. In 'Ophelia' we find the essence of the new-school principle; everything—the herbs, the flowers, the water itself (for she is at the brink of the brook)—seems to have been created for the nonce; and Ophelia—poor Ophelia—is a pale wax figure, modelled with particular attention to the nursing of such repugnant features as present themselves in the full bloom of Pre-Raphaelite art; and yet there are passages of the work unsurpassable in their mimicry of nature, and in these the principle is the beautiful,—and wherefore should not also the beautiful prevail in the humanity of the picture? The head of the figure is large and vulgar in character, and the gaunt arm and coarse hand in no wise justify the infatuation of Hamlet. No 51, 'A Scene at Wexham Priory—Madlle. Rosa Bonheur Sketching Cattle,' by FREDERICK GOODALL, A.R.A., shows literally the famous *pittrice* painting a group of two highland oxen, which are feeding quietly near her; although the picture is small, the impersonation is at once determinable. No 52, by the same artist, is 'Morano Beggars on the Laguna, Venice,' a novel incident—being a lady in a passing gondola giving alms to some mendicants in another boat. No 82, by JOHN LINNELL, represents 'Cattle Descending a Hilly Road,' and the cows are of an importance in the composition, which makes it a cattle picture—a new department for this veteran painter. JAMES THOMAS LINNELL exhibits, No 81, 'Moorland,' and WILLIAM LINNELL, No 83, 'Companions of Ulysses seizing the Cattle sacred to Apollo,' a large work of much merit in the abstract, but without reference to anything Greek. No 84, 'A Picnic Party,' J. D. LUARD: in this picture the office of the cedar in the upper part of the composition is to cast shadow, and force the sunlight; but it embarrasses the composition, which is otherwise exquisitely felt as to its opponent lights and darks. In the character of the art there is a studious refinement, but the illusion is broken,—the whole is vulgarized by the neck of a champagne bottle, which peeps from a basket near the two girls that constitute the picture: angels in crinoline picnic on biscuits and soda-water. No 86, 'A Study,' J. H. S. MANN, is a small female head and bust; she is busied in the arrangement of a bouquet; the features are beautiful in colour and manipulation. No 108, 'Sissie,' by JOHN PHILLIP, A.R.A., is a study of a girl's head, and although English, agreeably Spanish in character, and painted with much firmness. No 112, 'Tip-Cat,' CHARLES ROSSITER; a small picture, in which we find three boys eagerly engaged in that game, which is now expelled from the streets of London: their playground is a green lane, of which the incidental circumstances are admirably rendered.

Mrs. E. M. WARD contributes two pictures, Nos. 123 and 124, called respectively, 'Summer Flowers,' and 'the Young Archer,' both possessing qualities very rarely seen in the works of ladies. 'Trout Fishing,' by WILLMORE, A.E., shows this eminent engraver gifted in more than one branch of Art. No 1, 'The Duke of Wellington at the Battle of Assaye,' by EDWARD BARKER, is a somewhat large composition, with merit of a certain kind; but battle pictures are generally the least interesting works in every exhibition. No 14, by CALDERON, is a sketch of 'The Gaoler's Daughter.' No 28, 'Steele and his Children,' EYRE CROWE; an incident from one of Steele's letters to his wife, which scarcely any amount of good painting could render interesting. 'He gave me this Bouquet,' No 42, ALFRED ELMORE, R.A., is a study of a lady with the bouquet in question; and by the same artist there is No 43, 'Audrey,' a small half-length, relieved by a carefully executed landscape background. No 49, 'Evensong,' WILLIAM GALE, a miniature in oil of marvellous *finesse*. No 32, D. W. DEANE, 'A Breton Interior,' with one figure, is a study of powerful effect. No 32, 'Dresden Flower Girl,' by THOMAS DOBSON; a little figure charming in everything—her sordid rags contrasting strongly with the signs of opulence by which she is surrounded. The 'Madonna of St. Sixtus' must have suggested the white background, certainly too indefinite for a mundane subject. Nos. 72 and 73 are 'Lovers,' and 'Cottage Girl,' ALEXANDER JOHNSTON; pointedly exemplifying the free and firm manner of the artist. No 87, 'A Scene from "the Winter's Tale,"' H.

STACEY MARKS; the dispositions here would tell effectively in a larger picture. By W. C. THOMAS there are Nos. 126, 127, and 128, entitled respectively, 'A Study for the Head of the Saviour,' 'Rivalry—a Sketch,' and 'The Martyr for Truth's Sake,' and each is worthily justified. LANCE's two pictures, 'Democracy' and 'Aristocracy,' are modifications of his work in the Vernon collection, but richer in colour, and perhaps more minute in manipulation: the former associates a monkey with a composition of the choicest fruits—in the latter the monkey is reduced to the companionship of eahages and turnips; both are whimsical enough. There is a picture by FRITH, which we have almost forgotten, No 46, 'The Crossing-Sweeper,' in which appears a lady looking anxiously for an opportunity of crossing the street, while the crossing-sweeper importunately sues for what he calls "a copper." In this very busy picture we think the background reduces the importance of the figure. By W. HOLMAN HUNT there is a small picture, No 71, entitled, 'Fairlight Downs—Sunlight on the Sea,' said to be an essay in "Pre-Raphaelite art," although the men who lived before Raffaele never contemplated anything like this. It presents simply a portion of high-land in shade, harshly opposed to the said sunlight. Nothing in nature was ever so hard as are those ridges, so arbitrarily thrown up against the distant sea. So subservient here is nature to execution, that we feel only the insolence of manner. No 59, 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona,' ELMORE, R.A.

"Duke, this love of theirs myself have often seen,  
Haply, when they have judged me fast asleep."

This picture was exhibited in the Royal Academy, and is remarkable as a study of colour of Venetian inspiration. The position of the quasi-sleeping duke is a proposition of that bold kind that few artists essay. No 118, 'A Welsh Kitchen,' A. PROVTS, is a most favourable example of that minute execution combined with depth and brilliancy peculiar to the rustic domesticity which this painter especially affects. No 148, 'Home,' view of Canterbury, taken from the fields near St. Martin's Church, T. S. COOPER. This picture, it may be remembered, was exhibited at the Academy last season; it is a composition on which the painter has bestowed a large amount of careful labour.

By J. D. HARDING are Nos. 58 and 59, 'The Vale of St. Nicholas,' and 'Remembrance of Olden Times,' in which are exemplified a reduction of the highest principles of Art with the executive power of an accomplished master. Nos. 65 and 66 are 'The Island of the Piseatori,' and 'From Baveno, Lake Maggiore,' two subjects from the lake scenery of Italy, by G. HERING, sweet exceedingly in the enjoyment of their airy tranquillity. CRESWICK has two pictures, No 22, 'The Quiet Pool,' and No 23, 'The Old Bridge—North Wales,' a class of simple subject in which this painter succeeds better than in composition. By J. F. CROSEY, an American artist of great power and extensive experience, there are Nos. 24, 25, 26, and 27, being 'The Thousand Isles,' 'Ann Hathaway's Cottage,' 'Corfe Castle,' and 'Cottage at West Lulworth, Dorset.' By F. W. HULME, 'A Wayside Sketch,' and 'A Visit to the Hencoop,' and by GEORGE C. STANFIELD, No 121, 'Near Luggio, Lake of Lugano,' an interesting passage, worked out in the best manner of the painter. W. E. BATES exhibits Nos. 2 and 3, 'Sandwich, Kent,' and 'On the French Coast—Portel,' both rendered in close observation of nature. Among the water-colour works there is a most chaste study by Miss GILLIES, No 50, 'Vivia Perpetua on the Eve of her Martyrdom,' and we find two drawings by GEORGE S. CATTERMOLLE, who has not now exhibited for some seasons: his subjects are 'The Dream of the Future,' and the 'Warning Voice'; both compositions full of that kind of effective material and costume of which Mr. Cattermole avails himself so effectively. In the same category are four drawings by WALTER GOODALL, Nos. 54, 55, 56, 57, 'The Young Brood,' 'The Pool for Crabs,' 'The Kennel,' and 'The Scramble amongst the Rocks.' There are also, by T. W. OAKES, Nos. 88, 89, and 90, 'Studies on the Coast,' 'Studies near the Coast,' and 'Shady Part of a River,' subjects, perhaps, not so felicitous as the river-bed of last season, but brought forward with the same preternatural energy of purpose. 'Fern Gatherers,' by FREDERICK TAYLER, is a charming example of water-colour art.

## THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

THE national collection re-opens after the usual annual recess with the addition of three pictures—one is a Madonna and infant Saviour, by Ghirlandajo; the other is a portrait of a lady, by Sir Anthony More, as he was called in England; and the third is a portrait by Moretto. The Ghirlandajo was the property of the Contucci family, settled at Volterra, from whom it has been purchased. It is in high preservation,—an excellent example of the more elaborate manner of the master of Michael Angelo, whose subsequent feeling, even in his early practice, had no reference to the works of Ghirlandajo. In this picture the Virgin is seated, and the Saviour rests on her lap, having his head supported by an angel, wearing a dark under garment, with a red drapery. There is on the other side another angel, draped in white, holding a lily, and looking upwards; but the other, at the head of the child, looks out of the picture. The Virgin is in the act of prayer—she clasps her hands before her, and looks down. In considering this picture, and the rapidly progressive period in which it was painted, we cannot help alluding to the influences felt and acknowledged by Ghirlandajo, and to those other precepts enunciated by him in his works. We may at this time express some surprise that all the contemporaries and immediate successors of Masaccio did not endeavour to imitate his breadth, ease, and force. Dominico Ghirlandajo worked in Florence, yet he felt more the splendid instances of the minute detail of the *quattro cento* than that grandeur which Raffaele communicates to his works from the study of Masaccio. But Ghirlandajo was an innovator in the right direction, and it is to him, and those like him, that we are indebted for the grand simplicity which characterized the art of the sixteenth century. The finish of the draperies in this picture is infinitely elaborate, but there is little of that supplementary circumstance which in earlier works virtually constituted the picture. Yet although the painter dismissed from his compositions the ancillary aids of the barbaresque infamy of Art, the time was not yet come for the abandonment of elaborate accessory: we find, therefore, the draperies and ornaments worked out with an assiduity rivaling the devotion of the most self-sacrificing German or Dutch schools.

The character and general aspect of the Madonna as to feature is rather northern than southern—containing more of the Dutch than of the Italian element;—the features are of the same cast as those of the lady in the small Van Eyck picture. Many versions, much more various, have been given of the features of one individual, and the German nationality is farther simulated by the almost foxy hue of the shaded passages. The head-dress is a white kerchief attached to the hair by pins, and from the shoulders falls an ample light blue mantle over a red robe. The angel on the right of the Virgin bearing the lily is a highly successful figure, but the other on the left is coarse and commonplace in feature. The picture appears to have been cleaned; and in order to keep it in good condition, it is placed under a glass. The background is open, a landscape studded with trees, and bounded by mountains, with a light-toned sky; but the upper part of the composition suffers from two pieces of drapery, which cut the upper corners of the picture without identity with the composition.

The second picture, by More, is a portrait of Jeanne d'Arehel, and was painted in 1561. It was the property of Mr. Beekford, and passed subsequently into the possession of Colonel Hugh Baillie, from whom it was acquired as national property. It is a very remarkable work for its period—brilliant in colour, and evidently the work of a man of great experience, as, indeed, More was; but More devoted too much time to copying, and thence a certain stiffness, which nothing can correct except a course of drawing from the figure. He was one of the most popular portrait painters of his time, and was employed by many of the sovereigns of Europe: his works were especially admired at the Courts of England and Spain. While in this country he painted the portrait of Queen Mary, by whom he was so highly esteemed that she presented him with a chain of gold, and allowed him a pension of one hundred pounds a-year.



The Moretto is a magnificent portrait of an Italian nobleman, who sits with his head resting thoughtfully on his right hand; he is dressed in black velvet, with a tippet of light fur, the ends of which descend down the front of his dress. The figure is relieved by a brocade curtain, of a large pattern. It is in the whole admirable, and is more of a picture than a portrait. In spirit, it is superior to a long catalogue of Titian's portraits, and almost equal to the best of them in quality. Alessandro Bouvicino, known better as Il Moretto, was a pupil of Titian, and he imitated the feeling of his master until he saw the works of Raffaele, after which he devoted himself entirely to the study of the labours of the "divine master." This picture was in the collection of Count Lechi, at Brescia; then it became the property of Mr. Henfrey, of Turin, from whose possession it passed into the National Gallery.

#### A PROCESS OF HARDENING ENGRAVED COPPER PLATES.

THE discovery, some years ago, of the process of softening steel plates, so as to render them available for engraving, was an invaluable accession of power to authors and publishers of illustrated works, which came forth in successive editions of many thousands. But it was some time before the steel surface yielded impressions at all approaching in mellowness, a good steel proof of the present day. In comparison with the penurious returns of the plates of the best engravers who flourished earlier in the present century, the plenteous harvest from both steel and copper in the present day is as the endless wealth of the wonderful lamp in the Eastern tale. And the result is that a great proportion of the best figure pictures of our school are engraved. These plates appear for a time in the windows of the publishers, but they soon disappear, superseded by others, which in turn yield to the succeeding stream. The softening of the steel plate was considered a power of almost unlimited resource. But there was yet a desideratum, and that was the induration of the copper plate; and to that end many experiments have been made, but every attempt has been fruitless, until, at length, a successful result has been effected in a patent just secured by M. Joubert, a French engraver, who has been for some years settled in this country. According to this process, a copper plate, after being engraved, can be prepared with a surface of hard metal, whereby it becomes qualified to yield an almost indefinite number of impressions; indeed, when we state that from one plate thus prepared ten thousand impressions have been taken without in anywise impairing the perfection of the printing surface, the fact will attest the value of the discovery. Engravings, in the first instance, are costly productions, and a print that does not at once achieve popularity, entails heavy loss; and even those which find favour with the public, after giving a few thousand impressions, require retouching; but by this process of induration all the infirmities of ordinary copper plates are obviated, repair and retouching are entirely unnecessary. Thus a copper plate, being once skilfully engraved, becomes an enduring property, giving forth an all but unlimited succession of impressions, of which a very valuable feature will be their uniform excellence. There cannot be, as in ordinary practice, the various gradations of quality—from the sharp "proof" to the fair print, and from the fair print to the faint and worn impressions, all of which degrees, although patent only to the practised eye, impart, nevertheless, a substantive value to the impression. There are, however, proprieties of quality more or less determinable by the publisher. He may determine when the proofs end and the prints begin. With publishers, the high price of engravings has hitherto been a necessity in order to secure a remunerative return for their investments; but should the invention of which we speak prove a success, and the plate, treated according to the method patented by M. Joubert, prove equal to the return of a certain number of thousands of impressions, the last equal to, or in any degree approaching, the quality of the first, then it may be hoped that Art will rival literature in its cheap and popular editions.

The hardening of the copper plate has long been in this country, as well as on the Continent, one of the philosopher's stones of the chemistry of Art, and the more earnestly has it been sought since the discovery of the method of dealing with steel, because a success in this direction must be a certain fortune to the discoverer; and if, as we hope, the surface of the plate is so effectively enduring as to throw off thousands of well-conditioned prints, this will be the fourth great Art-auxiliary which may be almost said to signalize the former half of the present century—we mean lithography, the hardening of the steel plate, photography, and, fourthly, this method of multiplying copper-plate engravings.

Through the courtesy of M. Joubert, we have had an opportunity of examining certain of the plates faced with steel; as well some that have been worked, as others that were prepared for working. The substance of the discovery is the coating of the engraved copper plate by means of the electrotype process; but the most extraordinary feature of the result is the perfect equality of the deposition of the steel surface, which is so true and even that no single line of the engraving is changed; in short, a proof from the copper cannot be distinguished from a proof from the surface prepared with the electrotyped surface. On occasions, as for Art-Union prints, when a great number of impressions are required, it has been customary to electotype the plate to the extent of eight or ten facsimiles; but sometimes an electotype plate will fail after yielding two hundred and fifty impressions. But the plates prepared according to the patent in question will throw off many thousands of impressions without any apparent wear of the surface of the plate. And should such a number of prints be required as may wear out the surface, which results rather from wiping than its contact with the paper, then the worn coating of iron or steel (for the metal partakes more of the character of the latter than of the former) may be dissolved off from the plate, and a fresh coating of iron deposited thereon; after which the printing may be resumed as before, and by thus, from time to time, renewing the coating of iron, almost any number of impressions may be taken from the engraved plate. The following facts, which we extract from the specification, show the comparative value of the invention:—"Heretofore, in respect to plates engraved in intaglio, if of steel, they yield, on an average, about three thousand impressions without retouching; if of copper they each, yield, on an average, not more than eight hundred without retouching; whilst electro casts of copper obtained from the originals will not, on an average, each yield even two hundred impressions without retouching; in fact, such printing surfaces are so easily worn, that after the first hundred or hundred and fifty impressions there is a considerable deterioration in the quality of the work produced. Therefore, for the supply of the number of impressions often required by Art associations and others, it has been found necessary to multiply the electro casts very considerably." The specification proceeds to state the number of impressions which may be drawn from a steel-coated plate without wear. A few hours only are necessary to coat a copper plate, and since the coating, when worn, can be removed in a very short time, and renewed so quickly, the conveniences and advantages of this method of treating copper plates must supersede all ordinary resources, when large numbers of impressions are required.

The apparatus employed is that battery known as Bunsen's modification of Grove's, in consequence of its intensity. The trough is forty-five inches long, twenty-two inches wide, and thirty-two inches deep, and it is filled with water in combination with hydrochlorate of ammonia in the proportion of one thousand by weight of water to one hundred pounds of hydrochlorate of ammonia. A sheet of plate iron, nearly as long and as deep as the trough, is attached to the positive pole of the battery and immersed in the solution, and another of about half the size of the other is attached to the negative pole of the battery and immersed in the solution, and when the solution is in a state of preparation, which will require some days, the plate attached to the negative pole is removed and the engraved copper plate is attached in its place, and so immersed in the trough.

#### THE OLYMPIAN GAMES.

ALL things that happen in Greece seem to point to the anomaly of her condition and the uncertainty of her soul. Halting between two ideals, and equal to neither, she is repelled by both, and takes no practical embodiment. There is no possible compromise between the standard which she faintly sets up, and the standard to which she feebly refers. Whether to model her new institutions in the forms and spirit of her past, or to renew her past in the forms and spirit of the times to which she has drifted, she is unable to decide. From the past to the present, from the present to the past, she wanders with uncertain aims. Her memories impede her movements,—and her movements mock her memories. An ancient institution she revives in a modern form,—and a modern fact she clothes with the shapes of old. The consequence is, that all are wanting in that homogeneity without which nothing thrives. Let two examples illustrate what we mean.—Some time after their restoration to the rank of freemen, the modern Greeks, in looking up the faded characters of their great past, bethought them of the hippodrome. But, if the past furnished the idea, the present equipped it. The Athenian nobles, bent on reproducing their sires, borrowed the practice of the hippodrome from the North, rather than revived it from their own antiquity. They translated the Gothic model, in lieu of recovering the majestic image of old. Does not the strife of steeds on the plain which Hymettus overlooks, and in view of the great memories that yet haunt the Acropolis, carry the imagination irresistibly back to those games in which the princes of the world were competitors, and a nation the spectators? Beside the grand historic figure of that old classic sport, our own racings of to-day, which the Greek borrowed—notwithstanding the wide influence they have had on our national tastes, the authority of the popular sympathies, and the great resources which they have called into action,—descend into the category of the commonplace, and show like a mere affair of jockeys. The reason is, that, with that once earnest and spiritual people, their very sports and pastimes had, as it has been truly said, a purpose higher than themselves,—while those of our modern turf have a lower. Poetry, sculpture, and the sister arts, were all heralds, too, on the field of those contests, and have proclaimed their greatness to the world. The Muses of Greece went up, with the nation, to those great gatherings, and stood by the victor's chariot-wheels:—the prominent illustrative figure on the modern turf is the betting-stand, and its Muse is the blackleg standing by the "winning horse." Nevertheless, to the genius of this vulgar sport did the revived Greek hippodrome conform.—To-day, on the other hand, the spirit which should be busy with the education of the people, and the development of the natural and industrial resources of Greece, looks backward for its sanctions, and throws all these modern things into an old Greek mould. A wealthy Peloponnesian, of Jassy, has conceived the notion of reviving the Olympic games from their sleep of fifteen hundred years; and has grafted on to their athletic contests and trials of art, "an exhibition of flowers, fruits, cattle, and other articles of Greek produce or manufactures." The Queen Regent has signed a royal decree to that effect. The prizes are to be awarded by a committee appointed each Olympiad by the Government; and to consist of gold and silver medals, and wreaths of silver leaves and flowers, "worn at the buttonhole, suspended by a blue-and-white, watered, silk riband." Here, is "mixture of metaphors," with a vengeance! Here is the present jostling with the past, till both come to the ground in a somewhat ludicrous fashion. Fancy this old Greek idea—the growth of a national history, and the expression of a national mind—revived by sign-manual, and endowed by Evangelos Zappas! It shows, how little modern Greece understands of either the tradition she keeps or the mission she accepts, when she could so jumble the two together.—Revive the Olympic games!—bid the "dry bones" of history live;—turn back the stream of time!—Greece may do everything contained in the programme of Evangelos Zappas and the Queen Regent,—as she *should* do most of them,—and yet not have re-enacted the Olympian games.

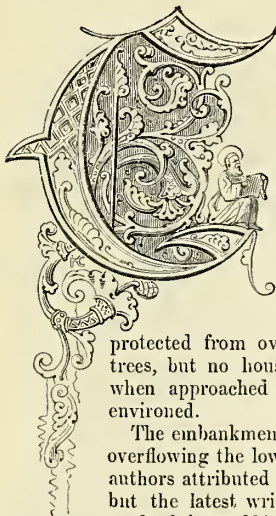


## THE BOOK OF THE THAMES,

FROM ITS RISE TO ITS FALL.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

## PART XXIV.



REENHITHE, Northfleet, and Southfleet follow Erith, as we descend the river, on the Kentish side: they are large and thronged villages, approaching the size and character of towns. Between Greenhithe and Northfleet, on the Essex side of the river, stands the lonely Church of Grays, or Grays Thurrock. The river bends round here, and forms a reach known as South Hope. The marshy lands resemble the scenery of Holland; and the numerous ditches, polards, willows, and groups of cattle, remind the spectator of pictures that have made the Dutch school of Art famous. This church stands close to the Thames, the marshes being

protected from overflow by embankments. It is surrounded by trees, but no house is near it, and its isolation is very striking when approached over the dreary marsh land by which it is environed.

The embankments of the Thames, which prevent the water from overflowing the low lands on both sides of the river, are by some authors attributed to the Romans, and by others to the Saxons; but the latest writer on the subject inclines to consider them a work of the twelfth century; and that before that time the Thames spread over the low lands to the hills on each side, among hillocks and sand hills formed from its own deposits.\* Lambarde relates that the abbot,



GRAYS CHURCH.

in 1279, enclosed a part of these marshes at Plumstead, completing the rest in the course of twelve years; so that, between 1279 and 1291, the wall of the Plumstead level, enclosing a large tract of good arable land, was rescued from the river, and so continues to this day.† The importance of this work on the Thames banks, led to the employment of commissioners to superintend and keep them in repair; the earliest effort of the kind being in the eighth year of Edward III.

The rights and profits of the passage by water between London and Gravesend had been granted, from a very early period, to the inhabitants of the latter town. This water-passage was termed "the long ferry," and was under the management of a portreeve, jurats, and barge proprietors, all the latter paying a fine of £5 yearly to the portreeve for the use of the corporation. The fare for each person by the tilt-boats, from Gravesend to London or *vice-versa*, was settled, in 1573, to be "not more than sixpence;" but there was a cheaper conveyance by open barge without a tilt or covering, for which "two-pence and no more" was to be charged. These more ancient barge-owners had exclusive rights, and no tilt-boat was allowed to take any passengers till they had secured theirs, and fairly started on their journey. Towards the end of Elizabeth's reign the covered boats gained a victory; and in the early part of the next reign a compromise of interests was effected between the owners of each kind. The open barges were disused in the reign of Charles I., and the tilt-boat became the ordinary conveyance. It was provided with loose straw under the tilt for passengers to sit or lie upon; and it was no unfrequent thing for them to be unable to reach Gravesend in one tide, when the passengers were landed wherever the boat might be, to shift for themselves. In 1737 it was enacted that no tilt-boat should be of less burthen than fifteen tons; and the

\* The practice of draining is fully described during the Roman rule in other parts of England, particularly in the fen lands; such works are mentioned, A.D. 85, by Tacitus; and the severe labour exacted from the British serfs in their construction.

† The banks and ditches at the back of the Isle of Dogs, in what was then called Stebbenheth Marsh, and which is now known as Stepney, are noted in very early records. The whole of the island in the days of William the Conqueror was a woody marsh, upon which the Bishop of London fed more than five hundred hogs. In excavating for the Blackwall Docks a large deposit of ancient trees, &c., were discovered, the remains of the wood which once thickly covered the island.

passengers were limited to forty, including three chance passengers to be taken by the way. A bell was rung at Billingsgate to give notice of their departure at high tide, and another at Gravesend at low-water, when they proceeded to London. In 1738 five tilt-boats were licensed, and to this number they were limited until their discontinuance a few years afterwards, when larger boats with decks were employed; these were called by the old name of tilt-boat, though without the tilt. One of the last of the genuine old boats is represented in our engraving.

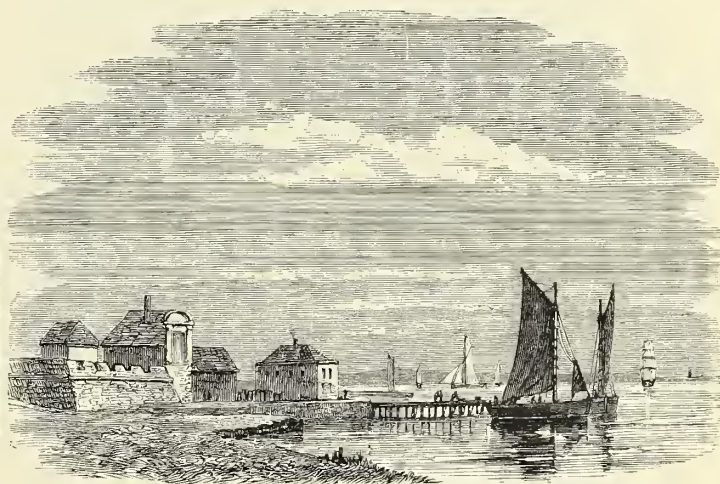


GRAVESEND TILT-BOAT.

ing; and very clearly exhibits its peculiarities, with the steersman managing the principal sail, the captain and men in front, and the passengers under the tilt or awning in the centre.\* The last tilt-boat was named the *Duke of York*, and was withdrawn from the service as recently as 1834, as its earnings did not pay its expenses.

Soon the spires of populous Gravesend come in sight; it is the first port on the river, and, directing the eye to the shore opposite, we obtain a view of the time-honoured fort of Tilbury.

The threatened invasion by the Spanish Armada first led the government of Elizabeth to consider the necessity of fortifying the river here. Hakluyt tells us:—"As it was given out that the enemy meant to invade the Thames against Gravesend, a mighty army encamped there; and on both sides of the river fortifications were erected, according to the prescription of Frederick Genebelli, an Italian, and there were certain ships brought to make a bridge, though it were very late first." A letter of the Earl of Leicester speaks of "lighters and chaynes that sholde be provided and sent down to stoppe the river at Tilbury;" but the



TILBURY FORT.

work seems to have been as badly done as any more recent government contract. The earl visited both places 23rd July, 1588, and his report, in a letter to Sir Francis Walsingham, states that at Gravesend, "I did peruse the fort, and find not one platforme to bear any ordnance, neither on the ground nor aloft. I went after to this fort at Tilbury, which I finde farther out of order than the other." By great exertions the forts were put in order, and the vessels disposed across the river, and connected by chains to make a bridge or barrier. The Gravesend fort seems to have been the most important, and just beyond it was a block-house, which protected the river to the turn of the stream at Tilbury Hope; at the angle there, on the Essex side, another block-house commanded the river. The army was posted in the camp close to West Tilbury Church, as appears from a survey made at the time;† so that the popular tale of Queen Elizabeth reviewing her troops at Tilbury fort, is evidently a fallacy. "The fort seems to have been completed for defence upon future occasions of alarm and danger, rather than in time for defence against the Spanish Armada." The fort was then only a small earthwork; but there the queen landed from

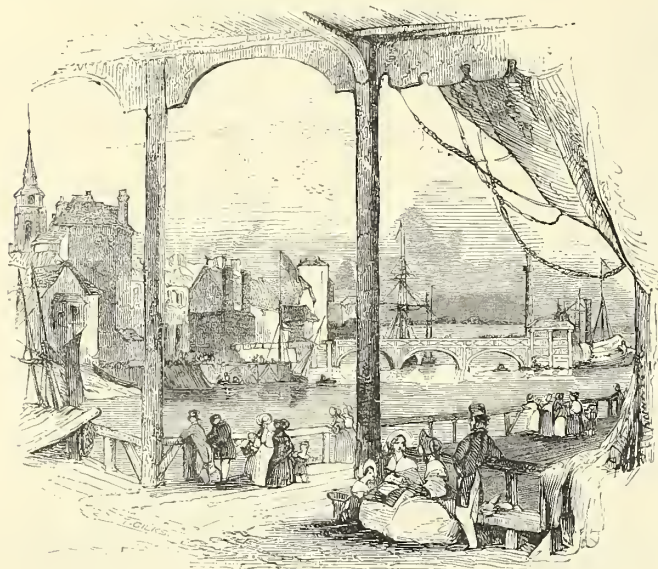
\* It is copied from a print by P. C. Canot, 1753, engraved in Cruden's "History of Gravesend," from whence our notice of these old water-conveyances is derived.

† Engraved in Cruden's valuable "History of Gravesend," to which excellent example of local literature we have been indebted for these details.



her barge, and was escorted thence to the camp by a thousand horsemen; going there and back in a state coach, staying the night in the camp, seeing a sham fight next day, and dining afterwards at noon, returning in great state to the royal barge. The fort, as completed, was small, but surrounded by ditches and outworks of some extent. In cases of emergency, it was generally found to be in a very neglected condition, and was only properly attended to in the reign of Charles II., when the Dutch fleet entered the Medway and burnt the ships at Chatham. The present fort was constructed after 1687, from the designs of the Engineer-General, Sir Bernard de Gomme; in which the newer principles of design introduced by Coehorn and Vauban were adopted; the cost of the stone gateway, the most striking feature of the edifice, is estimated at £634 in the contract then made.

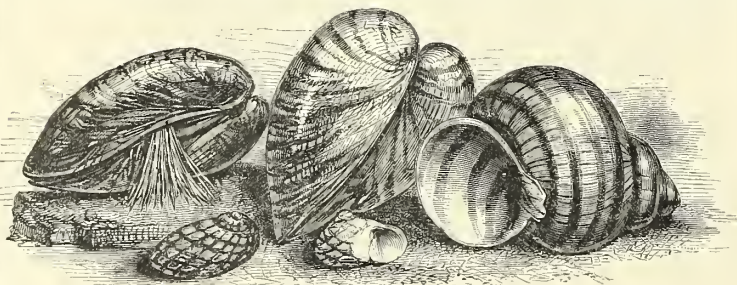
The best spot to view Tilbury Fort is from a long wooden pier which runs some way out into the river; but the half military-looking individuals located there (only recognised by their caps), appeared terrified at the bare idea of a pencil and paper—they have, we imagine, orders not to allow any one to sketch. The artist was therefore obliged to make his drawing from a green plat near the railway station,\* from whence he could just see the old gateway rising above one of the bastions, and a wooden pier, where some large flat boats were landing stores. The present fort appears to be a small military station, with a few guns mounted on the bastion, but it by no means conveys the idea of an important fortification. It is, however, much stronger than it seems to be; and commands the whole of the extensive turn of the river known as Tilbury Hope. Its form is pentagonal; and its outworks and ditches add greatly to its strength. The stranger who judges of it by its appearance as he passes on the river, without going over it, will form a very erroneous idea of its strength or utility.



GRAVESEND PIER.

While we are "putting" ashore at Gravesend, or at any of the landing-places below it, let us give a few minutes' consideration to the only remaining object of the class to which we deem it expedient to direct the reader's attention.

Bare and unpromising as this region may appear in general to the naturalist, the conchologist may find an interesting field in the study of the fresh-water shells which abound here both in the waters of the Thames and in the adjacent marshes and canals. We figure three of the most noticeable species which are found associated together in great numbers, adhering to submerged piles,



SHELLS.

walls, &c. The most remarkable of these is the Zebra Dreissena (*Dreissena polymorpha*), originally an inhabitant of the Volga and other Russian rivers; but having been imported with timber, it has propagated itself to an immense extent, and become completely naturalized in the Thames, and the specimens are even finer than those from the original habitat. In shape it resembles the marine muscles, and, like them, attaches itself to the surface of other bodies by a strong hemp-like "byssus." The colour of the shell is olive,

\* This is the terminus of the London and Gravesend Railway, which starts from Fenchurch Street; steamboats meet every train to cross the river to Gravesend with passengers.

elegantly marked with brown and black stripes. The two smaller shells of our group are those of the fresh-water Neritine (*Neritina fluviatilis*), another shell seldom met with out of this district, but most abundant in situations similar to those of the last-described species; it is an extremely pretty shell, the surface being beautifully variegated with white and purple-brown markings.

The remaining species of our group closely resembling in shape the common periwinkle, is the Marsh Shell (*Paludina vivipara*), found very generally with the last. It is especially interesting to the naturalist, from the fact of it being viviparous—the young shells being perfectly developed before quitting the parent shell, the mouth of which may sometimes be found crowded with minute shells about the size of peas. Besides the above-mentioned species, the following are among those found in or about the Thames:—*Cycas* (several species), *Anodon cygneus* (very fine about Woolwich), *Unio pictorum*, and *U. ovata*; *Succinea amphibia*, *Planorbis corneus*, and others; *Segmentina nitida*; nearly every British species of *Lymnaeus*, *Physa fontinalis*, *Valvata obtusa*, *Paludina impura*, *Ancylus fluviatilis*, *Assiminea grayana* (in Greenwich and Woolwich marshes).



FORTIFICATIONS AT GRAVESEND.

The earliest notice of Gravesend occurs in Domesday Book, where it is termed Gravesham; but early in the next century it is termed Graveshende; the name is probably derived from the Graaf (Port-reeve or Governor's) ham (or home). The port is of very ancient date, but its history is not fertile in incident. It has risen into its present importance very rapidly, and increased enormously within the last thirty years. Steamboats and railways have conspired to do this, and the cheapness and quickness of these modes of transit have made Gravesend a favourite place for Londoners to spend their leisure time. The fields in the neighbourhood of the town have been covered with streets, and Windmill Hill with houses; the old mill, however, remains, where a mill has been since the days of Elizabeth; before which time a beacon was placed there to warn the country—a use for which this hill was well adapted, as it is 179 feet above the level of the river at high-water mark in spring tides.

In the fields, a little beyond the terrace pier, are the fortifications constructed to aid Tilbury fort in the protection of the river. They consist of earthworks and ditches of the form prescribed by Vauban, and are mounted with cannon. They occupy the position of the old block-house of the days of Elizabeth; and the fort is connected with the history of the last of the royal house of Stuart who ruled in England—King James II. The gateway of the old house in which he resided is still in existence, enclosed by a modern porch; it is of ornamental brick-work, and bears over it the date 1665, an anchor, and a semisphere above it. It is an historic site of much interest, and we engrave its principal features.\*



GATEWAY TO HOUSE OF JAMES II.

Milton Church is now in the suburbs of Gravesend; it is plainly described from the river, and is a stone building with some few remains of the decorations of the fourteenth century, but having the prevailing characteristics of the fifteenth. It is supposed to have been constructed by the Countess of Pembroke, wife of Aymer de Valence, between the years 1323 and 1377, when the manor of Milton devolved upon her as part of her dowry.

At the "top" of the flood-tide many vessels usually accumulate at Graves-

\* When James fled first from England, April 20, 1648, in the troublous time of the great civil war, he escaped from Gravesend in girl's attire to a vessel in the river, a short distance beyond the town.



end, and anchor during the ebb; on the commencement of the next flood all are getting under weigh. This is a most animating scene, of which the artist has endeavoured to convey an idea in his sketch of Gravesend Reach. One or two of the vessels have fairly started, and are reaching up the river, heeling over to the breeze; others, with their sails braced in the usual manner for casting, while some have only just loosed the white canvas. The mist is rising



GRAVESEND REACH.

off Gravesend, showing the town at the back of this collection of animated river-life, and assisting to make up a most charming picture.\*

In the low lands at Milton is the entrance to the Thames and Medway Canal, which is now only navigable to Heigham; it was continued thence for some miles through a tunnel opening to the Medway opposite Rochester. It is now drained, and used by the North Kent railway. On the rising ground above the marsh lands we can distinguish Cliff Church, a lonely building



CLIFF CHURCH.

chiefly remarkable for a curious sculpture over its door, supposed to allude to some festivities of the olden time. The high lands above are part of the woody domain of Cobham, and we can distinguish Gad's Hill, rendered memorable by Shakspeare. The bold promontory in front of it is Cliff, or Bishop's Clive, as it was anciently termed. The village and church occupy the summit, and the view of the winding of the Thames from Gravesend to the sea is very striking from this point; a long tongue of marsh land is at its foot, which causes an extensive curve in the river. The turn is known as Lower Hope Point, the water beyond as Sea Reach. This commanding height was rendered available in ancient times for "watch and ward" to the river. Beacons were ordered to be erected in the time of Richard II. at Cliff, and the watchmen who were appointed to take charge of them were enjoined to light them whenever they saw hostile vessels approach, "and make besides all the noise by horn and by cry that they can make, to warn the country around, to come with their force to the said river, each to succour the other, to withstand their enemies." Our cut will exhibit their form at that period.



BEACON.

The village of Cliff is a lonely primitive place; the church still retains many interesting vestiges of antiquity, one of which we engrave in a note. It is an enamelled patine of silver-gilt, part of the

\* The water of the Thames at Gravesend is salt, but is turbid, for it is composed of the sea-water and water from the source, which is charged with the alluvial matter brought from the lands through which it runs, and with the drainage of the metropolis. The Thames water is preferred to purer spring-water for use on board ships in long voyages; because it is believed to have a singular power of self-purification. Dr. Bostock has explained the process by which this is effected in a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1829, in which he shows, by an analysis of its component parts, that during a long voyage, "the more foul the water, the more complete will be the subsequent process of depuration;" and hence an explanation of the popular opinion that the Thames water is peculiarly valuable for sea-store, its extreme impurity inducing the fermentative process, and thus removing from it all those substances which can cause it to undergo any further alteration.

ancient church furniture in use before the great changes produced by the Reformation.\*

The Thames now flows rapidly to the sea, passing between the flat lands of Essex, and the higher, but not more interesting, Kentish shore. As Sca Reach is entered—the last grand expanse of its waters—we notice the church and village of Leigh; and a little beyond is the stone marking the boundary of the jurisdiction of the city of London. This is at Yantlet, Yenlet, or Yenlade Creek. We then descry the rising town of Southend, situated at the debouchment of the river. Opposite is Sheerness, with its important dockyard, and the mouth of the Medway.



SHEERNESS.

Sheerness is the principal town in the Isle of Sheppey, and owes its greatness to the dockyard and fort erected there. The latter was established in the reign of Charles II., and due regard was given to its strength after the Dutch ships had entered the Medway. The fortress here was then greatly strengthened,



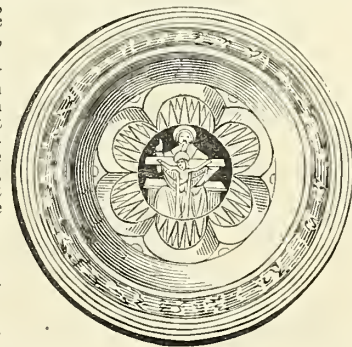
THAMES AND MEDWAY.

and the great docks and storehouses were erected; these occasioned the building of a large town, chiefly for the workmen employed in the dockyard, now one

\* It was used to cover the chalice, and hold the bread at the communion; it is a work of the latter part of the fourteenth century, and in the centre is a representation of the crucified Saviour in the arms of the Father, surrounded by a glory. On the edge is inscribed, in old Gothic letters, separated by flowered ornament, "Benedicamus patrem et filium cum spiritu sancto." It has been since used as an alms dish, and the ancient enamelling injured in consequence. It affords an interesting illustration of a passage in Shakspeare's "Merchant of Venice," Act v., scene 1, where Lorenzo, in the garden at Belmont, directs Jessica's attention to the beauty of the stars:—

"— Look how the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;  
There's not the smallest orb which thou  
behold'st,  
But in his motion like an angel sings,  
Still quiring to the young-eyed cheru-  
lim."

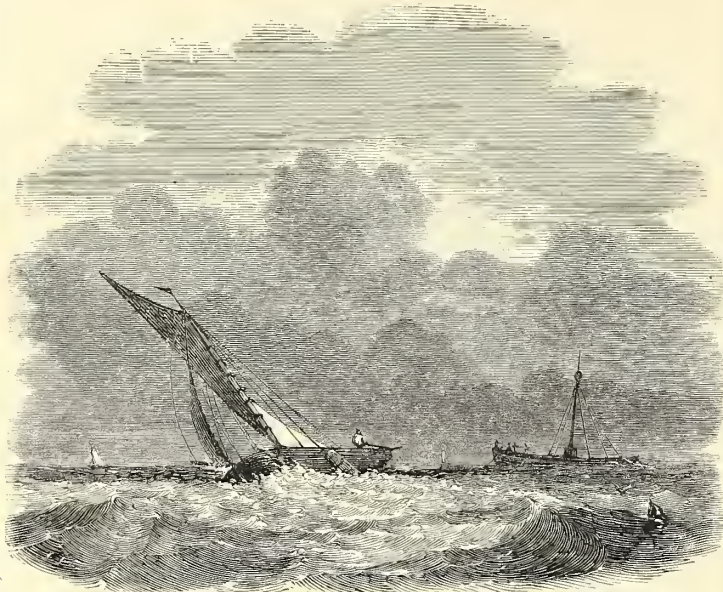
As an example of ancient Art, and church decoration, it is of considerable interest and beauty.





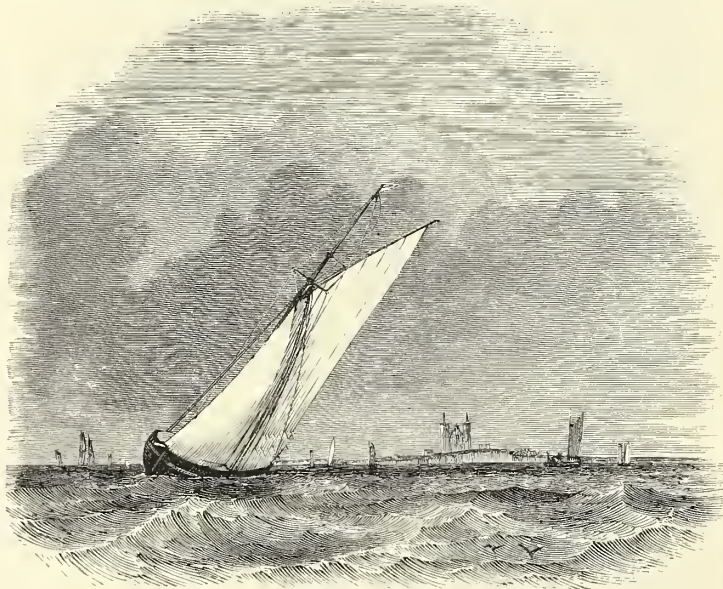
of the most important dockyards of the kingdom. In the mouth of the river here are generally moored many noble men-of-war,—“the fleet at the Nore” being always an attraction to steamboat voyagers.

The neighbouring land is particularly low, and a novice in pilotage would hardly notice the junction of the Thames and Medway, surrounded as it is by low lands, were not his attention attracted by the masts of the guard and advanced line-of-battle ships, dockyard sheds, &c., rising above the projecting point that forms the entrance of the Medway. The water here is known as the Nore, and a vessel is moored in the centre, which bears a light to direct vessels at night, or during fog, into the Thames.



NORE LIGHT VESSEL.

On reaching the Nore Light we arrive at the principal anchorage for ships during the change of tide or wind, previous to advancing up the river. The old red light vessel is associated with many ideas of the best and happiest feelings of the sailor, on his arrival from abroad after a long cruise,—with his sadder sensations, also, upon his final departure from his native country. It has been the scene of many a wreck, and, in the old war time, of many a fight, when the French privateers used to lurk about our coasts in foggy weather. In a picturesque point of view it is most striking; the red sides of the vessel, pitching at her moorings, while the many different craft passing in every direction give variety and contrast.



THE RECVLVERS.

After passing the Nore, there is one prominent object on the Kentish coast that will attract the attention of the voyager down the river before he reaches the open sea: two somewhat low square towers surmounted by spires, generally known as “the Reculvers,” form a well-known sea-mark. They are all that remains of the ancient Church of Reculver, now an insignificant village, but formerly an important Roman station, called *Regulbium*; it is situated about three miles from Herne Bay, and ten from Margate. The Reculvers, owing to the constant encroachment of the sea, stand at the present time so close to the edge of the low cliffs that the boues of those interred in the old churchyard may be distinctly seen protruding through the earth by all who resort to the spot. The ancient Roman *castrum* stood close to the church; parts of the walls on the east, south, and west sides are yet to be seen; many Roman antiquities have been discovered here, and imperial coins are even now sometimes discovered after heavy rains.

And here we terminate our Tour of the Thames, from its Rise to its Fall; closing our pleasant task; hopeful that our readers have shared with us the enjoyment we have so long, and so often, derived from the “King of Island Rivers!”

We have traced the bountiful river from the bubbling well out of which it issues, in the meadow by Trewsbury Mead—its lonely birth-place—through its whole course, gathering tributaries, and passing with them through tranquil villages, populous towns, and crowded cities; ever fertilizing, ever beautifying, ever enriching, until it reaches the most populous city of the modern or the ancient world, forming thence the GREAT HIGHWAY by which a hundred Nations traverse the globe.

Our object has not been answered if we have failed to show that, although in landscape beauty it may be inferior to other British rivers,—its natural graces and its scenic grandeur less,—the Thames has attractions of its own which place it high above all competitors.

But we have shown also that it is by no means poor in natural gifts—of hill and dale, of wood and plain—of all that makes free Nature a perpetual charm, a never-ending delight.

To enumerate the various attractions of the Thames would be but to recapitulate—to borrow from our pages devoted to the several districts through which we have passed between the meadow in Gloucestershire and its junction with the ocean at the Nore.

It is a pleasant task, and brings with it a large reward—that which has for its aim and end to make manifest the advantages that recompense a HOME TOUR. It is in the power of any author, no matter how humble, who writes of England, to show how manifold are its means to create enjoyment, to convey instruction, and to augment a rational pride of country—that instinctive patriotism which, without contracting the heart or narrowing the mind, leads to Faith in one's own as THE BEST.

Several circumstances have of late combined to induce acquaintance with the charms of scenery, grand or beautiful, which our islands so plentifully supply. The lovely lakes, the mountain-rocks that guard our coasts, the rugged mountains, the wood-clad hills, the dense forests, the delicious dells, the rippling burns and the rapid rivers, the spacious harbours, the green islets, the rural villages, the luxurious demesnes—these, and a thousand other charms await the traveller who journeys through any of the shires of England, Scotland, Ireland, or Wales.

We shall be indeed repaid largely if we are the means of inducing travels AT HOME—to natural beauties, surely not less attractive because of comparatively easy access—to scenes that are associated with glorious memories, and are wholesome and honourable stimulants—to places, such as the banks of the river Thames, where every step is a reminder that we live in a free land, under the sway of a Sovereign to whom every subject of every degree, while rendering obedience as a sacred duty, offers the homage of the heart.

This BOOK OF THE THAMES is full of evidence which justifies all who honour

“The venerable name  
Of our adored country”

in exclaiming, also with the poet—

“O, thou Queen,  
Thou delegated Deity of Earth  
O dear, dear England!”

[We cannot close the pages on which we have been so long, so earnestly, and so pleasantly occupied, without expressing our grateful thanks to those by whom we have been assisted. Our esteemed friend and frequent associate, Mr. F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A., has rendered this work of value by his pen as well as by his pencil: to him we are indebted for the greater portion of the “notes,” which his extensive knowledge as an antiquary has enabled him to make both instructive and interesting. To our friend Mr. THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A., we have also to acknowledge our obligations for his revision of those parts which involve matters concerning the early people of these kingdoms. And our thanks are due to many who, by pointing out errors that have occasionally occurred, enable us to correct them in a revised edition. To Mr. W. S. COLEMAN—whose drawings and sketches, made in our company, have supplied us with a large proportion of the engravings that illustrate this Book—we owe much, not alone because of his great ability as an artist, but for the zeal and cordiality with which, upon all occasions, he laboured to give value to our undertaking, in the important part of it that was mainly under his control. And to Commander WALTER W. MAY, R.N., our thanks are due for the liberal kindness with which he contributed those pictures of sea-scape and shipping, the value of which mainly depended on their accuracy, and which his professional knowledge, combined with his artistic skill, enabled him to give to them. There are other artists whose aid we gratefully acknowledge.

We have further to state that the publishers of the *Art-Journal* announce their intention to issue “THE BOOK OF THE THAMES” as a distinct volume. This volume will be materially benefited by the various suggestions we have from time to time received, enabling us to correct mistakes, generally to revise it, and to make to it such additions (and they are neither few nor unimportant) as our own augmented experience and the advice of competent friends and correspondents have enabled us to introduce. We trust, therefore, that but few errors will be found in the new edition of this work, and that it will find favour with the Public, into whose hands, with grateful respect, we are about to place it.

We have elsewhere stated that the place hitherto occupied in the *Art-Journal* by the “Book of the Thames,” will be supplied by a series of articles entitled, “Excursions in SOUTH WALES.” These will also be extensively illustrated by engravings of a large variety of remarkable or interesting objects, as well as picturesque and beautiful scenery. In order worthily to accomplish this object, we have obtained the assistance of Messrs. J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, F. W. Hulme, W. S. Coleman, E. A. Brooke, and other artists; and the engravings will be executed by Messrs. J. and G. P. Nicholls and other engravers.



## MONUMENTS AND MEMORIALS.

IN all ages there has prevailed a desire to mark the resting-places of the dead, either by the enclosure of their remains in the actual monument itself, as in the tomb of Edward the Confessor, in Westminster Abbey, and also in those of our immortal Nelson and Wellington, in St. Paul's Cathedral; or, by raising a memorial around and over the sacred spot; or by the placing of an inscription tablet to commemorate the virtues and excellences of the deceased.

The movers in the progress which has of late been made in architecture, sculpture, and their attendant decorative arts, seemed hitherto almost to have overlooked the unobtrusive subject of churchyard or cemetery memorials, and kindred subjects; hence the insipid mannerism which has continued to prevail almost to the present time. The same unmeaning plain headstone, in endless repetition, the oblong sarcophagus or table-like monument, the flat black-and-white marble tablet, and amongst the humbler classes, the absence of any mark to denote the site—all call for a revival of the tastes and feelings of bygone days.

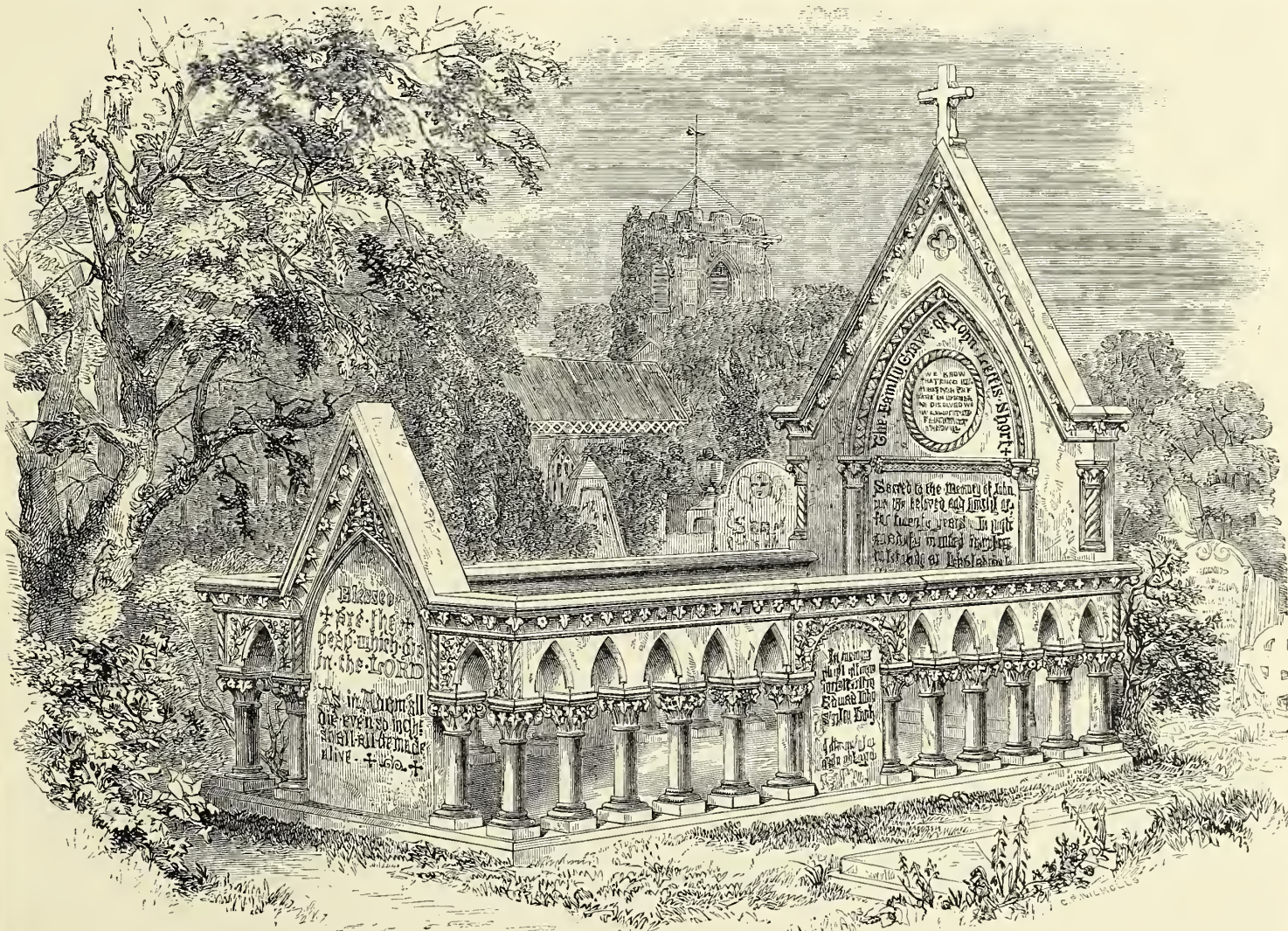
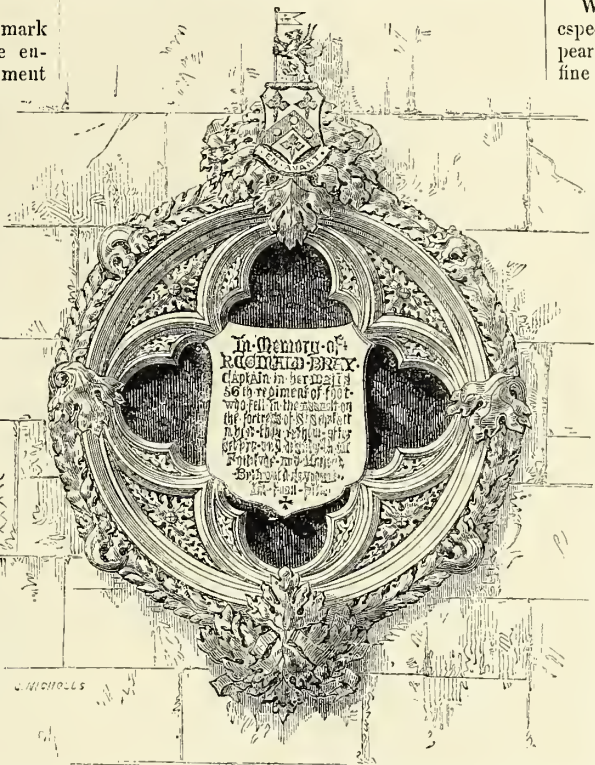
A material of which we gave a notice in our number for September, 1857, the Patent Siliceous Stone, invented and manufactured by Mr. Frederick Ransome, of Ipswich, is deserving of special attention as being most suitable for monumental purposes. The fact of its durability has been established by its extraordinary powers of resistance to the remorseless touch of the hand of time for very many years; its sharpness of outline and ornamentation

bearing out the feeling thrown into the design by the modeller, its marble-like tone and texture, the

importance, tending to render this stone most suitable for the purposes here proposed.

We reprint an extract from our Journal as being especially adapted to describe the peculiar appearance and qualities of this material, viz.:—"The fine crisp, natural texture of Mr. Ransome's stone we believe to be altogether inimitable by any amount of care or dextrous manipulation on the part of the sculptor, where natural stone is employed. This free, untooled, and natural spontaneity of external texture in the siliceous stone has not been obtained by any sacrifice of the sharpness in the lines or angles on its surface; on the contrary, it appears capable of receiving an amount of minute and delicate tracery which the most careful touches of the chisel or the file can give no conception of. In examining the external surface of a large sea-shell, it can hardly fail to escape the notice of the most casual observer, that there is a something in the character of the detail altogether beyond the skill of the most perfect artist to produce. The minute lines and wrinkles which have been the result of a living process of growth cannot be copied by the graver. Something of this quality appertains to the texture of this siliceous stone—it can only be imitated by going through the same process as that by which it has been produced."

We have selected, for illustration, two of the subjects of Mr. Ransome's manufacture: one a memorial—lately erected over the family grave of the Rev. John Lettis Short, in the cemetery, Bridport, Dorset—designed by Mr. John J. Laing, an architect of considerable practice and experience. The style selected is that of the Gothic of the latter part of the thirteenth century, a period rich in detail and form.



The other is a mural tablet, which we consider sufficiently explanatory in itself.

Mr. Ransome has produced a considerable variety of memorials, consisting of head-stones, pedestal and

table monuments, tablets, &c., which are equally worthy of consideration with the above subjects.



## BOTANY,

AS ADAPTED TO THE ARTS AND ART-MANUFACTURE.

BY CHRISTOPHER DRESSER,

LECTURER ON ARTISTIC BOTANY IN THE DEPARTMENT OF  
SCIENCE AND ART.

## PART XI.

THE method of delineating flowers or vegetable products being a point of great importance, we humbly venture a few hints relative to this subject. However, before touching upon this, it will be appropriate to say a few words on the necessity for studying flowers. To quote the words of the late Professor Edward Forbes, we say that "a man cannot go beyond his knowledge," and in no way is the fact much more manifestly revealed than man does not go beyond his knowledge than in the sketches of flowers which are so prevalent at this day; and for this reason botanists are engaged in a perpetual war with artists. Although we say that the representations of flowers usually put forth are defective, and often false in a botanical point of view, we do not mean for one moment to assert that botanists' representations of flowers furnish standards of beauty, although we are fully aware that the true is the beautiful. The representations of botanists, however, although true in many particulars, are often devoid of artistic beauty: now, in order to remedy this evil, the artist must acquire at least an elementary knowledge of botany; such, for instance, as the varied organs entering into the composition of a plant, and their uses or objects; for without this knowledge it is impossible accurately to see objects, therefore to delineate them. Although it may seem a strange assertion, that we do not accurately see objects till we understand them, it is nevertheless true, and is even a well-known fact, and perhaps by no class of individuals is this more powerfully acknowledged in practice than by artists; thus it is their common practice, when painting an object or group of objects, to approach the group or subject in order to discover the real nature of a part; and then, knowing the truth, they see accurately, and are enabled to delineate correctly. But to this it may be objected that the approach is only to discover truth by looking at the object; therefore, can we not discover truth in a flower by looking at it? To this we reply, certainly, by observation, truth has been and still is discovered; in fact, the botanical science is one which is built upon observation; but if you would save the tedious processes of study through which your forefathers have passed, accept the results of their scrutinizing researches, and thus learn wisdom. Why does the artist study anatomy? can he not see the form of the human figure, and its parts? Most certainly he can: but the study of anatomy is proved to be the most speedy method of arriving at the required end, and here the researches of our forefathers are gladly accepted. Let us receive, then, the result of the researches of the past, and we shall find it to be the most satisfactory and speedy method of arriving at the desired end. Again, the ambition of the figure draughtsman is to delineate absolute truth; therefore, the most meritorious copy not only meets with the artist's approbation, but with the scientific anatomist's most cordial approval. The ambition of the artist is not merely to satisfy and please the illiterate and uneducated, but to produce that truth which shall satisfy the educated and learned. Shall, then, the ambition of the floral draughtsman be less—shall he reveal in every line his own ignorance, and despise truth? nay, but rather the past shall suffice, for knowledge must elevate, it cannot debase, unless abused: therefore, let knowledge be combined with skill in every line of a delineated flower, for this alone can produce beauty. We also urge the necessity of a knowledge of the principles of floral growth, upon the grounds that this knowledge alone can suggest the principles of nature which we may so advantageously appropriate for our purposes; but on this we cannot dwell, as it is a deviation from our present purposes.

Having tarried sufficiently long on this subject to convince all, we hope, of the necessity of knowledge in order to truthfully delineate floral structures, we accept as one of the first rules to be heeded by a floral draughtsman, for whatever object his representation may be intended, Delineate truthfully; but

of the modes of representation we now have to speak. Let it, however, be understood that we do not deem it our province to mention the materials which shall be used, as whether chalks, or pencil, or colours. Our province is not to dwell here, but to notice the lights in which flowers may advantageously be viewed. In pictorial representations, light and shade become prominently necessary: thus they demand, when the sketch has no other object, a due attention to this point. When this is the sole object of the sketch, that is, when the spray is to be introduced into a picture, or is to form of itself a picture, what is necessary is a truthful representation of the object as it is; that is, supposing, of course, that the surrounding circumstances in the composition are similar to those surrounding the object here copied. The sculptor may, however, copy vegetable structures with no other view than as studies of light and shade, with their effects. These points must here necessarily be the primary points of consideration; but even these can neither be duly felt or represented, unless first understood.

For ornamental purposes we deem literal copies altogether insufficient, representations of a more rigid character and analytical nature being necessary, and such as can only result from a knowledge of the nature of the objects which are to be delineated. These representations should not be of objects in their mutilated or deformed state, in which condition vegetable structures do almost always exist; but they should be representations of the given plant in a perfect state, giving no deformities—for who would think of copying the deformities of an animal in order to secure the greatest amount of beauty?—but one sketch, or one view of the object, will be found insufficient: several will be required, and in certain instances sections also; in short, what is required is a series of drawings which shall convey a perfect knowledge of every part, so accurate indeed that if a model of the plant was required, the drawings alone would be necessary in order to enable the modeller to produce a true fac-simile of the vegetable organism; and this is in no way unreasonable, for from plans, elevations, and sections, a building can be reared; why not, therefore, a vegetable structure?

If this is the manner in which flowers are to be delineated for ornamental purposes, it is obvious that a truthful figuration of principle as well as form must be given: thus, if the leaves grow in pairs, they must consequently be so represented; if these pairs cross each other, this must be shown. The disposition, as well as the situations of the flowers must also be given; as whether they proceed singly from the axils of the leaves, or are aggregated into clusters on the summit of the common stalk; the forms of the parts must also be given, and the manner of their union. These points must be carefully observed, as they are of great importance. Now, the manner in which this is to be accomplished is a subject which the draughtsman alone can explain, and is one which he can most fully comprehend when the vegetable organism is before him: however, the views which he will have generally to give will be those which coincide with the architect's plans of a building: thus, a side-view or elevation must be made, and a plan; also drawings of detail, when the structure is large and its representation small: these are usually indispensable. The number of sketches of detail required will necessarily vary with the character of the delineated structure; they will generally consist of the forms of the varied members individually, and of the union of members or of joints; the arrangements of the larger parts being given in the plan

and elevation. In taking up a plant with a view to discovering and delineating all the ornament revealed by it, it must be remembered that all the ornaments furnished by a plant are not developed by it at the same period: thus to accomplish this object it is necessary to procure the organism at different stages of its development; for at one period, namely, during the infancy of the plant, the entire organism is a beautiful composition; at other periods, during the passage of the plant to maturity, the leaf-buds unfurl as beautiful foliaceous developments, and ultimately we have the floral composition or head of flowers, and necessarily the flower and its parts, superseded by the fruit; therefore, the infant plant is required; a spray in the spring containing the leaf-bud, with its evolution; a spray at the flowering period, and at the fruiting season. However, sketches of the external forms of these parts are often insufficient, for sections are often required, and may be added with great advantage: thus a section of the stem is often required, and of the arms, as well as of the seed-vessel, all of which give ornament as well as reveal structure. As we have alluded to sections, we may notice the extent to which these may be legitimately carried; and we may say that to our

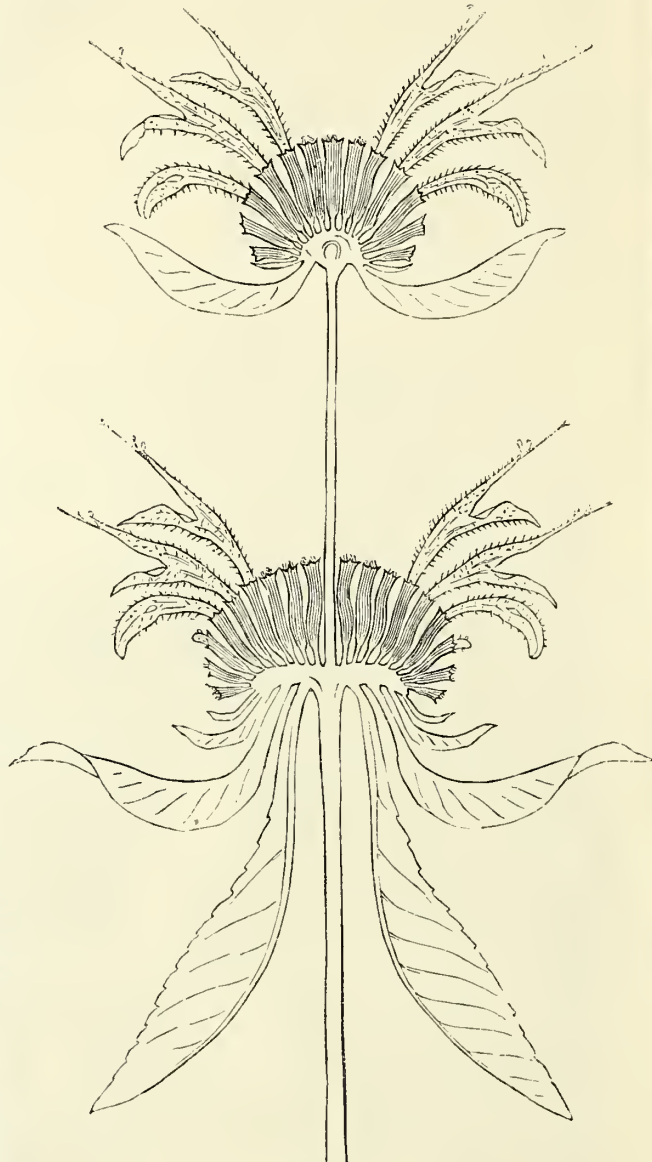


Fig. 154.

minds they are only allowable when their object is that of displaying structure, in which case they possess certain qualities of beauty, but indiscriminate mutilations cannot as a rule be beautiful: thus a direct transverse section of a stem is desirable, but to cut it in a slanting direction, in which case a circular stem would give an elliptical section, which would be false, would be anything but desirable. In certain cases, however, a peculiar class of section is perhaps allowable; thus, if the ornamentist is in search of flat decorations, a slice



out of the centre of a floral composition may be taken and delineated, which will often give considerable beauty; for it is a mere vertical section without the receding flowers in perspective (Fig. 154). Before leaving this part of our subject, we shall give the analysis of a flower, as far as it is practicable for us to



procure specimens, and shall give the method of procedure; we select for illustration the Lilac. We first notice the plant in winter, and figure a small spray during this season. In spring, when its leaf-buds begin to burst, our pencil is again required, and we delineate a bud in this stage, and marking its progress, delineate its progressive development. (Figures of the leaf-buds have been already given, Part V., Figs. 42 and 43.) We now figure the head of flower-buds, and observe its progress till we arrive at the fully-developed flower. Having arrived here, we commence by making a sketch of the central floral organ (the pistil), which is usually



small (Fig. 155); next we delineate the stamens, or next whorl, which are here stalkless (Fig. 156); next the corolla (Figs. 157, 158, 159), and then the calyx (Fig. 160). A flower-bud (Fig. 161) may also be given, and a section of the flower (Fig. 162). We now notice the manner of the grouping of these parts (Fig. 163), and ultimately the arrangement of these perfect



Fig. 157.



Fig. 158.



Fig. 159.

very small scale in the top view of the flower, this can be much better accomplished necessarily when an



Fig. 160.



Fig. 161.

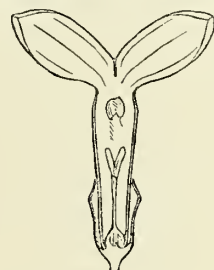


Fig. 162.

accurate knowledge of these smaller members has been gained. After the floral parts have been com-

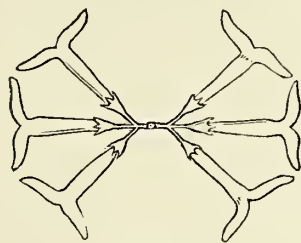


Fig. 163.

pleted, the transition of the central floral organ into the fruit should be observed, and the fruit carefully figured. Sketches can often be very much reduced in number and in size; thus it is not necessary to delineate at most more than two pairs of leaves, if the leaves are opposite, as in the example just given: also the dispositions of the flowers can be given by a rough sketch of the stalks of the flowers, one or two of which should, however, be perfected, and one flower of the head is all that is necessary; the stalks of the others being accurately terminated, the flowers can be added at pleasure.

Having now, we hope, shown the possibility of sketches of vegetable objects revealing all necessary particulars relative to the forms of their parts and the principle of their structure, we proceed to assign reasons for recommending this principle of sketching flowers, in preference to the popular method of making natural sketches, especially when the object

is a search for ornament. In the first place, in this method no deformity is taken cognizance of, whatever its origin; thus the true forms and the true dispositions of the parts are given; therefore the representation is that of a perfect growth, which must be more beautiful than any deformity. Another great advantage is derived from adopting this mode of sketching, which is, that any view of a flower or of a spray, free or symmetrical, can be readily obtained when required, which cannot be procured from natural or rather rustic sketches; for there must necessarily be a want of detail in these; and usually in these sketches certain parts are hid, and this commonly occurs even in the most beautiful of them; also the normal dispositions of the parts being delineated in a disturbed state, it consequently cannot be found: on the contrary, when the true positions and forms of the parts are furnished, and the mode of their union, it becomes an easy task for the draughtsman, who is at all conver-

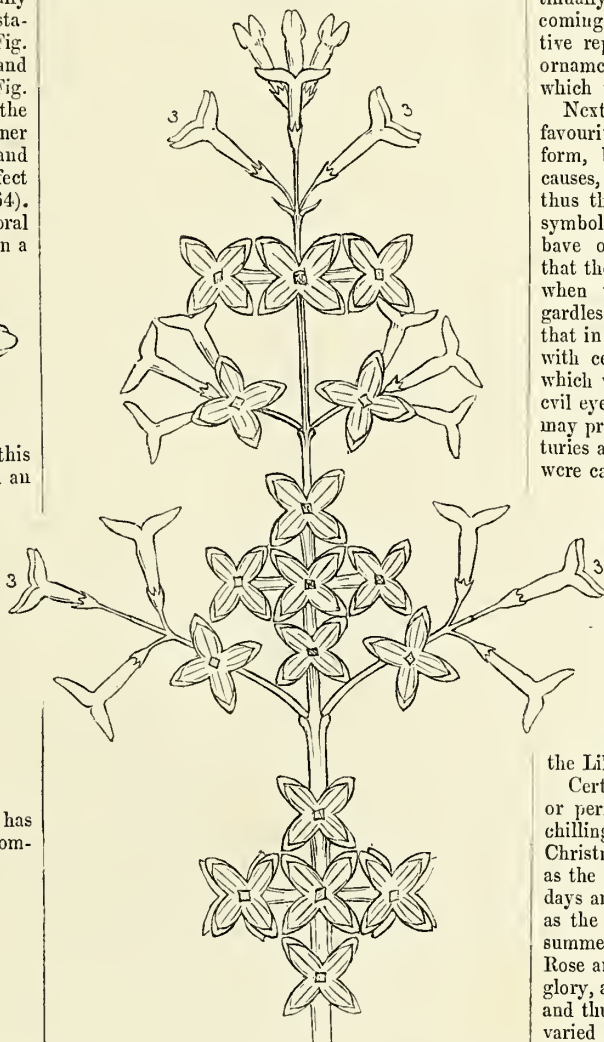


Fig. 164.

sant with the science of perspective, to produce a spray of any required character and form: and this he can accomplish more satisfactorily by having a due knowledge of the plant's growth. If a deformed specimen is required, the artist is quite competent to deform it, which he can do at his own pleasure. Also each flower, when thus accurately treated, is of itself a beautiful ornament, needing no conventionalism: nature, when undeformed, is perfectly ornamental. Without tarrying longer on this part of our subject, we notice one or two other points which we may here allude to. The system of decoration is to produce certain forms which shall be of such a character, and so coloured and treated, as to produce sensations of pleasure in the bosoms of those who behold them; and this is accomplished in various ways. One prominent point in bringing about this result is the perfect adaptability of the decorative forms, &c., to the position in which they are to exist, which we have before shown; to quote the admirable sentiment of Mr. Owen Jones, "there must be the absence of any want." Although

we most cordially acquiesce in this sentiment, we nevertheless suggest that there are certain members of the floral world which have become particular favourites for some real or supposed superiority; the fact however is, that there is a popular prejudice in their favour; therefore, upon beholding these flowers, a thrill of pleasure or delight appears to pass through the bosom of the British islander. These prejudices the ornamentist may avail himself of, and thus give a bias, as it were, in his own favour; but, to reverse the scene, those flowers against which there is a popular prejudice, it is judicious to avoid, unless its character is much disguised by false colouring. Respecting the manner in which the idea of a certain flower, or series of flowers, may be embodied in a purely decorative scheme, where adaptation to purpose has been duly considered, it is not our office to speak; we may however, in passing, just point to the varied treatments the Lotus found in Egyptian art, which continually reminded the Egyptian of the dawn of coming fruitfulness; and though perfectly suggestive representations, yet at the same time perfect ornaments, in every way adapted to the position which they were to occupy.

Next we notice that certain flowers are not only favourites, because of their odours, colours, and form, but they, through old customs and other causes, have become symbolical of given periods; thus the Holly, Ivy, and Mistletoe, now perfectly symbolize the Christmas feast. This appears to have originated in the belief of our forefathers that the sylvan spirits took shelter in their boughs when the trees of the wood were leafless. Regardless of its origin, the idea has been cherished that in the boughs of the Mistletoe, when gathered with certain superstitious rites, there was a power which would cure disease, avert the influence of the evil eye, and preserve from many dangers; and this may probably account for the fact, that a few centuries ago, on the first day of January, its branches were carried about by young men and maidens, as a new year's gift of friendship, a relic of which practice is still preserved in France; but whatever its origin, it matters not to us; the fact is what we have to deal with, which is, that these plants symbolize this feast. This is not the only symbolical flower, for the Orange-blossom now appears to carry the mind to the hymeneal altar. Others, by their particular qualities and their favourite abodes, remind us of moral virtues; thus the modest Violet and nodding bells of the Lily of the Valley symbolize humility, and the Lily, with its immaculate whiteness, purity.

Certain flowers also remind us of given seasons, or periods of time: thus some remind us of the chilling blasts of Boreas, as does the Hellebore, or Christmas Rose; others of the early dawn of spring, as the Snowdrop; others of spring's more cheering days and the twittering songs of the returned birds, as the Primrose and May-blossom; others of the summer zephyrs, with their balmy fragrance, as the Rose and Woodbine; others of summer's departing glory, as the Michaelmas Daisy and Autumn Crocus: and thus may each season be figured forth by their varied characteristic vegetable gems. These may also be symbolized by using other characters suggested by the floral world; thus the naked branch suggests winter, the bursting bud spring, the open flower summer, and the golden fruits autumn.

Again, the shady vale may be brought to remembrance by its retiring gems; the roaring ocean by its vegetable organisms; the tranquil pool by its floral mantle; the mountain top, the Indian plain, the polar zones, by their characteristic vegetation. The ornamentist then may take advantage of these facts, and thus produce cheering thoughts and remembrances in the bosoms of those who behold his compositions, and thereby gain a prejudice in favour of his works. More than this, not only can the region of the globe, the locality, and the season be suggested by the members of the vegetable world, as well as moral virtues, but the hour of the day can also be given, as we have before shown in our paper on adaptation to purpose, and thus may almost every requirement of the ornamentist be fulfilled. Does he wish to convey an idea of death? the poison-berry kills, the flower dies, the stick withers. Does he wish to mourn? the Willow weeps o'er the grave. Does he wish a sombre effect? there



is the deadly Nightshade. A cheerful one? there is the Eyebright; and so on. But space would fail us were we to continue to enumerate the principles or ideas which may be taken advantage of by the ornamentist when dealing with flowers; therefore, these must suffice.

Before concluding this series of papers, need we urge upon all ornamentists the importance of studying the science of flowers? Have we not shown that all parts of plants, if properly understood, are ornamental? Have we not shown that each member of the vegetable organism, if truly delineated, needs no conventionalism, but is a true symmetrical ornament? Have we not shown that vegetable structures suggest an almost infinite variety of treatments and combinations of parts? and we need not add, that what we have figured are as a grain of sand to the ocean's shore; for the world is full of these ornamental treasures. When we remember that there are about one hundred thousand *species* of plants, this fact will be readily apparent. What more need be said in order to induce ornamentists to enter upon a series of studies relative to this fruitful and richly remunerating field of nature? We are persuaded that we need say no more; but having opened the field, that the ornamentist will gladly embrace the offered treasures. Need we say that the present system of using flowers, that is, the manner in which they are represented or copied, as exhibited on our walls, &c., is to the most competent judges unsatisfactory; in verification of which we give the following anecdote. The great Dr. Lindley went into one of our fashionable paper-hanging shops, in search of a wall-paper for one of his rooms. Now, whether he was recognised by the shopkeeper or not, we cannot say; but he apparently was. Out came a lot of these rich groupings of flowers and foliage. The doctor, however, did not seem to be fascinated with any which were displayed before him; and as the continual introduction of mere modifications of the same thing appeared to indicate that the stock consisted of such only, the doctor said, "If you have none which are more on the principles of nature than these, and which are really more natural, I shall be obliged to procure one elsewhere." The shopkeeper now displayed a new class of goods, presenting a simple, consistent, decorative scheme. The doctor at once recognised the *principles of nature*, and made his purchase. In conclusion, then, we would say, if you would satisfy the educated, study nature; if you would escape the condemnation of all the enlightened, study nature. The ambition of the true ornamentist will lead him to occupy his true place, which is, by his superior knowledge and skill, to lead on the minds of the less enlightened towards beauty and truth; and thus will he fulfil the true object of his mission. Be not, however, discouraged at a few difficulties; for nothing great can be gained (to adopt the words of Lindley) in the absence of method, zeal, and perseverance.

### ART IN BALLARAT, AUSTRALIA.

It may interest not a few of our readers to know what efforts are being made to attract the gold-digging population of Ballarat to matters connected with Art, and to give them something to think about beyond the accumulation of wealth that perishes in the using—something that will aid in smoothing down the roughness of a state of half-civilization, and in refreshing the mind of the labourer in the golden vineyard, when he can lay aside his spade and mattock. We have copied the following report *verbatim* from the *Ballarat Times* of the 23rd of July last, which has been forwarded to us: the newspaper, by the way, seems to be exceedingly well conducted, while the printing and the paper would put to shame some of our London establishments:—

"We think the public of Ballarat and its neighbourhood can scarcely be aware that they have at present an opportunity of seeing a curious and varied collection of works of Art; at least, we do not see so many of our townspeople in Messrs. Baird and McDonald's exhibition-room as it would be reasonable to expect, considering the nature of the attraction, and this other circumstance—that hitherto

there have been but few opportunities in these colonies of whiling away an hour in examining the achievements of graphic artists of bygone times. The exhibition has been open for several weeks, and has proved an inexhaustible resource against ennui to the few who have found it out. Dropping in, as we do, every day almost, when we have half an hour to spare, we find the same visitors there day after day, and always, apparently, finding pleasure and instruction. It happened that the road improvements about the bridge commenced contemporaneously with the opening of the exhibition, and ever since the approaches to the latter have been in such a condition, that we could not conscientiously recommend our readers to go and see the pictures; but now the footpaths are *nearly* passable, and to gain Messrs. Baird and McDonald's door does not involve greater discomfort than the visitor will be amply compensated for.

"The first thing that presents itself on entering from the street is a collection of Scotch ferns, which line the staircase. The botanist finds those interesting, and the Scotchman, though not a botanist, finds them pleasant to look at, inasmuch as the most of them are familiar to him. A cursory examination of the ferns brings the visitor to the top of the stair, where the exhibition meets his eye, and somewhat astonishes him by its extent and variety. The hall which contains it is large and well lighted, and filled from floor to ceiling with 'works of Art and Nature.' There are a few paintings in oil, and a considerable number in water-colours; but the collection consists principally of etchings and engravings, the most of which are old and curious. The general effect would in consequence be rather sombre, but the absence of colour on the walls is amply compensated by its very positive presence in the gorgeous plumage of the Australian birds which cover the tables in the centre of the room. Of those, very many, as our readers know, are of the most brilliant hues; and in the exhibition room they show to almost as much advantage as they did in their native woods, for the taxidermist has displayed much of both skill and judgment. We observed yesterday a very noticeable addition to the collection—namely, a paradise goose (and a very handsome one), which had been shot at Lake Learmouth. There is also a fine collection of Victorian animals, but we will not now stay to particularize them.

"Of the oil-paintings the most conspicuous are a large Australian landscape, and some portraits, by Calder, and two sea-pieces by Robertson, a gentleman of considerable colonial fame as a marine painter. One very clever picture (by Robertson) has a ship standing in for Port Philip Heads, under whole topsails and courses, jib and spanker, the wind from the south-east, and a considerable sea on, as there usually is at the place depicted, with a southerly wind and ebb-tide. The pilot-utter is about to heave-to to put a pilot on board the ship; and the correctness of the details, both of the large vessel and the small one, would tell us, if we did not happen to know otherwise, that the artist is also a seaman.

"Among the water-colours are pictures by Bentley, Turner (?), and other well-known artists, and they of course are very clever. The etchings, however, are the most attractive portion of the collection. Many of them, we were informed, are from the collection of Mr. Beckford (author of 'Vathek'), and other English collections of celebrity. The animal and figure series by De New, De Wit, and De Boye,\* are in their several ways inimitable, and they have this feature in common—that all are faithful to nature, even to grotesqueness, and all have in every sketch some little sly touch of comicality. Van Vleit's two series—'The Trades' and 'The Senses'—are excellent.

"There are in the collection specimens of wood engravings bearing so old a date as 1511, and of various periods between that date and the present time. There are also some fine modern engravings, an inspection of which alone will reward a visitor."

It is pleasant to know that the seeds of Art are being thus sown in that far-distant land, to bring forth, it is hoped, richer fruit than the "gold that perishes."

\* [Here are two names quite new to us; we cannot tell for whom they are intended.—Ed. A.-J.]

## THE ROYAL PICTURES.

### THE WATERFALL.

F. Zuccherelli, Painter. E. Radclyffe, Engraver.  
Size of the Picture, 7 ft. 5½ in. by 4 ft. 5¼ in.

ONE engraving from the series of nine pictures, by Zuccherelli, which are at Windsor Castle, has already appeared in this publication; another is now introduced to serve as a kind of "companion" to the former. Art in this country had made but little progress when Zuccherelli came to England, in 1752; it is not, therefore, matter of surprise that he should have met with a cordial reception here, and have found royal and noble patrons, notwithstanding the conventionality of his works,—for this must be candidly admitted to be their manifest characteristic to any who compares them with the landscapes of our own time.

It almost seems that the landscape-painters of past epochs, who belong to the Italian School, worked more in their studios than out of doors: even the pictures by Claude, though it is recorded that he passed much of his time in the open fields, show little of what he learned there, except atmospheric effects; they are not views copied from nature, but compositions of materials suggested chiefly by his own imagination, and arranged according to his own fancy and the principles then in vogue among the artists of his country. Allowing that the scenery of Italy differs essentially from that which forms the subjects of the old Dutch masters, and also from that of our country, still we do not see among the Italian painters evidence of a constant reference to nature for what they represented on their canvases. Gaspar Poussin is, perhaps, the only artist whose pictures convey to us the idea of existing scenery; yet even he appears to have given the rein to imagination when sketching landscapes of the Pontifical States,—from which locality he drew his chief subject-matter,—yet retaining the conventional character of the time.

Speaking of a particular class of landscape, that of mountains, Mr. Twining, in his "Elements of Picturesque Scenery," makes some remarks which, so far as they apply to what we have just written, tend to confirm our opinion. He says, "Even in the Italian School good examples are very scarce, and seldom without failings. Salvator Rosa painted rocks rather than mountains, and their awful wildness savours more of capricious and poetical licence, than of the grandeur which nature effects with the simplest and most ordinary means. Claude Lorraine, who omits no objects which may tend to embellish the scenes of a most graceful nature, introduces mountains as well as hills; but the transition from the one to another does not always look like the natural transformation of an undulating country into a mountainous one. . . . Gaspar Poussin appears to have alone mastered this important part of nature in all its diversity of aspects; for although a certain stiffness, resulting perhaps from firmness of execution, pervades his scenes, the characteristics of nature appear in them in a degree which was surprising at a period when landscape-painting had been so little cultivated. In his landscapes no towering mountains appear which are not perfectly consistent with the rugged and precipitous character of the country generally. More than this, his eminences, though principally composed, have all those peculiarities of slopes, breaks, and vegetation, which make them appear like the scenes of nature rendered by the most experienced and easy hand."

Whether Zuccherelli had, or had not, seen any of the great Dutch landscape-painters before his visit to England, is not known, but he certainly must have met with them here. Yet, whatever impression they may have made on his mind, they did not induce any alteration in his style; he learned nothing from what he saw of the landscapes of Both, Ruysdael, Everdingen, &c.,—nothing, that is to say, of their free and natural manner. Wedded to the peculiarities of his Italian education, with much that is pleasing in his compositions as a whole, he could find no picturesque beauty in the wild luxuriance of nature, either in her mountain heights or in her verdant valleys: a cold yet graceful classicality is the prevailing character of Zuccherelli's subjects.





F. BUCCHERELLI PINXT

E. LADCHFIELD SCULPT

# THE WATERFALL.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION







## VEGETABLE GUMS AND RESINS, WITH THEIR USES IN THE ARTS.

THERE are but few points of vegetable chemistry which present more interesting subjects for study, than the production of gums and resins. The attentive observations of a large number of natural philosophers, which have been spread over a long series of years, have developed many important facts. To these observations, well-devised experiments have been added, and the result has been that many of the more important vital phenomena of the vegetable world are well understood. The processes by which the plant takes carbonic acid from the air, and carrying it through its system, effects its decomposition, under the excitement which is due to light, are rendered tolerably clear. The connexion between the plant and the animal are satisfactorily shown. Their mutual dependance is now made out. The animal produces, by the action of vital forces, carbonic acid, ammonia, and other compounds: the vegetable, by an operation peculiarly its own, seizes on these bodies, effects their decomposition, and applies some of the elements to its own especial use. Our researches have not, however, as yet, been so sufficiently extensive as to enable us to interpret aright all the conditions under which there is formed in the plant the acid and the alkaline constituents, the gums and the resins. These two are of such vast importance to mankind, that an intimate knowledge of the processes upon which their production is dependent appears to be especially desirable. The chemist has very carefully examined the constitution of these products, and he finds, that in all of them his wonder-working C. H. O. plays a most important part. Carbon, Hydrogen, and Oxygen, uniting in certain proportions, produce nearly all the varieties with which we are acquainted. Nor must it be forgotten that the gummy and resinous exudations of plants are of the same chemical constitution as sugar and starch.

These substances, to which we desire to direct some attention, and which indeed have not yet had any separate consideration in the *Art-Journal*, are divisible into three classes:—1. Gums; 2. Gum Resins; 3. Resins.

Gums are soluble in water, but not in alcohol.

*Gum Resins*, being compounds of gum and resins, are partially soluble in water, and also in alcohol; the gummy matter being separated by one, and the resinous matter by the other.

*Resins* are soluble in spirits, from which they are, in a considerable proportion, separated by water. The resins melt on the application of heat, but not so the gums or gum resins.

There are several varieties of *gum*, which it is necessary to enumerate. The following gums flow spontaneously from the branches and trunks of the trees producing them:—1. Gum Arabic; 2. Gum Senegal; 3. Gum of the Cherry and other stone fruit-trees; 4. Gum Tragacanth; 5. Gum of Bassora.—Another kind of gum is extracted from seeds and roots by boiling-water.

The various species of the *Acacia*-tree yield most of these gums, and some of the gum resins. The *Acacia* and its gum-yielding properties have been known from the remotest antiquity. The Shittah-tree, mentioned by Isaiah, and also in Exodus, is supposed to have been an *Acacia*. Hippocrates speaks of the *Egyptian Acacia*, and of the *white Acacia*, distinguished, he says, by its white bark, white wood, and white flowers; and from this tree his "*white fragrant ointment*" was probably made.

The exudation of gum is thus explained by De Candolle:—"The gummy matter resides in the bark and albumen; it is the nutritive juice of the plant; and its escape, therefore, is ana-

logous to hemorrhage in animals: hence plants in which it spontaneously occurs are always in a sickly state. The mechanical cause of the expulsion of the juice is dependent on the unequal hygrometric properties of different parts of the stem. The wood absorbs more moisture from the air than the bark, and hence it swells more. In consequence of its enlargement, it distends the bark, which, by the internal pressure of the wood, gives way, and gummy matter escapes." Dr. Pereira remarks that De Candolle's hypothesis is quite in conformity with facts respecting gum tragacanth mentioned by Labillardiere. He states that the gum only flows in abundance during the night and a little after sunrise. A cloudy night, or a heavy dew, is, he thinks, necessary for its production, for the shepherds of Lebanon only go in search of this substance when the mountain has been covered during the night with thick clouds. The gum of the *Acacia*-tree flows in a liquid state from the branches and trunks, and hardens by exposure; the more sickly a tree appears, the more gum it yields, and the hotter the weather the more prolific it is. A wet winter and a cool or mild summer are unfavourable to the production of gum. According to the locality producing it, this gum is known as Turkey or Arabic gum, Barbary or Morocco gum, Senegal, East India, and Cape gum. Each of these varieties of gum is employed to give lustre to crapes and silks, and the mucilage of gum Arabic is largely used for the purpose of cementing into cakes the various pigments used by the artist in water-colours. *Tragacanth gum* differs from the gum of the *Acacia* in not being soluble in water, but swelling up when placed in water, and thus forming a mucilage. There is the flaky tragacanth and the vermiform; the former being the variety usually brought to this country, while the latter is commonly employed on the continent. This gum is gathered about the end of June, from the *Astragalus tragacantha* of Crete, and surrounding islands. The chemical differences between the gum Arabic and gum tragacanth are as follows:—

	Gum Arabic.	Gum Senegal.	Gum Tragacanth.
Carbon . . . .	41.906	43.59	40.50
Hydrogen . . . .	6.788	6.23	6.61
Oxygen . . . .	51.306	50.07	52.89
Nitrogen . . . .	a trace	0.11	0.00
	100.000	100.00	100.00

The examinations of Guerin and others have shown that these gums consist of soluble and insoluble portions. The soluble gum is called *Arabin*; this is soluble in both hot and cold water, but insoluble in alcohol, ether, and oils. The insoluble gum is called *Bassorin*, which is insoluble in both hot and cold water, but it absorbs water and swells up. The tragacanth contains most of the latter; while the *Arabin* is the largest constituent of the gum Arabic. Gum tragacanth is largely employed in calico-printing, and it has many uses in the Arts.

*Catechu*, or the *Acacia Catechu*, (which is rather an extract than a gum), is manufactured in Canara and Behar, and in Northern India. Dr. Forbes Royle thus describes the process:—"The *Kutt* manufacturers move to different parts of the country in the different seasons, erect temporary huts in the jungles, and, selecting trees fit for their purpose, cut the inner wood into small chips. These they put into small earthen pots, which are arrayed in a double row along a fire-place built of mud; water is then poured in until the whole are covered; after a considerable portion has boiled away, the clear liquor is strained into one of the neighbouring pots, and a fresh supply of material is put into the first, and the operation repeated until the extract in the general receiver is of sufficient consistence to be poured into clay moulds, which in the Kheru Pass and

Doer, where I have seen the process, are generally of a quadrangular form. This catechu is usually of a blood-red colour, and is considered there to be of the best quality. By the manufacturers it is conveyed to Saharanpore and Moradabad, whence it follows the course of commerce down the Ganges, and meets that from Nepal, so that both may be exported from Calcutta."

There are many varieties of catechu in the markets; the *Acacia catechu* and the *Gambir catechu* being the best.

Catechu has long been employed in India for tanning skins; its tanning properties are stated to be so great that skins are tanned by it in five days. It has also been used in India to give a brown dye to cotton; and catechu has lately been very extensively employed in the calico-printing works of this country. The salts of copper with sal ammoniac, cause catechu to yield a bronze colour, which is very permanent. The proto-muriate of tin produces with it a yellowish-brown. A fine deep bronze hue is also produced from catechu by the perchloride of tin, with an addition of nitrate of copper. Acetate of alumina gives a brown; and nitrate of iron a dark-brown grey. For dyeing a golden coffee-brown, catechu has entirely superseded madder, one pound of it being equivalent to six pounds of that root.

*Gum Kino*—the juice of the *Pterocarpus Erinaceus*, and of the *Eucalyptus resinifera*. This has much the same properties as the catechu; it has been proposed to employ it in dyeing green. Although the colour of the kino is a deep red, it has the power of communicating a green colour to the salts of iron; we believe it has not, however, been extensively used.

*Gamboge*.—Of this vegetable gum resin, the first notice we have is by Clusius, in 1605, who described a piece brought from China by Admiral Van Neck, in 1603. The gamboge which we obtain is received principally from Siam, a small quantity coming from Ceylon. The Singalese method of collecting the gamboge is by cutting pieces of the bark completely off, about the size of the palm of the hand, early in the morning. The gamboge oozes out from the pores of the wood in a semi-liquid state, but soon thickens, and is scraped off by the collectors the next morning without injury to the tree, the wounds in the bark soon healing, and becoming fit to undergo the operation again. Gamboge is much used as a pigment, and in miniature painting; it is employed to colour varnishes and lackers.

Many of the mucilages, as those of quince-seed, of Carrageen moss, and the like, have their uses in the Arts, but they are not of sufficient importance to demand any especial detail.

*Rosin, or Common Resin*.—This is obtained as a residuary matter in the process for obtaining the oil of turpentine. Turpentines must be regarded as an oleo-resin. In their natural state they are either solid or semi-fluid, the oil of turpentine being obtained by distillation of American turpentine with water. From the United States Dispensatory we learn that the turpentine is procured "from the *Pinus palustris*; partly also from the *Pinus Taeda*, and perhaps some other species inhabiting the southern States. In former times large quantities were collected in New England; but the turpentine trees of that section of the Union are said to be nearly exhausted; and our commerce is almost exclusively supplied from North Carolina and the south-eastern part of Virginia. The method of collecting this turpentine is as follows:—A hollow is cut in the tree a few inches above the ground, and the bark removed for the space of about eighteen inches above it. The turpentine runs into this excavation from about March to October; more rapidly, of course, during the warmer months. It is transferred from these hollows into casks."



Old and concrete American turpentine is often sold as *frankincense*.

*Canada turpentine*, or *Canada balsam*, is obtained from the *Abies balsamea* in Canada. Between the bark and the wood of the trunks and branches of these trees are vesicles containing the oleo-resin, which exudes when they are broken. Canada balsam is much used by varnish makers in the manufacture of some of the most transparent varnishes. It is also extensively employed by opticians as a cement. The great value of Canada balsam for optical purposes, depends on its transparency and its refractive power, which is nearly equal to that of glass. When used to connect the pieces of an achromatic lens, it prevents the loss of light by reflection, and excludes moisture and other foreign bodies from the space between the surfaces of the glasses. In Nicol-prisms (single-image prisms of Iceland Spar) it serves the important purpose of transmitting the ordinary ray, and of interrupting the passage of the extraordinary one; its index of refraction being intermediate between that of Iceland Spar for the ordinary ray, and that of the same substance for the extraordinary ray.—(Pereira.)

The importance of the oil of turpentine in the Arts and manufactures, renders it necessary that some brief notice should be taken in this place of its preparation. The spirits, essence, or oil of turpentine, for it is known by all those names, is obtained by submitting to distillation a mixture of American turpentine (which has been melted and strained) and water in proper proportions. The produce of oil of turpentine from the crude article is about from fourteen to sixteen per cent. There is a preparation sold in the shops as *sweet oil of turpentine*, for painting without smell; this appears to be nothing more than carefully rectified oil. The common oil contains some resin, which colours it, and renders it unfit for many of the purposes for which the superior article is required. *Camphene* is the rectified oil of turpentine, and when new, it burns admirably in the camphene lamps; but by exposure to the air it becomes resinified, and it then becomes unfit for use. The wick of the lamp carbonizes, and resin is deposited around it, causing the lamp to smoke, at the same time as the illuminating power of the flame is greatly diminished. When the camphene has thus suffered by age or exposure, it must be again rectified by distillation from carbonate of potash, or some similarly active substance, to deprive it of this. This resinification of the turpentine is due to the absorption of oxygen, which, according to the chemists, produces *pinic* and *sylic* acids; it is also stated that *formic acid* is formed during the process. Turpentine is extensively employed, as the solvent of the other resinous bodies, in the formation of varnishes; its solvent powers, in this respect, renders it exceedingly valuable to the artist, and also to the manufacturer. The rectified oil of turpentine has been much used as a solvent of caoutchouc. It has been stated by Bouchardat, that the unrectified oil dissolved India-rubber with great difficulty; whereas the oil rectified without water was an excellent solvent, but that it was rendered still better when it was distilled from bricks.

The Terebinth tribe of plants produce a variety of resins and resinous oils, as the olibanum, myrrh, &c.; a few of these terebinthine products may be named. *Scio turpentine*, called also Chian and Cyprus turpentine, is the product of the *Pistacia*. It is produced largely in the Island of Scio, and is obtained by cutting crossways with a hatchet the trunks of the largest trees; the turpentine runs down on flat stones placed to receive it, each tree yielding about eight or ten ounces.

*Mastic Resin*.—This is also produced in Scio, from the *Pistacia lentiscus*, the mastic or lentish tree. The process of collecting is in

most respects similar to that employed in obtaining the other resins. That which collects on the branches of the trees is called *mastic in the tear*, and fetches the highest price, while that which falls to the ground constitutes the *common mastic*. Mastic varnish is well known from its transparency, and other valuable properties; one of which is the peculiar toughness and tenacity of the varnish, even when spread in the thinnest coat, on wood or on canvas. This is due to the presence of a peculiar resin, which does not possess any acid properties, and which has a composition  $C^{10}H^{31}O^2$ ,—the acid resin of mastic containing four equivalents of oxygen.

*Olibanum*.—This was the frankincense used by the ancients in their religious ceremonies. Moses speaks of it in Exodus, and it long formed a constituent in the preparation of incense. It is produced in Coromandel from the tree known as the *Boswellia Thurifera*, but there are also African and Arabian varieties.

*Myrrh*.—This gum resin was an object of trade more than 3500 years ago. It is produced in various parts of Asia and Africa, the Myrrh-tree bearing the scientific name of *Balsamodendron Myrrha*. According to Ehrenberg it exudes, like cherry-tree gum, from the bark of the tree. Turkey myrrh is considered the finest, the East Indian being the second in quality. This gum resin has not yet found any extensive applications in the Arts; it is employed medicinally as a dentifrice, and in the preparation of fumigating pastiles.

*Elemi*.—This gum resin is the product of some unknown tree; and although it is of considerable importance, and is imported in large quantities, the locality producing it is not distinctly known. Dr. Pereira says, "I have taken much pains to ascertain its commercial route, and I find that all the importations of it which I can trace were from Amsterdam or Hamburg." It would appear that elemi formerly came from Ethiopia by way of the Levant; it is therefore probable that we receive it through Holland from some Dutch settlement in the East, and also from Africa, some small quantity probably being received from the Brazils. This gum resin forms an essential ingredient in many of our finest varnishes.

*Balm of Gilead*, called also *Opobalsam* and *Balm of Mecca*, is procured from the *Balsamodendron Gileadense*, a middle-sized tree growing in Arabia. There is but little of the true balm of Gilead which reaches this country. The same may be said of another of the terebinthine resins, *Bdellium*, which is obtained from India and from Africa.

*Copal*.—This important resin exudes spontaneously from two trees, *Rhus copallinum*, and *Elacarpus copalifer*, the first being an American and West Indian, and the second an East Indian tree. Another variety of copal is obtained from the coasts of Guinea. The American species comes to us in flat fragments; whereas the East Indian is generally obtained in roundish masses. The latter furnishes the finest varnishes. Fresh essence of turpentine dissolves it completely, but old turpentine will not do so. It is stated that essence of turpentine, digested upon sulphur, will dissolve double its own weight without letting any fall. The oil of rosemary also dissolves copal with great readiness. An excellent varnish may be made by dissolving one part of copal and one of essence of rosemary, with from two to three parts of pure alcohol.

Such are the more important of the gums and resins which are employed in the Arts. Their employment has been greatly facilitated by the discovery of new solvents, such as the new alcohols and ethers, naphtha, benzole, chloroform, and others. The art of the varnish-maker is an important one, and it requires, for its successful prosecution, a considerable amount of chemical knowledge, and the greatest care.

Copal, mastic, and amber varnishes are much employed by the artist and by the photographer for the preservation of their works. The latter is perhaps superior to any of the others. From the importance of amber in this respect, and from the interest which attaches to this substance, we purpose devoting a separate article to its consideration in a subsequent number.

In conclusion, it appears that far less attention is paid to the peculiar properties of varnishes than could be desired. The artist employs a varnish for the purpose of securing his labours from the combined influences of light and air; but it must never be forgotten that he is employing a material which is itself constantly passing, by the absorption of oxygen, into a state of disintegration. We know that many varnishes rapidly change colour, and that some are more liable to crack than others are. A few preliminary experiments may be made of great value. For example, if portions of various samples of varnish are spread upon a plate of glass and dried, we have the means of determining many important points. Cover one half of the varnished glass with an opaque screen, and expose the arrangement to sunshine day by day; by placing the glass upon a sheet of colourless paper, it will be seen whether any colour has been imparted by the action of the sunshine. After a few days, if the whole arrangement is placed in spirits of turpentine, the varying degrees of solubility may be noted; and from this may be determined the rate at which, under ordinary circumstances, oxygen is absorbed—the rate, indeed, at which the elements of destruction proceed. Thus a considerably greater degree of permanence may be secured, than when the artist, trusting only to the varnish-maker, employs a preparation about which he knows nothing.

Much has been said about covering the pictures in the National Gallery with glass, for the purpose of preserving them from the influences of a London atmosphere: a far more important result will be obtained if, in the process of fixing the glass over those pictures, care is taken to exclude, as much as possible, the air. Thus the great vital agent of the atmosphere, and the great destroyer, oxygen, would be prevented from carrying on, with its ordinary rapidity, its important work of oxydation and decay.

ROBERT HUNT.

## THE LONDON CRYSTAL PALACE.

ALMOST in the centre of the block of houses extending from Regent Circus to John Street, Oxford Street, there has risen within the last few months a building of iron and glass, to which has been given the somewhat ostentatious name of the "London Crystal Palace." The object of those for whom it has been erected is to make it a bazaar, and certainly the locality is eminently favourable to the success of such a project; for this is, perhaps, the most crowded thoroughfare of the western part of the metropolis, especially during "the season." The principal front of the edifice is in John Street, a few yards only from Oxford Street, from which there is—or rather will be, for it is not yet opened—also an entrance.

The architect of the building is Mr. Owen Jones, who, both externally and internally, has adopted the Crystal Palace style of architecture. The visitor descends from the main entrance, by a few stairs, to the floor of the edifice—that where the principal business will be carried on; by proceeding on a level with the street, he reaches the galleries, which surround three-fourths of what may be called a double parallelogram, one being at right angles with the other. The ceiling has the form of a hemispherical vault, covered with a net-work of ribs arranged as triangles, filled in with star-shaped panels, or lights; these stars are of richly-stained glass of red, yellow, and blue, extending up to a certain



height around the sides of the entire building; but along the centre of the arch is glazed with an opaque white, for the purpose, it is presumed, of affording an increase of light. The iron columns supporting the roof and galleries are coloured in stripes, separated by lines, or fillets as they are technically called, of white; the bands, or broad divisions, of the upper tier are gilded and painted light blue and bright red; in the tier they are of a dark marone. Other particulars in the general decoration might be pointed out, but these will suffice to give the reader an idea of the general effect produced by the work of the ornamentist. The whole of the tracery, or interlaced work of mouldings and panels, is executed in the patent canvas materials of Mr. Desachy, of Great Marlborough Street: these mouldings are exceedingly bold in design, and are made in imitation of stone-work.

The principle of lighting, by means of stained glass in the roof, is the same as that which Mr. Owen Jones adopted in the Alhambra Court, at Sydenham; but, however effective and beautiful the result is there, we doubt of its proving equally satisfactory in the new building in Oxford Street—at least, to those who intend holding stalls in the gallery or underneath it: except in the spring and summer months, these parts will, we apprehend, be very dark—far too much in the shadow to show to advantage the articles that may be exhibited: and even in the centre, which receives as much light as the roof will admit, it may be presumed that the rays reflected from the coloured glass on the objects exposed on the floor-stalls, will not improve their appearance. Doubtless, all these matters have been maturely considered by the architect, and those who are connected with him in the rearing of the building; but such are the impressions it made upon us when present at the "private view," now a month since. By the time these pages are in the hands of our subscribers, the "London Crystal Palace" will, we presume, be open to the public, to whom it will certainly prove an agreeable lounge; and to its projectors we hope it will turn out a profitable speculation. It is lighted at night by gas-jets, issuing from star-formed branches, similar to those in St. James's Hall.

## CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

### THE DRAWING-MASTER.

SIR,—The amelioration of the drawing-master's condition is so intimately allied to a reform in public schools, and his position resembles so closely those of other junior masters, with the exception that he is invariably the worst treated, that, in summing up his griefs, it will be necessary for me to give a slight sketch of his duties. That drawing cannot be properly taught till he is placed on an equality with caps and gowns will be evident. The drawing-master, then, is supposed simply to teach his scholar the art of reproducing the odds and ends of sixpenny drawing-books, with occasional perpetrations of a "View on Lake Como;" and this truly contents the master, who cares to do no more than the letter of his duty; but most of them must know very well drawing cannot be learned in that fashion; it is certainly convenient, very little trouble, and a fair bargain with his pay. With the bettering of his condition this absurd method of drawing should be abolished, models, casts, and objects of nature or still-life, substituted, and nothing else tolerated; and here the drawing-master must be ready to combat old prejudices, and instead of supplying his scholars with drawings touched up by himself, to wait patiently—perhaps a year—before his pupils have anything to show. Parents must also exercise the same patience.

Mere drawing, however, or Art-representation, is not the whole requirement of a number of boys. The chief want among a large number is the science of drawing, or the mechanical part of it, not entered upon by the mathematical master; as, for instance, the use of a case of mathematical instruments. Euclid is generally learned by rote, and the propositions merely drawn upon a slate—shapes like the peel of a lemon pass for circles, and any other scrawl for an angle; yet how can even Euclid be understood properly without drawing? and how can trigonometry be learnt practically without a perfect knowledge of the use of a sector and scales? That is the drawing-master's proper function, for it would

be next to impossible for a mathematical master to attempt such a thing. He can merely teach the theory; the practice is drawing; hence, not one in fifty boys, however complete their theoretical knowledge may be of trigonometry, knows anything of the manner of applying it, and would be utterly at a loss if called upon to measure an angle on the ground. Drawing by scale is much more requisite to the mass of pupils; and here perhaps Vauban and Coehorn would be the most useful. If a scholar can measure off a rampart, fosse, covered way, &c., reducing the feet and yards to 20, 30, 40 to an inch, he will be able to undertake any other similar practical work—as a house, a ship, a parcel of land, &c. All might learn this art, yet it is only taught for a very high fee. If this should be objected to, a rudimentary work on architecture would be very useful, with scales and measurements; and these latter branches are most direfully neglected, yet scarcely anything is taught with greater readiness.

Now, the conscientious drawing-master knows the want of these things, yet how can he teach them?—what encouragement has he?—If he does undertake them, it is at his own expense and loss. The means to do it can only be obtained in the manner I pointed in a former letter; he must insist on his position being recognised, though he may not have received a university education, and he must gain his position by passing a rigid examination. To draw or design is doubtless the road to learning the mechanical part of drawing, and no well-informed painter finds any difficulty in mastering the various branches of mechanical art; he can, if called upon, reduce his drawing into a practical shape, giving plan, elevation, and section. He can sooner than another measure angles on the ground, or practise levelling and surveying; therefore, simple drawing is of the last importance, and the reason is that these practical sciences are but drawing, and a good draughtsman will do them better than a bad one.

These things can be done, and ought to be, and by a simple process: abolish all fees at public schools, except the entrance fee, or head-money, and let the professors be all paid from the munificent incomes of the foundations, and let them all have the same consideration. It is a most miserable perversion of the intention of the noble founders of our public schools to show such greed for fees; and what is more, it appears absolutely illegal. Illustrated in this way though they are, still they are crowded; and though the education in them actually falls far short of the mark, they are yet invaluable for training and forming the English character—so invaluable are they, that they should be supervised with ten times the care they are; and if all schools were obliged to be on the same model it would be well.

We ought to have improved these models, but we have not; we ought to have enlarged their plan, and supplied them with professors in all branches of learning gratis, and not overloaded them with fees. Too much time is wasted in Latin and Greek, and too little given to history, geography, and mathematics; too much money goes into isolated pockets, and too little is ever seen by others—that is to say, the English master, masters of foreign languages, and your humble servant,

R. W.

[Doubtless it is a good thing that our youth generally should know a little of the arts of design, and it appears, that though this branch of knowledge has been taught in schools of design to scholars of the trade-class, it has been neglected among the youth of the middle-class, whose wants have not been supplied in the same ratio, in this as well as in other matters; but those other subjects are out of our immediate scope, and we must leave them to others. Whatever is taught in the way of drawing, it is quite clear we should give our decided preference to the useful; and that the professors who teach this knowledge should be properly paid is beyond question. We publish a letter from our correspondent, R. W., but in what way his grumblings are to be rectified it passes our comprehension to say.

The gist of the matter is, we suppose, the old story. Curates complain of the emoluments of bishops and wealthy rectors, and we suppose Mr. W. complains of the head masters and other dignitaries of public schools; and like most of these complainings, it ends in nothing, for those who hold the good things are very loth to part with them, and generally contrive to keep a tight hand upon them. If our correspondent desires dignity, that is a cheap commodity, and he may, we suppose, parade himself in a trencher cap and gown. To be paid at the same time is sheer presumption—such arguments are positively stale: we have long since despaired of the principle;—the lion's share is always cut off first, and it is contrary to nature to have it altered.

Fees, too, are a rooted institution in human nature, and it is quite likely the founders of public schools foresaw what would happen, and, to make sure of it, interdicted it; but the finishing touch to a work is always given, and fees are added to these things as naturally as a weather-cock to a steeple, or the handle to a cathedral door.

We are not behind the scenes of a public school, but we believe, by a late statement, fees are not neglected at Eton. From the impost of these fees (we should like to see the whole list,—it must be a curious schedule—drawing, dancing, German, Italian, fencing,—and what becomes of the

### VARNISH.

SIR,—If it were not that an unobjectionable picture varnish still remains a *desideratum* to painters, I should not trouble you on this subject.

About twelve or fifteen years since I had sent me some six or seven sample-bottles of a varnish under the name of "Bentley's Porcelain Varnish." These samples arrived at as many different times, as I imagined, under as many modifications of the preparation—some of the latter ones evident improvements on the first sample. I tried this varnish immediately, as well as at the same time introducing it to my friends, for the purpose of testing it under various treatments by different persons.

From the result of these experiments, I am at this time in a position to form a decided opinion upon the merits of the varnish in question; and, both from my friends' experience and my own, I must pronounce it to be altogether the best varnish for pictures that has ever appeared.

Its appearance in bottle is slightly milky, and made me at first doubt its cleanness and brilliancy when applied; but there is not the slightest appreciable difference in this respect between this and the most brilliant mastic.

Its "lay," as the house-decorators would term it, is the most facile imaginable; and not "setting" quite so rapidly as mastic, it allows of being applied to a large surface more thinly and evenly than any of the varnishes at present in use.

Its crowning advantage consists (as far as my experience reaches) in not cracking of itself. Any varnish will crack a newly and stoutly painted picture; but applied as late as from nine or twelve months after pictures have been finished, in no instance have I found it damage a work in this respect.

Amongst its high qualities is the one of its never blooming under any changes of temperature, or atmospheric alternations between humidity and dryness.

I hope you may not suspect me of having bought the patent of this varnish, and of attempting to advertise it without paying the duty. My sole object is to get, through the means of your Journal, the address of the author, or of some depot where the varnish may be found, and to escape from the applications of persons in the country, to whom I formerly presented some, and who wish to procure more, saying in their letters that the only works in their possession which refuse, under the most adverse circumstances, to "bloom," are those under the protection of "Bentley's Porcelain Varnish."

The insertion of this will no doubt prove a boon to many, like myself, subscribers to the *Art-Journal*.

November 13th, 1858.

I am, sir,  
J. B. PYNE.

## ART FOR THE PEOPLE.

It must be accepted as a somewhat curious fact that the educational uses of Art, though tacitly acknowledged in various ways, have had no great public recognition in England until very recently. Yet the love of pictures—whether we apply the term to the illustration of children's books, according to their own usage, or to the equally rude prints, the cherished decoration of the adult cottager's home—rules the humblest of mankind as powerfully as it does the highest. Probably it does more so; inasmuch as the pence spared with difficulty from the daily earnings of the necessitous, renders the engraving doubly dear to the home of the working man. Persons unaccustomed to visit the residences of the poor could not conceive how deeply they occasionally reverence a great or earnest work of Art; how seriously they reflect upon it, very frequently forgetting the artist altogether in his picture, and dwelling on that as the realization of something better than "this work-day world" usually presents to them.

A great and important means of pleasurable edu-

cation (of the foundation?) we always supposed them pretty well to do in houses and lands. What more immediately concerns our readers—the artist part—we must leave to them. If no provision is made for the drawing-master, it is the business of artists to look to it.

The Royal Academy might take the initiative, and if not, some other body. The interests of artists are identical with a public knowledge of the uses and excellences of Art. Purchasers of works of Art are chiefly those of the middle-class, and were they well instructed we should be spared such occasions of scandal as the late police reports, wherein Mr. Peter figured conspicuously.—Ed. A.-J.]



education has thus been culpably neglected. Unguided but by public exigencies, cheap printers decorated their books with hideous engravings, merely because they were "pictures"—and pictures the people would have! The village barber in the same way covered his walls with prints of all kinds because it amused his customers; and the delight of the farmer was a huge folding screen covered thickly with engravings of all sorts and sizes. People would have Art, it might be of a bad kind, but it was all they could obtain; and no one had the wisdom to go into this fertile field, thus overgrown with rank weeds, and put in wholesome grain that would fructify to the advantage of all.

It would be a profitable task to deaseant on the gradual rise and progress of British Art; the subject is a large one, and would carry the research over a somewhat wide field of observation, from the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the rough woodcuts of the Dutch and German artists were imported by our book and printsellers for popular use, to be succeeded by the better class works of the French, and ultimately by those of native produce.

It will surprise many persons who are not aware of the silent progress made in public places, that pictures of a good kind, and decoration of a superior order, have been recently placed where they would least expect to find them. The gradual growth of collections of pictures, and the fact of their great attraction, all prove the large popularity that will attend any display of Art; and we instance these movements for such as may judiciously profit by the facts they contain. The great masses of the people are well worth attending to in every way; and any mental gratification they will gladly receive, should be as gladly tendered to them. Picture galleries are the agreeable teachers of the poor—their silent friends, that tell of "fresh fields and pastures new," to the hard-worked inhabitants of crowded alleys, and speak of great events more vividly than the page of the historian—pages they can seldom see. To no class of society do pictures appeal in vain; they are the welcome friends of all, and every increase of a pure pleasure should be gratefully received wherever it appears.

We have been led to the foregoing remarks by a visit to a place of entertainment in a locality with which most of our readers are, it may be presumed, unacquainted. Near the archway of the South-western line which spans the Westminster Road, and in the immediate vicinity of the "New Cut," is a tavern known as "Canterbury Hall," which, in addition to a very large apartment for musical entertainments, has a handsome picture gallery, built, we understand, at a cost of £5000, and filled with pictures, for which their owner has paid no less a sum than £10,000! This is, indeed, "*Art for the People*," and in this "Hall" they congregate nightly to enjoy themselves, refreshing both body and mind.

We will not discuss a question, which has its advocates and its opponents, as to the desirableness of tavern entertainments in general; but we have every reason to believe that the proprietor of "Canterbury Hall" conducts his establishment with due regard to propriety, and it is quite evident that his endeavours—made at so considerable expense—are to give it a character which few would be inclined to gainsay. We can readily imagine that a large number of the working classes may pass a few social hours together in such a place without violating morality or public decency, just as well as two or three hundred gentlemen may assemble to dine at the Freemasons' Hall or the London Tavern, and reach home safely afterwards without rendering themselves amenable to any offensive charge; in either case there may be an abuse of the good things provided by the caterer, and, as a consequence, evil will follow. Admission to Canterbury Hall is gained only by the payment of sixpence for each visitor; it is clear, therefore, that the artisan who takes his wife and grown up children there, or the shopman who may feel inclined to pass an hour or two in the rooms, has another object in view than spending the time like a sot: if such is his desire there are "palaces" close at hand, into which he may readily gain entrance without payment.

On the walls of the "gallery" hang some three hundred pictures, a large number of which would certainly not satisfy the eye of the connoisseur as examples of fine painting; but there are also some

genuine works by men of good repute among us, such as "Noah's Sacrifice," by MacIise; "Death Purifying the Soul," by Horace Vernet; "A Danish Family Reading the Bible," by Madame Baumann; "Mountain Scenery," by Calcott; "Marcus Curtius leaping into the Gulf," by Haydon; "The Advent of Spring," by F. Danby; and others by Frith, Lance, Cooper, Poole, Uwins, Anthony, Sant, Wallis ("Henry Martini in Chepstow Castle"), Wilkie, F. Stone, and others. The proprietor says, in a preface to the catalogue: "Although almost every other class of the community is represented at the Canterbury Hall, his chief supporters are to be found among the working classes. If, then, while providing for them the innocent and enlivening enjoyment of music in the hall, the Fine-Arts Gallery can be made the medium for raising in their minds ennobling and refining thoughts, and of creating and fostering a taste for the beautiful, the proprietor feels that his establishment can prefer a fresh claim to public support. Nor, he believes, will those who regard this Fine-Arts Gallery from an Art-educational point of view, be inclined to regard lightly, or without its true significance, an effort which is designed to raise the character of entertainments in this country, to leave healthy impressions on the mind, and thus awaken a desire for pure and elevating pursuits."

It is, we understand, the intention of the proprietor, Mr. Morton, to "weed" his gallery of inferior works, as circumstances may permit him, and to substitute for the rejected, others of a higher character. Will any one, after reading what we have now stated, say that the *Art-Journal* descends from its position, or is aiding in the spread of that which is wrong and immoral, by pointing out to its readers that there is such a place as "Canterbury Hall," with its gallery of pictures and its concert room, both of which are visited by hundreds of honest, hard-working people, when they rest from their daily labours?

## ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—An Art-Union Society, under the auspices of the "Irish Institution," has been recently formed in this city on the principles of the Art-Union of London, which permit the prizeholder to select the work of Art to which he may, according to its money-value, be entitled. The names of Earl Charlemont, Viscount Masserene, Lord Talbot de Malahide, the Right Hon. M. Brady, and other persons of rank and influence, appear in the list of trustees.—The annual exhibition of the works of the pupils in the School of Art, in connection with the Royal Dublin Society, was lately opened. The society has offered prizes, of £7 and £5 respectively, for the best and second-best studies in oil of figures from the life, and another of £5 for the best landscape, also in oil, taken from nature. This school is superintended by Mr. McManus, R.H.A.

LIVERPOOL.—As we intimated in our last number, the Council of the Liverpool Society of Arts have awarded the first prize (£100) to Mr. F. Goodall, A.R.A., for his picture of "Cranmer going to Execution," and the second prize (£50) to Mr. T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., for his "October Evening." The prize (£25) for water-colour painting was gained by Mr. Carl Haag's "Ruins of Salona;" and that for sculpture (£25) by Mr. W. C. Marshall's "Ophelia."

BRISTOL.—A meeting of those interested in the "School of Practical Art" in this city was held on the 28th of October, in the new building, Queen's Road, the chair being occupied by Mr. P. W. S. Miles. This school, which is under the management of Mr. Ferrier, has now been in operation five years. When first established there were sixty-two pupils; at the present time it numbers three hundred, of whom one-half consist of artisans, and the other of females.—An exhibition of industrial works has lately been open in Bristol, which has been visited by nearly ten thousand persons.

NOTTINGHAM.—The annual meeting of the Nottingham Government School was lately held in the Exchange Hall, when Lord Belper presided, in the absence of the Duke of Newcastle. The report of the proceedings has not, however, reached us.

BRIDGEWATER.—The inhabitants of Bridgewater, stimulated by the success which has attended the School of Art in the neighbouring town of Taunton, have held several meetings for the purpose of promoting the establishment of a school in their own.

## MONUMENTAL COMMEMORATIONS.

THE Book of Monumental Commemoration is almost a periodical, like our own,—and yields something for transference to our columns in nearly every month. In a recent number, we spoke of the honours of this kind about to be rendered to the gallant and lamented Capt. Peel by his countrymen at home; and now, we have to add to that record the tribute to his memory which is making by those among whom he fought and fell. In India, the army has taken the initiative in a movement whose object is to leave a military record of his name and acts in connection with his command of the Royal Naval Brigade during the recent operations in that country, as well as of his services at the siege of Sebastopol.—In the same country, the friends of the late Major Hodson are exerting themselves to collect subscriptions for the purpose of erecting a monumental tablet in the parish church of his native place:—and Colonel Green has set on foot a subscription with the purpose of commemorating the glorious career and death of Brigadier-general Nicholson.—Stepping from one field of British glory to another, we briefly announced last month that the Guards' Memorial, originally designed for a location in Hyde Park fronting Grosvenor Gate, has undergone sundry vicissitudes in the matter of site,—and settles down at last to a very grand position, where it will confer a species of street decoration of the kind that was much wanted, in return for the happy accidents of neighbourhood that it receives. The monument will arise, just where the lamp-post now stands, in Waterloo Place, north of Pall Mall, and fronting south, so as to look along the fine space that opens past the Duke of York's Column into St. James's Park. The four large bronze figures of which the work is composed are cast out of metal composing the Russian guns taken at Sebastopol, and rest on a pedestal of granite. It was intended that the monument should stand uncovered on its site by the 5th of November, the anniversary day of one of the great events it commemorates,—the battle of Inkermann; but there is yet no appearance of it.—An influential meeting of Devonshire gentlemen has been held, at Hatherleigh, and a large immediate sum subscribed, with the view of commencing a public subscription for a monument, in the immediate neighbourhood of his birthplace in that county, to a soldier who reaped laurels on both those great fields. Lieutenant-colonel Morris rode with the "six hundred" at the famous cavalry charge at Balaklava,—and after subsequently distinguishing himself in several well-fought actions in India, died recently at Poonah.—To pass to the posthumous illustrations of more peaceful labours, we may record that the glass in the great west window of Gloucester Cathedral has been removed for the purpose of being replaced by a memorial window of stained glass in honour of the late Bishop Monk.—Scotland is seeking to collect the means for rearing, in the Vale of Ettrick, at or near the spot of the Poet's birth,—which lies within a few hundred yards of his grave,—a Memorial of the late James Hogg. A statue of the Poet, in his ordinary dress, lifted aloft on a massive pedestal, so as to compose well with the scenic accidents around, is what the promoters of this monument propose.—It has a direct relation to these varied commemorations of departed greatness, that we should report here the steps taking, in the north of England and elsewhere, for getting up some form of celebration on the

CENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT BURNS.—The movement was initiated in the town of Newcastle-on-Tyne;—and aims at sweeping into its action a world-wide homage to the great Scottish minstrel, on the 25th of January, 1859. In the addresses which the North of England Committee for the purpose are circulating, the British possessions in every part of the world are appealed to,—as are, also, the readers of the United States. In a word, the invitation to this festival of the Scottish Muse, though issuing from the English side of the Border-land, is meant to be as wide as the diffusion of our island-tongue.—Newcastle is also about to do honour to a man of a different order of genius, George Stephenson, the great engineer.



## INTERNATIONAL ART COPYRIGHT.

At length, if we may venture to trust appearances where facts have had so stubborn a hold in an opposite sense, there is some prospect that piracy in the products of the intellect may be uprooted in one of its last strongholds,—and Belgium herself, in the matter of copyright generally, be brought within the comity of nations. The month of October witnessed the unwonted spectacle of an international congress on literary and artistic property sitting in Brussels, the very Algiers of the press—with the Belgian minister at its head. It is a strange and discreditable fact, that two free and enlightened countries like Belgium and the United States should have lagged so far behind the nations in a question of civilization like this of copyright; but nowhere—not even in America—has the cause of piracy been maintained to such dishonourable issues as in Belgium. In this matter, as in so many others, it is very pleasant to remember that England led the way in the cause of civilization. It is long, now, since our own governments showed a desire to deal justly, so far as this question is concerned, with the claims of intellect. Though much, as our readers know, in certain directions, remains still to be done, yet step by step the copyright in mental produce has been improved and extended amongst ourselves:—and the enlarged principles which we recognised at home, we pushed abroad wherever we could. The law of international copyright gradually established, on our invitation, with an increasing number of foreign states, has everywhere brought its benefit to authors and publishers in the ratio of its operation; but up to the present day it is shamelessly resisted in those countries in which the interests of English mental property suffer most severely. The reprint system, still conducted on the largest scale in Belgium and in America, deprives the author of a beneficial interest in more than half his audience. Brussels, it is said, supplies as many copies of a high-class English book as the London bookseller;—New York, considerably more. The loss which accrues to English authors from the want of a copyright law with the United States, may be surmised from the very large sums which American authors, under a mistaken interpretation of existing laws, have commandeered in this country. In Belgium, as we have said, the resistance to the laws of literary and artistic morality has taken forms more than commonly disgraceful. Do any of our readers happen to remember a certain petition addressed some years ago to the Belgian Chamber of Deputies by some of the parties commercially interested in the maintenance of the national offence; in which they put forward their helpless wives and children as arguments for their predatory habits,—and, by a somewhat questionable compliment, assured the chamber that their sole hope against the spreading morality of the times was in its sympathies! Threatened at that time with a French international treaty, there was a tremendous flutter and outcry among the Belgian cuckoos. Menaced, to that extent, with the deprivation of their right to rob their neighbours' nests, they actually pleaded, as well we remember, the extent and duration of the wrong, with the earnest conviction of anti-monopolists and the free spirit of pirates. "Fifty thousand Belgians," they said, "are menaced in their existence and their rights." The claim of the foreign writer to a monopoly of his own head was indignantly denounced as about to bring "ruin on numerous and flourishing branches of industry connected with reprints:—a Belgian word for larceny.—Do our readers also remember a certain royal speech, in which the yet undeveloped resources for literary robbery of the country were pointed out to his people by the head and fount of Belgian chivalry himself,—and it was recommended that the necessities of the times at home, in Belgium, should be met by fresh forays on the intellectual property of other lands?—The very spread of the spirit of honourable treaty has been prey to the Belgian robber; and in his accruing monopoly as a rover over the mental seas, he has actually fattened on the new and growing morality of nations. It would be pleasant to believe, that a conviction of the evils, moral and economical, that result to the national character, and the national literature and art, from

the scandalous practice of piracy in books and prints, had fully dawned at length on the Belgian mind. An international copyright congress sitting at Brussels at all, is certainly an intimation that the national conscience is coming nearer to the standard of the times. We have, ourselves, reason to know, that many of the authors and artists of Belgium have begun to feel honourably uneasy under the stigma which has so long attached to their country as the stronghold on this side the ocean of literary and artistic piracy. If the results at which the Brussels Congress have arrived could make its way into the legislation of the country, in spite of the robber-interests that yet oppose it, Belgium would have a better claim than just now she can assert to take her place in the brotherhood of high-minded and enlightened nations.

THE  
ROMANCE OF PICTURE-DEALING.

THE drama of the picture-dealers, produced some weeks since at Guildhall, and which it was intended should be transferred to a larger theatre, and played before a higher audience, was, unhappily for the moralities involved, prematurely withdrawn, in consequence of the illness of a leading actor.

It was found impossible to get Mr. Peter into court to sign the depositions; and the plea of something like mental imbecility was studiously put forward, though not very clearly made out, as the pretext for his absence. In ordinary cases, such a plea as this is not a very agreeable one to urge; but in this case of Mr. Peter, the pretext of mental weakness, while it covered the fact of the complainant's absence from the court, covered also some portion of the folly that had made him a complainant. The plea happily fitted both the case and the compromise; and the magistrate, who was earnest for the vindication of the law, was compelled, nevertheless, to give way before its resolute assertion. He took good care, however, to express himself as highly dissatisfied with such a result. "It is quite clear," said Alderman Wire, "that a compromise has been made, and that this court has been made the medium for effecting it." It struck the worthy alderman, of course, as it does ourselves, that the inability to attend the court had arisen only *after* the compromise, and that the patient was of good court-going capacity so long as he lay out of his moucy.—We must say, that the alderman was very critical on the occasion, and that some of his remarks must have sounded most unpleasingly in the ears of all the parties concerned. He warned the counsel who, from the safe position which he had attained by Mr. Peter's non-appearance, began to talk somewhat vapouringly of the complete *refutation* which he *could* produce "an if he would," that the very least he could say on the subject would be the best; as, if the matter were dwelt on, he, the magistrate, would be compelled to pronounce judiciously some very strong opinions on the case. Really, it does seem not easy to bring these Art-pirates to book; and there has, unquestionably, been a failure of justice here, to add to the failure of justice in the case of Mr. Closs. But, the facts will not have fallen altogether without fruit; and the extreme peril in which these adventurous dealers consider themselves to stand, may be guessed by the very large sums which they have been willing to disgorge rather than abide the issue. The "hue and cry" was close indeed when the highwayman of old threw away his plunder. If it be indeed true, that the mental weakness which kept Mr. Peter out of court was the incident that suggested him as a victim,—that the natural calamity which protects the wrong-doers from punishment now was the thing on which they operated for the original wrong,—then, the case becomes morally blacker against the picture-dealers implicated for the very matter of defence which legally absolves them.—They will have done some good in their generation, nevertheless, by the contribution their case is calculated to make towards an early and sufficient measure of redress; and the public owe a debt of gratitude to Alderman Wire, for the pains he took to point, so far as it rested with him, the moral of their dealing.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The magnificent apartment in the Luxembourg, known as the bedchamber of Marie de Medicis, is about to be restored. The fine wood-carving of the frames, panels, &c., has become wormeaten, and its entire decay would involve the loss of the beautiful arabesques and decorative paintings which cover the walls and ceiling of the room. The paintings were executed by Nicholas Poussin, Rubens, and Philip de Champagne. The work of restoration will necessarily require the utmost care and nicety.—An addition of five pictures has been made to the Louvre collection, at a cost of three hundred thousand francs (£12,000). Two are by Murillo; and the whole are of the Spanish school, and were formerly in the Soult collection. They will shortly be exhibited in the long gallery.—In the *concours* for the *Prix de Rome*, M. Paul Colin's painting, although evidently the work of inexperience, promises well for the future.—Numerous statues have recently been sent to provincial museums. A statue in bronze, representing Hero, by M. Etex, to Nantes; "Jephthah's Daughter," by Fabisch, to Aix; "Love Sleeping," by Gayard, sen., to Strasbourg, &c.—The interior decorations of the Louvre are in progress, and the various statues for the exterior niches are being placed in their respective positions.—Death has taken, at the early age of fifty-four, M. Leon Fleury, a landscape-painter of considerable talent: he was much esteemed. A fine painting by him is in the Luxembourg Gallery.—The embellishments of Paris continue. The ancient "*Marché des Innocents*" is removed, and a square is planned out, in the centre of which the fine fountain by Jean Gougon will prove the great ornament: the government is doing all in its power to multiply the squares in Paris.—That splendid thoroughfare, the Boulevard of Sebastopol, is advancing rapidly, spreading light and health through many poor parts of Paris. Unfortunately the houses are all palaces, and the poorer classes, displaced, cannot find or cannot pay the price demanded for lodgings. Thus, although the houses built may be equal to those pulled down, the rents have risen so enormously, that hundreds of apartments must remain long empty, from the exorbitant demands of the landlords.

MUNICH.—The name of Holfraht Hanfstaengel will be familiar to all who have sojourned at Munich, and will be remembered by others in conjunction with that great work, entitled "*Die Dresdener Gallerie*," in which the principal pictures contained in that celebrated gallery are reproduced with artistic skill by the aid of lithography. The undertaking originated with him, and some of the finest plates are the work of his hand. It brought him honours as well as fame. But, as if determined not to rest satisfied with the laurels thus gained, hardly had photography begun to take the prominent place in artistic as well as social life which it now occupies, than he turned his attention to it, and, with the same zeal and diligence he had devoted to his former undertaking, herein also sought to arrive at excellence. And he has been singularly successful. Both at the London and Paris Exhibitions his photographs received the award which was their due. Many of his portraits have not only the clearness but also the warmth and beautiful gradations of a fine mezzotint engraving. His collection of portraits is a most interesting one, comprising, as it does, kings, queens, and empresses—the heads of royal, ducal, and princely houses without number—as well as a long list of those who are celebrated in the domains of Poetry, or Art, or Science. Their name is legion; but this is hardly to be wondered at when you see his work before you; for these sun-pictures are agreeable and pleasant remembrances of the individual they represent—agreeable in tone, and pleasing as regards the arrangement of the figure and the accessories. His artistic education here stands Hanfstaengel in good stead. In this latter point alone his works would deserve to take precedence of those of his contemporaries. They are really "pictures"—not mere transcripts of certain given forms. It was to Hanfstaengel that we in England owed the first portrait of one who since that time has become well-known to us all—a stranger then, but now one of ourselves: we allude to His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. Every one was of course anxious to behold the features of him who was about to occupy so conspicuous a station in this country; and it was from Hanfstaengel's atelier that the likeness proceeded which was so eagerly awaited, and was gazed at with so much curiosity. We are not aware if there are many of his works in England,—portraits, copies of pictures, or facsimiles of noble pieces of architecture,—but we know that Her Majesty the Queen sets much value on his photographs, and is in possession of no inconsiderable a collection.



AMSTERDAM.—The sudden death of Ary Scheffer has created a painful sensation in the Art-circles of Holland, the land of his birth; and as every circumstance bearing upon a reputation so exalted is full of interest, the following notes will be acceptable. The father of Ary, John Bernard Scheffer, was a German, born at Kassel, in 1773. He was a pupil of one of the Tischbeins—probably J. H. Tischbein, who was born at Haina, in 1722, and died in 1782, director of the then celebrated academy at Kassel. It cannot now be determined in what year J. B. Scheffer came to Holland, but it is known that in 1792 he was living at Dordrecht, then aged nineteen years, and in that place married Cornelia Lamme, daughter of the artist, Ary Lamme, who, in 1795, presented him with a son, the late celebrated painter. In 1803 the family settled in Amsterdam, after having resided both at Rotterdam and the Hague. The second son was born in 1796, and devoted himself to literature, but the career which he chose was a source to him of more sorrow than profit. He died not long since in Paris. The third son, Henry Scheffer, was born in 1798. The elder Scheffer was an artist of some talent, as his works in Holland testify. There is in the possession of a well-known collector at the Hague a Charity by him, in which the principal figure is his wife, and the children were painted from his own. In Rotterdam there are many meritorious portraits by him. In 1808 he obtained the prize on the occasion of a competition in historical painting. The subject was "Admiral Jacob Simonsz de Ryk refusing his Release from Prison offered him by the Spaniards;" but the painter died in 1809, without a knowledge of his triumph. The picture is in the pavilion at Haarlem. The widow, who distinguished herself in engraving and miniature-painting, died at Paris, in 1839. When left a widow at the age of forty-two, and impressed with a conviction of the future greatness of her eldest son, she, in company with her children, quitted her native country, and settled in Paris, where she placed Ary and Henry under the tuition of Guerin, one of David's pupils; and as early as 1810 Ary sent a portrait to the exhibition at Amsterdam, which was considered an admirable performance.

BERLIN.—The statue of Handel, in aid of the funds for which the Sacred Harmonic Society of London some time since subscribed, is now ready for casting. The sculptor is named Heidel, and his work is intended for Halle. The figure is attired in the costume of the period in which Handel lived; the left hand rests on the side; the right, in which is placed a roll of music, rests on a small desk before him, on which lies the score of the "Messiah." The figure has much firmness and character; the head is raised, and the attitude is such as if he were about to give the signal for the commencement of the Oratorio. The likeness has been obtained from the statue by Roubiliac in Westminster Abbey, which was executed from authentic sources, for Handel sat to Roubiliac. The statue will be cast at Berlin, and forwarded to its destination next summer.—There is a second statue also ready for casting—that of the soldier and statesman, the Count Brandenburg. The statue was confided to Rauch for execution, but on the death of that artist it was transferred to his pupil, Hugo Haag. The Count wears the very effective dress of the *gardes du corps*.

MEININGEN.—A fresco by Bernardino Luini has been successfully transported hither from its late abiding place at Milan—the wall of the court of the Hotel Reichmann: it was removed from the wall, and conveyed over the Alps without accident. The subject is a Madonna and Infant Christ, with St. John and Elizabeth, the mother being seated, and looking down upon the Infant, whose hand is extended to the head of a kneeling lamb. St. John points to the Saviour with his right hand, while the left rests on the back of the lamb. The dimensions of the work are six feet by about five and a half. The heads of Mary and Elizabeth are without the "glory," but it encircles the head of the Saviour.

VIENNA.—We have frequently adverted to the notoriously false attribution of famous names to inferior pictures in many of the celebrated galleries of Europe. We may, with clean hands, allude to this, because in our own smaller collection there are no pictures upon which a doubt can be reasonably cast, while in every public gallery in Europe, works of really no merit have been attributed to painters of the highest grade. The revision of the old catalogues commenced first in Berlin, where many glaring inaccuracies have been corrected; and on a comparison of the old with the new catalogue of the Belvedere Collection, the following changes are observable:—In the Italian school, the Giorgione (No. 36, in the first room), a man in armour, is all but proved to be by another artist; "St. Justina" (No. 7, in the second room), hitherto attributed to Pordenoue, is now properly assigned to

Bonvicino; "The Mother of God with the Holy Infant" (No. 63, in the second room) has been unjustly attributed to Giovanni Bellini; "The Dead Christ" (No. 66, in the second room) is now assigned to Cavazzuolo—there are many circumstances which tended to throw discredit on it as a work of Lotto, but especially its deficiency of those qualities which distinguish the works of the master. "The Baptism of Christ" (No. 19, in the third room) has been assigned to Pietro Perugino on very slight grounds,—there are the letters "P. P." at the bottom of the picture; but it is shown that it has been justly named, and that the picture is one of the best by the master. The "Saint Margaret" (No. 50, third room), with which the name of Raffaele has been associated, is now given to Giulio Romano; and a "Riposo" (No. 53, third room), also attributed to Raffaele, is now given to Fra Bartolomeo: neither of these pictures were signed, but the opinions of connoisseurs are unanimous. "Herodias bearing the Head of John the Baptist in a charger" (No. 12, fourth room), known as a work of the school of Leonardo, has been assigned to Luini; "Herodias and the Executioner" (No. 24, fourth room) is in the old catalogue attributed to Leonardo da Vinci, or Cesare da Sesto: it is, however, certainly not a work of Leonardo, and yet, withal, it is extremely difficult to determine it as a production of Cesare. The early Florentine portrait (No. 38, fourth room) is justly pronounced to be the work of Masaccio; "The newborn Saviour" has been incorrectly ascribed to Luca Signorelli—it has been painted by some one less skilful than he in the use of the brush. The "Young man with the curly hair," assigned to the school of Correggio, is with more justice attributed to the master himself. The "Portrait of the Doge, F. Crizzo," which has been declared the work of Strozzi, is more probably by Tintoretto than by him. Among the pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, there is a "Portrait of an old woman" (No. 30, first room), which is determined as of the Italian school; the landscape (No. 7, in the second room) marked "unknown" has been found to be monogrammed by P. Saffleben, and is named accordingly; another (No. 9, room No. 2), also "unknown," is ascribed to Van der Neer; and of the two portraits (fourth room), hitherto given to Rubens, one is pronounced a copy. In addition to these necessary and important changes, others, not less advantageous, are contemplated, whereby many fine pictures, which have hitherto been scarcely visible, will be placed in a better light. Those which most especially require a change, are the works of Velasquez, that have been so distributed, or hung so high, as to be entirely unappreciable; and also Giorgione's fine work, "The wise men of the East," would be much benefited by a removal.—The annual exhibition has this year been remarkably rich in landscape; the works of this class being not only very numerous, but also of excellent quality. By Foltz, of Munich, "Evening in the Pastures," is a production of rare merit, equally as to cattle and landscape; and by Schleich, also of Munich, "Landscape with Windmills by Moonlight," is not less truthful and effective. We may also mention "Wildbad Gaststein forty-four years since," by Steinfeld, Professor of the Academy of Vienna. "Under the Lindens," by Anton Hansch, of Vienna, the yellow tones of which are exaggerated. Morgenstern's "Hohlweg, near Anzenhausen;" Oswald Achenbach's "Festa in the Sabine Mountains—Evening," is a picture in which is most successfully described the exuberance of Italian life; and, "Obersee, in Bavaria," by another Düsseldorf artist, is most faithful to the nature of the *locale* which it professes to represent. Franz Adam's "Hungarian Horses," is a production of great excellence, although in animal drawing not equal to Voltz's cattle picture. Albert Zimmermann's "Autumn Sunset among the Mountains," is a brilliant performance, remarkable for its boldness of execution; there are also "Evening," by Flamm, of Düsseldorf, and "Christ and the Woman of Samaria," by Wörndle; "Landscape near Bremen," and "Landscape near Munich," are two miniature works by Zimmermann; also "Girl tending Sheep," by Voltz; a "Party at Thiemsee," Langko; "Party in Oetzthal—sunshine and rain: wood scene," by Ebert; "Near Parthenkirchen," by Kollmann; "Waterfall in the Hartz," Fühse; "Moonlight in the Thiemsee," Boshart; and others by Gauermann, Haushofer, Schiffer, Jäger, Holtzer, Heilandska, Bahlmayer, &c. &c.

DÜSSELDORF: SANDSTONE STATUARY.—The decorations of the Cathedral of Cologne have given a new direction to sculptural art in the districts of the Rhine. Every material beneath marble and bronze has hitherto been considered as unworthy the attention of the educated artist, and the expense of works in those materials exceeds the resources of limited populations; a suggestion has been therefore adopted from

Mohr's decorations of the Cathedral of Cologne, for the execution of public works in fine sandstone. The sculptor who has distinguished himself in sandstone sculpture is Bayerle, of Düsseldorf, who, like Mohr, is indebted solely to industry and talent for the reputation which he enjoys. His most remarkable work consists of the figure decorations of the Town Hall of Wesel, of which there are completed—St. Willibrord, the Apostle of the Lower Rhine, who, in the eighth century, came from England and preached the Gospel in Germany; Charlemagne wearing the imperial crown and mantle; and Rudolph, of Hapsburg; and right and left of these figures appear two of the rulers of Cleves—those to whom the town of Wesel acknowledges the greatest obligations—Count Dietrich, the eighth, wearing a coat of mail, his left hand resting upon a shield, and in his right holding the charter of the town granted by Rudolph, of Hapsburg, at whom he is looking; the next is Adolph, first Duke of Cleves, in panoply of plate armour with his vizor raised. Then there are at the corners—for these figures decorate the façade of the building—John Sigismund, in the civil costume of his time, and the statue of the great Elector, both of these Prussian rulers, under whose dominion Cleves fell in the seventeenth century. Besides these, Bayerle has received commissions for other sandstone statues, of which, that of the brave Seidlitz, is equal in merit to his best works.

## ILLUSTRATED BOOKS

FOR THE YOUNG.

THE PUBLICATIONS  
OF MESSRS. GRIFFITH AND FARRAN.\*

WE have selected such as we considered the most suitable for our pages from some very pretty books which the successors of the old firm at the well-known "corner of St. Paul's Church-yard" have sent us, as heralds of the approaching season; and we have placed at the head of our notice a little *brochure* by the late THOMAS HOOD, as a very small mark of the respect due to whatever bears his honoured name. The poet left two children. The simple and touching preface is written by the daughter, now the wife of the Rector of Cossington, and the very clever and amusing illustrations are by the son (Thomas Hood the younger), both already known to the public as the authors of some charming tales and poems. The children working out the father's intention in this particular way is a decided novelty in juvenile literature. Mrs. Broderip says, "The following story of 'The Precocious Pig' was originally related by our dear father when the writer of these lines was a little girl, much inclined to cry over poor Piggy's tragical fate, and the artist who illustrates it so appropriately was a little fat boy, who chuckled over Piggy's misdeeds with intense enjoyment. Our smiles are now graver and sadder, for, after many years of chance and change, the old familiar words recall only a beloved memory of one who forgot his own cares and sufferings to minister to his children's amusement and pleasure. We feel, however, we are fulfilling what would have been our father's own wish in giving to another generation of little girls and boys the veritable history of Piggy's chequered career. To him children were always welcome; and to us it will be a great pleasure that anything of his can, so many years after his death, bring a merry laugh to the little face of the happy childhood he loved so well."

The poem has no pretension to any portion of the great author's wit or pathos; it is just such a story as a clever, good-natured papa would rhyme for his little ones, with the moral not dragged in, but coming out of the events, and showing how dangerous it is for little pigs, and, by analogy, little people, to abandon too early the shelter of the parental roof. All this has been admirably worked

\* The Headlong Career and Woeful Ending of Precocious Piggy. By the late Thomas Hood. Illustrated by his Son.

The War Tiger; or, the Adventures and Wonderful Fortunes of the Young Sea-Chief and his Lad Chow. A Tale of the Conquest of China. By William Dalton. Illustrations by H. S. Melville.

Sunday Evenings with Sophia—Little Talks on Great Subjects. By Leonora G. Bell. Frontispiece by G. Abelson.

The Triumphs of Steam; or, Stories from the Lives of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson. By the Author of "Might not Right," &c. With Illustrations by John Gilbert.

Scenes of Animal Life and Character, from Nature and Recollection. By J. B.

Der Schwatzer.

Paul Blake: a Boy's Perils in the Islands of Corsica and Monte Cristo. By Alfred Elwes, author of "Ocean and her Rulers," &c. With Illustrations by J. Anelay.



out by the amateur artist. In the very first page Piggy's confidence and Piggy's danger are shown in a way that would do no discredit to our best caricaturist—Leech; every stroke helps the story—every line tells a tale—the falling bird, the butterfly just escaped from the cocoon, yet fluttering on the edge of a watchful spider's web; while on the opposite page Master Piggy, the very perfection of priggishness, and all priggish accessories, is trotting confidently out of the farmyard. All the illustrations are equally "telling;" and did we not know that Mr. Hood has devoted his future to the highest purpose of which this life is capable, we should warn some of the public favourites in this particular walk of Art (for it is Art) that they must look to their laurels.

THE WAR TIGER is a tale of the conquest of China, by Mr. Dalton, whose story of THE WOLF-BOY OF CHINA has achieved much popularity among those who are fond of tales of adventure in strange lands. We are all anxious to know more than we have hitherto known concerning the descendants of the twenty-two dynasties, that have given some two hundred and forty emperors to the celestial kingdom; and though Mr. Dalton fairly states that he has mingled fiction with facts, he has also happily blended information with amusement. The hero of these adventures is the son of the famous Chin-chi-Loong, the Chinese Paul Jones—a pirate in the eyes of his enemies, a patriot in those of his friends. Pleasant as this volume is, we want facts about China for our young friends; hitherto it has been impossible to obtain them from a country so barred against us, but the last few months have removed much that opposed our progress, and we shall, despite their lingering opposition, rapidly establish more intimate relations with a people of whom, for many years, we thought little but that they grew tea, and manufactured silk and porcelain. The illustrations are characteristic, and the volume is "got up" as a very acceptable gift-book for Christmas.

SUNDAY EVENINGS WITH SOPHIA.—There is no class of book so much required by parents and governesses as that which can enliven, without profaning, the Sabbath; those who earnestly and faithfully desire to obey the Lord's command, and "keep it holy," frequently mistake dullness for holiness, and unintentionally make the child dislike the day that, of all others, ought to bring it rest and happiness. When we opened this volume (we do not remember ever before seeing the writer's name, though we earnestly hope to meet it again) we imagined it was intended for little children; but the admirable train of very close reasoning on divine subjects which the author adopts could not be attentively followed for any length of time by minds not already cultivated and strengthened by serious thought. We have seldom met with a volume of greater importance to the young; it is carefully written, and has been ably compiled and digested. Miss Bell has the rare power of analysing without confusing; and she never fatigues—never dwells a moment longer on a subject than is absolutely necessary for its illustration. Occasionally we feared she was getting beyond her depth; and there seems at times a little leaning towards "high churchism," but it may be that her finely organized mind feels the poetry of religion, although, happily, in an inferior degree to its spirituality.

THE TRIUMPHS OF STEAM are stories from the instructive lives of Watt, Arkwright, and Stephenson, worked into a most delicious volume of examples, by the author of "Might not Right." There can be no more faithful daguerreotypes of those marvellous men and their works within the compass of a small volume, and the deductions and observations are well drawn, and wisely put. As an illustration, we quote the following passage, levelled against a fault which is too much indulged in by "Young England:"—

"Remember, also, Charles, that if you merely listen to what is good, or noble, or generous, for the sake of turning it into fun, and think you show your wit or your wisdom by overlooking the real point of a story, and fixing on some secondary and absurd deduction, your wit will be of very little use to you, and your wisdom will hardly earn for you the applause of the only class of persons whose approbation is worth having. . . . You only meant to say what you considered funny, and that is too much the tendency of the present day. No matter how good, or how amiable, or how high-toned an action may be, it is sacrificed without remorse to the love of a joke. I cannot bear the spirit that this thirst for the ridiculous engenders; once admit it as your principle of action, and it eats at the root of everything that is good and noble, until at last the power of appreciating what is excellent or beautiful is blunted, if not wholly lost."

The illustrations are in John Gilbert's usual style

of excellence. "Stephenson teaching the Navvies," and "Young Watt [a model of thoughtful beauty] absorbed with his Problems," might be worked up into historical pictures. And why not?

SCENES OF ANIMAL LIFE AND CHARACTER contains some admirably drawn groups of animals—studies from the life; so self-evident, that letter-press would but encumber what will be as much admired in the drawing-room as the nursery.

DER SCHWATZER is simply what the title-page sets forth—"an amusing introduction to the German language on the plan of 'Le Babillard.'" The "sixteen engravings" are a long step—backward!

PAUL BLAKE.—This spirited and engaging story will lead our young friends to a very intimate acquaintance with the Island of CORSICA, which is in general passed over, as if only worthy of remark as the birthplace of NAPOLEON BUONAPARTE, but this is by no means its sole claim to juvenile patronage. The story is full of adventure brilliantly told, and the hero precisely such a model as we desire to set before our boys. The illustrations, by Mr. Anelay, are excellent. How gratified our young friends ought to be, seeing that some of our best artists do not disdain to minister to their improvement and amusement!

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE-BOOK OF ENGLISH HISTORY. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

This is a Child's Pictorial History of England, very accurate, and illustrated by engravings skilfully drawn and executed, as well as correct in costume. The author—or rather compiler—has wisely refrained from inserting any but principal events in our history, such as a child can comprehend, relating them simply and plainly, without ornament or colouring of his own—without reasons for or against, but leaving the child's mind unbiassed towards one particular view, or influencing it to form any prejudicial opinion that afterwards it might be difficult to eradicate. The pictures are such as will interest the parent as well as the child, while impressing on the mind the event illustrated with greater certainty than ordinary lesson-books do. We should be glad to see more of the stern, and often "dry," truths we must all learn in our youth embellished, as this little book is, with the graces and softer teachings of the imagination.

STORIES ABOUT BIRDS. By Mrs. FAIRFIELD. Published by HAMILTON & Co., London.

This is a most interesting little book for children, written in the easy conversational style that pleases young minds so much. It gives the habits and peculiarities of the "feathered songsters of the grove," without the "stiffness of speech" that usually characterises so-called "instructive books," and enlivens the whole with amusing anecdotes, that are not so miraculous as to raise doubts of their truth. We should ourselves think a rainy day in the country far from dull if we had a Mrs. Fairfield to tell us such pretty stories; and our children would find greater interest—increase of mental as well as bodily health—in their daily walks and country rambles by wood and river, if they were taught to examine and admire those beauties of Nature that God has made as much sources of delight to the peasant in his daily out-door labour as to the country gentleman among his shady lawns and wooded slopes—as much sources of wonder and pleasure to the man of many summers as the little child, who loves poor Robin Redbreast for covering with leaves the Babes in the Wood!

We recommend this book to parents who desire their children to love the birds and flowers; and wish every mother would follow Mrs. Fairfield's example, and lead her little ones to find interest and pleasure in the varied beauties of Nature, that may everywhere be found.

DADDY DACRE'S SCHOOL. By Mrs. S. C. HALL. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This is a volume for the young, but not for the very young. The school is that in which Nature is the first teacher; Daddy Dacre is but her usher. Our readers will not expect us to say more of this volume than that it is nicely printed, neatly bound, and that the price is but a shilling.

It is pleasant to know that literature for the young is thus deriving value from Art,—not Art of adorning, or even of an inferior, character, but of a high and pure order,—so as to aid essentially in extending and confirming LESSONS calculated to improve the heart and mind.

A. M. H.

## HISTORY OF THE IMPERIAL SCHOOL FOR DRAWING, IN PARIS.\*

It is to Bachelier, painter to King Louis XV., that is due the foundation of this useful establishment. Distressed at seeing that "routine was the only compass possessed by the working classes," this eminent artist formed a project for the foundation of a free school for drawing for young apprentices. With the help of several wealthy citizens and amateurs, he obtained permission, in 1764, to form, by way of experiment, a class in the buildings of the old chapel of the college of Autun, in the Rue St. André-des-Arts; and as soon as he had fixed a day for the opening of his class, an immense number of pupils hastened to have their names inscribed on the register opened for that purpose. Such is the origin of the first public school for drawing founded in Paris for the benefit of the working class.

In consequence of the results obtained after two years' trial, the king fully appreciated the services that Bachelier's school was likely to render to the mechanical arts; therefore, "in order to give to this establishment a splendour which the royal sanction could alone bestow on it," Louis XV. adopted the plan which had already been formed, and declared himself the protector of the institution. The Royal Free School for Drawing was thus definitively instituted by letters patent, given from Fontainebleau on the 20th of October, 1767, and the following considerations, which formed the preamble of these letters, are sufficiently interesting to deserve our notice:—

"The perfection which through our care and our protection has been attained in our kingdom by the different bodies of Arts and trades, having convinced us more and more that the industry of the artists of these different bodies, formed one of the branches of commerce the most flourishing and the most advantageous to our subjects, we think it our duty to devote still more attention to what may facilitate the increase of their knowledge and of their talent. These considerations had already determined us to permit the opening of a school, in which gratuitous instruction might be given in the principal elements of practical painting, of architecture and of the different parts of drawing (*sic*), in order to procure for the future, to each workman, the power of executing, himself, and without any other assistance, the different works which his peculiar genius for his Art might lead him to imagine. From these causes," &c.

The school was placed under the direction of the Lieutenant-general of the police, and managed by six persons, chosen by the king. The six constituted bodies of tradesmen and other communities were allowed to found scholarships either for life or for ever; and the pupils who obtained the first prizes had advantages given to them in the trades to which they were destined. This power of creating scholarships, which produced immediate resources to the establishment, still exists, and the city of Paris keeps at the drawing school a certain number of pupils for whose support it pays.

Endowed with great perseverance, and, moreover, protected by Madame Dubarry, Bachelier obtained from the king an annual subvention, and also the sum of 60,000 francs for the purchase of models, which were to serve for the instruction of the pupils. He set himself to work, and, assisted by his friends Boucher, Natoire, Chardin, Vien, Restout, Greuze, &c., he formed an admirable collection of subjects, which, having been reproduced by engraving, still serve for the children who frequent the classes of the school. Fêtes and concerts were given for the benefit of the establishment, lotteries were organized in order to increase its resources, and Bachelier, in his journal ("Memoires Secrets," 1780), gives the following account of the first distribution of prizes made to the pupils of Bachelier:—

"For the purpose of exciting emulation a distribution of sixty-six prizes took place on the 28th of last month (December, 1767), in one of the large rooms in the Tuileries, and the ceremony was attended with every possible pomp. The six bodies of tradesmen, all the distinguished amateurs, and a number of illustrious personages, were invited to attend. M. Bachelier opened the business of the

\* We are indebted to the *Journal des Debats* for this interesting episode of the Fine-Art history of France.



meeting by a very appropriate address to the pupils present, in number about 1500. He impressed on their minds the obligation they were under to their master, and to the enlightened magistrate (De Sartine, Lieutenant of Police), under whose direction they received lessons so useful and so well calculated to develop whatever talents they might possess. The ceremony was followed by those loud acclamations, and those marks of feeling from the children, which were the real expression of their hearts."

Up to the period of the revolution, these distributions took place every year at Christmas eve in one of the halls of the palace, and as a contemporaneous author ("Description de Paris," par Martinet and Porcelin, 1781) observes, the assemblage of 1500 children, surrounded by their parents and a multitude of persons of all ranks, was a spectacle calculated to excite the admiration of every sensible man.

The buildings in the Rue St. André-des-Arts soon became insufficient to accommodate the crowd of pupils who came to attend the drawing lessons, and Bachelier profited by the removal of the School of Surgery to the new buildings constructed on the site of the old College de Bourgogne, to remove his school into the old dissecting amphitheatre, which was built in 1694 by the master surgeons, by the side of the Church of St. Como their patron. The opening of the new school took place with great ceremony on the 1st of May, 1776.

This building, which is now occupied by the school for drawing, was ornamented by a cupola covered with slate, and terminated in a kind of *belvédère* surmounted by the royal crown and the *fleur-de-lis* in gilt. In the present day all this has been replaced by a rotunda in zinc. The principal entrance, which has been preserved, was decorated in the Ionic order, and ornamented with a marble slab with the following two lines from Santeul:—

"Ad cœdes hominum prisca amphitheatra patebant,  
Ut discant longum vivere nostra patent."

This Latin inscription, which was well suited to the former destination of the building, has been replaced by the two following lines explaining the purpose to which it is now devoted:—

"Erudiare alia pictor sentitorve palestra;  
Hæc soli pateant amphitheatra fabro."

This distich may be still seen over the entrance to the school, in the court, ornamented with the names of Leuca della Robbia, B. Cellini, Bernard Palissy, Leonard Limousin, Percier, &c.

The interior of the building also underwent very material changes; benches and desks replaced the dissecting tables, and to do honour to the protector of the school, it was divided into different compartments, or *voies*, which took the name of the Voie Royale, Voie de la Vrillière, Voie de Sartine, de Turgot, &c. A plan showing these different divisions still exists in the archives of the school.

Nothing can be more curious than the internal organization of the school; there was a regulation for everything. The entrance and the departure of the pupils, which was proved by tickets; the distribution of models according to the degree of advancement of each; the division of the classes according to the different trades for which the apprentices were destined; the nomination of the professors or officers, which could only be chosen from among the pupils who had obtained prizes at the academy of painting, &c. During the Revolution, the lessons of the professors were frequently disturbed by the movements of the Club des Cordeliers, that held its sittings in the buildings of the old convent which were adjoining to the school; the cannon of the section were placed in one of the inner courts; and it was into that very court that on the 13th of July, 1793, the blood-stained body of Marat was conveyed. The pupils were present at the curious funeral of the editor of the *Ami du Peuple*, and deposited flowers and chaplets on his body.

The National Assembly, in suppressing the different trade corporations, deprived the school of its principal source of revenue. The ruin of the undertaking of Bachelier appeared imminent, and, in order to save it, the courageous director addressed a petition to the representatives, pointing out to them the distressed state of an establishment "so useful to the country and to the working-classes." A provisional subvention of 15,600 francs was granted to him, and, thanks to this feeble assistance, Bachelier again went bravely to work, and waited for better days.

Under the Consulate and the Empire the school remained stationary, and the painter, Perrin, who succeeded Bachelier in 1806, did not introduce any reform worthy of mention. It was to M. Belloc, the present director, that is due the revival of this establishment, to which, for more than twenty-five years, he has devoted his most assiduous attention.

In addition to drawing, the composition of ornaments and mathematics, architecture, and sculpture, are now taught: animals, natural flowers, plants, and naked figures are copied by the pupils, and wood engraving is to be taught next year. Children attend the classes in the morning, and they are replaced by adults in the evening. The lessons take place every day in the week, and every year more than one thousand pupils inscribe their names to be present at them.

It is this nursery for artists that has turned out the artistical workmen, engravers, pattern drawers for printers, ornament makers, sculptors, painters of the attributes of different trades, &c., whose numerous works, stamped with that seal of elegance and good taste, so well maintained the honour of Parisian industry at the Universal Exhibition, and most of which are due to the lessons received on the benches of the old amphitheatre of Saint Como.

### THE VICTORIA BRIDGE, AT MONTREAL.

WE regard as gigantic the efforts of our time in the cause of social progress; and with reason, for at no period of the world's history have there been such immense successes and stupendous failures. But, as we outdo all who have gone before us, so must we be surpassed in enterprise by those who succeed us. Among those things formerly regarded as chimerical, but which are now substantive realities, is the Victoria Bridge, crossing the St. Lawrence at Montreal, in Canada. This bridge, which, when completed, will be the longest in the world, was necessary in order to render the Canadian railways fully available. In the report, addressed by Mr. Robert Stephenson to the directors in May, 1854, he said, "If the line of railway communication be permitted to remain severed by the St. Lawrence, it is obvious that the benefits which the system is calculated to confer upon Canada must remain to a great extent nugatory, and of a local character."

This structure is on the tubular principle, like that of the Britannia Bridge, which crosses the Menai Strait, but the proportions of the two works are somewhat according to the proverbial disparity between the physical features of the new and old worlds. The length of the Menai Bridge is 1880 feet—that of the Victoria Bridge will be two miles less 176 feet,—a length whereby it claims to be perhaps the longest bridge in the world. The point at which it crosses the St. Lawrence is about half a mile to the west of Montreal, a short distance below the "Lachine" Rapids, and about nine miles from St. Anne's, the place celebrated in Moore's Canadian Boat Song. The engineers are Mr. Robert Stephenson and Mr. A. M. Ross, and the contractors are Messrs. Peto, Brassey, and Betts, and the cost of the work will be £1,250,000. We have before us a perspective view of the bridge as it will be when completed; but such a composition scarcely conveys an impression of the real distance. The tubes will be supported by twenty-four piers, which, with the abutments, will leave twenty-five spans for the tubes, of which the centre one will be 330 feet wide, and each of the others 242 feet, and the piers are each 15 feet in width, with the exception of the two centre ones, which will be 18 feet. The river St. Lawrence, for a distance of 360 miles, is solidly frozen in winter, and the whole of the ice must pass beneath the bridge; and even much more than this, for there are yet beyond Kingston 2000 miles of lake and upper river, from the whole of which water surface ice passes into the St. Lawrence. Hence will be understood the necessity for extraordinary strength in the construction of the piers—for anything short of the solidity of rock would be swept away by the avalanches of ice that come down the river, on the breaking up of the frost, at the rate of from seven to ten miles an hour.

### GEORGE STEPHENSON.

FROM THE STATUE BY E. H. BAILY, R.A.

As there are streams which pursue their onward course silently, and unnoticed, save by the fructifying influences on the meadows through which they run, so are there men of genius who may be said to have passed their days almost unregarded by their fellows, certainly very often without receiving the honour due to them—who are

"Nameless till they die,  
And leaving no memorial but a world  
Made better by their lives."

Such a man, during a period of many years, was George Stephenson, who, by his talents, his undaunted perseverance and energy, his uncompromising probity, and generous enthusiasm, forced his way upwards from the position of the lowest circumstances to a place among the most eminent of England's worthies. What a history of toil and struggle, of disappointed hope, of baffled expectations, of contention with ignorance, prejudice, incredulity, and official arrogance, is presented in the records of his life—obstacles to be overcome only by a sincere conviction that the end is to be, and must be, accomplished, because it is founded on truth and justice: and the end was victory, and his reward, not the coronet and ermine of nobility, not even the red riband of the Bath—no regal sword was ever laid on the shoulder of that sinewy arm, which in youth had done duty at the colliery furnace—but instead of these honours, often bestowed where they have not been deserved, Stephenson lived to gain the applause, the respect, and the admiration of the civilized world, its thanks, and its benedictions.

The history of such men, or rather their deeds, are epochs in the annals of nations; or as Longfellow beautifully expresses it, they are

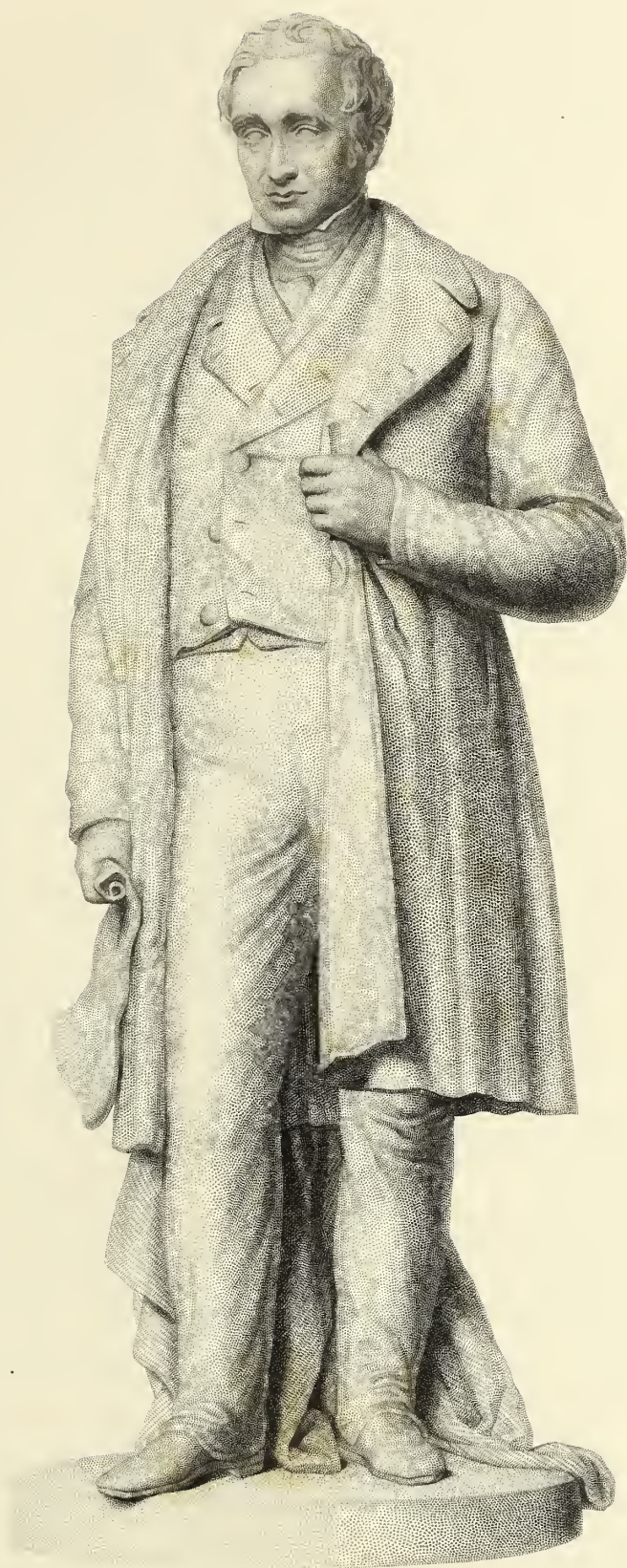
"Footprints on the sands of time;"

for the benefits conferred are not limited to country or people, they become universal, though the honour of giving birth to a great mind rests on the land from which it springs. And England glories in those who, like Stephenson, work out an eternal fame by their own indomitable courage and genius; unhappily, she has too frequently neglected to pay them her homage till the grave has closed over their labours—till the stout heart has ceased to throb, and the fire of genius has gone down for ever; then she has raised statues, and builded monuments, and offered ovations to the memory of the dead. Better these honours should be then paid than not at all; but better still that exalted worth, and high intellect, and great deeds, should not be left unacknowledged, unrewarded by a nation's gratitude, till the ear of the hero is unable to catch the song of triumph: within the last few years our countrymen have shown that they are of the same opinion, and are beginning to honour the living as well as the dead. "We have outlived the age," says a writer in one of the daily journals, in alluding to a statue of Stephenson that it is proposed to erect at Newcastle-on-Tyne, "in which only statesmen and heroes"—we call the engineer of Stockport and Darlington a *hero*—"were publicly honoured, in which poets were thrust into the darkest corner of a cathedral, and the professors of science venerated only by pedants and scholars."

When we know that the locomotive accomplishes in the present day—that a speed of forty, and even fifty, miles in the hour is a feat of daily occurrence, one is ready to smile at the incredulity of men who met Stephenson's statement with sneers, when he told them he would undertake to construct an engine which would draw a heavy load ten miles within the hour. He did this, however, and much more, and we of this generation are the inheritors of the rich legacy his genius bequeathed to us, and of which the inhabitants of other and far distant lands are, indirectly, the partakers.

George Stephenson was born at the little village of Wylam, near Newcastle, on the 9th of June, 1781; he died at his residence, Tapton, May 12th, 1848. The statue from which our engraving is taken stands in the entrance-hall of the railway station in Euston Square; it was erected by the friends of the great engineer, and is a well-merited tribute on their part to the man whom kings "might delight to honour."





GEORGE STEPHENSON.

ENGRAVED BY J. H. BAKER, FROM THE STATUE BY E. H. BAILY, R. A.







## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

**THE NATIONAL GALLERY.**—An alteration has been recently made in the days when the public are admitted to this institution. Thursdays and Fridays are now reserved for students only, on all other days of the week the gallery is open to the public.

**THE FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.**—Another panel has been filled in the corridor of the Commons' lobby, by Mr. Ward, the picture being his "Sleep of Argyle." It was like the others, we believe, painted on a plate of slate, in a room in the clock tower, backed by frame-work, and so fixed in its place. The picture is so well known that it need not be described here. We must, however, observe that the picture, as a fresco in this corridor, is not seen as it was in the Royal Academy, as an oil painting. If the stained glass were removed from the windows above, it would be but an act of simple justice to these works. But we look now on the progress of fresco decoration in the houses of Parliament as a magnanimous sacrifice on the part of the nation in the cause of Art. The experiments in the Poets' Hall are now attacked by damp, and will shortly drop from the walls. Watts' "Red Cross Knight" is much damaged, as is also Horsley's "Satan at the Ear of Eve," and Herbert's "Disinheritance of Cordelia," all are suffering more or less. Tenniel's "St. Cecilia" remains in good condition; but some of the works will soon be effaced.

**THE KENSINGTON MUSEUM.**—Mr. Sheepshanks has presented to this institution a valuable collection of prints in aid of the formation of a gallery of the works of British engravers. The presentation consists of many hundreds of impressions, among which there are series showing the progress of plates from the etching to the finish. These, of course, contain prints of all the works of the Sheepshanks gallery that have been engraved, together with valuable etchings by Landseer and others. Space is being prepared for the collection, which Mr. Smith is engaged in arranging. Besides these, there are presentations from other sources—as many beautiful proofs by Doo; Mrs. Barrow, after Wyatt; Lady Georgiana Murray, after Lawrence; Countess Clam-Martini, after the same; Figures from the Elgin Marbles; Infant Saviour with the Cross, after Raffaele; these are all by Doo. Then there are Guido's Cupid, by Strange; the Cartoon of Pisa, by Schiavonetti; Titian's Venus, Strange; engravings after Claude by Vivares and Woollett; West's La Hogue, by Woollett; Reynolds' Mrs. Siddons, by Haywood; Lawrence's Princess Charlotte, by Golding; prints by Bartolozzi, after Carracci and others; all in the finest condition.

Amongst objects of Art recently lent to this museum is a beautiful series of crystal vases, cups, and spoons, &c., mounted in enamelled gold and jewels, belonging to the Marquis of Salisbury, and by him deposited there. They were contained in a silver-mounted case, which was found at Hatfield some years ago, in a chest under a bed. Judging from the case, which is, however, of later workmanship, they appear to have come from Spain; not improbably a trophy of war in Queen Elizabeth's reign. Together with these is a pair of silk stockings, the first made in England, and presented to Queen Elizabeth: these also came from Hatfield. Dr. Bishop has also lent for exhibition a very beautiful bas-relief of Italian art of the fourteenth century, a Virgin and Child, slightly coloured and gilt, supposed to be the work of Giotto. Both have been placed in the division of ornamental Art.

**THE NATIONAL RUINS.**—A variety of correspondents in the *Times* have been giving fresh airing to a subject which is every now and then taken out from the limbo of projects postponed, to be dusted and ventilated, and then laid quietly to sleep again with the antiquities to which it refers. The neglect of our national ruins, full of moral and historic lessons as they are, has been the theme of frequent argument both in press and parliament; and a letter-writer, who calls attention to a chapter of the subject now is offering good service in doing so, though he presents the matter as if it were new in itself, and in some sense a discovery of his own. During a recent ramble through Yorkshire, he describes himself as having been struck—just as if it had never struck anybody before, and been made the subject of comment again and again—by the great

difference in the condition of our ancient ruined edifices and in the similar edifices scattered throughout France. The fact is very notorious; and the operations of the Commission of *Monuments Historiques* have been again and again suggested as examples amongst ourselves. For, the home-grievance is one well worth urging,—and far too conspicuous to have been left as a fact for disinterment by a wandering archaeologist in the year of the comet. The writer in question observes, that, happily, some of the grandest relics in England, of the monastic and feudal ages, are the property of men whose large fortunes enable them to gratify their natural desire to preserve the ruins which they have inherited with their lands:—and he instances Fountains Abbey, preserved as an historic monument by Earl de Grey. But there are other ruins in abundance, he says truly, which, for want of such a patron combining taste and means, are left to perish prematurely, and are fast falling to decay.—Now, if we did not live in a land which is so rich in archaeological societies, it is probable that our archaeology might be better taken care of. Having, in London, the Society of Antiquaries, richly endowed to look after our antiquities, but old, itself, and very sleepy,—and two archaeological societies, severally endowed to do what the Antiquaries neglect to do, and not doing it,—and in the country archaeological associations without end, to assist the metropolitan associations by doing the district neglect,—Parliament, in all probability, thinks it unnecessary to pay much attention to the subject when it is brought before it, and Government may reasonably suppose that there is no room for its action. That shows, that neither the one nor the other understands the action of richly-endowed societies in England. We join with the writers in the *Times* who would willingly see a small annual grant devoted to the preservation or restoration of our antiquities;—but, on the absolute condition, so far as we are concerned, that such grant shall not be handed over to the administration of our Societies of Antiquaries.

**THE COPIES AT THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.**—The pictures that have been left this year for copying are more likely to assist the students than any selection we have recently seen here; as among them there were two Murillos, the property of the Duke of Sutherland, and two pictorial portraits by Reynolds, others by Guido, Carracci, &c. Of Nelly O'Brien, one of those alluded to as by Reynolds, there were seventeen copies; and of "Lady Beaumont," the other by Reynolds, there were eleven copies, but not any of these essays show an understanding of Reynolds' glazes. Of the Murillo—St. Rufina, one of those simple impersonations that Murillo was accustomed to transform into saints and Madonnas—there were twenty copies; and of St. Justa, also by Murillo, there were twenty-two copies. The other works were Mr. Perkins's magnificent Both; Murillo's Infant Saviour, the property of Lord Howe; Le Raboteur, by Carracci; a large picture by Snijders, Fruit and Dead Game; two portraits by De Vos; another by Tintoretto; a head of the Saviour, Guido; St. Mark's Square, Venice, Canaletti;—of all which there were copies; a few of them were moderately good.

**THE ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS at Stockholm** have elected as honorary members of their body the following artists and architects:—Sir C. L. Eastlake, Sir E. Landseer, Sir C. Barry, Mr. C. R. Cockerell, and Professor Donaldson.

**THE ART-MANUFACTURE ASSOCIATION OF EDINBURGH.**—This society has shut up its books, and closed its transactions, under circumstances which cannot but subject its directors to very severe animadversion. They are bankrupts, and if examined in any judicial court would probably be refused a third-class certificate; that is to say, if they suffer affairs to remain as they now are. We trust, however, they will do nothing of the kind; that they have held, or are about to hold, a meeting, the result of which is not only to pay their debts, honourably contracted, but to return to subscribers every guinea for which no value has been given. We pass for the present the dismal state of their accounts: the startling and somewhat appalling fact that they paid for show-cases upwards of £900, and sold them for £150; that the cost of advertising, lithography, and printing exceeded £1000; while the "miscellaneous expenses, including petty disbursements" very nearly reached £800. The "expenditure" seems to have been extremely reck-

less; while we cannot believe that exertions were made commensurate with them. With a large and influential committee, hon. secs., and provincial hon. secs. (all of whom seem to have been paid, while they enjoyed the title "honorary"), there ought to have been a very different result; and it will be difficult to persuade the public that there has not been gross mismanagement somewhere. The main evil is this: the failure will materially lessen public confidence, and seriously injure any other society that may strive to do what this Edinburgh Society sought to do, might have done, and ought to have done; and certainly did do to some extent. At all events, one thing is clear: the committee must give back the sums they have received, for which those who paid them have received no value. There was an express stipulation that must be honourably kept: the "committee" contains the names of many gentlemen who would no more do a dishonest act as individuals than they would eat fire; in their corporate capacity they must act worthily; they cannot look society in the face until every fair and right claim upon them has been acknowledged and discharged. For the present we content ourselves with these remarks, and do not print the long list of the "committee of management," both in Edinburgh and in Glasgow; neither is it as yet expedient to publish the names of the most noble president and the distinguished vice-presidents who made themselves—and are—responsible.

Mr. Elliott, photographer, has submitted to us a series of very interesting stereoscopic pictures—the subject of which is the sacking of a Jew's house; the grouping must have presented many difficulties, for there is a considerable amount of reality in all the compositions; and the several objects, which are in admirable keeping, could not have been obtained and placed together without much trouble and care. The result is highly satisfactory: they are truly pictures, and have all the value and interest of pictures on which the mind has been engaged. These works are thus a novelty to the art, as a consecutive series which "tell a story:" the plan may be followed up with great advantage, so as to detail a history of higher and more universal interest: for example—the Vicar of Wakefield. We hope Mr. Elliott will consider this meritorious issue as only the beginning of an important work.

**THE LIONS FOR THE NELSON COLUMN.**—With reference to these objects the *Building News* says, that, "in order to get over the difficulty of Sir Edwin Landseer not being able to carve in stone, it has been proposed, after the models are made, to cast them in bronze, in which case they would bear all the expressive and final touches from the hand of the original designer. Other advantages would be thus gained, for the colour of the metal would harmonise with the bassi-relievi already there, be warmer in tone than stone, besides being enabled to resist the damaging effects of our London atmosphere. This proposal will be no small relief to Sir Edwin."

**THE NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.**—The destruction of this edifice, intelligence of which reached us after the sheets of our last number were in the press, is greatly to be deplored, especially as it is feared the exhibitors will be great losers: the matter seems at present involved in considerable mystery. The *New York Times* says:—"The calamity has struck everyone aghast, for the possibility of such an event had never been calculated upon. The peculiar character of the building, constructed as it was almost entirely of iron and glass, appeared to bid defiance to the flames; yet its destruction was more rapid than any building of wood could possibly have been. In less than fifteen minutes from the time the fire was discovered the flames spread with such fearful rapidity that the immense dome, which has so long been an object of beauty towering over the city, and a landmark from every approach, fell, and the work of destruction was complete. It was like a flash. The great fabric of glass and iron, and its priceless treasures of Art, were suddenly wiped out of existence as though they had been mere unsubstantial vapour." Among the works of Art destroyed are, it is said, Kiss's equestrian statue of "The Amazon," and Marchetti's colossal statue of "Washington."

**A PORTRAIT OF MR. ROBERT HUNT, F.R.S.,** whose contributions to our pages have so long formed prominent and valuable features in this



Journal, has recently been hung in the hall of the Polytechnic Institution at Falmouth, of which town Mr. Hunt is, we believe, a native. The picture is the result of a public subscription by the Cornishmen desirous of paying a well-merited compliment to him whose scientific labours have tended so much to spread a knowledge of English, and, especially of Cornish, mineralogy throughout the country.

**THE BRITISH MUSEUM.**—One of those measures which, while they are "steps in the right direction," indicate how long and far we have been walking wrong,—which testify to the large debt due to common sense, in the very act which offers a small instalment—has just been carried into effect in one of the departments of this Institution. Whether it is, that the restoration to light of treasures so long shut away in sealed cities, like Pompeii, is acting suggestively on the sleepy guardians of our natural riches, certain it is, that there is here and there an occasional sign of a wish to take out of drawers and cellars the objects of Science and Art which the nation has paid so much for her officers to hide away. Thus, a select number of specimens of the buried treasures in the Print Room of the British Museum have recently been arranged on screens in the centre of the King's Library,—and will probably suggest to the public that the remainder would better justify their outlay if they could be seen too. They who know Mr. Carpenter, the present Keeper of the Prints at the British Museum, and the efforts he has made to bring his collection to light, know well that the fault of their seclusion is not with him. What he has now done, may help on the good cause; and by and by, in the progress of logical thought among public men, the process of thinning an over-crowded institution, by way of making room for a knowledge of what remains, may grow into an accepted method. Just now, its reasonableness is the principal objection against it. His present limited selection of subjects, Mr. Carpenter has arranged on the principle of a double series, illustrating, severally, the progress of the Italian and the German schools, from the dawn of the Art to the 16th century,—and as far as possible making the chapters in the two several histories coincide. The upper row on the screens is Italian, and the lower German.

**THE EXHIBITION AT TORONTO** furnished no materials for an article in our columns; its promoters, therefore, have taken the will for the deed, and given us credit for our wish to serve them. They believe that on some future occasion "the colony may appear with credit" in our pages, for which they express an earnest desire.

**THE TABERNACLE OF ISRAEL.**—There is to be seen, at 29, Red Lion Square, a model of the Tabernacle of Israel, constructed by the Rev. R. W. Hartshorn, according to the letter of the Pentateuch. In the history of the Tabernacle there are certain facts which communicate to it a solemn and sacred interest. It was the first sanctuary of the one living and true God; the manner of its service was communicated to Moses by God himself; the materials of which it was formed were the free gifts of the people, and it was consecrated by the presence of Jehovah. "There I will meet with the children of Israel, and the tabernacle shall be sanctified by my glory." The scale of the model is one inch to the cubic of eighteen inches, and according to this proportion is also the dimension of the court, which was an enclosure of one hundred cubits long and fifty cubits wide. The tabernacle itself is a covered tent, having on three sides represented the materials of which the original was constructed—boards covered with gold, rising from sockets of silver. Its divisions are the Holy Place and the Most Holy, which are separated by the Veil of the Testimony, hung on four wooden pillars, the coverings representing the original embroidered linen, cloth of goats' hair, rams' skin dyed red, and badgers' skins, and all the other details. The vessels, utensils, &c., are strictly according to the descriptions in the Bible.

**THE NEW STEAM YACHT, "SAID,"** built at Liverpool, for the Viceroy of Egypt, is decorated and fitted internally with papier-mâché, from the works of Messrs. Jennens and Bettridge, of Birmingham. The principal saloon is forty feet long by twenty-five wide, and no expense seems to have been spared in its furniture and decorations. The couches are covered with figured silk damask, of a delicate blue,

and are separated by arms of silver. The sides of the saloon are lined almost throughout with mirrors. In the centre is an elegant fountain, of papier-mâché and glass, decorated to correspond with the floor, which is also of papier-mâché; and on each side are fixed small oval-shaped tables, of silver. The ceiling is enamelled white, with gilt cornice and mouldings. The skylight is of stained glass. The *tout ensemble* is rich, but chaste: another Cleopatra might entertain another Antony in such a saloon as that of the *Said*.

**MR. T. H. MAGUIRE** is, we hear, engaged upon a picture—a commission from Messrs. Shaw and Sons, publishers, Nottingham—of "Cromwell refusing the Crown of England," for the purpose of engraving. Mr. Maguire has already painted, for the same firm, one picture entitled "The Champion of England! The Challenge;" which is in the hands of Mr. G. S. Shury, who is engraving it.

**MESSRS. OGLE AND EDGE**, professional photographers, of Preston, Lancashire, have submitted to us several of their more recent issues of views for the stereoscope: they are of the highest excellence, taken with more than the usual amount of artistic skill, and most effective when examined by the instrument, although really beautiful and interesting, as pictures, when seen apart from the advantage they derive from its power. The views to which we refer are principally taken in the vicinity of the Northern lakes. These lakes have become deeply interesting, not only for their natural beauties, but as associated with the histories of some of the most distinguished men of mark of the age and country—Wordsworth, Southey, Coleridge, Wilson, and a host of lesser stars. Wordsworth especially has made famous nearly every spot that bears a name in this charming locality; and those who read his works—happily now-a-days "their name is legion"—will feel grateful to those photographers for supplying so many delicious accompaniments to his poems, better, because more actual, than those which any mere artist could produce by years of labour.

**IN THE GALLERY OF MESSRS. LEGGATT & CO.**, in Cornhill, is now exhibited for sale a numerous collection of pictures, the property of Mr. Flatow. We have never seen with greater satisfaction any collection which has been made for the purpose of commerce. The catalogue contains the names of the most eminent of our artists, and every work is "guaranteed" to be genuine—a fact of some importance in the face of the startling revelations which from time to time are made of transactions in the Art-market. The number of pictures is one hundred and eighty—many of them we have seen before; others have never before been exhibited. Here are fine examples of the pencils of Constable, Stanfield, Hook, E. M. Ward, Frith, F. R. Pickersgill, Creswick, Collins, F. Goodall, Poole, Phillip, Andsell, F. Danby, S. Hart, Linnell, Holland, Pyne, the two Wilsons, Lance, Bright, Baxter, Herring, and numerous other artists of well-merited repute.

**PROPOSED NEW FINE-ART SOCIETY.**—Some of the daily and weekly papers have promulgated a report—it originated, we believe, with the *Illustrated London News*—that a new Fine-Art Society is about to be established, which is to offer all kinds of advantages to artists, amateurs, and the public generally. Prizes are to be given for works of Art, lectures delivered, and conversazioni held; free exhibitions to be opened, and a library formed. We know nothing of such an intention, nor have we yet met with any one who does; nevertheless, if such a project be carried out, we shall welcome it, as we do whatever tends to promote a knowledge of, and an interest in, Art,—provided it be conducted on principles in harmony with the professed object.

**MR. WOOD'S PICTURE OF THE "BAPTISM OF CHRIST."**—The paragraph that appeared in our columns last month with respect to this picture has elicited some information concerning it. It seems that Mr. T. Bell, of South Shields, for whom it was painted, in competition, became a bankrupt in 1855. Previously, however, to this unfortunate event, Mr. Bell, unable to find room for so large a work in his own house, deposited it with the Trustees of the London Baptist Mission House, who placed it in a lumber-room, whence it was removed, by the bankrupt's assignees, to the rooms of Messrs. Christie and Manson, who sold it by auction for a very insignificant sum. The painting is now, we hear, being exhibited in the provinces, and is to be engraved.

How the statements regarding the *recent* award of £1,000 to the painter got into the daily papers lately, we are at a loss to conceive; but, certainly, Mr. Wood may consider himself a lucky artist to have at any time realized that sum. We suspect Mr. Bell's creditors would have rejoiced had they seen it produce half the amount.

**THE MODERN PRE-RAFFAELLITE PAINTERS.**—The *Building News* has circulated the following bit of intelligence, to which, however, we are not disposed to attach any credit; the idea is too preposterous to be entertained, even by those whose "wish is father to the thought."—"We have it on pretty good authority that the leading members of this persuasion have resolved not to exhibit their pictures at the Royal Academy in May next, but to originate a new combination of its members under the title of the "Hogarth Society," having no reference to the satirical painter of many years ago, but to Mr. Hogarth, the fashionable printseller of the Haymarket, in whose gallery the exhibition will take place. The more humble members are hesitating whether to follow the intended lead of their principals, and join them in this undertaking, or to adhere to the Royal Academy, with a chance, if they can make themselves sufficiently public, to obtain the dignity of an Associate, as others have succeeded in doing." Mr. Hogarth is, at all events, utterly ignorant concerning this project.

**GUILDHALL ON THE NINTH OF NOVEMBER.**—It was with much satisfaction we found that the Lord Mayor had not neglected Art in his efforts to commemorate the festival of his inauguration. Several of the best works of modern British sculptors were placed in various parts of the halls, entrances, chambers of audience, &c., of the great city building; and these were arranged with considerable taste and skill;—for example, Foley's statue of Caractacus, executed for the City, was so circumstanced that while a full effect of light was brought upon it, various painted groups of ancient Britons were left in partial shadow, so as not to do mischief by contrast. Other sculptors were similarly honoured; groups were admirably arranged; busts of great men were placed at convenient intervals; and bas-reliefs occupied prominent walls. Sculpture, therefore, was duly estimated and "preferred" on the occasion. We presume we are indebted for this novel and very attractive introduction to Mr. Bunning, the city architect, to whom British sculpture owes a debt of gratitude for the many services recently rendered to it east of Temple Bar.

**ELECTRO BRONZES.**—There is to be seen, at 391, Strand, a variety of electro-bronzes, productions of a Parisian electrotypist, copied from well-known pictures, and bas-reliefs. They are principally *alti rilievi*, extremely bold and spirited in character and feeling. Some of the most popular pictures in the French galleries have been selected—as Leopold Robert's "Reapers of the Pontine Marshes," and by the same painter, "The Fishermen of the Adriatic;" "St. Louis Mediating between the King of England and his Barons," "St. Louis receiving the Envoys at Ptolemais"—both by Rougel; "The Magdalen at the feet of Jesus," by Jouvenet. Three of Napoleon's Battles, by Horace Vernet, "Wagram," "Friedland," and "Jena;" and seven others, by Gros, Scheffer, and others. From the works of Overbeck there is a charming series of subjects, illustrative of the life of the Saviour—twelve in number; the panels from the *Arc de l'Etoile*, one from the Nelson column, &c. The prices of these really beautiful bronzes, it may be said, are extremely moderate.

**THE ROYAL SOCIETY.**—The collection of portraits belonging to this society has recently undergone a process of cleaning, and is now hung in the large hall of Burlington House, in which the meetings of the members are held.

**MR. F. WOODINGTON** has been selected by Government to execute three large bas-reliefs for the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's. A better choice could not have been made: the sculptor is a man of genius—tried and proved. Mr. Woodington executed one (and the best) of the bas-reliefs of the Nelson Column; and to him was awarded the second premium (£500) in the Wellington competition, when the works were exhibited in Westminster Hall.

**THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY** proposes to open its annual exhibition in January, at the gallery of the British Artists' Society in Suffolk Street.



## REVIEWS.

POEMS BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. Selected and Edited by ROBERT ARIS WILLMOTT, Incumbent of Bearwood. Illustrated with One Hundred Designs by Birket Foster, J. Wolf, and John Gilbert, engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE & Co., London and New York.

Another of the beautiful annuals which open their rich blossoms at a season of the year when all external nature is cold, desolate, and lifeless. Very cheering and grateful it is to the eye. Wordsworth was himself a perfect child of Nature; his poems breathe her sweetest and holiest incense; his life was bound up with all pleasant things—with green pastures and shady walks,—with the placid lake, the bubbling brook, the rushing cataract,—with the massy rock and the “cloud-capp’d mountain;” his heroes and heroines were dwellers in hamlet and village, not those “in city bred;” the round frock and russet gown in which he has clothed them, like the garment assumed by Jacob when he appeared before his father for the patriarch’s blessing, have the fragrance of the field. Here, then, amid such an amplitude of picturesque beauty as the poet has furnished, have the pencils of the artists roamed at will, and in a spirit in harmony with the writings, Mr. Foster taking the lion’s share—the landscapes, Mr. Gilbert introducing us to the figures, leaving Mr. Wolf to illustrate the department of natural history.

It has so often been our task—and a most pleasant one it is too—to express our approbation of the works of these artists in similar publications, that we find it impossible to say anything new on this fresh addition to their laurel leaves. Mr. Foster’s pictures are as graceful and delicate as ever; Mr. Gilbert’s figure-subjects have lost none of their characteristic excellences; and Mr. Wolf’s well-drawn birds and animals look out upon us from rocks, brakes, and meadows, almost as rich with the poetry of nature as Mr. Foster’s scenery. The volume is, in short, worthy of the poet it commemorates, and that is saying much. It is “in sober livery clad,” but elegant withal. The ornamental work of the binding is, we are told, done by means of engraved wood-blocks, instead of the brass dies commonly employed for stamping book-covers. By the use of the former greater delicacy in the enrichments of the design seems to be obtained.

ODES AND SONNETS ILLUSTRATED. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE & Co., London.

This very elegant gift-book makes its public appearance under peculiar circumstances. It comes from the printing-press of Messrs. Dalziel, the well-known wood-engravers; for it is stated on the page immediately following the title, that “The Pictures in this Book are by Birket Foster; the Ornamental Designs by John Sleight: Engraved and Printed by the Brothers Dalziel.” The object of the engravers has been, we presume, to have their own work printed under their immediate direction and superintendence. It was a bold attempt on their part to enter the lists against the experienced establishments which have for years been engaged in the printing of illustrated books of the highest class; but the result of their efforts shows that they did not miscalculate their powers of competition. The printing, both of the woodcuts and text, is executed with a delicacy and accuracy that we have never seen surpassed, and rarely equalled.

The volume contains between sixty and seventy short odes and sonnets, selected from the writings of the poets from the time of Spenser to our own. The illustrations are of course all landscapes, being from the pencil of Mr. B. Foster. The name of this artist would, in ordinary cases, be sufficient testimony to their beauty and truthfulness; but he appears here to have taxed his imaginative and executive powers to the utmost to support the engravers in their new undertaking. His fancy never revelled amid sweeter scenes, nor has his hand ever displayed greater cunning in embodying them. All these illustrations are printed in tints, which impart a richness to them, and generally cause them to harmonize with the hour of the day or night presented in the picture. Charming as they are, however, our own taste inclines us to prefer woodcuts printed in the ordinary way; the tints conceal much of the delicacy of the artist’s pencil and the engraver’s tool.

Mr. Sleight’s ornamental designs appear sometimes surrounding initial letters, sometimes as headings and tail-pieces, and here and there as side ornaments to the page: in the latter case they are introduced evidently to “balance” some design on the opposite page, otherwise they would be out of

place. They are tinted to imitate illuminated work, but the colours are quiet and unobtrusive, the designs themselves being pure in character, and very chaste. Thus much for the inside of the book; but a word of praise is due to its external appearance. A rich mediæval pattern, executed in gold, on a dark blue ground, is the costume in which it is sent forth to invite attention.

We believe this publication is the first important essay of Messrs. Dalziel as printers, but it cannot, and ought not, to be their last. We trust that its success—so well deserved—will prompt them to other efforts of a similar kind. Our own experience has long since taught us to know how difficult it is to make a printer thoroughly understand and feel what the work of the engraver demands to render it effectively. There must surely, then, be a considerable gain, so far as regards the beauty of the impression, where the latter is constantly at hand to advise and direct the former.

THE POEMS OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH. Edited by ROBERT A. WILLMOTT. With Illustrations by Birket Foster and H. N. Humphreys. Printed in Colours from Wood Blocks. Published by G. ROUTLEDGE & Co., London and New York.

We have to add this to the other illustrated volumes that come forth as reminiscences of a departing year. Yet it is unlike all its companions and all its predecessors, for the illustrations are gaily-coloured pictures, printed from wood blocks. The engravings are not, as in Messrs. Dalziel’s book, just noticed, printed in tints only, but the work of the engraver is almost entirely concealed by the strength and brilliancy of the colouring. Very pretty and attractive they are certainly, and will, doubtless, find many admirers; we, however, would prefer seeing Mr. Birket Foster’s elegant designs and delicate pencilling—he has here the whole field to himself—placed before us in plain black and white; we lose sight of him in the overlaying of colour. Mr. Evans, too, who has engraved the drawings, is contented to resign his honours as an engraver in favour of those which may be awarded him as a printer—the whole of the work having been printed by him, and in the very best manner. It may serve as an excellent specimen of typographical art allied to pictorial art. The title-page, head-pieces, and tail-pieces, by Mr. Humphreys, are not coloured, fortunately, so that the elaborate minuteness of his designs, in all their varied and graceful arrangements, is laid open to close inspection. The poet, whose pathos wrung tears from the rough-mannered Johnson, who wrote his epitaph on the monument in Westminster Abbey, in which it is said that, as a writer, “he touched nothing that he did not adorn,” is, in this edition, presented to the public in a way that will strengthen his hold on our affections and respect.

PORTRAIT OF ROSA BONHEUR. Painted by DURUPE. Engraved by SAMUEL COUSINS. Published by E. GAMBART & Co., London.

There have been few engravings produced in England so entirely satisfactory as this: it will be quoted, indeed, as an example of the supremacy of British Art of the class to which it belongs—pure mezzotinto; and we may be permitted to rejoice that a work certain to circulate largely on the Continent will thus add to our national repute. The subject is a portrait; but the print has also the interest that could be derived from fancy, for it is that of a graceful woman, with a gloriously intellectual head, standing beside one of the animals she has painted with so much marvellous power and skill. In one hand she holds the token of her strength—the crayon; in the other a sketch-book. It is, therefore, a very agreeable “picture,” which the accomplished artist has produced out of his interesting subject. But as a portrait merely it is of great value. Rosa Bonheur has fame all the world over; and in England she has a host of admirers, with many personal friends. The engraving will, consequently, be an acquisition of no common worth; while those who possess it will have obtained a work of singular and rare excellence.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS IN THE HOLY LAND, EGYPT, NUBIA, &c., from Negatives taken by F. FRITH, Esq., 1858. Published by NEGRETTE & ZAMBRA, Photographers to the Crystal Palace.

There has been no collection of stereoscopic views at once so interesting and so valuable as this, which, coming from the hands of a singularly fortunate and skilful artist, brings to us acquaintance with that part of the old world which is dear to the heart and mind of every Christian, associated, as it

is, with all that is memorable in the early progress of his faith. There is not a town, a height, a dell, a rock, a path—scarcely a step that does not recall some point in Sacred History with which every thinker and reader would desire to be made familiar; and although “change” has passed over much in Palestine, much there is upon which Time has had no influence—much that is to-day as it was eighteen centuries ago, when the feet of the Saviour paced those valleys and hills. The historian and the poet have found there their richest and most exciting themes—they have drawn on their own imagination to warm that of their readers; while the painter has perhaps as often and as widely exercised his assumed privilege of giving a colouring to fact. Here, however, in this series, we have only the plain unvarnished truth: the actual is absolutely before us, and we know it. There has been here no possibility of either adding or subtracting. The sun is a rare truth-teller, which cannot lie to produce effect, nor err to lead astray. Hence the surpassing value of this collection, which brings us to the very places which, eighteen hundred years ago, the Saviour trod, every one of which are noted in the holy books of the prophets and the apostles.

Perhaps, however, there is no land in the world so difficult to traverse “comfortably” as the Holy Land; and our debt is proportionately great to those who do the work for us, who encounter the innumerable vexations, annoyances, and hazards, inseparable from a journey in Palestine. They have been encountered by many, whose zeal, enthusiasm, or longing to obtain and communicate knowledge—one, or all of these combined—have been “sets off” against a labour inconceivable to those who read or “look” at their firesides at home.

Although Mr. Frith says little or nothing about these impediments, we know they must have been serious and continuous. He had to travel, not with a mere note-book, which his pocket hid and secured, or a portfolio and pencils he could carry under his arm; it was absolutely necessary that he should be accompanied by a large and embarrassing apparatus, relative to which there must have been much speculation and no little suspicion, and it is a marvel that he was able to do what he has done—to bring to England his stores and himself in safety, and to give to the world the results of his toil and his danger.

The views in the Holy Land are in number fifty-eight; those in Egypt and Nubia amount to one hundred: the latter include the Pyramids, the Nile, &c.; the former consist of “copies”—for that is the only word we can properly use—of Jerusalem (some twenty scenes), Gaza, the Mount of Olives, Arimathea, Jerjath, the Pool of Bethesda, Mount Zion, Bethany, Bethlehem, Hebron, the Dead Sea, the Ford of Jordan, Philippi, Damascus, Nazareth, Tiberias, Baalbec, Lebanon, and many others. The reader will hence perceive that a rare treat awaits him who will examine this deeply interesting series, and at the same time peruse the key, which gives a succinct yet sufficient history of the place described. We desire that as many as possible may share the enjoyment we have ourselves derived from this very fertile source of interest, and cordially thank the enterprising traveller and skilful artist, Mr. Frith, for having given us an “evening” brimful of delight.

A LIST, WITH DESCRIPTIONS, ILLUSTRATIONS, AND PRICES, OF WHATEVER RELATES TO AQUARIA. Published by W. ALFORD LLOYD, London.

This book, although neither more nor less than a “trade-list,” produced mainly for the benefit of the dealer, cannot fail to be very useful to all who study that which we described as “a new pleasure”—the collecting and arrangement of sea-produce in homes far distant from the sea. This pursuit has of late years become almost a passion. In nearly all our ports there is some sea-monster in human form whose business it is to ramble over rocks at low tides, or dredge when wind and tide both serve his purpose, in order that packages may be made up, to send by express train to London, containing numerous sea-things, which Mr. Lloyd will distribute next day among his thousand customers. An absolutely new trade has thus been established to minister to this new pleasure, and Mr. Lloyd has at length printed a book for the guidance—the sure and safe guidance—of those who indulge in it. Mr. Lloyd does not, indeed, tell us—it is not likely he would do so—who and where are his *employés* along the coast; but this is almost all he conceals, for he is open, frank, and honest, in communicating information by which those who have may keep alive in health the actinea, sea-weeds, &c., they may have collected or purchased.

As we are among those who have bought experience, we are bound to state that a shilling expended in acquiring this book would have saved us pounds; for Mr. Lloyd makes it very clear what we ought to



do, and what we ought not do, if we desire our tanks to be clean, healthy, and encouraging, and to render the aquarium, either of the salt or the fresh-water, a continual source of enjoyment, and not a perpetual disappointment and mortification.

While the fresh-water aquarium is easily kept, and deaths of gold-fish are the results only of culpable neglect of the simplest rules, it is otherwise with the aquarium of salt-water; its contents, be they what they may, active or sedentary life, require continual care and thought. The trouble, however, is amply repaid by the interest derived from the study they exact; and undoubtedly he who carefully reads this little book will have himself only to blame if he has to endure the frequent annoyance of deaths among the inhabitants of his mimic ocean.

We might go at much length into this matter, but we cannot afford the requisite space. We recommend the publication, and Mr. Lloyd also, as an intelligent guide and an equitable dealer.

**THE MERRIE DAYS OF ENGLAND.** Sketches of the Olden Time. By EDWARD McDERMOTT. Illustrated with Twenty Engravings, from Drawings by J. Nash, G. Thomas, B. Foster, and E. Corbould. Published by W. KENT & Co., London.

This handsome volume—a goodly quarto—came into our hands just as we were arranging our last sheet for press. We have only just looked through it, but the glance is sufficient to justify the remark that a more pleasant book for fireside amusement has rarely come before us. One lives centuries ago in these pictures and descriptions, drawn with very loving pencil and pen. We shall recur to them next month.

**THE GRAVE: a Poem.** By ROBERT BLAIR. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

One can scarcely call this a seasonable gift-book for Christmas or a New Year's Day, except as a reminder of the mutability and end of all earthly happiness: for such a purpose it will not be an unsuitable present. Not even the charm of the illustrations—by Messrs. Foster, Tenniel, Clayton, J. Godwin, Pasquier, and T. Dalziel—can throw sunshine on the dark shadows which the poet has thrown upon the house appointed for all living. Many passages in the poem are singularly fine and impressive, and the whole moral it conveys is of the most useful kind, but the subject is one from which most men instinctively shrink, and therefore we fear the publishers will find that it would have been to their greater profit had they selected a more welcome theme for an illustrated book. It is well, however, to mingle the grave with the gay even on the drawing-room table. An admirably-written preface, by the Rev. F. W. Farrar, introduces the poem.

**OUTLINES OF CREATION.** By ELISHA NOYCE. Illustrated with Four Hundred Engravings by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by WARD AND LOCK, London.

A few months ago we noticed a little work by Mr. Noyce, entitled, "The Boy's Book of Industrial Information," to which the "Outlines of Creation" is a sequence. The youth who, through the medium of the former work, has made himself acquainted with the works which the skill and ingenuity of man have produced, or are producing, must have attained such a degree of knowledge as will qualify him to enter upon the higher and wider contemplation of the works of the Deity, as exemplified in nature, and which the author of this book has arranged under the several heads of Sky, Air, Earth, Water, Vegetable Kingdom, and Animal Kingdom. Each of these sections is amply dealt with—amply enough, that is to say, as to present something more than mere "outlines," though there is no attempt to enter upon the multifarious minute details included in each especial subject. Concise and clear elucidation is what Mr. Noyce has aimed at and attained; yet, from the nature of his themes, it must be manifest such a book will be useful only to those who *thirst* for knowledge. The numerous engravings—by Messrs. Dalziel, who are also the printers of the book—will materially aid the reader in comprehending its contents.

**THE WETTERHORN, SWITZERLAND.—CASTLE OF ISENBERG, PRUSSIA.** Printed in Chromolithography by M. and N. HANHART, from the Drawings by T. M. RICHARDSON. Published by SHAW & SONS, Nottingham; E. GAMBART & Co., &c., London.

Some of the provincial printsellers seem inclined to run a tilt with the London houses. Here is a pair of large chromolithographs executed for a Nottingham firm, and capital copies they are of Mr. Richardson's drawings. One must not expect to find in works of this kind the delicate half-tints and beautiful gradations discernible in the original pictures, but the general effect—and sometimes even more than this—is attained, the breadth of light and shade, the sunshine, the texture of the natural objects, and the style of the artist's handling, wanting, however, its sharpness and decision. These prints, picturesque in subject, and agreeable in colour, would, if framed, and hung not too close to the eye, almost pass muster as originals.

**CURIOSITIES OF SCIENCE, PAST AND PRESENT.** By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by KENT & Co., London.

Mr. Timbs is doing good service in the cause of knowledge by such works as this and others he has sent forth. "Things not generally known" will become universally known by his aid; for though he modestly styles himself as "little beyond being one of those industrious 'ants of science,' who garner facts, and by selection and comparison adapt them for a wider circle of readers than they were originally intended to reach," his labours cannot be of a light and easy nature, nor executed without a considerable amount of intelligence and observation. The sciences introduced into this little volume are those commonly designated as the "physical," concerning which information has been culled from the works of the greatest philosophical writers of the present day. His quotations are varied, selected with judgment, and with a view of showing that in the world of nature facts are stranger than fictions.

**THE A B C OF PHOTOGRAPHY.** Ninth Edition. Published by the London Stereoscopic Company.

A little manual of this character cannot fail to prove highly useful to a large number of persons. The principal which has guided the author is correctly expressed in the title. Supposing the pupil in photography to be entirely ignorant of the chemistry of the art, he explains each step of progress, as far as the collodion process is concerned, with great exactness in all its details. The characters of each variety of failure which is likely to occur, and the causes leading to such failures, are carefully given, with directions for avoiding them. Each stage of the collodion process, until the production of either a positive or a negative picture, is succinctly described, and all the requirements for successful photographic printing are so clearly given, that any one following the directions implicitly will scarcely incur the hazard of failure. We strongly recommend the "A B C."

**THE PHOTOGRAPHIC TEACHER.** By G. WHARTON SIMPSON. Published by H. SQUIRE & Co., London.

This is another photographic manual, the prominent features of which are the *Dry Collodion Process*, by Dr. Hill Norris, a chapter on dry colouring, which appears to be very comprehensive, and a modified form of the collodion process, called the *Alabastrine Process*. For those particular points this little book must prove very important; indeed, upon all points connected with the use of collodion it is valuable. Those manuals of photography, however, multiply somewhat too rapidly.

**THE BOUDOIR ALMANACK FOR 1859.** Lithographed and Printed in Colours by WATERLOW & SONS, London.

Headed by a very prettily coloured copy, in small, of Uwins's "Vintage in the South of France," one of the "Vernon" Collection, and surrounded at the sides and lower part by a gay wreath of roses, and other summer flowers, Messrs. Waterlow's almanack is fit to adorn any lady's boudoir.

## EXCURSIONS IN SOUTH WALES.

BY MR. AND MRS. S. C. HALL.

*We purpose to publish in the ART-JOURNAL a series of illustrated articles—the illustrations from drawings by J. D. Harding, Birket Foster, F. W. Fairholt, F. W. Hulme, W. S. Coleman, E. A. Brooke, G. L. Hall, and other artists.*

*The main purpose of these "EXCURSIONS" is to describe and illustrate the Line of Railway that leads from GLOUCESTER to MILFORD HAVEN through SOUTH WALES; so as to supply the numerous Tourists on that route with information that may augment the enjoyment they receive while traversing one of the most interesting and picturesque districts of the kingdom.*

*When considering what course we could adopt to augment the interest and utility of the ART-JOURNAL, our attention was directed to this journey as affording comparatively new ground; exceedingly fertile of the picturesque; rich in historic lore and romantic traditions; abounding in remains of remote ages, those of the chivalric epochs and of monastic glories; with many populous cities and towns; rivers that run through scenery unsurpassed in beauty, and sea-coasts as grandly wild and infinitely diversified as any of which our island boasts. Moreover, the Line through South Wales is now the great highway to the south of Ireland, from which it is separated only by a brief sea voyage and two charming and attractive harbours—those of Waterford and Milford Haven.*

*To the author and the artist, therefore, there is no district of the kingdom that promises a harvest more productive. Beginning with venerable Gloucester—proceeding to "sylvan Wye," and "primeval Severn"—through Chepstow, Monmouth, Ross, and Hereford, to the source of "Vaga," in lofty Plinlimmon—embracing a course of pictorial beauty of a character the rarest, the most varied, and most perfect—visiting ancient Cardiff, "remote" Caerleon, the "city" of Llandaff, Swansea and the lovely vale of Neath, Newport and the river Usk, "old Caermarthen" and its bay, charming and popular Tenby, the majestic ruins that neighbour lordly Pembroke, and the delicious harbour of Milford, with its attractions of hill and dale, sea and river, its conveniences of railway and steamboat, its stupendous dockyards, and its Haven, always gay and cheerful, with room for the whole navy of England to ride in calm and safety.*

*We trust, therefore, that in thus following up the "BOOK OF THE THAMES" (now completed), by introducing the readers of the ART-JOURNAL to a district, that cannot fail to be richly productive of information and enjoyment, we shall give satisfaction to our subscribers, and advance the object which that publication was established, and is conducted, to promote—"A LOVE OF THE PURE AND BEAUTIFUL IN NATURE AND IN ART."*















